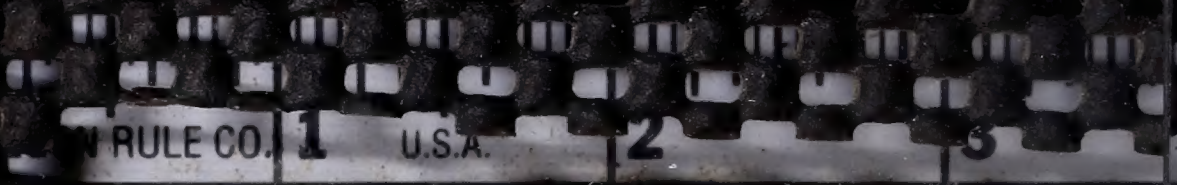




*Drawn by Orson Lowell*

"I'VE DONE WRONG, BUT I'M WILLING TO PAY THE PENALTY"











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# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

*VOLUME CXXIV.*

DECEMBER, 1911, TO MAY, 1912



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*Painting by Howard E. Smith*

Illustration for "An Unfinished Symphony"

SCHOOL-DAY MORNINGS BROUGHT THEM OFTEN TOGETHER





# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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No. DCCXXXIX

## In the Same Boat \*

*By* Rudyard Kipling

"A THROBBING vein," said Dr. Gilbert, soothingly, "is the mother of delusion."

"Then how do you account for my knowing when the thing is due?" Conroy's voice rose almost to the break.

"Of course, but you should have consulted a doctor before using—palliatives."

"It was driving me mad. And now I can't give them up!"

"Not so bad as that! One doesn't form fatal habits at twenty-five. Think again. Were you ever frightened as a child?"

"I don't remember. It began when I was a boy."

"With or without the spasm? By the way, do you mind describing the spasm again?"

"Well," said Conroy, twisting in the chair, "I'm no musician, but—suppose you were a violin-string—vibrating—and

some one put his finger on you? As if a finger were put on the naked soul! Awful!"

"So's indigestion—so's nightmare—while it lasts."

"But the horror afterward knocks me out for days. And the waiting for it . . . and then this drug habit! It can't go on!" He shook as he spoke, and the chair creaked.

"My dear fellow," said the doctor, "when you're older you'll know what burdens the best of us carry. A lion to every Christian—a fox to every Spartan."

"That doesn't help *me*. I can't! I can't!" cried Conroy, and burst into tears.

"Don't apologize," said Gilbert, when the paroxysm ended. "I'm used to people coming a little—unstuck in this room."

"It's those tabloids!" Conroy stamped his foot feebly as he blew his nose.

"They've knocked me out. I used to be

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fit once. Oh, I've tried exercise and everything. But—if one sits down for a minute when it's due—even at four in the morning—it runs up behind one."

"Ye-es. Many things come in the quiet of the morning. You always know when the visitation is due?"

"What would I give not to be sure!" he sobbed.

"We'll put that aside for the moment. I'm thinking of a case where what we'll call anemia of the brain was masked (I don't say cured) by vibration. He couldn't sleep, or thought he couldn't, but a steamer voyage and the thump of the screw—"

"A steamer? After what I've told you!" Conroy almost shrieked. "I'd sooner . . ."

"Of course *not* a steamer in your case, but a long railway journey the next night you think it will trouble you. It sounds absurd, but—"

"I'd try anything. I nearly have," Conroy sighed.

"Nonsense! I've given a tonic that will clear *that* notion from your head. Give the train a chance, and don't begin the journey by bucking yourself up with tabloids. Take them along, but hold them in reserve—in reserve."

"D'you think I've self-control enough, after what you've seen?" said Conroy.

Dr. Gilbert smiled. "Yes. After what I've seen," he glanced round the room, "I have no hesitation in saying you have quite as much self-control as many other people. I'll write you later about your journey. Meantime, the tonic," and he gave some general directions before Conroy left.

An hour later Dr. Gilbert hurried to the links, where the others of his regular week-end game waited him. It was a rigid round, played as usual at the trot, for the tension of the week lay as heavy on the two King's Counsels and Sir John Chartres as on Gilbert. The lawyers were old enemies of the Admiralty Court, and Sir John, of the frosty eyebrows and Abernethy manner, was bracketed with, but before Rutherford Gilbert, among nerve-specialists.

At the Club-house afterward, the lawyers renewed their squabble over a tangled collision case, and the doctors as naturally compared professional matters.

"Lies—all lies," said Sir John, when Gilbert had told him Conroy's trouble. "*Post hoc, propter hoc*. The man or woman who drugs is *ipso facto* a liar. You've no imagination."

"Pity you haven't a little—occasionally."

"I have believed a certain type of patient in my time. It's always the same. For reasons *not* given in the consulting-room, they take to the drug. Certain symptoms follow. They will swear to you, and believe it, that they took the drug to mask the symptoms. What does your man use? Najdolene? I thought so! I had practically the duplicate of your wretch last Thursday. Same old Najdolene—same old lie."

"Tell me the symptoms, and I'll draw my own inferences, Johnnie."

"Symptoms! The girl was rank poisoned with Najdolene. Ramping, stamping possession. Gad, I thought she'd have the chandelier down!"

"Mine came unstuck too, and he has the physique of a bull," said Gilbert. "What delusions had yours?"

"Faces—faces with mildew on them. In any other walk of life we'd call it the horrors. She told me, of course, she took the drugs to mask the faces. *Post hoc, propter hoc* again. All liars!"

"What's that?" said the senior K. C., quickly. "Sounds professional."

"Go away. Not for you, Sandy!" Sir John turned a shoulder against him, and walked with Gilbert into the chill evening.

To Conroy in his chambers came, one week later, this letter:

"DEAR MR. CONROY,—If your plan of a night's trip on the 17th still holds good, and you have no particular destination in view, you could do me a kindness. A Miss Henschil, in whom I am somewhat interested, goes down to the West by the 10.08 from Waterloo (Number 3 platform) on that night. She is not exactly an invalid, but, like so many of us, a little shaken in her nerves. Her maid, of course, accompanies her, but if I knew you were in the same train it would be an additional source of strength. Will you please write and let me know whether the 10.08 from Waterloo, Number 3 platform, on the 17th inst., suits you, and I



will meet you there. Don't forget my caution, and keep up the tonic.

"Yours sincerely,

"L. RUTHERFORD GILBERT."

"He knows I'm scarcely fit to look after myself," was Conroy's thought. "And he wants me to look after a woman!"

Yet, at the end of half an hour's irresolution, he accepted.

Now Conroy's trouble, which had lasted for years, was this:

On a certain night, while he lay between sleep and wake, he would be overtaken by a long, shuddering sigh, which he learned to know was the sign that his brain had once more conceived its horror, and in time—in due time—would bring it forth.

Drugs could so well veil that horror that it shuffled along no worse than as a freezing dream in a procession of disorderly dreams; but over the return of the event no drug had any control. Once that sigh had passed his lips the thing was inevitable, and through the days granted before its rebirth he walked in torment. For the first two years he had striven to fend it off by distractions, but neither exercise nor drink availed; then he had come to the tabloids of the excellent M. Najdol. These guarantee, on the label, "Refreshing and absolutely natural sleep to the soul-weary." They are carried in a case with a spring which presses one scented tabloid to the end of the tube, whence it can be lipped off in stroking the mustache or adjusting the veil.

Three years of M. Najdol's preparations do not fit a man for many careers. His friends, who knew he did not drink, assumed that Conroy had strained his heart through valiant outdoor exercises, and he had with some care invented an imaginary doctor, symptoms, and regimen, which he discussed with them and his mother in Hereford. She maintained that he would grow out of it, and recommended nux vomica.

When at last Conroy faced a real doctor, it was, he hoped, to be saved from suicide by a strait-waistcoat. Yet Dr. Gilbert had but given him more drugs—a tonic, for instance, that would couple railway carriages—and had advised a night

in the train. Not alone the horrors of a railway journey (for which a man who dare keep no servant must e'en pack, label, and address his own bag), but the necessity for holding himself in hand before a stranger "a little shaken in her nerves."

He spent a long forenoon packing, because when he assembled and counted things his mind slid off to the hours that remained of the day before his night, and he found himself counting minutes aloud. At such times the injustice of his fate would drive him to revolts which no servant should witness, but on this evening Dr. Gilbert's tonic held him fairly calm while he put up his patent razors.

Waterloo Station shook him into real life. The change for his ticket needed concentration, if only to prevent shillings and pence turning into minutes at the booking-office; and he spoke quickly to a porter about the disposition of his bag. The old 10.08 from Waterloo to the West was an all-night caravan that halted, in the interests of the milk traffic, at almost every station.

Dr. Gilbert stood by the door of the one composite corridor-coach, an older and stouter man behind him. "So glad you're here!" he cried. "Let me get you your ticket."

"Certainly not," Conroy answered. "I got it myself—long ago. My bag's in too," he added, proudly.

"I beg your pardon. Miss Henschil's here. I'll introduce you."

"But—but," he stammered. "Think of the state I'm in. If anything happens I shall collapse."

"Not you. You'd rise to the occasion like a bird. And as for the self-control you were talking of the other day"—Gilbert swung him round—"look!"

A young man in an ulster over a silk-faced frock-coat stood by the carriage window, weeping shamelessly.

"Oh, but that's only drink," Conroy said. "I haven't had one of my—my things since lunch."

"Excellent!" said Gilbert. "I know I could depend on you. Come along. Wait for a minute, Chartres."

A tall woman, veiled, sat by the far window. She bowed her head as the doctor murmured Conroy knew not what. Then he disappeared, and the inspector came for tickets.



"My maid—next compartment," she said, slowly.

Conroy showed his ticket, but in returning it to the sleeve-pocket of his ulster the little silver Najdolene-case slipped from his glove and fell to the floor. He snatched it up as the moving train flung him into his seat.

"How nice!" said the woman. She leisurely lifted her veil, unbuttoned the first button of her left glove, and pressed out from its palm a Najdolene-case.

"Don't!" said Conroy, not realizing he had spoken.

"I beg your pardon?" The deep voice was measured, even, and low. Conroy knew what made it so.

"I said, 'Don't!' He wouldn't like you to do it."

"No. He would not." She held the tube with its ever-presented tabloid between finger and thumb. "But aren't you one of the—ah—'soul-weary' too?"

"That's why. Oh, *please* don't! Not at first. I—I haven't had one since morning. You—you'll set me off!"

"You? Are you so far gone as that?"

He nodded, pressing his palms together. The train jolted through the Vauxhall points, and was welcomed with the clang of empty milk-cans for the West.

After long silence she lifted her great eyes, and, with an innocence that would have deceived any sound man, asked Conroy to call her maid to bring her a forgotten book.

Conroy shook his head. "No. Our sort can't read. Don't."

"Were you sent to watch me?" The voice never changed.

"Me? I need a keeper myself much more—*this* night of all!"

"This night? Have you a night, then? They disbelieved *me* when I told them of mine." She leaned back and laughed, always slowly. "Aren't doctors stu-upid? They don't know."

She leaned her elbow on her knee, lifted her veil that had fallen, and, chin in hand, stared at him. He looked at her—till his eyes blurred with tears.

"Have *I* been there, think you?" she said.

"Surely—surely," Conroy answered, for he had well seen the fear and the horror that lived behind the heavy-lidded eyes, the fine tracing of the broad fore-

head, and the guard set about the desirable mouth.

"Then—suppose we have one—just one apiece? I've gone without since this afternoon."

He put up his hand, and would have shouted, but his voice broke.

"Don't! Can't you see that it helps me to help you to keep it off? Don't let's both go down together."

"But I want one. It's a poor heart that never rejoices. Just one. It's my night."

"It's mine—too. My sixty-fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh." He shut his lips firmly against the tide of visualized numbers that threatened to carry him along.

"Ah, it's only my thirty-ninth." She paused as he had done. "I wonder if I shall last into the sixties. . . . Talk to me or I shall go crazy. You're a man. You're the stronger vessel. Tell me when you went to pieces."

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—eight—I beg your pardon."

"Not in the least. I always pretend I've dropped a stitch of my knitting. I count the days, till the last day, then the hours, then the minutes. Do you?"

"I don't think I've done very much else for the last six months," said Conroy, shivering, for the night was cold, with a chill that he recognized.

"Oh, how comforting to find some one who can talk sense! It's not always the same date, is it?"

"What difference would that make?" He unbuttoned his ulster with a jerk. "You're a sane woman. Can't you feel the wicked—wicked—wicked" (dust flew from the padded arm-rest as he struck it) "unfairness of it? What have I done—"

She laid her large hand on his shoulder very firmly.

"If you begin to think over *that*," she said, "you'll go to pieces and be ashamed. Tell me yours, and I'll tell you mine. Only be quiet—be quiet, lad, or you'll set *me* off!" She made shift to soothe him, though her chin trembled.

"Well," said he at last, picking at the arm-rest between them, "mine's nothing much, of course."

"Don't be a fool! That's for doctors—and mothers."

"It's Hell," Conroy muttered. "It be-





*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

"BUT THE CRUELTY OF IT! DON'T YOU FEEL IT?"



gins on a steamer—on a stifling hot night. I come out of my cabin. I pass through the saloon where the stewards have rolled up the carpets, and the boards are bare and hot and soapy."

"I've traveled too," she said.

"Ah! I come up on deck. I walk down a covered alleyway. Butcher's-meat, bananas, oil, that sort of smell."

Again she nodded.

"It's a lead-colored steamer, and the sea's lead-colored. Perfectly smooth sea—perfectly still ship, except for the engines running, and her waves going off in lines and lines and lines—dull gray. All this time I know something's going to happen."

"I know. Something going to happen," she whispered.

"Then I hear a thud in the engine-room. Then the noise of machinery falling down—like fire-irons—and then two most awful yells. No, not yells. They're more like hoots, and I know—I know while I listen that it means two men have died as they hooted. It was their last breath hooting out of them—in most awful pain. Do you understand?"

"I ought to. Go on."

"That's the first part. Then I hear bare feet running along the alleyway. One of the scalded men comes up behind me and says quite distinctly, 'My friend! All is lost!' Then he taps me on the shoulder and I hear him drop down dead." He panted and wiped his forehead.

"So that is your night?" she said.

"That is my night. It comes every few weeks—so many days after I get what I call sentence. Then I begin to count."

"Get sentence? D'you mean *this*?" She half closed her eyes, drew a deep breath, and shuddered. "'Notice,' I call it. Sir John thought it was all lies."

She had unpinned her hat and thrown it on the seat opposite, showing the immense mass of her black hair, rolled low in the nape of the columnar neck and looped over the left ear. But Conroy had no eyes except for her grave eyes.

"Listen now!" said she. "I walk down a road, a white, sandy road near the sea. There are broken fences on either side, and men come and look at me over them."

"Just men? Do they speak?"

"They try to. Their faces are all mildewy—eaten away," and she hid her face for an instant with her left hand. "It's the Faces—the Faces!"

"Yes. Like my two hoots. I know."

"Ah! But the place itself—the bareness—and the glitter, and the salt-smells, and the wind blowing the sand! The Men run after me and I run. . . . I know what's coming, too. One of them touches me."

"Ah? What comes *then*? We've both shirked that."

"One awful shock—not palpitation, but shock—shock—shock!"

"As though your soul were being stopped—as you'd stop a finger-bowl humming?" he asked.

"Just that," she answered. "One's very soul—the soul that one lives by—stopped. So!"

She drove her thumb deep into the arm-rest. "And now"—she fawned on him—"now that we've stirred each other up this way, mightn't we have just one?"

"No," said Conroy, shaking. "Let's hold on. We're past"—he peered out of the black window—"Woking. There's the Necropolis. How long till dawn?"

"Oh, cruel long yet. If one dozes for a minute, it catches one."

"And how d'you find that this"—he tapped the palm of his glove—"helps you?"

"It covers up the thing from being too real—if one takes enough, you know. Only—only—one loses everything else. I've been no more than a bogie-girl for two years. What would you give to be real again? This lying's such a nuisance."

"One must protect oneself, and there's one's mother to think of," he answered.

"True. I hope allowances are made for us somewhere. Our burden—can you hear?—our burden is heavy enough—"

She rose, towering into the roof of the carriage. Conroy's ungentle grip pulled her back.

"Now *you* are foolish. Sit down," said he.

"But the cruelty of it! Can't you see it? Don't you feel it? Let's take one now—before I—"

"Sit down!" cried Conroy, and the sweat stood again on his forehead. He had fought through a few nights, and had been defeated on more, and he knew



the rebellion that flares beyond control to exhaustion.

She smoothed her hair and dropped back, but for a while her head and throat moved with the sickening motion of a captured wryneck.

"Once," she said, spreading out her hands, "I ripped my counterpane from end to end. That takes strength. I had it then. I've little now. 'All dorn,' as my little niece says. And you, lad?"

"'All dorn'! Let me keep your case for you till the morning."

"But the cold feeling is beginning."

"Lend it me, then."

"And the drag down my right side. I sha'n't be able to move in a minute."

"I can scarcely lift my arm myself," said Conroy. "We're in for it."

"Then why are you so foolish? You know it 'll be easier if we have only one—only one apiece."

She was lifting the case to her mouth. With tremendous effort Conroy caught it. The two moved like jointed dolls, and when their hands met it was as wood on wood.

"You must—not!" said Conroy. His jaws stiffened, and the cold climbed from his feet up.

"Why—must—I—not?" She repeated the words idiotically.

Conroy could only shake his head, while he bore down on the hand and the case in it. Her speech went from her altogether. The wonderful lips rested half over the even teeth, the breath was in the nostrils only, the eye dulled, the face set gray, and through the glove the hand struck like ice.

Presently her soul came back and stood behind her eyes—only thing that had life in all that place—stood and looked for Conroy's soul. He too was fettered in every limb, but somewhere, at an immense distance, he heard his heart going about its work as the engine-room carries on through and beneath the all but overwhelming waves. His one hope, he knew, was not to lose the eyes that clung to his, because there was an Evil abroad which would possess him if he looked aside by a hairbreadth.

The rest was darkness through which some distant planet spun while cymbals clashed. (Beyond Farnborough they roll out many empty milk-cans at every halt.)

Then a body came to life with intolerable pricklings. Limb by limb, after agonies of terror, that body, which he discovered was his body, returned to him, steeped in most perfect physical weariness—such as follows a long day's rowing. He saw the heavy lids droop over her eyes—the watcher behind them departed—and, his soul sinking into assured peace, Conroy slept.

Light on his eyes and a salt breath roused him without shock. Her hand still held his. She slept, forehead down upon it, but the movement of his waking waked her too, and she sneezed like a child.

"I—I think it's morning," said Conroy.

"And nothing has happened! Did you see your Men? I didn't see my Faces. Does it mean we've escaped? Did—did you take any after I went to sleep? I'll swear I didn't," she stammered.

"No, there wasn't any need. We've slept through it."

"No need! Thank God! There was no need! Oh, look!"

The train was running under red cliffs along a sea-wall washed by waves that were colorless in the early light. Southward the sun rose mistily upon the Channel.

She leaned out of the window and breathed to the bottom of her lungs, while the wind wrenched down her disheveled hair and blew it below her waist.

"Well!" she said, with splendid eyes. "Aren't you still waiting for something to happen?"

"No. Not till next time. We've been let off," Conroy answered, breathing as deeply as she.

"Then we ought to say our prayers."

"What nonsense! Some one will see us."

"We needn't kneel. Stand up and say 'Our Father.' We *must*!"

It was the first time since childhood that Conroy prayed. They laughed hysterically when a curve threw them against the arm-rests.

"Now for breakfast!" she cried. "My maid—Nurse Blaber—has the basket and things. It 'll be ready in twenty minutes. Oh! Look at my hair!" and she went out laughing.



Conroy's first discovery, made without fumbling or counting letters on taps, was that the London and Southwestern's allowance of washing-water is inadequate. He used every last drop, rioting in the cold tingle on neck and arms. To shave in a moving train balked him, but the next halt gave him a chance, which, to his own surprise, he took. As he stared at himself in the mirror he smiled and nodded. There were points about this person with the clear, if sunken, eye and the almost uncompressed mouth. But when he bore his bag back to his compartment, the weight of it on a limp arm humbled that new pride.

"My friend," he said, half aloud, "you go into training. You're putty."

She met him in the spare compartment, where her maid had laid breakfast.

"By Jove!" he said, halting at the doorway, "I hadn't realized how beautiful you were!"

"The same to you, lad. Sit down. I could eat a horse."

"I shouldn't," said the maid, quietly. "The less you eat, the better." She was a small, freckled woman, with light, fluffy hair, and pale-blue eyes that looked through all veils.

"This is Miss Blaber," said Miss Henschil. "He's one of the soul-weary, too, Nursey."

"I know it. But when one has just given it up a full meal doesn't agree. That's why I've only brought you bread and butter."

She went out quietly, and Conroy reddened.

"We're still children, you see," said Miss Henschil. "But I'm well enough to feel some shame of it. D'you take sugar?"

They starved together heroically, and Nurse Blaber was good enough to signify approval when she came to clear away.

"Nursey?" Miss Henschil insinuated, and flushed.

"Do you smoke?" said the nurse, coolly, to Conroy.

"I haven't in years. Now you mention it, I think I'd like a cigarette—or something."

"I used to. D'you think it would keep me quiet?" Miss Henschil said.

"Perhaps. Try these." The nurse handed them her cigarette-case.

"Don't take anything else," she commanded, and went away with the tea-basket.

"Good!" grunted Conroy, between mouthfuls of tobacco.

"Better than nothing," said Miss Henschil; but for a while they felt ashamed, yet with the comfort of children punished together.

"Now," she whispered, "who were you when you were a man?"

Conroy told her, and in return she gave him her history. It delighted them both to deal once more in worldly concerns, families, names, places, and dates—with a person of understanding.

She came, she said, of Lancashire folk—wealthy cotton-spinners, who still kept the broadened *a* and slurred aspirate of the old stock. She lived with an old, masterful mother in an opulent world north of Lancaster Gate, where people in Society gave parties at a Mecca called the Langham Hotel.

She herself had been launched into Society there, and the flowers at the ball had cost eighty-seven pounds; but, being reckoned peculiar, she had made few friends among her own sex. She had attracted many men, for she was a beauty—the beauty, in fact, of Society.

She spoke utterly without shame or reticence, as a life-prisoner tells his past to a fellow-convict; and Conroy nodded across the smoke-rings.

"Do you remember when you got into the carriage?" she asked. ("Oh, I wish I had some knitting!") Did you notice aught, lad?"

Conroy thought back. It was ages since. "Wasn't there some one outside the door—crying?" he asked.

"He's—he's the little man I was engaged to," she said. "But I made him break it off. I told him 'twas no good. But he won't, yo' see."

"That fellow? Why, he doesn't come up to your shoulder."

"That's naught to do with it. I think all the world of him. I'm a foolish wench—" her speech wandered as she settled herself cozily, one elbow on the arm-rest. "We've been engaged—I couldn't help that—and he worships the ground I tread on. But it's no use. I'm not responsible, you see. His two sisters are against it, though I've the



money. They're right, but they think it's the dri-ink," she drawled. "They're Methody—the Skinners. You see, their grandfather that started the Patton Mills, he died o' the dri-ink."

"I see," said Conroy. The grave face before him under the lifted veil was troubled.

"George Skinner." She breathed it softly. "I'd make him a good wife by God's gra-ace—if I could. But it's no use. I'm not responsible. But he'll not take 'No' for an answer. I used to call him Toots. He's of no consequence, yo' see."

"That's in Dickens," said Conroy, quite quickly. "I haven't thought of Toots for years. He was at Doctor Blimber's."

"And so—that's my trouble," she concluded, ever so slightly wringing her hands. "But I—don't you think—there's hope now?"

"Eh?" said Conroy. "Oh yes. This is the first time I've turned my corner without help. With your help, I should say."

"It 'll come back, though."

"Then shall we meet it in the same way? Here's my card. Write me your train, and we'll go together."

"Yes. We must do that. But between times—when we want—" she looked at her palm, the four fingers working on it. "It's hard to give 'em up."

"But think what we have gained already, and let me have the case to keep."

She shook her head, and threw her cigarette out of the window. "Not yet."

"Then let's lend our cases to Nurse, and we'll get through to-day on cigarettes. I'll call her while we feel strong."

She hesitated, but yielded at last, and Nurse accepted the offerings with a smile.

"You'll be all right," she said to Miss Henschil. "But if I were you"—to Conroy—"I'd take strong exercise."

When they reached their destination Conroy set himself to obey Nurse Blaber. He had no remembrance of that day, except one streak of blue sea to his left, gorse-bushes to his right, and, before him, a coast-guard's track marked with white-washed stones, that he counted to the far thousands. As he returned to the little town he saw Miss Henschil on the beach below the cliffs. She kneeled at

Nurse Blaber's feet, weeping and pleading.

Twenty-five days later a telegram came to Conroy's rooms. "*Notice given. Waterloo again. Twenty-fourth.*" That same evening he was wakened by the shudder and sigh that told him his sentence had gone forth. Yet he reflected on his pillow that he had, in spite of lapses, snatched something like three weeks of life, which included several rides on a horse before breakfast—the hour one most craves Najdolene; five consecutive evenings on the river at Hammersmith in a tub where he had well stretched the white arms that passing crews mocked at; a game of rackets at his club; three dinners, one small dance, and one human flirtation with a human woman. More notable still, he had settled his month's accounts, only once confusing petty cash with the days of grace allowed him. Next morning he rode his hired beast in the Park victoriously. He saw Miss Henschil on horseback near Lancaster Gate, talking to a young man at the railings.

She wheeled and cantered toward him.

"By Jove! How well you look!" he cried, without salutation. "I didn't know you rode."

"I used to once," she replied. "I'm all soft now."

They swept off together down the ride.

"Your beast pulls," he said.

"'Wa-ant him to. Gi-gives me something to think of. How've you been?" she panted. "I wish chemists' shops hadn't red lights."

"Have you slipped out and bought some, then?"

"You don't know Nursey. Eh, but it's good to be on a horse again! This chap cost me two hundred."

"Then you've been swindled," said Conroy.

"I know it, but it's no odds. I must go back to Toots and send him away. He's neglecting his work for me."

She swung her heavy-topped animal on his none too sound hocks. "'Sentence come, lad?"

"Yes. But I'm not minding it so much this time."

"Waterloo, then—and God help us!" She thundered back to the little frock-



coated figure that waited faithfully near the gate.

Conroy felt the spring sun on his shoulders and trotted home. That evening he went out with a man in a pair oar, and was rowed to a standstill. But the other man owned he could not have kept the pace three minutes longer.

He carried his bag all down Number 3 platform at Waterloo and hove it with one hand into the rack.

"Well done!" said Nurse Blaber, in the corridor. "We've improved, too."

Dr. Gilbert and an older man came out of the next compartment.

"Hallo!" said Gilbert. "Why haven't you been to see me, Mr. Conroy? Come under the lamp. Take off your hat. No—no, sit, you young giant. Ve-ry good. Look here a minute, Johnnie."

A little, round-bellied, hawk-faced person glared at him.

"Gilbert was right about the beauty of the beast," he muttered. "D'you keep it in your glove now?" he went on, and punched Conroy in the short ribs.

"No," said Conroy, meekly, but without coughing. "Nowhere—on my honor! I've chucked it for good."

"Wait till you are a sound man before you say *that*, Mr. Conroy." Sir John Chartres stumped out, saying to Gilbert in the corridor: "It's all very fine, but the question is, 'Shall I or we Sir Pandarus of Troy become,' eh? We're bound to think of the children."

"Have you been vetted?" said Miss Henschil, a few minutes after the train started. "May I sit with you? I—I don't trust myself yet. I can't give up as easily as you can, seemingly."

"Can't you? I never saw any one so improved in a month."

"Look here!" She reached across to the rack, single-handed lifted Conroy's bag, and held it at arm's-length.

"I counted ten slowly. And I didn't think of hours or minutes," she boasted.

"Don't remind me," he cried.

"Ah! Now I've reminded myself. I wish I hadn't. Do you think it'll be less for us to-night?"

"Oh, don't." The smell of the carriage had brought all his last trip back to him, and Conroy moved uneasily.

"I'm sorry. I've brought some

games," she went on. "Draughts and cards—but they all mean counting. I wish I'd brought chess—but I can't play chess. What can we do? Talk about something."

"Well, how's Toots, to begin with?" said Conroy.

"Why? Did you see him on the platform?"

"No. Was he there? I didn't notice."

"Oh yes. He doesn't understand. He's desperately jealous. I told him it didn't matter. Will you please let me hold your hand? I believe I'm beginning to get the chill."

"Toots ought to envy me," said Conroy.

"He does. He paid you a high compliment the other night. He's taken to calling again—in spite of all they say."

Conroy inclined his head. He felt cold, and knew surely he would be colder.

"He said," she yawned ("Beg your pardon). He said he couldn't see how I could help falling in love with a man like you; and he called himself a damned little rat, and he beat his head on the piano last night."

"The piano? You play, then?"

"Only to him. He thinks the world of my accomplishments. Then I told him I wouldn't have you if you were the last man on earth instead of only the best-looking—not with a million in each stocking."

"No. Not with a million in each stocking," said Conroy, vehemently. "Isn't that odd?"

"I suppose so—to any one who doesn't know. Well, where was I? Oh, George as good as told me I was deceiving him, and he wanted to go away without saying good-night. He hates standing a-tiptoe, but—he must, if I won't sit down."

Conroy would have smiled, but the chill that foreran the coming of the Lier-in-Wait was upon him, and his hand closed warningly on hers.

"And—and so—" she was trying to say, when her hour also overtook her, leaving alive only the fear-dilated eyes that turned to Conroy. Hand froze on hand, and the body with it as they waited for the horror in the blackness that heralded it. Yet through the worst Conroy saw, at an uncountable distance, one minute glint of light in his night.



Thither would he go and escape the fear, and behold, that light was the light in the watch-tower of her eyes, where her locked soul signaled to his soul: "Look at me!"

In time, from him and from her, the Thing sheered aside, that each soul might step down and resume its own concerns. He thought confusedly of people on the skirts of a thunder-storm, withdrawing from windows, where the torn night is, to their known and furnished beds. Then he dozed, till in some drowsy turn his hand fell from her warmed hand.

"That's all. The Faces haven't come," he heard her say. "All, thank God! I don't even feel I need what Nursesey promised me. Do you?"

"No." He rubbed his eyes. "But don't make too sure."

"Certainly not. We shall have to try again next month. I'm afraid it will be an awful nuisance for you."

"Not to me, I assure you," said Conroy, and they leaned back and laughed at the flatness of the words, after the hells through which they had just risen.

"And now," she said, strict eyes on Conroy, "why wouldn't you take me—not with a million in each stocking?"

"I don't know. That's what I've been puzzling over."

"So have I. We're as handsome a couple as I've ever seen. Are you well off, lad?"

"They call me so," said Conroy, smiling.

"That's North country." She laughed again. "Setting aside my good looks *and* yours, I've four thousand a year of my own, and the rents should make it six. That's a match some old cats would lap tea all night to fettle up."

"It is. Lucky Toots!" said Conroy.

"Aye," she answered, "he'll be the luckiest lad in London if I win through. Who's yours?"

"No! No one, dear. I've been in hell for years. I only want to get out and be alive and—so on. Isn't that reason enough?"

"Maybe for a man. But I never minded things much till George came. I was all stu-upid-like."

"So was I, but now I think I can live. It ought to be less next month, oughtn't it?" he said.

"I hope so. Ye-es. There's nothing much for a maid except to be married, and I ask no more. Whoever yours is, when you've found her, she shall have a wedding present from Mrs. George Skinner that—"

"But she wouldn't understand it any more than your Toots."

"He doesn't matter—except to me. I can't keep my eyes open, thank God! Good-night, lad."

Conroy followed her with his eyes. Beauty there was, grace there was, strength there was, and enough of the rest to drive better men than George Skinner to beat their heads on pianotops—but for the new-found life of him Conroy could not feel one flutter of instinct or emotion that turned to herward. He put up his feet and fell asleep, dreaming of a joyous, normal world recovered—with interest on arrears. There were many things in it, but no one face of any one woman.

Thrice afterward they took the same train, and each time their trouble shrank and weakened. Miss Henschil talked of Toots, his multiplied calls, the things he had said to his sisters, the much worse things his sisters had replied; of the late (he seemed very dead to them) M. Najdol's gifts for the soul-weary; of shopping, of house rents, and the cost of really artistic furniture and linen.

Conroy explained the exercises in which he delighted—mighty labors of play undertaken against other mighty men, till he sweated, and, having bathed, slept. He had visited his mother, too, in Hereford, and he talked something of her and the home-life, which his body, cut out of all clean life for five years, innocently and deeply enjoyed. Nurse Blaber was a little interested in Conroy's mother, but, as a rule, she smoked her cigarette and read her paper-backed novels in her own compartment.

On their last trip she volunteered to sit with them, and buried herself in *The Cloister and the Hearth* while they whispered together. On that occasion (it was near Salisbury), at two in the morning, when the Lier-in-Wait brushed them with his wing, it meant no more than that they should cease talk for the instant, and for the instant hold hands,



as even utter strangers on the deep may do when their ship rolls underfoot.

"But still," said Nurse Blaber, not looking up, "I think your Mr. Skinner might feel jealous of all this."

"It would be difficult to explain," said Conroy.

"Then you'd better not be at my wedding," Miss Henschil laughed.

"After all we've gone through! But I suppose you ought to leave me out. Is the day fixed?" he cried.

"Twenty-second of September—in spite of *both* his sisters. I can risk it now." Her face was glorious as she flushed.

"My dear chap!" He shook hands unreservedly, and she gave back his grip without flinching. "I can't tell you how pleased I am!"

"Gracious heavens!" said Nurse Blaber, in a new voice. "Oh, I beg your pardons. I forgot I wasn't paid to be surprised."

"What at? Oh—I see!" Miss Henschil explained to Conroy. "She expected you were going to kiss me, or I was going to kiss you, or something."

"After all you've gone through, as Mr. Conroy said."

"But I *couldn't*, could you?" said Miss Henschil, with a disgust as frank as that on Conroy's face. "It would be horrible—horrible! And yet, of course, you're wonderfully handsome. How d'you account for it, Nursey?"

Nurse Blaber shook her head. "I was hired to cure you of a habit, dear. When you're cured I shall go on to the next case—that senile-decay one at Bournemouth I told you about."

"And I shall be left alone with George! But suppose it isn't cured," said Miss Henschil, of a sudden. "Suppose it comes back again? What can I do? I can't send for *him* in this way when I'm a married woman!" She pointed like an infant.

"I'd come, of course," Conroy answered. "But, seriously, that is a consideration."

They looked at each other, alarmed and anxious, and then toward Nurse Blaber, who closed her book, marked the place, and turned to face them.

"Have you ever talked to your mother as you have to me, child?" she said.

"No. I might have spoken to dad—but mother's different. What d'you mean?"

"And you've never talked to your mother, either, Mr. Conroy?"

"Not till I took Najdolene. Then I told her it was my heart. There's no need to say anything, now that I'm practically over it, is there?"

"Not if it doesn't come back, but—" she beckoned with a stumpy, triumphant finger that drew their heads close together.

"You know I always go in and read a chapter to mother at tea, child."

"I know you do. You're an angel." Miss Henschil patted the blue shoulder next her. "Mother's Church of England now," she explained. "But she'll have her Bible with her pikelets at tea every night like the Skinners."

"It was Naaman and Gehazi last Tuesday that gave me a clue. I said I'd never seen a case of leprosy, and your mother said she'd seen too many."

"Where? She never told me," Miss Henschil began.

"A few months before you were born—on her trip to Australia at Mola or Molo something or other. It took me three evenings to get it all out."

"Aye—mother's suspicious of questions," said Miss Henschil to Conroy. "She'll lock the door of every room she's in, if it's but for five minutes. She was a Tackberry from Jarrow way, yo' see."

"She described your men to the life—men with faces all eaten away, staring at her over the fence of a lepers' hospital in this Molo Island. They begged from her, and she ran, she told me, all down the street, back to the pier. One touched her and she nearly fainted. She's ashamed of that still."

"My men? The sand and the fences?" Miss Henschil muttered.

"Yes. You know how tidy she is and how she hates wind. She remembered that the fences were broken—she remembered the wind blowing. Sand—sun—salt wind—fences—faces—I got it all out of her, bit by bit. You don't know what I know! And it all happened three or four months before you were born. There!" Nurse Blaber slapped her knee with her little hand triumphantly.

"Would that account for it?" Miss Henschil shook from head to foot.

"Absolutely. I don't care who you





*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.*

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

"OH, I OUGHTN'T TO HAVE READ THAT," SAID MISS HENSCHIL







ask! You never imagined the thing. It was *laid* on you. It happened on earth to *you*! Quick, Mr. Conroy. She's too heavy for me! I'll get the flask."

Miss Henschil leaned forward and collapsed, as Conroy told her afterward, like a factory chimney. She came out of her swoon with teeth that chattered on the cup's edge.

"No—no," she said, gulping. "It's not hysterics. Yo' see, I've no call to hev 'em any more. No call—no reason whatever, God be praised! Can't yo' *feel* I'm a right woman now?"

"Stop hugging me!" said Nurse Blaber. "You don't know your strength. Finish the brandy and water. It's perfectly reasonable, and I'll lay long odds Mr. Conroy's case is something of the same. I've been thinking—"

"I wonder—" said Conroy, and pushed the girl back as she swayed again.

Nurse Blaber smoothed her linty hair. "Yes. Your trouble, or something like it, happened somewhere on earth or sea to the mother who bore you. Ask her, child, ask her and be done with it once for all."

"I will," said Conroy. . . . "There ought to be—" He opened his bag and hunted breathlessly.

"Bless you! Oh, God bless you, Nursey!" Miss Henschil was sobbing. "You don't know what this means to me. It takes it all off—from the beginning."

"But doesn't it make any difference to you now?" the nurse asked, curiously. "Now that you're rightfully a woman?"

Conroy, busy with his bag, had not heard. Miss Henschil stared across, and her beauty, freed from the shadow of any fear, blazed up within her. "I see what you mean," she said. "But it hasn't changed anything. I want Toots. He has never been out of his mind in his life—except over silly me."

"It's all right," said Conroy, stooping under the lamp, Bradshaw in hand. "If I change at Templecombe—for Bristol—(Bristol-Hereford—yes) I can be with mother for breakfast in her room and find out."

"Quick, then," said Nurse Blaber. "We've passed Gillingham quite a while. You'd better take some of our sandwiches." She went out to get them. Conroy and Miss Henschil shook hands again, and would have danced, but there

is no room for giants in a Southwestern compartment.

"Good-by, good luck, lad. Eh, but you've changed already—like me. Send a wire to the hotel as soon as you're sure," said Miss Henschil. "What should I have done without you?"

"Or I?" said Conroy. "But it's Nurse that's saving us, really."

"Then thank her," said Miss Henschil, looking straight at him. "Yes, I would. She'd like it."

When Nurse Blaber came back after the parting at Templecombe, her nose and her eyelids were red, but, for all that, her face reflected a great light even while she sniffed over *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

Miss Henschil, deep in a house-furnisher's catalogue, did not speak for twenty minutes. Then she said, between adding totals of best, guest, and servants' sheets, "But why should our times have been the same, Nursey?"

"Because a child is born somewhere every second of the clock," Nurse Blaber answered. "And, besides that, you probably set each other off by talking and thinking about it. You shouldn't, you know."

"Aye, but you've never been in Hell," said Miss Henschil.

The telegram, handed in at Hereford at 12.46 and delivered to Miss Henschil on the beach of a certain village at 2.07, ran thus: "*Absolutely confirmed. She says she remembers hearing noise of accident in engine-room returning from India eighty-five.*"

"He means the year, not the thermometer," said Nurse Blaber, throwing pebbles at the cold sea.

"*And two men scalded, thus explaining my hoots!*" ("The idea of telling me that!") "*Subsequently silly clergyman passenger ran up behind her calling for joke, 'Friend, all is lost,' thus accounting very words!*"

Nurse Blaber purred audibly.

"*She says only remembers being upset minute or two. Unspeakable relief. Best love Nursey, who is a jewel. Get out of her what she would like best.*" "Oh, I oughtn't to have read that," said Miss Henschil.

"It doesn't matter. I don't want anything," said Nurse Blaber, "and if I did I shouldn't get it."



# A Bermudan Sojourn

BY W. D. HOWELLS

**B**ETWEEN the wish to share the beauty of Bermuda with every one else and the wish to keep it all to oneself, it is difficult to write frankly of the islands which the Spaniards called after their discoverer Bermudez, and the Shakespearian English tried to call after him when they said Bermoothes. One's greed is stimulated, together with one's generosity, by the fact that there is more beauty to the square foot in Bermuda than anywhere else in the world. If one could sell its beauty by the square foot to rich Americans, as I am afraid some Bermudans would like to do, one would easily end a millionaire; if one gave it away to poor Americans, as I should like to do, since it is not mine to give, one's merit would be inestimable.

In order to imagine its loveliness you must think of several islands cradled among rainbows, mostly one long, curving island, and a dozen islets of different shapes, covered with gray junipers (called cedars for convenience' sake), and at one end of the longest island a most beautiful little white city, and at the other an older city, but beautiful too, with houses of Italian or Spanish-American fancy in saffron, pink, and pale blue; and, everywhere, snow-white roofs. One of these towns is Hamilton, and the other St. George's, and round about beyond and between them are white-walled and white-roofed parishes, with their churches; and farms, with white-walled and white-roofed cottages, and waving with bananas and bamboos and Easter-lilies and onions. Unroll ribbons of white roads from point to point, up and down the little heights, which, because of the fairy scale, form a nobly mountainous landscape, and have lagoons of salt water iridescently dreaming among them, and orange and purple seas bathing the brown cliffs and yellow sands: then you will have some image of Bermuda, which grows lovelier with

closer knowledge, day after day, month after month, as long as you are allowed to look on it.

I used to recall Italy there, but for beauty Italy is nowhere beside Bermuda, and has only the advantage of being historical. There is *no* history of Bermuda earlier than 1610, the pigs left there by the Spanish discoverer having run wild and lost the power of intelligible speech when Sir George Somers went ashore at St. George's and took possession of the islands for the English crown. Then for fifty years or so a kind of blood-stained opera bouffe followed, Sir George himself beginning it by putting to death a gentleman of his command for gross impertinence, but, because he was a gentleman, having him shot instead of hanged. When the first colony was sent out by the Company of Adventurers to whom the islands had been made over by the sovereign, they remained under the rule of a carpenter, till he could bear it no longer, and went back to England. He was a man of great good sense, and ruled wisely, but so much cannot be said of the six governors he left in his stead, who were to rule each a month, one after another. Three of them fitted out a sail-boat and started on a buccaneering cruise to the Spanish West Indies; and so dropped out of Bermudan history. The three governors left at home had their monthly turns of ruling till a gentleman named Tucker, somewhat experienced in colonial government in Virginia, came out from Bristol and began ruling Bermuda. He put several people to death for back-talk and insubordination, and reigned in great force; but it was not he alone who discouraged immigration under the Adventurers. The first English comers had the ill luck to find a very large lump of ambergris, and the Adventurers expected them to find more; when they failed, the Adventurers let the colony turn





*Painting by Norman I. Black*

WHERE THE SUNLIGHT PLAYS ON ANCIENT WALLS







its attention to agriculture. It then began in a mild way to prosper, Tucker the Terrible being gone, and lapsed into storyless peace and comfort. This and much more you may read in the very amusing book attributed to Captain John Smith, and believe as little as you like; his bow was always rather long, and drama followed him wherever he went, though it does not appear that he ever personally invited it to Bermuda. (The fact that the Bermudan legislature is the oldest legislature in the New World may be set off against much scandalous fable in his book.) In the beginning of our revolt against Great Britain, our fellow-colonists sent us some gunpowder, but during our Civil War they fostered the enterprise of blockade-running, which flourished so greatly that some of them made fortunes. Since then they have lived in the greatest amity with us, and they are a people of such civility and hospitality that it would be hard to wish, much less to do them, harm.

A good half of the Bermudans are colored, for people began very soon to feel the need of negro slaves in Bermuda, and the negroes, though long since free, still do nearly all the hard work. Of late, indeed, a largish number of Portuguese have come in from the Azores, and taken up farms, which they till, men, women, and children. Most of them are Catholics, of course, but some are, for reasons of their own, which I did not seek to fathom, Seventh-day Baptists, pious, quiet folk, as, for the matter of that, the Catholics are. The colored people do not like their letting their women and children work in the fields, and they think they are not very neat; but your Bermudan negroes are very particular, and they hold themselves aloof in their superiority, not only from the Portuguese, but from the Jamaican negroes who at one time came in. They are excellent and diligent mechanics, and are not driven to the outcast occupations as they are with us, but practise all the handicrafts. I have no fault to find with them except that they do not sing. I suppose they sing hymns, but I mean secular songs; Bermuda is almost as unsung as it is unstoried. Sometimes I heard the colored cohorts of the Salvation Army tuning their mellow throats, but only

once during our three months of last winter did I hear any outdoor singing in an air which invited melody as witchingly as the air of Naples. That once, four colored maids and men came down our street abreast, moving with a dancing step to a measure that would have lured the redbird from his tree if it had been daylight. I am afraid it would not have been thought respectable by other colored Bermudans, who wish to be respectable above everything, and go to church in the most decorous hats and gowns. All the grown people wear shoes, and I do not believe there is a rag among them, young or old. They must be poor, many of them, but not one of them shows the poverty which strikes you with the squalor of its tatters, its filth, its aggressive misery, when you get home.

The two most beautiful buildings in Hamilton, where none of the buildings are ugly, are the cathedral, designed by an eminent Scotch architect, and the opera-house, built by the Bermudan negroes, with labor and material which they gave without cost, and fashioned after the plans of a colored carpenter and mason. The cathedral is very good modern Gothic, but the opera-house is like a bit of sixteenth-century Rome, the unplastered coral rock showing like travertine, grayish yellow, and endearingly soft to the eye. The carpenter and mason had read some books about Greek and Roman architecture, but he had never been off his island, and he had felt that beauty tenderly and delicately out with his hand and heart, so that it was a pleasure to look at it. If Bermuda negroes do not sing, that opera-house sings for them, and takes the soul with "ditties of no tone." It was my privilege to pass it once or twice a day, and I should feel myself much richer than I am if I could pass it as often in New York; I would give many sky-scrapers for the privilege.

We had meant from the first to keep house in Bermuda, but it was not easy to find a house, and we were fittingly grateful when we did find it, standing in a grove of tall junipers, with redbirds in them and on the grass under them. A pretty garden sloped up behind the clean, cool, spacious little house, and the violets, shell-roses, passion-flowers,



geraniums, hibiscus, and narcissus bloomed there from January to April, and I dare say are blooming there now. From time to time there was a show of cold; but what is the cold of a land where there has never been frost, and only a few flakes of snow in a generation? It is a chill which follows the cabled news of a blizzard in New York, and is like that of a coolish November day. Outdoors, if you are driving along the northern coasts, you will feel it sharply, but if you are walking it adds just the right spur to your going. Indoors, where we had no fireplace except in the kitchen, an oil-heater made the room too hot in half an hour. This heater could be conveniently carried from place to place, but I would not choose even a Bermudan house without a hearth; one likes an indoors image of winter in February and March when a blizzard is cabled from New York. Outdoors, we had in those months a charming image of autumn in the reddening foliage of the fiddlewood, an Australian tree which abounds in Bermuda, and remembers with affecting sentiment in its exile the autumn of its antipodean home, which comes in our springtime. Mixed everywhere with the gray junipers, it gave the low hillsides an effect of the Vermont October; and just as its leaves were reddest the Pride-of-India-tree began to break into leaf and flower and take the sense with its honeyed sweet.

The streets of Hamilton, not less than the highroads of Bermuda, are as clean and smooth as most American floors, and in that tiny country, where the taxes are so light, they can afford to have them so, for nothing is stolen in the administration. The roads lead everywhere, and in the extent of the islands, some eighteen miles at the farthest, one may drive a hundred. There are soft country roads, besides the hard highways (they get very hard, and almost as glare as ice), where one may wander indefinitely, and change the scene from land to sea and back at every turn. Nearly everywhere the way is bordered with oleanders, which were beginning to blossom when we left them in earliest April, and in June would be a mass of bloom. Right and left open the garden fields of lilies and onions, and the tall

patches of bananas showing like bulkier corn, with their broad leaf-blades slit by the ever-blowing breeze. Woodland there is aplenty, and at times swampland, with its luxuriant amphibious growths, which the close-farming industry is pushing out, acre by acre, and planting lettuce, parsley, celery, and artichokes. These crops have their seasons, some of them, and some of them have all the seasons, especially the parsley and lettuce, which are loaded by thousands of boxes on every steamer for New York. The whitewashed coral cottages of the negro and Portuguese farmers light the landscape at every turn, apart or clustering into friendly hamlets. If the Portuguese are the best farmers, not because they know better, but because they work harder, I am far from blaming the negroes for not working so hard. One of them whom I asked if weeding onions was not rather back-breaking toil, said: "Oh no. You weed awhile, and then you raise up and chat; and the time passes." I often saw the time passing on those terms, and I thought it charming; I am no believer in the gospel of work beyond that which brings a living; and I think the negro who is satisfied with enough is wiser than the Portuguese who enslaves himself and his family mainly for the behoof of the middleman, and saves against the rainy day which may never come.

The literal rainy day seems to come seldomer and seldomer in Bermuda. The last two years have been years of almost unbroken drought, just when the introduction of modern plumbing has doubled the demand for water. There is not a spring or a stream on the islands; a few wells supply a brackish water which the cattle will drink; but the water for household uses comes entirely from the roofs and the hillside watershed drained into the large tanks or cisterns which every house is equipped with. Formerly, when it rained a little every day in Bermuda, this was enough, but now it is by no means enough, and the rich have to buy water from the poor, who have no bath-rooms and do not wash so much. It does not rain every day now in Bermuda, or even every week, or every month; and last winter, after the clouds had laboriously gathered in the south-





A STREET IN THE OLD TOWN OF ST. GEORGE'S

west, and begun to spill their blessing over the thirsty roofs, a blizzard would be cabled from New York, and a wind would blow from the northeast, and the evening fall crystal cold. The fields somehow manage, and I saw no withered crops, though they may have shriveled in the summer. I am only saying that they ripened through the winter, not only onions, lilies, lettuce, parsley, celery, and artichokes and bananas, but strawberries too, which are of a Bermudan neatness of habit, and show their reddening fruit on the clean ground unnetted with the runners of slovenlier lands.

The strawberries were always fifty cents a box, though the boxes were rather larger than ours, but they were worth the money. Other things were not worth the money, though one had to pay the New York prices for them. The meats were not nearly so good as ours, though they were as dear, and sometimes they were not to be had. Veal, for instance, was to be had only on Wednesdays, but when you went for it on Wednesday you were apt to find that it was a Wednesday when there was no veal. Beef was better and truer to its promise. Poultry, if contracted for, was also faith-





SPANISH POINT

ful, and it was very good. Lamb was well enough, but not interesting; and it appeared to run inordinately to fore-quarters. In a winter so like summer we did not care for pork. The fish might be appropriately given to the poor if there were poor enough to take them. We agreed with a colored oysterman to bring us some oysters, conducting the *pourparlers* through a colored friend, but in the end he disagreed and did not bring them. The chickens, which we contracted for with a dairy, were very good, and only once failed us. Then we adventured upon a robust fowl which seemed wholly spurs, and, being boiled the entire day, came up at dinner as athletic as when it went into the pot after breakfast. When we went to pay for it, it soared to an American price; we protested, and were told that it was an imported bird; and upon this assurance we were mute, fearing too sadly that it might have been a compatriot. Butter was always bad, unless you had an adamantine contract for sweet butter with a specific butter-woman. Otherwise the butter was rancid, abominable, whether Bermudan butter, or Irish but-

ter in tins, or New Zealand butter in bulk; you had your choice, at first hopeful and then hopeless. The hotels had good butter from New York, but the bad butter elsewhere had nothing of New York except the price.

I do not know just why the American prices should prevail so in Bermuda. It costs no more than ever to raise things there, and the Bermudans, who are mostly people of comparatively small incomes, must suffer from the rise in the cost of living more than the American visitors or sojourners. Even in the shops, where they used to pay English prices for English goods, they now pay American prices, quite as if they had an American tariff to enable the local manufacturers to make fortunes and go abroad and marry their daughters to noblemen. Otherwise I do not know that our nation does the Bermudans much harm. We swarm upon them by the thousand, three times a week, when the New York steamers come, in a lump, as it were, on three successive days, instead of spreading themselves over the seven days; and we romp up and down their quiet streets, to the music of our cat-bird twang. At these times



we have rather a wild look, and talk loudly, and laugh more than we need, if we are women; but that is because the beauty and the strangeness of the place have gone to our heads, sometimes, perhaps, not too strong at home. If we are men, we sound a different nasal, a dry, sarcastic note, and wear an ironic smile with the new straw hats we have bought. We are mostly, I think, from familiar country places, or inland cities, and have not been abroad before. We mean nothing wrong, and many of us are charmingly kind and good, and even intelligent. But the whole business is a delightful joke for us, whether we stroll up and down the clean, white streets between the clean, white houses, or drive lavishly out over the land in the pleasant victorias, and try too audibly to extract misinformation from the obliging colored drivers. If we go home the next day, we do not quiet down, but if we stay a week we become of an almost Bermudan calm. A fortnight makes us over in the image of the colonial English who have been in the islands for generations.

It must be owned that the Bermudan average have better manners than we have if they are white, and even if they are black they have better manners than our colored people, who are the only Americans who like good manners. Still, the Bermudans are more like Americans than English, in face and figure and bearing, and if they are better bred, it is surely not their fault. Somehow, somewhere, we have slipped a cog, and have fallen behind those gentle colonial or imperial English in the finer civilization. Better people than we are I do not think breathe, and surely none kinder; but we are rude, formless, uncouth in our angelic presence. Perhaps we have had too much room to grow up in, and have not learned the art of controlling the knees and elbows which more restricted peoples are forced to acquire. Perhaps our unmannerliness is designed by Providence; if we were as polite as we are worthy and able, we should overrun the whole earth and engage the affections of the other nations beyond reprieve. Doubtless it is not



A TYPICAL COTTAGE BUILT OF CORAL



intended that the world should be Americanized.

One small hardship of the steamers coming so in a lump was that they brought mails which could hardly be successfully coped with before the steamers were gone again. One had, in fact, hardly time to recover from the exasperation of paying so much on insufficiently paid first-class matter. All sorts of people seemed to seize the occasion to write one on their own affairs, and to pay two cents to Bermuda because that sum will carry a letter to England, when five cents are needed to carry it to an island two days off. But why do I waste the reader's time and mine in making myself disagreeable to my fellow-countrymen when there are so many pleasant things to say of the Bermudans? With them it sometimes seemed that hospitality was a passion, so many were the garden-parties and lunches and afternoon teas. Of course, Government House is the head of society, but society is good and agreeable beneath and beyond Government House, and the utmost bounds of the garrison do not limit it. Now that Bermuda is no longer the great naval station it was, Admiralty House is closed; the gaiety at the hotel hops which the ships supplied is dried at its source, and it is said that more than one attractive girl now sits out the dances alone through which in other days she stormed. Of what young gaiety remains, the hotels are still the center, and by the looks of it I should say there was still quite enough, though I am aware that the purblind eyes of age do not see clearly in such matters. As the winter advanced, the crowd at the hotels thickened, till they were packed full, and it was sad to see the houseless arrivals thronging them, when the steamers came in, and wondering where they should pass the night. Somehow they were housed, and I do not suppose that one American slept in the streets the whole season through.

I do not say, though, that from the safety of our charming house it was not consoling to think of their straits, such is the human heart at its best. Our house had a veranda stretching the whole width of the front, and from this we could see half the parishes of the Summer Islands: metropolitan Pembroke,

with the beautiful city of Hamilton; proud Paget, across the bay, where most of the best society dwells; Warwick, not the rose, but next the rose; and rustic Somerset, where the prosperous farming life gathers at the verge into an endearing village, looking over purple spaces of sea to the Dockyards, with good little hotels inviting excursion and sojourn at prices much less than the hotels of Hamilton or New York. The water in our outlook was broken by insular and peninsular paradises, and the uplands rose wooded to the extreme height of Gibbs Hill, with its towering light, which began at twilight to beckon the incoming ships. The harbor was dotted with steam and sail and every type of pleasure craft and fishing-boat; but the town itself, white among its gray-green junipers, and gardened round with flowers which proclaim a winter softer even than that advertised, would have been enough for me without the rest of the prospect.

Nothing could be more picturesque, and though the reader has no more than the day that his incoming and outgoing steamer suffers him, I would not have him think himself stinted of a due sense of Bermuda if he did not get much beyond the capital. I myself should think it rich enough experience to spend the whole time lounging up and down the sloping streets, and if I had only one to choose I almost believe I should choose Front Street, because of all the commercial streets of the world it seems to me the fairest. It stretches along the mole beside the harbor, a succession of shops and offices and warehouses, which look a tropical ease, a patrician leisure which it is so hard to associate with business that it is better not to try. On the signs occur and recur the old Bermudan names, and trade is so ennobled by the ease and leisure that it has held its own from the beginning against the military and civil pride sent out from England to garrison its forts and hold its offices.

But even from such a street as this I prefer to turn again to the winning aspects and prospects of nature, and the highways and byways which so far oftener entreated me. The bicycle has never lost in the British empire the supremacy which it once enjoyed with us, and in





IN THE NATIVE QUARTERS

Bermuda the excellent roads invite it everywhere. Most Americans hire wheels as soon as they arrive, but if you cannot ride one, if you have even accomplished the otherwise unheard-of feat of falling off a tricycle, and if you hate to walk, or are past the age of pleasure in it, there remains the rubber-tired victoria which will carry you everywhere. At moments you will think yourself in the heart of a continent, and then suddenly you will come out on the edge of the sea or the shores of some inland water. The largest and loveliest of such waters

is Harrington Sound, by which you may drive for miles, and find in a wandering byway the quaint old house where the blithe Thomas Moore dwelt in his brief exile from the London drawing-rooms he loved. It is a fashion of house no longer followed in Bermuda, and is of a sort of bygone state which has suffered somewhat from its adaptation to simpler needs than the poet's; for while he lived in Bermuda he held office and dwelt in a certain keeping. He forsook this from time to time for a calabash-tree hard by in the loveliest little valley in the world,



where, coiled among the boughs, he meditated his thankful muse. The fact is attested to this day by the calabash-tree, which is shown with the house for a small-enough fee, and I liked seeing both so much that I would not have any one miss them.

They are on the way, the newest way, to St. George's, that ancient capital which every one must wish to see. Because of its antiquity and its Latin range of color, it is much more resorted to by artists than Hamilton, and the reader who turns to the pictures in this paper will find himself mostly in that region. But it is of a rougher climate than the modern capital, and its pink, pale blue, and yellow seem less Bermudan than the snowy white which prevails everywhere else, and is varied only by the brownish gray which old, neglected walls take on. These are mostly the walls of forsaken houses, for the abandoned farm is not unknown in Bermuda, where its gables and chimneys give an effect of cheerful and cozy ruin to the scene. Mostly such houses are of the humbler sort, and are of a type which seems more Bermudan somehow than the houses built within the last hundred years by

architects who have generally ignored the hearthstone and the chimney growing from it. As one finds them, the outline of the gables has a wavering which recalls a Spanish origin, and seems more truly tropical than that of the newer houses, which have more tropically dispensed with fireplaces. You come upon them in the gentle woods or see them in the fields from the roads, their roofs and walls fallen into the cellar, and their chimneys exhaling the invisible breath of fires long dead on their deserted hearths. I found the fallenness of these simple homes more affecting than the ruin of one splendid place which we tracked to its hilltop by a Portuguese farmer's lane, and found strewing half an acre with the wreck of its roofs and walls, and holding half erect certain rooms which showed the delicate fancies of art in the stucco tracery of ceiling and cornice. But most touching of all was a gateway, with pillars and a stairway mounting the slope within, and ending there far short of the mansion that never was built; it had a pathos keener than the houses out of which the homes had died in the perished or scattered families once forming them.



ON THE SOUTH SHORE—ELBA BEACH





THE CITY OF HAMILTON FROM THE BAY

The ruins are respected by the vegetation, which does not show the tropical voracity naturally to be feared from it. There are few creepers in Bermuda to tumble the tottering walls; there is little ivy, though it might have grown so luxuriantly in the soft air; the life-plant penetrates the coral with its roots, but does not tear it apart when it hangs like a fell of autumn foliage from the walls. These houses, like all the others in Bermuda, are built of the soft coral which everywhere underlies the soil, and is sawed out of pits left to embrown themselves with the weather, while the blocks taken from them form the walls and roofs, kept white with perpetual limewash. Where the steps leading in generous breadth to the verandas of the country houses are painted a brick-red the effect is a joy to the eye. Within, the houses vary according to the fancy of dwellers or the builders; a last touch of dignity and comfort is given by the tray-ceilings which rise from the nobler room-walls quadrangularly, and add to the height and breathing-space. In Italy these charming interiors would be frescoed; in Bermuda they are left white, though in many unremembered instances

they must have been papered. Oftenest the village or country house crouches like a bungalow, but in other instances it rises to a second story, and has the dignified setting in lawns, gardens, and plantations of an English country-seat. The cedar, the rubber-tree, and the fiddlewood are the favorites for ornament; but the fruit-trees of Bermuda, the avogado pear, the loquat, with its clusters of plum-shaped yellow, and the sugar-apple are ornamental, too.

It was only the loquots which ripened in our time, and the small boys of a colored neighborhood over our hill knew the very moment when they would be ripest. It was a moment near midnight, and they came to celebrate the event with a joyous clatter as they climbed our wall and then climbed our loquat-trees. Before they could quite assert a boy's natural right to the fruit, the lifting of a window and a fierce demand to know what they were up to (it was perfectly apparent) sent them flying with shouts of laughter and some branches of our loquots. Cheerier depredation I could hardly have asked, and I could have wished later that I had offered it no interruption, for the same week the city



authorities came out and cut off all the loquots that were left, in order to destroy the hopes of an insect which has been stinging the thin-skinned fruits of Bermuda and perpetuating its species in them. Peaches have suffered with the loquots, but the insidious foe has been now so nearly exterminated that any one who has our garden next winter will have only the boys to guard against. The time was when the fig as well as the orange and the lemon grew abundantly in the islands, but now the fig never sets its fruit, and the lemon scarcely counts. In some high-palined inclosures within old-fashioned gardens gaunt orange-trees picturesquely lift a few wizened globes; but the banana, which at one time threatened race suicide, now flourishes, and unfenced along the roads you see the heavy bunches hanging from the stems in a security anomalously unknown to the loquat; perhaps it is because small colored boys like loquots better. The Bermuda banana is small and very sweet, but the best fruits in Bermuda come from Jamaica; on the day a West Indian steamer arrives, Front Street glows with heaps of red-gold mandarins, guarded by fat, shining black mothers in crimson turbans, squat beside them; and for days afterward they push their laden hand-carts up and down the town, and bring their treasure to your door.

I think that the bananas grew best in some fields of Devonshire, at a point where the highway turns into a softer by-way leading to the old parish fort. In the early colonial times every parish had its fort, which may be seen bristling with demi-culverins in the copper-plates of the period, but only Devonshire preserves its stronghold in recognizable shape. It is large enough for your victoria to turn round in, and perhaps for this reason many people come to share its view of the rainbow sea, which is better guarded by brown headlands and is dotted with tiny atolls. We thought too many people came there, where we would have preferred to be alone at our picnics and our strolls in the gray cedar woods; there were plenty of other places for them to go. But really you cannot keep people away from your favorite resorts in Bermuda, unless you keep them away

from Bermuda altogether. This I should not quite like to do, though I should like to choose my company. I should like to warn away very wealthy and therefore unworthy persons, and I tell them frankly that there is nothing for them there. They can buy only a certain small proportion of the land in any one parish, and they cannot bring their automobiles with them, for automobiles are not allowed in Bermuda.

Really I do not know what they would do with themselves, after they had run up the price of the most desirable places. They could go to garden-parties and afternoon teas, till people found out how bad they were; but though there is that beautiful opera-house in Hamilton, there is no opera, and they would be too rich to go to the moving-picture shows. There was only one high-class entertainment in the opera-house last winter, and that was so low in price as to be no temptation to a bursting pocket; at the quarters on Prospect, the military gave some amateur "Follies" in emulation of those delicious drolleries of Mr. Palisier in London. In March and April there were some very pretty races, but my personal experience is that there was no betting. I came and went as poor as ever, but it was a delightful day. There is no finer sight in the world than a horse-race, and there was a crowd full of innocent gaiety that was worth looking at. There was also a cow, which, in the long loop of the track, grazed throughout the day in uninterrupted serenity, affording an image of peaceful content only now and then obscured by the flying horses.

Who won or lost the races, how should I know or care? What I know is that I cannot commend them as a means of prodigal expenditure to those rich Americans whom I wish to keep away from Bermuda; it is expensive enough now. If we cannot leave it altogether to the Bermudans, who so fully merit it, then we ought to colonize it only from our best society: our literary men and women, our artists, our actors, our professors, scientists, and ministers, our skilled mechanics and day-laborers. I am not sure whether divorcés of either sex should be permitted; perhaps they are not always so bad as they are painted; but I am



quite certain that if they are rich divorcés (as most of them are) they ought to be rigidly excluded. It is no place for them, not so much because they are divorced as because they are rich. The best of our plutocrats cannot hope to have free libraries accepted from them, for there are not even free schools in Bermuda, where black and white must alike pay a few pence a week, and are doubtless none the poorer for it, and perhaps the wiser. The worst of them cannot find ways for wasting their money (and necessarily the money of others by increasing the cost of living), and if these, against all my warnings, attempt to go in their yachts, I can assure them of a shaking up in the Gulf Stream which will quicken their consciences to the bottom of their stomachs. Even if you are fairly good and fairly poor, you cannot arrive in that paradise but by way of purgatory. There is a story of a man who once went to Bermuda, and, after setting foot on shore, said that he would never leave the place. He had his reasons, which would not have been mine, for I am never seasick.

## The Unconquered Air

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

### I

(1906)

OTHERS endure Man's rule: he therefore deems  
 I shall endure it—I, the unconquered Air!  
 Imagines this triumphant strength may bear  
 His paltry sway!—yea, ignorantly dreams,  
 Because proud Rhea now his vassal seems,  
 And Neptune him obeys in billowy lair,  
 That he a more sublime assault may dare,  
 Where blown by tempest wild the vulture screams!

Presumptuous, he mounts: I toss his bones  
 Back from the height supernal he has braved:  
 Ay, as his vessel nears my perilous zones,  
 I blow the cockle-shell away like chaff  
 And give him to the Sea he has enslaved.  
 He founders in its depths; and then I laugh!

### II

(1911)

Impregnable I held myself, secure  
 Against intrusion. Who can measure Man?  
 How should I guess his mortal will outran  
 Defeat so far that danger could allure  
 For its own sake?—that he would all endure,  
 All sacrifice, all suffer, rather than  
 Forego the daring dreams Olympian  
 That prophesy to him of victory sure?

Ah, tameless Courage!—dominating power  
 That, all attempting, in a deathless hour  
 Made earth-born Titans godlike, in revolt!—  
 Fear is the fire that melts Icarian wings:  
 Who fears nor Fate, nor Time, nor what Time brings,  
 May drive Apollo's steeds, or wield the thunderbolt!



# Between the Lines

BY MAY SINCLAIR

IT must be more than a year since that night I dined with Turner at his club when we talked about happiness. We were pessimists; we didn't believe in it. We challenged each other to point out among our numerous acquaintance one entirely happy man. Turner instantly produced Lumby (you know the man I mean, Colonel Lumby—Fitzjames Throgmorton Lumby). I said I supposed he merely meant a man who has always had everything he wanted.

"I mean," he replied, "a man who has never been aware of wanting anything he hasn't had. That," he said, "was the secret."

Turner does not consider himself a happy man nor yet a successful one. He does not enjoy these evenings that he spends at his expensive and admirably appointed club. Its perfection irritates him, accentuates by contrast the confusions and dislocations of his life. He dines there at what he calls a possible hour and (so his wife says) at ruinous expense. But what is he to do? His wife (his second, mind you) dines, more expensively and ruinously than he, at seven-thirty, on sandwiches eaten in the taxi that conveys her to the platform or the committee-room; his three daughters dine at six-thirty with the governess. Turner's life (he tells you this in confidence over the soup), owing to Mrs. Turner's multitudinous activities—Turner's life is completely disorganized. Over coffee and liqueurs he confesses that it is not her fault, but his. He has made a mess of his life. Later on in the evening you gather that there have been too many women in it.

That, he begged me to notice, was where Lumby had been so superlatively wise. There had been no women in *his* life. None, that is, that you could lay your hands on. Turner defied you to name one lady who had been so much as mentioned in connection with old Fitz.

He had lived triumphantly, inimitably immune. Turner wondered how the devil he had managed it.

I glanced across the room to the round table where the Colonel was giving one of his delightful little dinners. There was (there always was at the Colonel's little dinners) a preponderance of married ladies, ladies of his own luster (he was in the later fifties). The other guests were the sons and daughters, apparently, of the married ladies, and they were all young. The Colonel never appeared, if he could help it, in the society of any unmarried woman who was not under twenty-five or over fifty, any woman who was, as he said, at all *possible*.

You could see how possible *he* was; how probable, and if it came to that, how inevitable he must have been to the women of his day, of all his days. You could see it as he sat there, under the great ring of lights, with the fresh young faces opposite him, you could see it in his face, with its immutable charm and distinction, still holding—valiantly—its own. And looking at him, I remembered that I too had once wondered how he managed it, by what manœuvres, by what subterfuges, by what superb genius for evasion, he had preserved his marvelous immunity. He must have left behind him somewhere a pretty little pile of broken hearts. Women *must* have cared for him. If they had, he had never let anybody know. He was of a matchless chivalry, an incorruptible discretion.

No, I consider that I knew him fairly well; and up to the other day, that day on which I was really to know him, I would have sworn that he could never by so much as a raised eyebrow have given one of them away. What was more, he had some magic by which he had kept them from giving themselves away, poor dears. He had managed as well as all that.

And it wasn't only that up to the day





*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

ACROSS THE ROOM THE COLONEL WAS GIVING ONE OF HIS LITTLE DINNERS







when I first *knew* him he had steered clear of women. What had struck me about Lumby was the extent to which he had been let off all round. He had retired before he was fifty. He had been let off the embarrassments and dangers of his duty to his King and his country. He had been let off the performance of his duty to his family and the race. His younger brother, conspicuously married, had performed it for him (and with such success that the son of the house is a replica of his splendid uncle). He had been let off the usual cruelties and indignities of middle age and had escaped miraculously his own personal and private doom. Any other man of Lumby's build and complexion would have grown stout and florid after forty. Lumby hadn't. He had kept his figure and the bloom of his youth (a little scattered) and his clean facial squareness (a little full). Under his cropped mustache (a little grizzled) you could see the whole line, undestroyed, of his upper lip and its behavior, mobile, urbane, slenderly epicurean. He had kept his fine eyes, eyes with a wide, thick, gray iris. They were remarkable, Lumby's eyes, for the things they saw, and still more remarkable for the things they refused to see. It was these unseeing eyes, I fancy, that had helped the Colonel to his immunity. And with it all he had at fifty-seven, if you please, an appearance of brilliant and indestructible health. At a little distance he might have passed for thirty-five, so marvelously had he been let off.

And lest he should have been disturbed by any sense of obligations unfulfilled, his secretaryship to the Braid Hospital for Nervous Diseases kept him in wholesome, benevolent activity. He had been let off even the pangs of conscience. Up to the other day I should have accepted Turner's reading of him. It was as a happy man that he had always struck me. His face, when you caught it unaware at the window of his club or in a passing taxi, presented him as happy in every moment and aspect of his being. And there was nothing fatuous or complacent about his happiness. It wasn't that he was pleased with himself; he was much more pleased with other people and the world and his place in it. You would have judged his state to be profound and

permanent. And I believe that up till the other day it was profound and permanent. He seemed to have some tremendous secret. I had said so that night to Turner.

His secret, Turner informed me, his tremendous secret, was simply his lack (Turner impressed it on me with emotion as we parted), his "absolute and total lack of anything like imagination, Simpson."

Turner's opinion at that hour of the evening was apt to be too emotional to matter much; but I met a woman once, a woman moved only by the high white flame of moral disapproval, who agreed with Turner. I heard her declare with vivacity, against a dozen dissenting voices, that the secretary to the Braid Hospital for Nervous Diseases hadn't a nerve in his composition; that if you were made like that you didn't feel anything and didn't suffer, so no wonder he was happy; but for *her* part she wouldn't thank you for happiness on those terms. As for imagination, he hadn't a spark of anything you could mistake for it; he had never in his life conceived an idea or cherished a fiction or an illusion. Not only had he never imagined anything about anybody, but nobody could ever imagine anything about him. That was why there weren't any stories.

And up till the other day I should have said the same thing. I should have said that that was why.

By the other day I mean some day in April, about six weeks ago. I know it was April by the look of the Park as we passed through it, Lumby and I. The look of the Park and the look on poor Lumby's face as he sat beside me in the taxi stuck together somehow in my memory. And that is how I date it.

Events had been incubating long before April. There had been changes in the Braid Hospital where Lumby was secretary. They began, he said, in the autumn of last year when old Peters, the house physician, left to take charge of a sanatorium in Cheshire. Peters had no sooner got his sanatorium than he married the admirable Miss Lascelles (who was matron at the Braid) and took her with him.



I think Lumby was sorry when she went. She was fifty and a matron, which placed her at once, from Lumby's peculiar point of view, among the women who were not possible. In any case she was a little harmless gray and drab thing devoted to her profession. Lumby was safe in describing her as "a perfect dear." And besides, there had been Peters. And yet Miss Lascelles came into it somehow. She prepared the ground by creating in the Colonel's mind a sense of security, of unabridged immunity as regards matrons (otherwise his position would have been, as he said himself, untenable). Lumby's position kept him in his office at the Braid from ten till four. I believe he had gone the length of having tea with Miss Lascelles; and I once found that discreet and austere sympathetic lady having tea with him in his chambers in Half Moon Street. I remember her now, in her stiff nurses' uniform, sitting bolt upright on Fitz's divan, looking odd among all his Oriental glooms and splendors, and the Buddhas and Krishnas and things he had brought back with him from India. She was smiling a little superior, professional smile and telling him how well he looked, a thing which for some reason Fitz never liked to be told. She wouldn't have been sitting there if he hadn't known that he (and she, too, for that matter) was safe.

And the new matron (I took an early opportunity of calling on him in his office to inquire)—the new matron, Miss Manisty, was, if anything, safer, more professional, more—scientific (I observed that Fitz paused perceptibly for the defining word) than Miss Lascelles. Miss Lascelles was admirable and a perfect dear, but Miss Manisty was—well, slightly younger and decidedly more up to date. Miss Manisty had impressed the committee very favorably; she was working well with Filson the new house physician; and she had an influence, a wonderful influence—over the patients.

All this Fitz told me with the utmost gravity, as if I were interested in his old hospital. (To be sure, I had subscribed to it to please Fitz.)

He went on to inform me that there was a question up before the committee now, a scheme of the new matron's, for

converting the best of their free wards, on the first floor looking south, next door to her own quarters, into four new private rooms for paying patients, patients who could be made to pay to any extent. The committee *had* set their faces against the multiplying of private wards at the expense (for really it amounted to that) of their poorer patients. It wasn't as if they could afford to build. Fitz agreed with the committee. But—Miss Manisty had extraordinary influence with the committee.

At that point he was interrupted by the telephone with a nurse at the other end of it. Of course I at once offered to go; but, with his face half hidden by the receiver, he yet managed to convey to me a signal, a desperate signal, that I was not to leave him. I heard him speak very distinctly into the telephone:

"Tell Miss Manisty that I'm very sorry, but I'm engaged at present. I'll see her—*here*—in the office—at five minutes to four."

It was then three-thirty.

He hung up the receiver with a sharp click and remarked to nobody in particular that he had seen her half an hour ago.

At five minutes to four he begged me not to go just yet, but to wait for him in the anteroom. He would be free, he said, at four.

In the anteroom I found the matron waiting, too, if a person so dignified and so determined could be said to wait.

She looked at me and I looked at her. I saw an obviously firm and consummately rounded figure and a face, a large, white face, rounded also and more or less firm. The features of this face struck me at the time as insignificant and flattish. It is probably from renewed encounters that I got my impression of her mouth as a visibly soft thing, pouting a little and a little peevish, a thing that would have been softer still if it had belonged to anything less determined than her face. The strings of her cap restrained the slightly mature redundancy of her throat and chin; its tilted band crowned and confined large quantities of tan-colored hair. But her body triumphed over the stiff linens that it wore and the straight shoulder-straps and the belt that clipped it.



Her eyes slewed round and fixed me again on her way past me into the inner room. I heard through the door the urbane and imperturbable greeting in Fitz's best secretarial manner, and I said to myself: "He's all right. He knows his way about."

I waited five minutes, ten, twenty minutes; then I left a message for the secretary and went home.

About three weeks later I got a letter from him begging me to come to tea in Half Moon Street on Sunday at four-thirty. He would be immensely obliged, he said, if I could manage to be punctual for once.

I did manage it. At four-thirty I found him alone and wandering uneasily among his splendors and glooms and his Buddhas. As I approached him he paused before the little round, black, open-work Indian table set for tea. He was, I thought, almost pathetically glad to see me. He explained that he had asked me because he was expecting Miss Manisty (she wouldn't come till five) and he wanted somebody to meet her.

(This was his beautiful way of intimating that he had no desire to be alone with her. I glanced at the teacups and wondered vaguely why there were only two.)

There wasn't anybody else, he said, he *could* ask. "And where," I said, "is Mrs. Vickers?" Mrs. Vickers was his devoted friend who never failed him on a delicate occasion.

Fitz looked a bit confused. Mrs. Vick, he said, of course was charming, but—

He wouldn't say it. Mrs. Vick was charming and she was devoted; she would have kept any of *his* little secrets, but she was quite capable of giving Miss Manisty away, particularly if she happened to take a dislike to her.

"Why not Nussy, then?" I asked. I knew that Nussy Vickers, who was not yet officially "out," had served him more than once at a desperate juncture.

Nussy, he said, was too young and—

"And much too clever." I supplied his meditative blank.

He said that what he meant was that neither Nussy nor her mamma would have anything in common with Miss Manisty.

And what had I? And what, I asked, if it came to that, had he?

We had both an interest, he supposed, in the Braid Hospital. I was a subscriber.

It was at this point that I suspected my Fitz of some disingenuousness. If he was going to work my subscription in that outrageous way, hang it all, I said, I'd withdraw it.

The secretary smiled. I might withdraw my subscription any time, if I liked, provided I didn't withdraw my support and presence at the moment.

At that I fairly tackled him. "Look here, Fitz," I said, "why did you ask that woman if you didn't want her?"

"Why did I ask her? Oh, well—you see—I—" He hesitated; he flushed before me.

"I see. You didn't ask her; she asked herself."

"My dear Simpson—" His chivalry rose to repel my gross suggestion.

Then he began to explain—he who had never explained anything in all his beautiful, blameless life. The lady was, like himself, immensely interested in genealogy; and as it happened, curiously enough, her maternal grandmother was a Throgmorton. *His* grandmother on his father's side was, as I was aware, Lady Adelaide Throgmorton, the beautiful Lady Adelaide of the *Throgmorton Memoirs*. He had noticed that Miss Manisty had a copy of the *Memoirs* in her sitting-room. I knew the book?

I did. What's more, I'd read it and Fitz hadn't. I'd heard him say it wasn't much in his line. He meant Lady Adelaide's priceless letters. I knew them by heart. Anyhow, I knew the legend under the steel engraving portrait frontispiece (after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds) which states that the original is in the possession of Sir Frederick Fitzjames Throgmorton Lumby, of Bromley, K. C. B., Fitz's father. Fitz has got it now over the chimneypiece in the inner room.

It was in the portrait of Fitz's grandmother, I was to understand, and not in Fitz himself, that Miss Manisty was interested, because of the remarkable likeness that existed between Lady Adelaide Throgmorton and Miss Manisty's mother, who was a Spong. Fitz had invited her;



he couldn't well be off inviting her to see the portrait and the likeness. Didn't I see?

I saw perfectly. And it was in the moment of my intensest vision that Fitz's man Pinking entered and announced Miss Manisty.

She seemed a long time coming in. I wish I could describe the peculiar slow softness and assurance of her approach. I remember it, for though she wore the same uniform as Miss Lascelles, the dark-blue cloak, the little dark-blue bonnet, and the veil, she looked in it as Miss Lascelles never could have looked in her life. She had turned the familiar thing into a supreme, a unique personal decoration. And yet she was not a beautiful woman, far from it. She was only, I think, preposterously feminine.

I could see her little eyes shining there in the gloom and splendor of Fitz's Oriental furniture. Then she saw that she was not alone with him, and her flushed, opening face suddenly shut itself up tight and looked peevish. Fitz had not prepared her for me. He introduced her, and I was made aware that she recognized me as the objectionable person who had kept her waiting outside the secretary's office.

Then another detail struck me. It wasn't much. It was simply that the Colonel called to the servant and told him to bring another cup—for Mr. Simpson. His intonation was unnaturally distinct. I could see that he wanted her to think that I'd dropped in unexpectedly, not that he had asked me. She was to have all the honors of the tête-à-tête while he preserved his superb immunity. I knew that Fitz was clever, but I'd never credited him with such devilish, tortuous subtlety as that. I even suspected a further implication. Pinking was not to know that he had asked Miss Manisty, for, you see, Pinking had evidently expected *me*.

She seated herself in a fine, immovable attitude beside the great gold Buddha in the corner.

Fitz hung fire among his teacups, and I turned the conversation on the Braid Hospital, since the Braid Hospital and not maternal grandmothers was what I had in common with Miss Manisty. I wanted to know what they were going to

do about those private wards. Miss Manisty said that they were going to have them. And they were going to have a larger staff and more perfect appliances and increased efficiency all round. Because the scheme—yes, it was her scheme—was going to pay. Had I (Fitz wanted to know this) as a subscriber anything to say against it? As a subscriber I had nothing, but as a sympathizer with the poor of St. Pancras I had everything to say and was told that the poor of St. Pancras would be the first to benefit by increased efficiency all round. I then reminded poor Fitz of his last year's prospectus in which he had stated with flamboyant confidence that as far as efficiency went his hospital left nothing to be desired. What they had wanted was more space to meet the increasing influx. He had been trying to raise funds for a new free ward—last year.

Miss Manisty remarked that last year was not this year. And Fitz said certainly it wasn't; and, anyhow, to-day was Sunday. It was his way of letting me know that it wasn't nice of me to talk shop to Miss Manisty. That wasn't what she was there for.

Miss Manisty's smile intimated her entire ability to hold her own. Sunday, she said, was as good as any other day. She really wanted Mr.—Mr. Simpson?—to understand what they were working for. They meant the hospital to be open to all classes and professions. They got some of their very best cases from mine; and Fitz said that was a nasty one for me. I inquired, hilariously, whether—really—they would take me, and was told that they took subscribers before anybody else.

"Not," I said, "before secretaries. I say, Fitz, *you'd* be taken first."

Fitz said, "*Would I?*" You could see that he shuddered at the bare idea.

Miss Manisty assured him sweetly that he would be the very first.

He began making furtive signs to me to let it drop. But it was he who had thrust on me this rôle of the interested subscriber, and I meant him to see how I could keep it up. I feigned an innocence which was not mine, which could not have been anybody's who had read Fitz's formidable prospectus. I asked Miss Manisty how you qualified for admission. She said I had only to become





*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

PINKING ENTERED AND ANNOUNCED MISS MANISTY







an epileptic or a paralytic or to get some well-defined neurosis, simple or double neurasthenia, or neuritis. Neuritis would do me very well. Then there was brain fag. Didn't even my brain get tired *sometimes*? She wasn't sure that she couldn't detect in me the first symptoms of cerebral anemia. She looked forward to having me under her care long before the Colonel if I went on as I was doing now.

I perceived that I had become the victim of a grim professional humor. In fact, what I want you to notice particularly is that none of us were taking the hospital seriously except Fitz, who was visibly afraid of it.

She turned her shoulder on me to show that she had done with me and began talking to the Colonel. Thus I was left at leisure to observe her; I even changed my seat in order to do it better. The first thing I noticed was something queer about her eyes. They were overhung, slantwise, and shaded by a certain thickness in the white flesh below the eyebrows. This made them look smaller than they were, but it increased, it leveled at you the positively fearful concentration of their gaze. And as I took in the queer-ness of her eyes and the width of her nostrils, and the lines of her jaw and chin, I wondered how I could ever have attributed insignificance to this woman's face. There was something about her, a power, a brooding emanation, which I felt and recognized as the source of the influence she had. Whatever end she may have used it for, it was not, I imagine, spiritual. It was a primeval, savage, animal thing, but subtle, if you like, and—to some people—irresistible.

From her conversation, exclusively addressed to Fitz, I gathered that Miss Manisty patronized the arts. She was asking Fitz if he'd been to the International Exhibition of Women Painters, and that reminded him—I've no doubt it was meant to remind him—that Miss Manisty had not yet seen what she had come to see.

Now I knew that he would have to take her into the inner room to see it. I knew that he expected me to follow him, that he counted on me, he trusted me, to see him through. And I wouldn't. I said I must be off; I had stayed too long already; I had things to do.

We had all risen, and the woman had her back to me, a back that would have ignored me if it could. As it couldn't, it said all that only a back can say. I gathered from it that I was a fatuous interloper, an utterly irrelevant, misplaced, unpleasant outsider. That back provoked and challenged me to stay. And I wouldn't.

And poor Fitz looked at me. He was holding the curtain aside for her to pass in and she had her back to me, as I say. I can't tell you how he looked at me. It was an unforgettable, indescribable look, and complex to the last degree. Amusement, incredulity that such treachery as mine could be, supplication and reproach and agony, were all mixed up in it together.

And yet I left him. I walked out of the room and out of the house and left him in it behind that curtain with Miss Manisty. I don't know why I did it. I think it was my beastly psychological curiosity. I wanted to see what would happen, and I knew that nothing *could* happen as long as I was there.

Nothing did happen. Turner told me I was a silly ass for ever supposing that it would. He said I needn't worry about Lumby: Lumby was jolly well able to take care of himself. And where was my psychological intuition if I imagined that that was the first time old Fitz had found himself behind that curtain with an enterprising lady? And he didn't think that the matrons of hospitals were much in Fitz's line.

"There he is," said Turner. "Does he look as if anything was wrong?"

He didn't. He had young Tom and Nussy Vickers dining with him, and they were laughing all three at one another's jokes.

We felt that he was safe, untouched, untouchable, most miraculously let off. We chaffed him about the rudeness, the violence of his health. You could see it coming down Piccadilly in a northeaster, fighting with the wind and getting the better of it. He grinned at us, as we passed him, in a sort of savage ecstasy.

I hadn't seen him in his office for a long time. But one day (I think it must have been in March) I called. He started at once on his hospital and began



trying to tell me about the new private wards. They'd got 'em, he said—four beautiful rooms on the matron's floor looking south. I think he'd have liked to show them to me, but I said I hadn't come to see the hospital, I'd come to see him; to see that he wasn't overdoing it, qualifying, I playfully suggested, for the honors of the place.

He leaned back in his chair and looked, not at me, but at the pen he kept twiddling in his fingers.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I'm rather afraid I am. I *have* been overdoing it."

I looked at him attentively. To the outward eye he presented nothing but his wonderful, his invincible health.

"I've got to go slow," he said, "and take care of myself."

I said, "Don't you?" (I knew he did. It was his little weakness to be fussy about his health. Health like his was such a rare and splendid thing that no wonder he took care of it.)

He said he didn't. He couldn't. It wasn't possible in—in the conditions.

I told him what he wanted was fresh air and exercise and a thorough change. He'd better come down with me to Bude for a week's golfing.

He shook his head. What he wanted was rest. He wanted to go to bed and stay there for a month.

"A bit tired, are you?" I said, and he told me that he was beastly tired. He couldn't do things without going to pieces. It was legs *and* head. "Do you know, Simpson," he said, "I believe I'm in for double neurasthenia."

Now I'd seen him do things; I'd seen him two days before, after three rounds of golf, and he hadn't turned a hair.

"Double fiddlesticks!" I said. "Who told you that?"

He didn't answer. The pen dropped from his twiddling fingers.

"Miss Manisty," I said, "I'll bet."

He looked at me. A scared look, as if I'd caught him somehow.

"She didn't say so," he said. "But I know she thinks it. And her diagnosis—"

"*Her* diagnosis? My dear fellow," I said, "diagnosing's not her job."

His head was bowed on his chest. Without raising it he tilted his eyes up at me. "She's clever at it, though," he

said. "Filson says she's as good as he is."

"Filson says—is *he*, then—?"

He took my meaning and replied, indignantly, Not he. And how did I suppose the work of a hospital could go on if the matron and the nurses and the doctors were always thinking about that sort of thing? It was all very well for a lazy writing fellow like me (Fitz doesn't call what I do work; he calls it occupation).

"Well, but," I said, "look at old Peters. *He* married the matron."

If he did, Fitz said, it was his own doing.

"You mean," I said, "if Filson marries Miss Manisty it won't be his."

(Heavens, I thought, he *has* given her away this time.)

That, most emphatically, was not what he had meant.

And of course it wasn't. In fact, I doubt whether at this stage he had any meanings in him. It was a vast subconscious fear, a blind instinct of self-preservation that moved and cried in him. It had cried out to me.

"My dear fellow," I said, "you'd really better come down with me to Bude."

I had a hurried scrawl from him the next day saying that he thought I was right. He would come down. We took his room and settled the day and the train and everything. Then just as I was starting I got a wire:

"Many regrets. Bude impossible.

"LUMBY."

I hesitated a moment as to whether I should dash up to Half Moon Street and see what was the matter or whether I should catch my train. The weather was glorious, and I decided that I had better catch my train.

Turner wrote and told me what had happened. Lumby was going in for a rest cure in one of the four beautiful private rooms on the matron's floor looking south. He would be there, Turner said, for a good three weeks.

I could see it all. Fitz hadn't got neurasthenia any more than I had, but he had been compelled to think he had it. He had been the victim of suggestion, if you like to call it that; *I* call it



magic, the savage, animal magic that the woman had. But that wasn't all. She meant to have him. But—well, you know what he was; nobody had ever got him and she could only work it through that little weakness of his about his health. That was where her devilish cleverness came in. Fitz had been dimly aware of it. He had felt the net about him. He had cried and he had struggled; he had almost torn his way out. But the thing had tightened suddenly and he had got tangled in it and he was held fast.

As soon as I got back from Bude I tried to see him. I only saw Miss Manisty. When I asked what was the matter with him she said that nothing was the matter except that he was tired out. I needn't worry about him, he was being well looked after. I asked her how long he'd be being looked after, and she shut her little eyes and shrugged her shoulders and said she couldn't really say.

Weeks passed. Turner and I talked about organizing a rescue party. But we didn't; we didn't do anything; there wasn't anything, you see, to be done. We couldn't get at him. By the rules of the infernal game the poor chap wasn't allowed to see anybody or to read letters or to write them.

Then—it was in April—actually a letter came. It was scribbled almost illegibly in pencil on a smudged, torn bit of clinical chart. But I made out that I was to call for Fitz and take him away in a taxi that morning at one-fifteen sharp. "For God's sake," he said, "don't be a minute too soon or a minute too late."

Well, I hailed a taxi as early as twelve to allow for obstruction in the traffic. With matchless cunning I made my man approach Gordon Square (where the Braid Hospital is) from the north. I hurried him up; I slowed him down; I sat with my watch in my hand the whole time. I was in an agony lest I should be a minute too late, and I understood that it would be equally fatal if I were to arrive a minute too soon. I was terrified at the hooting of the taxi as it swung into the square.

The Braid Hospital isn't all one house; it's three houses knocked into one on the north side. The doctor's and the matron's quarters are at the east end, the secre-

tary's at the west, where he has his private door. The main entrance is in the middle. At the stroke of one-fifteen Fitz appeared at his own door. That's to say I could see a figure standing there on the doorstep, but if you ask me whether it was Fitz I may tell you that I had considerable difficulty in seeing that it was. He—he, Throgmorton Lumby—had no tie on and no waistcoat; his cuffs flapped open at his wrists; he wore, if you will believe me, bedroom slippers, and under his trousers' ends (daintily turned up as he had last worn them) there hung like a trimming, an edge, an inch-long hem of striped silk, pale blue and purple; wristbands of the same, securely, too securely fastened, appeared under his flapping cuffs, and I caught sight of a purple cord and tassel hanging out of him somewhere.

And as if all this didn't show how swift and desperate his flight had been, he and his silk hat (he had that on) looked as if they had rolled together under the bed; and his coat, his otherwise perfect coat, was ripped down the back seam, proving that Fitz had only got into it by violence and under difficulty. For Fitz's figure was strangely altered. It had evidently sunk in and been filled out again preposterously with a redundancy of soft, infirm tissue, the produce of his hospital.

If there had been a policeman about—But by the mercy of Heaven there wasn't.

He was looking south, to the quarter from which he naturally expected salvation to appear. Then the car hooted. I had the door open all ready for him, and he crept in.

The taxi fairly flew out of the square and leaped across Tottenham Court Road into a sheltering slum. My man, my admirable man, slowed up for orders in Great Titchfield Street. Would we say *now* where we wanted him to go?

"Forty-seven Half Moon—" I was beginning when Fitz stopped me. "Better not," he said. *Your* rooms—I think—Simpson." I noticed that he panted a little as he spoke. We dashed down Mortimer and Seymour Streets into Great Cumberland Place and slid through the Marble Arch into the Park.

Fitz lay back in the taxi and stared out at the trees and the green grass and



the daffodils and things, and I stared at Fitz. It was in his face that the change and ruin in him were most evident. It had regularly gone to pieces. It was dragged and lean in some places and puffy in others. His nose was peaked and there were bags under his eyes and furrows beside his nostrils and his chin. The flesh of his throat was all loose about his collar. And his mustache, that he used to wear cropped short and clean above his epicurean lip, hung over it in limp points and ragged ends. And his eyes—with his eyes he looked scared out of his life, as if he felt the net about him still.

As we passed Knightsbridge Barracks he sat up and looked out of the window for a second. Then he sank back and laid his hand on my knee.

"Good God!" he gasped, "what should I have done if you'd been too late, Simpson, or too soon?"

"It doesn't bear thinking of," I said. "But why one-fifteen?"

"Because she's off duty then. She's at her luncheon and I'm supposed to be resting after mine."

"But," I said, "how did you get off? How did you ever get that letter through?"

"Don't ask me. I tipped a ward-maid and I tipped the porter. I tipped 'em with gold. I was the secretary, and they thought it was all right. I had my hat all ready under the bed—"

"Under the bed?" I murmured.

"Where she couldn't see it. I wasn't two minutes dressing—"

(Dressing! He called *that* dressing!)

"But, heavens! if you'd kept me standing a second on that doorstep—"

"What would have happened?" I asked. I really hardly knew.

"They'd have sent Filson after me, and, by God! Simpson, I'd have knocked him down."

I inquired whether Filson was also in the plot.

"Filson! He's as innocent," said Fitz, "as the lamb unborn. But I'd have knocked him down all the same."

It was pitiable to see him sitting there, the wreck he was, and to hear him talking about knocking people down.

I don't know how I got him into my studio without undue observation, but

once there he seemed to regard himself as safe from anything (it certainly was not the sort of place where you'd expect to find him). We had dealt already with the question of pursuit. He had made us get out at King's Road and wire to Pinking that he was coming home that night. I suggested that the post-office stamp would certainly betray him, supposing some woman in a nurse's uniform turned up at his rooms to inquire for him. He replied that the stamp might betray him, but that neither Pinking nor Mrs. Bidwell would, to any woman, whatever uniform she wore.

The more I thought of it the more I wondered how he'd managed to get off. I asked him how, in a position of such disgusting danger, he dared trust himself to schemes so childish, so reckless, so innocent of cunning. He said I needn't criticize them, since, anyhow, he *had* got off. And I put it to him that he hadn't got off—he'd been simply let off. (I'm inclined now to think that there wasn't a maid or a nurse or a porter in the place who wouldn't have connived at his escape.)

At that he groaned: "Been let off? Oh, have I? Have I?" And he told me that I didn't know the worst. I didn't know what had happened. I said I could see. He had gone into the Braid Hospital bursting with health, and look at him now.

He assured me that his appearance had nothing to do with the hospital (he seemed suddenly to remember that he was the secretary and I a subscriber). The hospital was all right—perfect arrangements—he'd been getting on beautifully till last night.

Last evening, he meant. We'd have to go into all that later. That, he said, was where I came in. He wondered if I could let him lie down somewhere and take a nap (he hadn't had a wink of sleep last night), and if it would be possible for him to have a whisky and soda. He'd had to go off, unfortunately, without his milk.

He curled up on my bed; I brought him a whisky and soda and he went off to sleep after it like an infant. He slept all through the afternoon, and at six his man Pinking arrived with his clothes (I had wired to Pinking on my own ac-





*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"I HAD THE CAR OPEN ALL READY FOR HIM AND HE CREPT IN"







count). I can't tell you how Pinking accounted to himself for his master's extraordinary appearance; all he said to me was, "You and I, sir, can form no idea of what he *'ave* been through."

I knew I was to know; we were going into all that; but what *I* could form no idea of was where I came in, where in Fitz's lamentable business I could conceivably appear. It was after dinner that he let me into it. I had taken him to a little restaurant I knew of. Sleep had done wonders for him; and that dinner did more. He dined prodigiously and with a sort of fearful joy. Delicious, enticing danger lurked for him in every dish. To some extent shades of the prison-house hung about him still, for I heard him complain more than once about having had to go off without his milk. It came out that, though at that place he was eating practically all day long, he had never had what you might call one square meal.

Toward nine o'clock there came on him a curious high excitement, a species of intoxication which I attributed to the unusual squareness of his first meal. But I was wrong. It was a thing entirely of the mind. He ate and drank in order to pull himself together. There was something, he said, which had to be done and done at once, and *I'd* got to do it. He insisted on our going back to my studio, for he said *I'd* work better there; besides, we wouldn't be so likely to be interrupted.

In my studio over coffee (he asked for coffee) it began to come out. He'd got into a mess, a devil of a mess, and *I'd* got to get him out of it. *I'd* got to write something; to make something up out of my head. *He* couldn't; he hadn't any imagination (he spoke of it as if it was a purely extraneous and trivial thing, as if he'd said he hadn't any small change about him). I had. That was where I came in.

"And where," I said, "do *you* come in?"

He'd kept on working my interest up and up. Then he hung fire completely. Chivalry, I think, restrained him.

I had to drag it out of him bit by bit. It seemed that without any intention on his part, or any, he was equally sure, on Miss Manisty's, he had—by some ridiculous verbal ambiguity, no doubt—he had

produced a terrible misunderstanding. He had given that lady the impression that he had proposed to her. That he was—that they were, in fact—

"When did you first hear of it?" I said.

"Last night when Filson congratulated me on my engagement."

"Your engagement?" I said. "Good Lord, you don't mean to say it came to that?"

He said that that was—evidently—the impression he had made.

I suggested that he'd better remove it. It was quite simple, wasn't it?

No, he said, it wasn't; when it had been made public, so to speak.

And that was the mess, if you please, that *I'd* got to get him out of.

"Look here," I said, "what proof has she? Are there any documents?"

He said: None, unless his temperature chart could be regarded as a document.

I asked him could he swear to what he'd said to her? To the actual words?

He said he could. He'd had nothing to do but to lie there turning them over and over. I tried to get it out of him what he had said. As far as I could make out poor Fitz stood committed, not so much by the things he'd said as by the things he hadn't, the things he'd allowed somehow to be understood.

I wanted to know how on earth, if he hadn't said anything, the question ever arose?

He explained with some hesitation that the whole thing began by her telling him that he need never have been ill at all; that he was ill in consequence of the life he'd led. He told her, of course, that she was mistaken; that he hadn't led a life, not what you would *call* a life; and she said that that was rather what she had meant—that he hadn't lived; that he was suffering because of the things, the beautiful, sane, and necessary things he'd missed. He had offended the powers of life and they were calling out in him for propitiation.

She put it beautifully, he said. He'd never thought it could be put like that; in fact, he wouldn't have believed it could be put at all.

"She seems to have shown considerable ability," I remarked.

He didn't know about ability. She was



very sweet, Simpson, and womanly. And she may have been right. Things may go on inside you without your being aware of 'em. He certainly hadn't been aware; only he was in that state when if a thing's suggested to you, you feel as if it was so, don't you know.

I knew. And I implored him for Heaven's sake to tell me what he'd said.

It seems he'd said it was too late; he was too old and too tired, much too tired; he didn't really think he was ever going to be well again. And *she* had said that wasn't making very much of *her*, when it was her business to get him well. She supposed she didn't count. And, of course, he was obliged to say she did. After all the things she'd done for him.

I supposed that she'd thrown them up to him, the things she'd done?

"No," he said, "she didn't. There they were; I couldn't get over them."

"Well," I said, "and *then*? How did it happen?"

I couldn't get much out of him, he was so infernally chivalrous, but I gathered that it didn't happen then. She was clever enough to leave it alone for a day or two to let it sink in. Then she came and broke it to him that he wasn't any better, but that it was all in his own hands. She had told him what was the matter with him. He couldn't go on as he had been doing.

Then (he glossed this passage, but I made out the substance of it) she broke down and said that if *he* could *she* couldn't.

That was what bowled him over—the unexpectedness of *her* collapse, for he hadn't understood in the least what she'd been leading up to. And still I had to pound and pound at him. "What did you *say*, Lumby? What *did* you say?"

What he had said—his damning, crucial utterance—appeared to have been that she wasn't to worry—"it was all right."

And while I stamped about the studio he explained solemnly that it was not by any means a laughing matter.

The next thing he did was to ask me if I thought I'd got enough paper? Not letter paper; he didn't want that, but manuscript paper, the sort of thing I wrote on.

I instantly produced about a ream of quarto (I could see that the quantity impressed him). He took it from me and made me sit down at my writing-table and laid a sheet of it before me. He sat down facing me with another sheet of paper before *him* and the inkstand between us. In all his movements there was a slow, solemn excitement and determination. We would have to collaborate in a sense, he said.

I asked him if he didn't simply want me to write a letter for him?

He said: No, the letter would have to be written eventually by himself. What he wanted me to provide him with was an Excuse. An Excuse, mind you, that would serve. And the Excuse, slowly elaborating itself in Fitz's brain, had taken on the form and substance of a Tale; a Tale told as I would know how to tell it; a Tale circumstantial and convincing; a Tale with all the sound and color of life about it; a Tale that nobody would suspect of being a Tale; a Tale that would ring true.

There was nothing, I said, more serviceable and more convincing than a tale of a previous engagement.

A previous engagement was precisely what he had thought of himself; but an engagement, in Heaven's name, to *whom*? Besides, how could I make that convincing? He wasn't engaged to anybody and didn't mean to be. (You'll observe how abjectly literal and prosaic he was at this stage of the proceedings.)

I took up a pen and suggested that I should make it merely an attachment, and an unhappy one at that. Nothing so convincing as a tale of an unhappy attachment—and nothing, mind you, more difficult to disprove. She was bound to swallow it.

He assented and we put that down.

"She," I improvised, "the lady you are so previously and unhappily attached to, is young—and beautiful."

"No," he said, "not beautiful. Why should I give her unnecessary pain?"

"Because," I said, "you've got to get out of this mess somehow. And beautiful," I insisted, writing.

"And beautiful." He put it down obediently. "And she is dead."

"She isn't," I said. "What on earth's the good of her being beautiful if she's



dead? She's alive. She's alive, Fitz, to her finger-tips."

He smiled, but he hesitated still.

"I don't want," he said, "to make it too bitter for her."

"You want, I suppose, to make it hopeless. She's not dead," I said; "she's married. You are only waiting till she's free."

"That's good," he murmured. "And as her husband's eighty I sha'n't have very long to wait."

(You see how crude he was?)

"My dear fellow, *no*," I said. "Her husband is a young man. But he's unworthy of her. He drinks, he—he does everything, everything he shouldn't."

"Why?" said Fitz. He saw nothing in it.

"Because he's got to kill himself. He's killing himself by inches. It's infamous that she should be tied to such a brute, but she can't divorce him because—well—you're married to her in the sight of God."

This *was* good, I knew. But I hadn't reckoned with Fitz's indestructible morality.

"No, Simpson, no," he said. "I can't have that. I draw the line somewhere."

He looked straight in front of him as if he saw something, and he began to do a bit on his own.

"You're not making out," I said, "that it's purely platonic? You're not going to tell me that you only love her spiritually?"

"I think," he said, "it had better be a spiritual love."

"My dear chap, considering what you want it for, it had much better not. That woman won't care a rap for your platonic? She'll say you're welcome to love anybody spiritually, provided—"

He waved me away. "Leave it to me, Simpson," he said. "I love her spiritually, because if I didn't, if I were married to her in the sight of God and all that, I *might* get tired of her. Whereas—as it is—as we are—" (he amended it).

It was at this point that I began to marvel at him. But as yet it was only ordinary cunning that he showed. "By Jove, Fitz," I said, "you're right. As you are, you and she, you're bound to love her forever."

"She and I—" He repeated it dreami-

ly and still as if he saw something, and then he wrote it down. "Love her forever," he repeated.

"It cuts both ways," I said. "*She* loves you forever, too."

He looked up at me queerly. "Is that the way to make 'em?" he asked.

"It's one way," I said, "but I don't know that it's altogether *her* way."

He asked me then what I supposed her way was? "Her way," I said, "is different from Miss Manisty's way. And yet it's the same. That's to say, it's not quite so spiritual, Fitz, as yours is. For she's a mortal woman. Only what's coarse in Miss Manisty is fine in her. What's ugly in Miss Manisty is beautiful in her. Things that you would abominate in Miss Manisty you adore in her. Why, you know, Fitz, how it is with you when she touches you, as she does sometimes, with her little soft hand, how every nerve in you throbs and shivers deliciously—"

Fitz drew his breath short and hard. I went on, for I'd got to wake him up to it. "You *know* how you feel when you go in and find her in that low chair of hers, wearing a beautiful gown because she knows you're coming. She doesn't turn round, she doesn't see you, but she knows you are there and she puts up her little hand over the back of her chair for you to take; and you take it, Fitz, and you kiss it. You kiss it like the man you aren't and not a bit like the immortal spirit you are. And then you stroke her hair and it feels all cool and springy to the touch—thick brown hair it is—"

"It isn't," said Fitz in a thick voice. "It's golden hair—reddish gold."

"At all like Miss Manisty's?" I asked—to test him.

"I don't know," she said, "and I don't care. *She* isn't."

He was looking straight past me now, as if his eyes, that had refused to see so many things, saw something that was worth while. I am convinced now that in that moment he looked on the face of immortality.

I was going on to describe one by one the points of his adorable lady when he stopped me.

"Don't!" he said; "for God's sake, don't! You're all wrong."

I asked him how the devil *he* knew.



"I know," he said, "because—because I'm beginning to see her for myself."

I let him see her, or think he saw her, for a minute and then I put it to him, How could he care for any other woman?

"How *could* I? How *could* I?" He stuck that down, too.

"Besides—" I began, but he waved me off again a little irritably and did a bit more on his own.

I went on rather severely, because I was there for this part of the business, and not he. "Besides, there are so many things you've got to do for her. You educate her children—"

"Her children?" He fairly cried out this time. "She hasn't got any children."

"She has," I said. "She has three. You can't do without them. They're a further responsibility for you and a tie and an expense. They—why, they make it impossible for you to marry."

He shook his head.

"It's not possible," I said, "to exaggerate their importance. Look at the hole you're in. Hang it all, Fitz, she *must* have 'em."

But he wouldn't hear of it. "She hasn't," he cried. "She sha'n't have children. I won't let her have 'em—not *his* children."

I said of course if he felt like that about it, if it made it more convincing for him, we'd leave 'em out. The great thing was for *him* to be convinced, for then he was more likely to be convincing. I was struck with the amount of passion he'd put into it. I *had* waked him up.

"And now," I said, "you've got to make it clear—clear to me, I mean—what your relations with her are. I don't believe in you, Fitz, altogether. It strikes me that this affair isn't quite so spiritual as you've made out."

Then he got angry and said his relations with her were none of my business, and I said, Excuse me, they were, if I'd got to carry the thing through for him and get him out.

Now whether he had convinced himself or whether I had set him going, I don't know; but he paid no attention beyond a frantic sign to me to be quiet, not to stop him when he was "off."

To my amazement, I saw that he *was* "off." His pen was flying along the paper. He was inspired, kindled, inflamed

with an idea. I supposed then that I had inspired him, worked him up, but I know better now.

Presently he flung his pen down and thrust at me what he had written.

"She is everything to me. I believe that I am everything to her. She relies on me absolutely. I manage her affairs. She sends for me at any hour of the day or night. I have had to stand between her and her husband. Her life is in danger from his violence. I left the hospital to-day because I had a summons from her."

That last touch was his own, and jolly cute of him. But up to there we might be said to have collaborated. The first sentences came jerkily, broken, jotted down automatically at my suggestion. So far I *had* inspired him. But I could put my finger on the place where he had had his soaring, burning vision, where he had caught fire from it and blazed.

And this was how it ended. "You say that I have missed everything, that I have never lived. I have missed nothing. I have lived—I live now—intensely, divinely, in every moment of my life, for every moment of my life is hers. Our relations are so intimate and so sufficing that they exclude every other interest and every other affection. I don't expect you to understand it, to understand that this is passion. You will tell me that it has been frustrated and that it always will be, and I tell *you* that I know better. My passion has its own supreme satisfactions, its unspeakable fulfilments; and if I died to-morrow I should die immortally content."

"Is it all right?" he said. "Is it a human document? Does it ring true?"

"Ring true?" I shrieked it. "It rings too true. It rings as if you hadn't had to invent it."

I knew that he was incapable of inventing anything.

But he swore he had. He swore he'd made it up every bit—except what I'd told him—out of his head.

"Will you swear," I said, "that you never saw that woman?"

At that he smiled strangely and said a strange thing. "I swear on my honor that I saw her—for the first time—to-night."

We cast the thing—Lumby's vision—



between us into the form of a letter and posted it in Piccadilly.

It got him off. As Turner said, "Trust old Lumby to get out of *anything*."

I saw, I insisted on seeing, Miss Manisty's reply. It said that certainly she would do as he had wished. She would leave him free to fulfil *all* his obligations. Though in her opinion such attachments were unwholesome and unnatural—"physically and morally disintegrating" was her phrase—he was to understand that she withdrew willingly and finally before what he seemed to consider a transcendent claim.

Evidently there was something about Fitz's outburst that had frightened her. I own that it frightened *me* a little. Coming from him, there *was* something unnatural about it, something that I couldn't quite account for. It may have been that at the Braid Hospital he had been worked into a state in which he was peculiarly open to suggestion, and that just as he had produced his neurasthenia at a hint from Miss Manisty, so at a hint from me he had produced that astounding Tale of his. I'm inclined to think myself that the whole thing was written in him somewhere and could have been read by those queer people who do read things, you know—between the lines of consciousness, I mean—that it was a sort of uprush from the submerged depths of Fitz's personality; that it could only have appeared under the excitement, the disintegration, if you like, of a supreme terror; that in the grip of his mortal danger he gave out something that was not his and yet was in him. Perhaps

as an ancestral passion, an ancestral memory. If you'd read the *Throgmorton Memoirs* (*he* hadn't, you'll remember) you'd know that his maternal grandmother, the beautiful Lady Adelaide, died of an attachment—a previous and unhappy one. There are things in her letters, things written between the lines, that show.

But even that doesn't explain why his vision stayed with Fitz and made him so alive and unhappy. For he *was* alive, alive as he had never yet been to the magic and the loveliness of women, to the passion and the wonder of living; and alive, very queerly and lamentably alive, to the immaterial, the undying thing he carried within him, to the Idea, to the haunting and avenging dream.

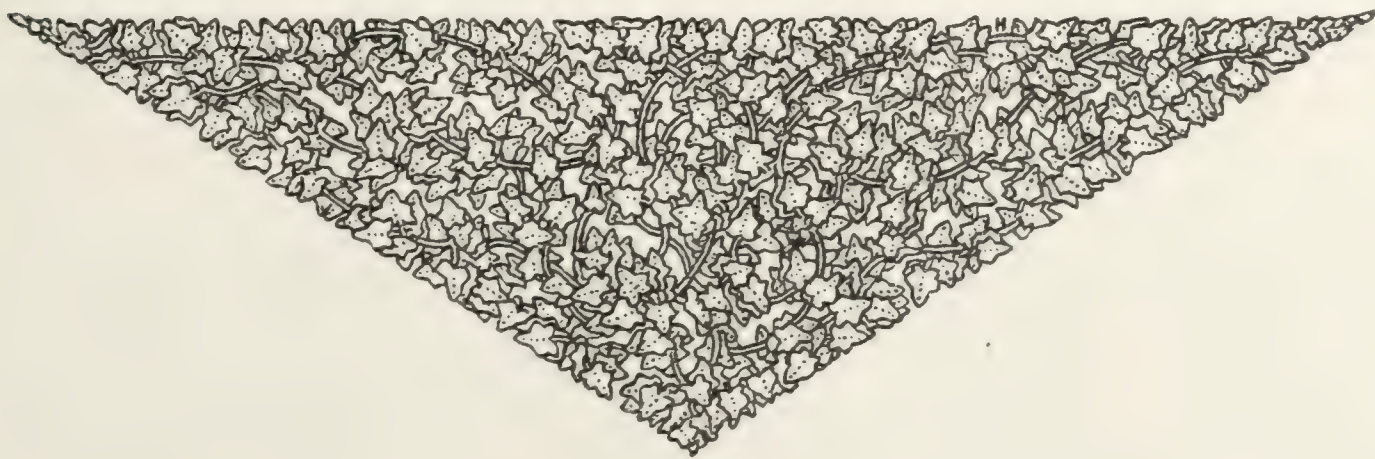
I don't defend Miss Manisty, but there's no doubt she had hit the right nail on the head. Fitz *had* offended, mortally and beyond propitiation, the Powers of Life. He had been made aware of wanting and of not having what he wanted. (No, I *can't* tell you which is worse, to have seen your vision too late and be tortured by it or to have seen it too soon and to have given it to some one to destroy.)

Turner noticed something wrong. He asked me what was the matter with Lumby. And I said: Nothing. He had developed an imagination, that was all.

"What?" said Turner. "At *his* age?" And I said that was what had made him so unhappy.

But Turner doesn't believe a word of it. He says Lumby couldn't develop what he hadn't got.

(*He* hasn't any imagination, either.)





# Mark Twain

SOME CHAPTERS FROM AN EXTRAORDINARY LIFE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

SECOND PAPER

*The author of these chapters was chosen by Mr. Clemens himself to be his authorized biographer. During the five years before Mark Twain's death, Mr. Paine lived constantly in touch with him. In his hands were placed the accumulated letters, memoranda, and notes of a lifetime. Few biographers have been offered so rich an opportunity. Mr. Paine has visited practically every spot where the great humorist lived for any length of time. He has gone over the scenes of all his travels both in Europe and in America. He has sought out every surviving friend—every one who could throw even the smallest light on any period or episode in Mark Twain's strangely varied career. The result is a biography which is uniquely complete and of rare and romantic interest. The editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE feels that it is a privilege to be able to offer to its readers during the coming months some of the notable chapters of this most important American biography.*

ON March 24, 1847, John Marshall Clemens, Mark Twain's father, died. His last counsel was of the Tennessee land.

"Cling to the land," he whispered; "cling to the land and wait."

It was the third death in the Clemens family,\* and not only had it brought grief this time, but it had banished prosperity from the very threshold. Clemens had just been elected clerk of the Surrogate's Court; his salary would have meant comparative affluence. The disaster seemed complete.

Remorse, that always dealt with Samuel Clemens unsparingly, laid a heavy hand on him now. Wilfulness, disobedience, indifference to his father's wishes, all were remembered; a hundred things, in themselves trifling, became ghastly and heart-wringing in the knowledge that they could never be undone. Seeing his grief, his mother took him by the hand and led him into the room where his father lay.

"It is all right, Sammy," she said. "What's done is done, and it does not matter to him any more, but here by the side of him now I want you to promise me—"

He turned, his eyes streaming with tears, and flung himself into her arms.

"I will promise anything," he sobbed,

\* Little Benjamin Clemens had died in 1842; Margaret three years earlier.

"if you won't make me go to school! Anything."

His mother held him for a moment, thinking; then she said:

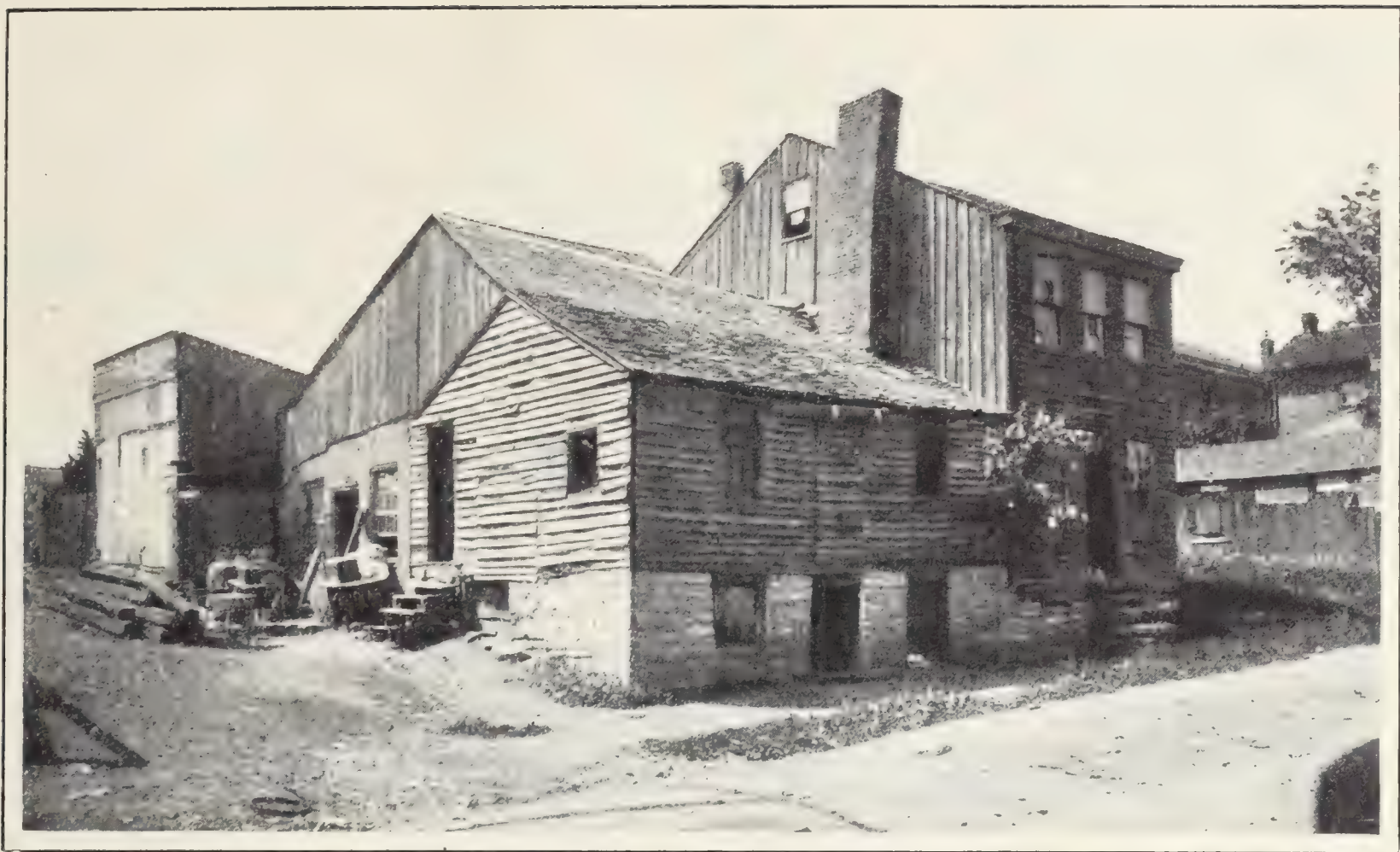
"No, Sammy, you need not go to school any more. Only promise me to be a better boy. Promise not to break my heart."

So he promised her to be a faithful and industrious man, and upright, like his father. His mother was satisfied with that. The sense of honor and justice was already strong within him. To him a promise was a serious matter at any time; made under conditions like these it would be held sacred.

Orion was employed in St. Louis. He was a very good book and job printer by this time and received a salary of ten dollars a week (high wages in those frugal days), of which he sent three dollars weekly to the family. Pamela, who had acquired a considerable knowledge of the piano and guitar, went to the town of Paris, in Monroe County, about fifty miles away, and taught a class of music pupils, contributing whatever remained after paying for her board and clothing to the family fund.

Mrs. Clemens and her son Samuel now had a sober talk, and, realizing that the printing trade offered opportunity for acquiring further education as well as a livelihood, they agreed that he should be





HOME OF HUCK FINN ABOUT 1840-50

apprenticed to Joseph P. Ament, who had lately moved from Palmyra to Hannibal and bought a weekly Democratic paper, the *Missouri Courier*. The apprentice terms were not over-liberal. They were the usual thing for that time: board and clothes—"more board than clothes, and not much of either," Mark Twain used to say.

"I was supposed to get two suits of clothes a year, like a nigger, but I didn't get them. I got one suit and took the rest out in Ament's old garments, which didn't fit me in any noticeable way. I was only about half as big as he was, and when I had on one of his shirts I felt as if I had on a circus tent. I had to turn the trousers up to my ears to make them short enough."

He was a happy, industrious lad; in a little more than a year he was office favorite and chief stand-by. In time he became a sort of sub-editor. When the forms of the paper were ready to close, and Ament was needed to supply more matter, it was Sam who was delegated to find that rather uncertain and elusive person and labor with him until the required copy was produced. Thus it was he saw literature in the making.

It is not believed that he had any

writing ambitions of his own. His chief desire was to be an all-round journeyman printer like Pet McMurray; to drift up and down the world in Pet's untrammelled fashion; to see all that Pet had seen and a number of things which Pet appeared to have overlooked. At Ament's he generally had a daily task, either of composition or press-work, after which he was free. When he had learned the way of his work he was usually free by three in the afternoon; then off to the river or the cave, as in the old days, sometimes with his boy friends, sometimes with Laura Hawkins, gathering wild columbine on that high cliff overlooking the river, Lover's Leap.

He was becoming quite a beau, attending parties on occasion, where old-fashioned games—Forfeits, Ring-around Rosy, Dusty Miller, and the like—were regarded as rare amusements. He was a favorite with girls of his own age. He was always good-natured, full of fun, and gentle in his manner toward them, though he played jokes on them, too, and was often a severe trial. He was with Laura Hawkins more than the others, usually her escort. On Saturday afternoons in winter he carried her skates to Bear Creek and helped her to put them on.



After which they skated "partners," holding hands tightly, and were a likely pair of children, no doubt. In *The Gilded Age* Laura Hawkins at twelve is pictured "with her dainty hands propped into the ribbon-bordered pockets of her apron, . . . a vision to warm the coldest heart and bless and cheer the saddest." The author had the real Laura of his childhood in his mind when he wrote that, though the story itself bears no resemblance to her life. They were never really sweethearts, those two. There was never any engagement between them. They were only good friends and comrades. Sometimes he brought her magazines—exchanges from the printing-office—*Godey's* and others. These were a treat, for such things were scarce enough.

He cared little for reading himself, be-

yond a few exciting tales, though the putting into type of a good deal of miscellaneous matter had beyond doubt developed in him a taste for general knowledge. It needed only to be awakened.

There came into his life just at this period one of those seemingly trifling incidents which, viewed in retrospect, assume pivotal proportions. He was on his way from the office to his home one afternoon when he saw flying along the pavement a square of paper—a leaf from a book. At an earlier time he would not have bothered with it at all, but any printed page had acquired a professional interest for him now. He caught the flying scrap and examined it. It was a leaf from some history of Joan of Arc. The "Maid" was described in the cage at Rouen, in the fortress, and the two

ruffian English soldiers had stolen her clothes. There was a brief description and a good deal of dialogue—her reproaches and their ribald replies.

He had never heard of the subject before. He had never read any history. When he wanted to know any fact he asked Henry, who read everything obtainable. Now, however, there arose within him a deep compassion for the gentle Maid of Orleans, a burning resentment toward her captors, a powerful and indestructible interest in her sad history. It was an interest that would grow steadily for more than half a lifetime, and culminate at last in that crowning work, the *Recollections*, the loveliest story ever told of that martyred girl.

The incident meant even more than that: it meant the awakening of his interest



THE TOM SAWYER STAIRWAY

By means of which he used to slip out to join Huck Finn



in all history—the world's story in its many phases—a passion which became the largest feature of his intellectual life and remained with him until his very last day on earth. From the moment when that fluttering leaf was blown into his hands, his career as one of the world's mentally elect was assured. It gave him his cue—the first word of a part in the human drama. It crystallized suddenly within him sympathy with the oppressed, rebellion against tyranny and treachery, scorn for the divine rights of kings. A few months before he died he wrote a paper on "The Turning-point in My Life." For some reason he did not mention this incident. Yet if there *was* a turning-point in his life, he reached it that bleak afternoon on the streets of Hannibal when a stray leaf from another life was blown into his hands.

Orion came back from St. Louis. He felt that he was needed in Hannibal, and while wages there were lower, his expenses at home were slight; there was more real return for the family fund. His sister Pamela was teaching a class in Hannibal at this time. Orion was surprised when his mother and sister greeted him with kisses and tears. Any outward display of affection was new to him.

Circumstances improved; the outlook ahead was more promising. With Sam supporting himself, the earnings of Orion and Pamela provided at least a semblance of comfort. But Orion was not satisfied. Then, as always, he had a variety of vague ambitions. Oratory appealed to

him, and he delivered a temperance lecture with an accompaniment of music, supplied chiefly by his sister Pamela. He aspired to the study of law, a recurring inclination throughout his career. He also thought of the ministry, an am-

bition which his brother Sam shared with him for a time. Every mischievous boy has it, sooner or later—though not all for the same reasons.

"It was the most earnest ambition I ever had," Mark Twain once remarked, thoughtfully. "Not that I ever really wanted to be a preacher, but because it never occurred to me that a preacher could be damned. It looked like a safe job."

A recurrent ambition of Orion's was to own and conduct a paper in Hannibal. He felt that in such a

position he might become a power in Western journalism. Once his father had considered buying the *Hannibal Journal*, to give Orion a chance and possibly to further his own political ambitions. Now Orion considered it for himself. The paper was for sale under a mortgage, and he was enabled to borrow the five hundred dollars which would secure ownership. Sam's two years at Ament's were now complete, and Orion induced him to take employment on the *Journal*. Henry at eleven was taken out of school to learn type-setting.

Orion was a gentle, accommodating soul, but he lacked force and independence; also single-mindedness and perseverance. He started full of enthusiasm. He worked like a slave to save help; wrote his own editorials and made his literary



MRS. LAURA FRAZER, NÉE HAWKINS  
Mark Twain's first "sweetheart"



selections at night. The others worked, too. Orion gave them hard tasks and long hours. He had the feeling that the paper meant fortune or failure to them all—that all must labor without stint. His first editorials were so brilliant that it was not believed he could have written them. The paper throughout was excellent and seemed on the highroad to success. But the pace was too hard to maintain. Overwork brought weariness, and Orion's enthusiasm, never a very stable quantity, grew feeble. His editorials became dull; his literary selections were not well chosen. By the end of the first year the paper had started down hill.

It is not to be supposed that Sam Clemens had given up all amusements to become merely a toiling drudge, or had conquered in any large degree his natural tendency to levity and adventure. There were fewer opportunities for mischief, and he had become more studious, but after the long, hard days in the office it was not to be expected that a boy of fifteen would employ the evening—at least not every evening—in reading beneficial books. The river was always near at hand—for swimming in the summer and skating in the winter.

There was also entertainment in the office itself. A country boy named Jim Wolfe had come to learn the trade; a green, good-natured, bashful boy whose early months in the *Journal* office were not altogether a dream of peace. In every trade, tricks are played on the new apprentice, and Sam felt that it was his turn to play them. With John Briggs to help, tortures for Jim Wolfe were invented and applied. They taught him to paddle a canoe one Sunday, with the usual damp result. They took him sniping at night and left him "holding the bag" in the traditional fashion, while they slipped off home and went to bed. At another time they borrowed the skeleton of old Jimmy Finn, whose owner had sold it to Dr. Leslie for a quart of the whisky that killed him; and with a candle rigged in it they frightened poor Jim until he ran off to his home in the country. It was necessary for Orion to promise protection and threaten the direst punishment to the criminals to get him to return.

Orion's paper continued to go down hill. Following some random counsel, he

changed the name of it and advanced the price—two blunders. Then he was compelled to reduce the subscription, also the advertising rates. He was obliged to adopt a descending scale of charges and expenditures to keep pace with his declining circulation—a fatal sign.

"I was walking backward," he says, "not seeing where I stepped."

In desperation he broke away and made a trip to Tennessee to see if something could not be realized on the land, leaving his brother Sam in charge of the office. It was a journey without financial results, yet it bore fruit, for it prompted the beginning of Mark Twain's literary career.

Sam, in his brother's absence, concluded to edit the paper in a way that would liven up the circulation. He had never done any writing—not for print—but he had the courage of his inclinations. His local items were of a red-pepper variety and his personals brought prompt demand for satisfaction. The editor of a rival paper had been in love, and was said to have gone to the river one night to drown himself. Sam gave a picturesque account of this with all the names connected with the affair. Then he took a couple of big wooden block letters, turned them upside down, and engraved illustrations for it, showing the victim wading out into the river with a stick to test the depth of the water. When that issue of the paper came out the demand for it was very large. The press had to be kept running steadily to supply copies. The satirized editor at first swore that he would thrash the whole *Journal* office, then he left town and did not come back any more. The embryo Mark Twain also wrote a poem. It was addressed "To Mary in Hannibal," but the title was too long to be set in one column, so he left all the letters in Hannibal except the first and the last, and supplied their place with a dash, with a startling result. Such were the early flickerings of a smouldering genius. Orion returned, remonstrated, and apologized. He reduced Sam to the ranks. In later years he saw his mistake.

"I could have distanced all competitors even then," he said, "if I had recognized Sam's ability and let him go ahead, merely keeping him from offending worthy persons."





ONE OF MARK TWAIN'S HOMES IN HANNIBAL

The other home—the house built by his father—may be seen across the street

Sam was subdued, but not done for. He never would be, now. He had got his first taste of print, and he liked it. He promptly wrote two anecdotes which he thought humorous and sent them to the *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post*. They were accepted—without payment, of course, in those days—and when the papers containing them appeared he felt suddenly lifted to a lofty plane of literature. This was in 1851.

“Seeing them in print was a joy which rather exceeded anything in that line I have ever experienced since,” he said, nearly sixty years later.

Yet he did not feel inspired to write anything further for the *Post*. Twice during the next two years he contributed to the *Journal*: once something about Jim Wolfe, though it was not the story of the cats, and another burlesque on a rival editor whom he pictured as hunting snipe with a cannon, the explosion of which was said to have blown the snipe out of the country. No contribution of this time has been preserved.

High prices have been offered for copies of the *Hannibal Journal* containing them, but without success. The *Post* sketches were unsigned and have not been identified. It is probable that they were trivial enough. His earliest work showed no special individuality or merit, being mainly crude and imitative, as the work of a boy, even a precocious boy, is likely to be. He was not especially precocious—not in literature. His literary career would halt and hesitate and trifle along for many years, gathering impetus and equipment for the fuller, statelier swing which would bring a greater joy to the world at large—even if not to himself—than that first, far-off triumph.

In June, 1853, Sam Clemens decided he would go out into the world. He was in his eighteenth year now, a good workman, faithful and industrious, but he had grown restless in unrewarded service. Beyond his mastery of the trade he had little to show for six years of hard labor. Once, when he had asked Orion for a few



dollars to buy a second-hand gun, Orion, exasperated by desperate circumstances, fell into a passion and rated him for thinking of such extravagance. Soon afterward Sam confided to his mother that he was going away—that he believed Orion hated him—that there was no longer a place for him at home. He said he would go to St. Louis, where Pamela, now married, had made her home. He would find work there and send money home. His intention was to go farther than St. Louis, but he dared not tell her. His mother put together sadly enough the few belongings of what she regarded as her one wayward boy; then she held up a little Testament.

"I want you to take hold of the other end of this," she said, "and make me a promise. I want you to repeat after me, Sam, these words:

"I do solemnly swear that I will not throw a card or drink a drop of liquor while I am gone."

He repeated the oath after her, and she kissed him.

"Remember that, Sam, and write to us," she said.

He went to St. Louis by the night boat, visited his sister Pamela, and found a job in the composing-room of the *Evening News*. He remained on the paper only long enough to earn money with which to see the world. The "world" was New York City, where the Crystal Palace Fair was then going on. The railway had been completed by this time, but he had not traveled on it. It had not many comforts; several days and nights were required for the New York trip; yet it was a wonderful and beautiful experience. He arrived in New York with two or three dollars in his pocket and a ten-dollar bill concealed in the lining of his coat.

New York was a great and amazing city. It almost frightened him. It covered the entire lower end of Manhattan Island; visionary citizens boasted that one day it would cover it all. The World's Fair building, the Crystal Palace, stood a good way out. It was where Bryant Park is now, at Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue. Young Clemens classed it as one of the wonders of the world and wrote lavishly of its marvels. A portion of a letter to his sister Pamela

has been preserved and is given here, not only for what it contains, but as the earliest existing specimen of his composition. The fragment concludes what was doubtless an exhaustive description:

From the gallery (second floor) you have a glorious sight—the flags of the different countries represented, the lofty dome, glittering jewelry, gaudy tapestry, etc., with the busy crowd passing to and fro—'tis a perfect fairy palace—beautiful beyond description.

The machinery department is on the main floor, but I cannot enumerate any of it on account of the lateness of the hour (past one o'clock). It would take more than a week to examine everything on exhibition; and I was only in a little over two hours to-night. I only glanced at about one-third of the articles; and having a poor memory, I have enumerated scarcely any of even the principal objects. The visitors to the palace average 6,000 daily—double the population of Hannibal. The price of admission being fifty cents, they take in about \$3,000.

The Latting Observatory (height about 280 feet) is near the palace—from it you can obtain a grand view of the city and the country around. The Croton Aqueduct, to supply the city with water, is the greatest wonder yet. Immense sewers are laid across the bed of the Hudson River and pass through the country to Westchester County, where a whole river is turned from its course and brought to New York. From the reservoir in the city to the Westchester County reservoir the distance is thirty-eight miles, and, if necessary, they could easily supply every family in New York with one hundred barrels of water per day.

I am very sorry to learn that Henry has been sick. He ought to go to the country and take exercise, for he is not half so healthy as Ma thinks he is. If he had my walking to do he would be another boy entirely. Four times every day I walk a little over a mile; and working hard all day and walking four miles is exercise. I am used to it now, though, and it is no trouble. Where is it Orion's going to? Tell Ma my promises are faithfully kept; and if I have my health I will take her to Ky. in the spring—I shall save money for this. Tell Jim (Wolfe) and all the rest of them to write and give me all the news. . . .

(It has just struck 2 A.M., and I always get up at six and am at work at seven.) You ask where I spend my evenings. Where would you suppose, with a free printer's library containing more than 4,000 volumes within a quarter of a mile



of me and nobody at home to talk to?  
Write soon.

Truly your Brother,

SAM.

P. S. I have written this by a light so dim that you nor Ma could not read by it. Write, and let me know how Henry is.

It is a good letter; it is direct and clear in its descriptive quality, and it gives us a scale of things. Double the population of Hannibal visited the Crystal Palace in one day! and the water to supply the city came a distance of thirty-eight miles! Doubtless these were amazing statistics.

Then there was his interest in family affairs—always strong; his concern for Henry, whom he loved tenderly; his memory of the promise to his mother; his understanding of her craving to visit her old home. He did not write to her direct, for the reason that Orion's plans were then uncertain, and it was not unlikely that he had already found a new location. From this letter, too, we learn that the boy who detested school was reveling in a library of 4,000 books—more than he had ever seen together before. We have somehow the feeling that he had all at once stepped from boyhood to manhood, and that the separation was marked by a very definite line.

The work he had secured was in Cliff

Street, in the printing establishment of John A. Gray & Green (just across the street from the publishing-house of Harper & Brothers), who agreed to pay him four dollars a week, and did pay that amount in wildcat money, which saved them about twenty-five per cent. of the sum. He lodged at a mechanics' boarding-house in Duane Street, and when he had paid his board and washing he sometimes had as much as fifty cents to lay away.

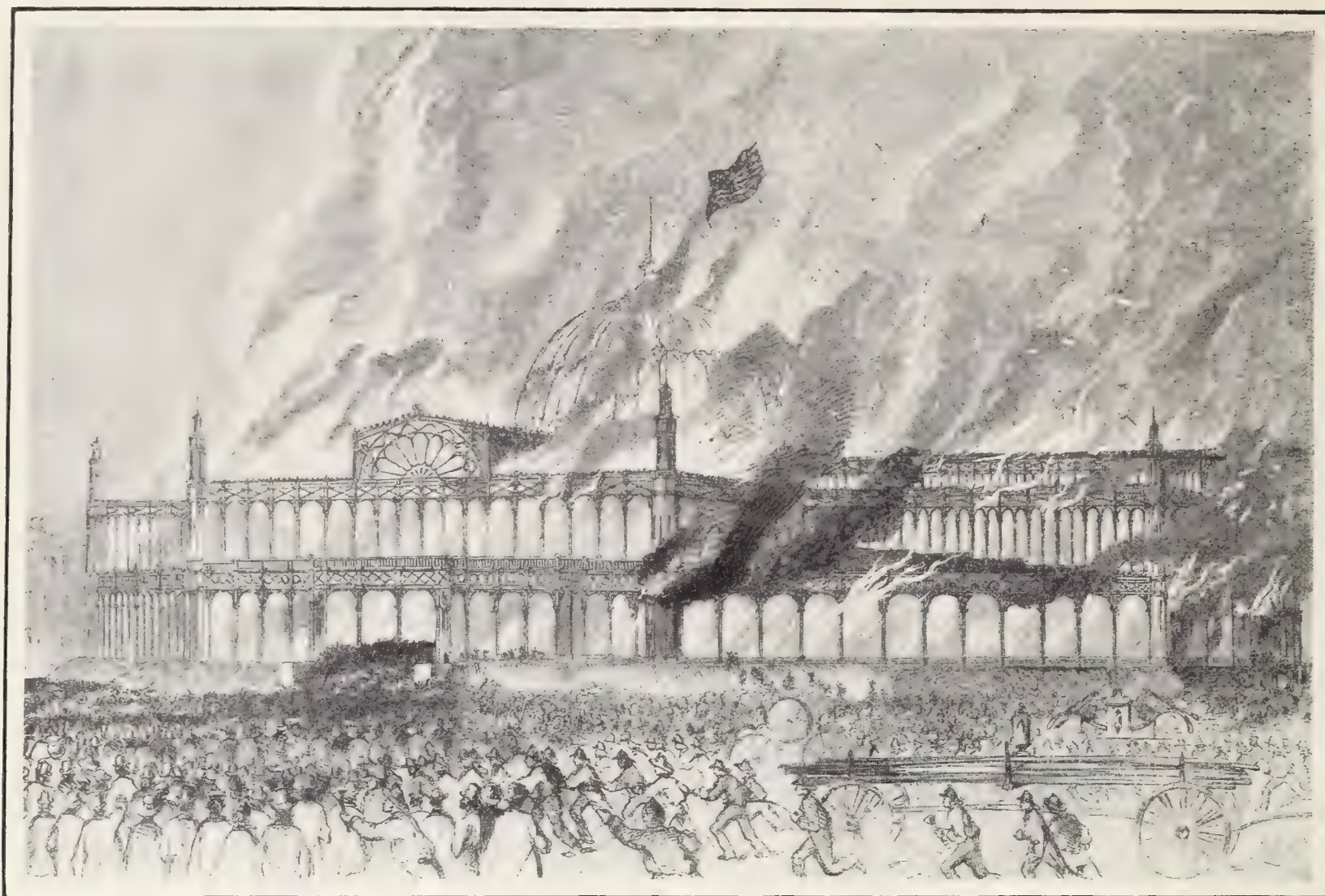
He did not like the board. He had been accustomed to the Southern mode of cooking, and wrote home complaining that New-Yorkers did not have "hot bread" or biscuits, but ate "light bread," which they allowed to get stale, seeming to prefer it in that way. On the whole, there was not much inducement to remain in New York after he had satisfied himself with its wonders. He lingered, however, through the hot months of 1853, and found it not easy to go.

He went over to Philadelphia finally, and found work "subbing" on a daily paper, the *Inquirer*. He was a fairly swift compositor. He could set 10,000 ems a day, and he received pay according to the amount of work done. Days or evenings when there was no vacant place for him to fill, he visited



THE ST. LOUIS LEVEE, 1855





THE NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE, DESTROYED BY FIRE, OCTOBER 5, 1858  
Reproduced from HARPER'S WEEKLY of October 16, 1858

historic sites, the art galleries, and the libraries. He was still acquiring education, you see. He tried his hand at writing in Philadelphia, though this time without success. For some reason he did not again attempt to get into the *Post*, but offered his contributions to the Philadelphia *Ledger*—mainly poetry of an obituary kind. Perhaps it was burlesque—he never confessed that—but it seems unlikely that any other than obituary poetry would have failed of print.

“My efforts were not received with approval,” was all he ever said of it afterward.

He found that he liked Philadelphia. He could save a little money there, for one thing, and now and then send something to his mother; small amounts, but welcomed and gratifying, no doubt. In a letter to Orion—whom he seems to have forgiven with absence—written October 26th, he incloses a gold dollar to buy her a handkerchief, and “to serve as a specimen of the kind of stuff we are paid with in Philadelphia.” Further along he adds:

Unlike New York, I like this Philadelphia amazingly and the people in it. There is only one thing that gets my

“dander” up—and that is the hands are always encouraging me, telling me “it’s no use to get discouraged, no use to be downhearted, for there is more work here than you can do.” “Downhearted,” the devil! I have not had a particle of such a feeling since I left Hannibal, more than four months ago. I fancy they’ll have to wait some time till they see me downhearted or afraid of starving while I have strength to work and am in a city of 400,000 inhabitants. When I was in Hannibal,—before I had scarcely stepped out of the town limits, nothing could have convinced me that I would starve as soon as I got a little way from home.

He was less cheerful by December. He had been gone half a year, and the first attack of home-longing was due. The novelty of things had worn off; it was coming on winter; changes had taken place among his home people and friends; the life he had known best and longest was going on and he had no part in it.

He weathered the attack and stuck it out for more than half a year longer. In January, when the days were dark and he grew depressed, he made a trip to Washington to see the sights of the capital. His stay was comparatively brief,



and he did not work there. He returned to Philadelphia, working for a time on the *Ledger* and the *North American*. Finally he went back to New York. There are no letters of this period. His second experience in New York appears not to have been recorded, and in later years was only vaguely remembered. It was late in the summer of 1854 when he finally set out on his return to the West. His *Wanderjahr* had lasted nearly fifteen months. It had given him self-reliance, with educational advantages—varied, and industriously improved.

He went directly to St. Louis, sitting up three days and nights in a smoking-car to make the journey. He was worn out when he arrived, but stopped there only a few hours to see Pamela. It was his mother he was anxious for. He took the Keokuk packet that night, and flinging himself on his berth, slept the clock three times around, scarcely waking up or turning over; that is to say, to Muscatine. For a long time that missing day confused his calculations.

When he reached Orion's house the family sat at breakfast. He came in carrying a gun. They had not been expecting him, and there was a general outcry and rush in his direction. He warded them off, holding the butt of the gun in front of him.

"You wouldn't let me buy a gun," he said, "so I bought one myself, and I am going to use it now in self-defense."

"You Sam! You Sam!" cried Jane Clemens. "Behave yourself," for she was wary of a gun, even of the butt of it.

Then he had had his joke and gave himself into his mother's arms.

Orion wished his brother to remain with him in the Muscatine office, but the young man declared he must go to St. Louis and earn some money before he would be able to afford that luxury. He returned to his place on the St. Louis *Evening News*, where he remained until late winter or early spring of the following year. Orion in the mean time had married and removed to Keokuk.

Orion's wife had been Mary Stotts—her mother a friend of Jane Clemens's girlhood. She proved a faithful help-mate to Orion, but in those early days of marriage she may have found life with him rather trying, and it was her home-

sickness that brought them to Keokuk. Brother Sam came up from St. Louis, by and by, to visit them, and Orion offered him five dollars a week and board to remain. He accepted. The office at this time, or soon after, was located on the third floor of 52 Main Street, in the building at present occupied by the Peterson Shoe Company. Henry Clemens, now seventeen, was also in Orion's employ, and a lad by the name of Dick Hingham. Henry and Sam slept in the office, and Dick came in for social evenings. Also a young man named Edward Brownell, who clerked in the book-store on the ground floor.

Sam read at odd moments; at night voluminously—until very late, sometimes. Already in that early day it was his habit to smoke in bed, and he had made for himself an Oriental pipe of the hubble-bubble variety because it would hold more and was more comfortable than the regular short pipe of daytime use. He was always lazily indolent in repose, and a pipe of that sort appealed to him.

But it had its disadvantages. Sometimes it would go out, and that would mean sitting up and reaching for a match and leaning over to light the bowl, which stood on the floor. Young Brownell from below was passing up-stairs to his room on the fourth floor one night when he heard Sam Clemens call. The two were great chums by this time, and Brownell poked his head in at the door.

"What will you have, Sam?" he asked.

"Come in, Ed; Henry's asleep and I'm in trouble. I want somebody to light my pipe."

"Why don't you get up and light it yourself?" Brownell asked.

"I would, only I knew you'd be along in a few minutes and would do it for me."

Brownell scratched the necessary match, stooped down and applied it.

"What are you reading, Sam?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing much—a so-called funny book; one of these days I'll write a funnier book than that myself."

Brownell laughed.

"No, you won't, Sam," he said. "You are too lazy ever to write a book."

A good many years later when the name "Mark Twain" had begun to stand for American humor, the owner of it



gave his "Sandwich Islands" lecture in Keokuk. Speaking of the unreliability of the islanders, he said, "The king is, I believe, one of the greatest liars on the face of the earth, except one; and I am very sorry to locate that one right here in the city of Keokuk, in the person of Ed Brownell."

The Keokuk episode in Mark Twain's life was neither very long nor very actively important. It extended over a period of less than two years; two vital years, no doubt, if all the bearings could be known, but they were not years of startling occurrence.

Yet he made at least one beginning there: at a printers' banquet he delivered his first after-dinner speech; a hilarious speech—crude enough, we may believe—its humor of a primitive kind. Whatever its shortcomings, it delighted his audience, and raised him many points in the public regard. He had entered a field of entertainment in which he would one day have no rival.

Only two of his Keokuk letters have been preserved. The first indicates the general disorder of the office and a growing dissatisfaction.

The other letter is dated two months later, August 5th. It was written to Henry, who was visiting in St. Louis or Hannibal at the time, and introduces the first mention of the South American fever which now possessed the writer. Lynch and Herndon had completed their survey of the upper Amazon, and Lieutenant Herndon's account of the exploration was being widely read. Poring over the book nights, young Clemens had been seized with a desire to go to the headwaters of the South American river, there to collect coca and make a fortune. All his life he was subject to such impulses. It did not occur to him that it would be difficult to get to the Amazon, and still more difficult to ascend the river.

He concluded to go to Cincinnati, which would be on the way either to New York or New Orleans (he expected to sail from one of these points), but first he paid a brief visit to his mother in St. Louis, for he had a far journey and a long absence in view. Jane Clemens made him renew his promise as to cards and liquor, and gave him her blessing. He had expected to go from St. Louis to

Cincinnati, but a new idea—a literary idea—came to him and he returned to Keokuk. The *Saturday Post*, a Keokuk weekly, was a prosperous sheet giving itself certain literary airs. He was in favor with the management, of which George Rees was the head, and it had occurred to him that he could send letters of his travels to the *Post*—for a consideration. He may have had a still larger ambition; at least the possibility of a book seems to have been in his consciousness. Rees agreed to take letters from him at five dollars each, good payment for that time and place. The young traveler, jubilant in the prospect of receiving money for his writings, now made another start, this time by way of Quincy, Chicago, and Indianapolis, according to his first letter in the *Post*.\*

This letter is dated Cincinnati, November 14, 1856, and it is not a promising literary production. It was written in the exaggerated dialect then regarded as humorous, and while here and there are flashes of the undoubted Mark Twain type, they are few and far between. A brief extract from it, as characteristic as any, will serve:

"I went down one night to the railroad office there, purty close onto the Laclede House, and bought about a quire o' yaller paper, cut up into tickets—one for each railroad in the United States, I thought, but I found out afterwards that the Alexandria and Boston Air Line was left out—and then got a baggage feller to take my trunk down to the boat, where he spilled it out on the levee, bustin' it open and shakin' out the contents, consisting of 'guides' to Chicago, and 'guides' to Cincinnati, and travelers' guides, and all kinds of sich books, not excepting a 'guide to heaven,' which last ain't much use to a feller in Chicago, I kin tell you. Finally, that fast packet quit ringing her bell and started down the river—but she hadn't gone mor'n a mile till she ran clean up on top of a sand-bar, whar she stuck till plum one o'clock, spite of the Captain's swearin'—and they had to set the whole crew to cussin' at last afore they got her off."

This is humor, we may concede, but

\* Supplied by Thomas Rees of the Springfield, Illinois, *Register*, son of the George Rees named.



of an early American type which a little later would have its flower in Nasby and Artemus Ward. Only careful examination reveals in it a hint of the later Mark Twain. The letters were signed "Snodgrass," and there are but two of them. They are mainly important in that they are the first of his contributions that have been preserved; also, the first for which he received a cash return.

He secured work at his trade in Cincinnati at the printing-office of Wrightson & Company, and remained there until April, 1857. That winter in Cincinnati was eventless enough, but it was marked by one notable association—one that beyond doubt forwarded Samuel Clemens's general interest in books, influenced his taste, and inspired in him certain views and philosophies which he never forgot. He lodged at a cheap boarding-house, filled with the usual commonplace people—with one exception. This exception was a long, lank, unsmiling Scotchman named Macfarlane, who was twice as old as Clemens and wholly unlike him; without humor or any comprehension of it. Yet, meeting on the common plane of intellect, the two became friends.

Macfarlane had books, serious books: histories, philosophies, and scientific works; also a Bible and a dictionary. He had studied these and knew them by heart. He was a direct and diligent talker, and a veritable storehouse of abstruse knowledge, a living dictionary, and a thinker and philosopher besides. He had at least one vanity: the claim that he knew every word in the English



WHERE ORION CLEMENS HAD HIS PRINTING-OFFICE  
The third floor of the building now occupied  
by the Peterson Shoe Company, Keokuk, Iowa

dictionary, and he made it good. Young Clemens tried repeatedly to discover a word that Macfarlane could not define.

Macfarlane never tired of discoursing upon deep and grave matters. This Scotch philosopher did not always reflect the conclusions of others; he had speculated deeply and strikingly on his own account. That was some time before Darwin and Wallace gave out their conclusions on the descent of man—yet Macfarlane was already advancing a similar philosophy.

Those were long, fermenting discourses that young Samuel Clemens listened to that winter in Macfarlane's room, and those who knew the real Mark Twain and his philosophies will recognize that those evenings left their impress upon him for life.



# Two Stories of the Unknown Quantity

By Henry van Dyke

## The Ripening of the Fruit

THE righteousness of Puramitra was notorious, and it was evident to all that he had immense faith in his gods. He was as strict in the performance of his devotions as in the payment of his debts, nor was there any altar, whether of Brahma, or of Vishnu, or of Shiva, at which he failed to offer both prayers and gifts. He observed the rules of religion and of business with admirable regularity, and enjoyed the reputation of one whose conduct was above reproach.

But, being a self-contained man, he had not the love of the little children of the village, to whom he often gave sweetmeats and toys; and being a very prosperous man, he was not without rivals and detractors, who liked his prosperity the less the more they marveled at it. This was displeasing to Puramitra, though he thought it beneath him to show it.

"If all were known!" said some people, wagging their heads sagely, as if they were full of secret and discreditable information.

"If we only had his luck," said others, sighing.

But when Puramitra heard of these things he said, "The fruits of earth ripen by the will of Heaven, and the harvest is on the lap of the gods."

So saying, he made the sign of reverence, and went his way calmly to a certain place in his garden, where he was accustomed to practise the virtue of meditation and to review his inmost thoughts.

Now the inmost thoughts of Puramitra were in the shape of wishes and strong desires; for which reason, being a religious man, he often called them prayers. They were concerned chiefly with himself. And next to that, with two others: Indranu, his friend, and Vishnamorsu, his enemy.





*Drawn by The Reeses*

PURAMITRA MEDITATED UPON THE JUSTICE OF THE GODS



But the motions of friendship are quiet and slow, and much the same from day to day; whereas the motions of hatred are quick and stirring, and changeful as the colors on a serpent. So Puramitra came to think less and less of his friend, and more and more of his enemy. Every day he returned at sundown to the quiet place in the garden, where an orange-tree shaded his favorite seat with thick, glossy leaves, and surrendered himself to those meditations in which his desires were laid bare to his gods.

At first he gave a thought to Indranu, who had helped him, and served him, and always spoken well of him; and this thought he called love. Then he gave many thoughts to Vishnamorsu, who had opposed him, and thwarted him, and mocked him with bitter words and laughter; and these thoughts he called just indignation. He reflected upon the many misdeeds and offenses of his enemy with a grave and serious passion; he considered curiously the various punishments which these misdemeanors must merit at the hand of Heaven, such as poverty and pain and disgrace and death, and, after that, all the different degrees of damnation; he turned them over in his mind like a hollow ball with a hundred rings carved within it, and they played one into another smoothly and intricately, and at the center of the rings a little black figure with the face of Vishnamorsu writhed and twisted.

While Puramitra meditated thus upon the justice of the gods and the ill-deserts of his enemy, the tree grew and flourished above him from week to month and from month to year, spreading out its arms to hide and befriend his devotions. The white flowers bloomed and faded with heavy fragrance. The pale-green fruits formed and fell from the tree before their time. But of all their many promises one persisted, clinging to the lowest bough, rounding and ripening among the dark leaves with strange flame and luster—a fiery globe, intense and perfect as Puramitra's thought of his enemy.

"You meditate much, my son," said a Brahman who knew him well and sometimes visited his garden.

"Holy one," he answered, "I pray."

"For what?" asked the Brahman.

"That the divine will may be done in all ways and upon all things," replied Puramitra.

"Then why have you been at pains to poison your tree?" asked the Brahman.

"I did not know," said the man, "that I had done anything to the tree."

"Look," said the Brahman, and he touched the fruit with the end of his staff. A drop oozed from the saffron globe, red as blood; and where it fell the grass withered as if a flame had scorched it. Then the heart of Puramitra leaped up within him, for he knew that his inmost thoughts had passed into the course of nature and fructified upon the tree.



"Most excellent Brahman," said he, with great humility, "the fruits of earth ripen by the will of Heaven."

"For whom is this one intended?" asked the Brahman.

"Holiness," said Puramitra, "it is on the lap of the gods."

So the Brahman pursued his way, and Puramitra his meditations.

The next day he ordered an open path made through his gardens for the pleasure and comfort of the neighbors. The glistening fruit hung above the path, ripe and ruddy.

"It is on the lap of the gods," thought Puramitra; "if the evil-doer stretches forth his hand to it, the justice of Heaven will appear." So he hid among the bushes at nightfall, and expected the event.

A man crept slowly along the path and stayed beneath the tree. His face was concealed by a cloak; but the watcher said, "I shall know him by his actions, for my enemy will not respect that which is mine." Now the man was thinking shame and scorn of the rich owner of the garden, and despising the prosperity of wiles and wickedness. So he hated and contemned the fruit, saying to himself, "God forbid that I should touch anything that belongs to the wretch Puramitra." And the path grew darker.

Soon after came another man, walking with uncovered head, but his face could not be discerned because of the shadow. And the watcher said, "Now we shall see what the gods intend." The man went freely and easily, without care, and when he came to the fruit he put out his hand and took it, saying to himself, "The benevolent Puramitra will be glad that I should have this, for he is good to all his friends." So he ate of the fruit, and fell at the foot of the tree.

Then Puramitra came running, and lifted up the dead man, and looked upon his face. And it was the face of his friend, the well-beloved Indranu.

So Puramitra wept aloud, and tore his hair, and his heart went black within him. And Vishnamorsu, returning through the garden by another path, heard the lamentable noise, and came near, and laughed. But the Brahman, passing homeward, looked upon the three, and said, "The ways of the gods are secret; but the happiest of these is Indranu."

### The Return of the Charm

#### I

"Nor I," cried John Harcourt, pulling up in the moon-silvered mist and clapping his hand to his pocket, "not a groat! Stay, here is a crooked sixpence of King James that none but a fool would take. The merry robbers left me that for luck."

Dick Barton growled as he turned in his saddle. "We must





*Drawn by The Reeses*

THE WHOLE HOUSE WAS AWAKE AND ASTIR AT THEIR COMING



ride on, then, till we find a cousin to loan us a few pounds. Sir Empty-purse fares ill at an inn."

"By my sore seat," laughed Harcourt, "we'll ride no farther to-night. Here we light, at the sign of the Magpie in the Moon. The rogues of Farborough Cross have trimmed us well; the honest folk of Market Farborough shall feed us better!"

"For a crooked sixpence!" grumbled Barton. "Will you beg our entertainment like a pair of landlopers, or will you take it by force like our late friends on the road?"

"Neither," said Harcourt, "but in the fashion that befits gentlemen—with a bold face, a gay tongue, and a fine coat well carried. Remember, Dick, look up, and no sniveling! Tell your ill-fortune and you bid for more. 'Tis Monsieur Debonair that owns the tavern."

Their lusty shouts brought the hostler on the trot to take their steaming horses, and the landlord stood in the open door, his broad face a welcome to such handsome guests. They entered as if the place belonged to them, and called for the best it contained as if it were just good enough. The whole house was awake and astir with their coming. The smiling maids ran to and fro; the rustics in the long room stared and admired: the table was spread with a fair cloth and loaded with a smoking supper; and afterward there were pots of ale for all the company, and a song with a chorus. The landlord, with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, patted himself to see his business go so merrily. But the landlady came to the door, now and then, and looked in with anxious eyes.

"Mark the mistress," whispered Barton; "she has her suspicions."

"Her troubles," answered Harcourt, "and that I relish not. I will have all happy around me, else my spirit sinks and the game is lost. I'll talk with her."

He beckoned her to his side with a courteous gesture.

"A famous supper, Mistress," said he, "but your face is too downcast for the maker of such a masterpiece. What is it that ails you?"

"It is my child," she answered; "kind sir, my little Faith is ill of fever, and the physician has been called away. He has left her a draught, but she grows worse, and the fever holds her from sleep. It may be that you know something of the healing art."

"As much as any man," said Harcourt, confidently. "You see in me, despite my youth, a practitioner of the oldest school in the world, a disciple of Galen's grandfather. Let me go with you to look at the child."

The little girl lay in a close room. Her curls were tangled on the pillow and her thin, brown arms tossed on the hot counterpane. By her side was a glass of some dark medicine, and her black eyes held more of rebellion than of fever as she gazed at the stranger.

He leaned over her with a smile, smoothing her wrists lightly,



with slow, downward touches, and whispering in her ear. The sound of the singing below came through the door ajar, and the child listened to her visitor as if he were telling her a wonderful tale.

"Open the window," he said, after a while, to the mother, pulling the sheet softly over the child's shoulders, "the air to-night is full of silver threads which draw away the fever."

Then he threw the black draught out of the window. And the child, watching him, laughed a little.

"It is the wrong medicine," said he. "Bring me paper and pen."

He wrote by the light of the flickering candle, hiding the words with his other hand: *Fortune favor Faith*.

Then he slipped the crooked sixpence into the paper, folded it carefully, tucking the ends one into the other, and marked it with a cross.

"Hold it tight," he said to the child, closing the fingers of her right hand upon the little packet. "It will let you into the Garden of Good Dreams. And now your carriage is ready, and now your horses are trotting, gently, gently, quickly, softly, along the white moon-road, to the Land of Nod. Will you go—are you going—are you gone?"

Her eyelids drooped and fell, and she turned on her right side with a sigh, thrusting her brown fist under the pillow. Harcourt drew the mother to the door.

"Hush," he whispered; "leave the window wide. Your Faith holds an ancient potent charm, thousands of years old, better than all medicines. Do not speak of it to any one. If you open it, you will lose it. Let her sleep with it so, and bring it me on the morrow."

In the morning, when the landlord had served breakfast with his own hands, Harcourt called boldly for the bill; and Barton stared at him, but the landlord was confused.

"My wife," he stammered—"you must excuse her, gentler en, nothing will do but she must speak with you herself about the reckoning. I'll go call her."

She came with a wonder of gladness in her face, and the little girl clinging to a fold of her mother's dress by the left hand and pressing the other brown fist close to her neck.

"You see," said the mother. "She is well! Run, Faith, and kiss the gentleman's hand. Oh, sir, there can be no talk of payment between us—we are deep in your debt; but if my child might keep this ancient potent charm?"

The question hung in her voice. Harcourt delayed a moment, as if in doubt, before he answered, smiling:

"I am loath to part from it," he said, at last, "but since she has proved it, let her keep it and believe in it for good—never for evil. Come, little Faith, kiss me good-by—no, not on the hand!"



When they were alone together, Barton turned upon his companion with reproachful looks.

"What is this charm?" he asked.

"A secret," answered the other, curtly.

"I like it not," said Barton, shaking his head; "you go too far, Jack. You put a deception on these simple folk."

"Who knows?" laughed Harcourt. "At least I have done them no harm. We leave them happy and ride on. How far to your nearest cousin?"

## II

"The next case is a strange one," said Sir Richard Barton, Justice of the Peace, sitting on the bench by his friend, the famous Judge who was holding court for Market Farborough.

"How is it strange?" asked the Judge, whose face showed ruddy and strong beneath his white wig.

"It is an accusation of witchcraft," answered Sir Richard, "and that is a serious thing in these days. Yet it seems the woman has a good heart and harms nobody."

"Beneficent witchcraft!" said the Judge—"that is a rarity indeed. What do you make of it?"

"I am against all superstition," said Sir Richard, solemnly; "it brings disorder. For religion we have the clergy, and for justice the lawyers, and for health the doctors. All outside of that partakes of license and unreason."

"Yet outside of that," mused the Judge, "there are things that neither clergy nor lawyers nor doctors can explain. Tell me, what do people think concerning this witch?"

"The strict and godly folk," answered Sir Richard, "reckon her a scandal to the town and an enemy of religion. They are of opinion that she should be put away, whether by hanging or drowning, or by shutting her in a madhouse. But many poor people have an affection for her, because she has helped them."

"And you?" asked the Judge.

Sir Richard looked at him keenly. "I can better tell," said he, "when you have seen her yourself and heard her story."

"That is plainly my duty," said the Judge. "Clerk, call the next case."

As the clerk read the name of the accused and the charge against her, the eyes of the Judge were fixed curiously upon the prisoner at the bar, as if he sought for something forgotten.

Tall and dark, with sunburned face and fearless eyes, she stood quietly while her way of life was told; her dwelling, since the death of her parents, in a cottage on the heath beyond the town; her comings and goings among the neighbors; her wonderful cures of sick animals and strange diseases, but especially of little children. There were some who testified that she was wilful and malicious; yet it appeared they could only allege she had withheld



her cure, saying that it was beyond her power. The doctor was bitter against her, as an unlawful person; and the parson condemned her, though she came often to church; "for," said he, "the Scripture commands us, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.'"

The face of the Judge was troubled. "Tell me," he said, leaning forward and speaking gravely, "are you a witch?"

"Not for evil, my Lord," answered the woman, simply, "but I have a healing gift."

"How do you work your cures?" he asked. "What do you to the children?"

"I open the windows of the room where they lie," she answered.

The face of the Judge relaxed, and his eyes twinkled kindly. "And then?" said he.

"I throw the medicine out of the window and tell the children a tale of the Garden of Good Dreams."

"Is that all?" said the Judge, shading his face with his hand.

"No, my Lord," replied the woman. "When the children are near to sleep, I put my charm in their hands."

"Whence had you this charm?" he said. "And what is it?"

"I pray your Lordship," cried the woman, "ask me not, for I can never tell."

"Let me see it," said the Judge, with a smile.

So the woman, trembling and reluctant, drew a dark-red ribbon from her breast, and at the end of it a packet of fine linen bound closely with white silk. She laid it before the Judge. He broke the silken thread and unrolled the linen, fold after fold, until he came to a yellow piece of paper with writing on it, and in the paper a crooked sixpence of King James.

The coin and the scrap of paper lay in his hand as he looked up and met the shrewd, questioning eyes of Sir Richard.

"Yes," answered the Baron Harcourt in a low voice, "you have seen the coin before, and now you may read what is written on the paper."

"Now I know," said Sir Richard, shaking his head, "what charm you gave to the woman and her child forty years ago. Was I not right? It was a deception."

"Who knows?" said the Baron Harcourt, cheerfully. "It has worked well to-day. Fortune has favored Faith."

He turned to the clerk. "Make record that this case is dismissed for want of evidence against the accused. The woman has done no harm. The court is adjourned."

"And my charm," said the woman, eagerly—"oh, my Lord, you will give me back my charm?"

"That I must keep for you," he said, with kindness, as to a child. "But you may still open the windows, and throw out the medicine, and tell the children of the Garden of Good Dreams. Trust me, that will work wonders."



# The Struggle for Immunity

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D., LL.D.

ONE of the most curious facts about such infectious diseases as diphtheria, typhoid fever, and pneumonia is that they are "self-limited." That is to say, they terminate presently in either the death or the recovery of the patient. They do not become chronic and drag out an indefinite existence.

Every one knows nowadays that the contagious diseases in question are caused by the development of minute germs in the system. But this knowledge makes the self-limited character of the diseases more puzzling rather than less so. Certain living germs are, as it were, *sown*—carried by the air or in food or drink—upon one tissue or another of the organism. They find lodgment in mouth or throat or lungs or intestinal tract, and forthwith begin to multiply and develop prodigiously. The micro-organisms themselves or the poisonous products of their growth pass into the blood and other fluids of the body, and interfere with the normal functions of the organs. The evidences of this derangement constitute the symptoms of disease—diphtheria, measles, smallpox, cholera, plague, according to the particular kind of germ that is present.

For a time the germs seem to have everything their own way. They have found the soil precisely adapted to their growth and well-being. They multiply so rapidly that there are presently billions on billions of them in the patient's system.

Then the odd thing happens. The germs seem to begin to lose their procreative power. Whereas they were multiplying at geometrical ratio, they now begin to decrease. Race suicide threatens them. They can no longer thrive in the system of their host. Presently they vanish altogether. So far as that particular territory—the body of that particular patient—is concerned, they are

an extinct race. Even if new recruits are introduced from the outside world they promptly perish. The patient has not only recovered from the disease, as the saying is, but he is free from immediate danger of reinfection with that disease. In the current phraseology, he is "immune."

The bald facts just stated are familiar and indisputable enough. But how explain them? Why should not the germs that once find comfortable and hospitable lodgment in the body of a given patient continue to thrive indefinitely, so long as the patient lives? The germs themselves retain vitality enough. If ever so few of them are transferred to the body of another individual, they multiply abundantly; whereas if they had remained in the body of their original host, who is now acquiring "immunity," they must have perished miserably, leaving no issue. But why?

No other question, perhaps, could put us so closely in touch with the newest aspects of medical science as does this. If the puzzle of immunity could be fully and explicitly solved, it would appear as if the weapons would be in hand for the complete conquest of all contagious or germ diseases. Hence the subject has received an enormous amount of attention from hosts of experimenters and theorizers all over the world. It would be going much too far to say that complete and final success has as yet attended their efforts; but many highly interesting and important results have been achieved, as we shall see.

The earliest clue to one aspect at least of the problem of immunity was given by the classical researches of Elie Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris. His studies had to do with the white blood corpuscles. Every one who has ever viewed a drop of blood through a microscope will recall that there were to be seen in the midst of the flood of red



blood corpuscles a certain number of larger bodies of somewhat irregular shape, practically colorless, that seemed to be endowed with the power of movement. These are the white corpuscles, or leucocytes. They have been familiar to physiologists since the first microscopic lenses were made, but their function had been an utter mystery. It was early learned that the red corpuscles are the carriers of oxygen. But what useful purpose the white corpuscles subserve no one had been able to surmise.

Metchnikoff turned his microscope on this interesting but mysterious corpuscle, and watched its activities under varying circumstances and conditions. And he was presently able to report that he had detected the leucocytes in the act of devouring all manner of foreign particles that chanced to come into their neighborhood as they floated about in the blood stream. These foreign particles included, among other things, the organisms called bacteria. These tiny but highly important particles were seen to be taken into the bodies of the leucocytes and presently dissolved or digested. Moreover, even though the bacteria were disease-engendering species, they seemed to produce no ill effect upon the leucocytes.

Thus it appeared that at least one function of the white blood corpuscle is to act as a scavenger in the blood—a sort of department-of-health officer keeping guard over the hygienic conditions of the blood, and promptly using its efforts to remove any noxious foreign substances that obtrude themselves into that all-important highway.

In token of this important function, Metchnikoff rechristened the scavengers with the appropriate title phagocytes (eaters of cells); and their function of scavenging has since been spoken of as phagocytosis.

It has long been a familiar observation of the surgeon that whenever there is local injury to the tissues—say an abrasion or an incised wound—the white blood corpuscles gather in great numbers. Their bodies, indeed, make up the chief bulk of the familiar exudate known as pus—an exudate once regarded as the unavoidable concomitant of a wound, but

now rendered far less familiar by the use of antiseptics.

Just why the leucocytes gathered at a wound in such numbers had never been understood. But now it seemed clear that their presence is exactly comparable to the presence of an army at a port subject to foreign invasion by a hostile host. They are Nature's body of warriors to fight off the invading hosts of bacteria, which always gather and flourish on an abraded surface that is not protected from their encroachments. The object of antiseptic dressings, with which every one is now familiar, is to shut out this host of noxious bacteria. In proportion as the dressings effect this purpose, there remains no need to aggregate leucocytes at the seat of war; and in point of fact, the absence of pus shows that they are not called upon when the modern method of surgical treatment has rendered them superfluous.

The external dressing applied by the modern surgeon has in effect warded off the enemy, just as a line of submarine torpedoes or coast batteries off New York Harbor might keep an invading naval force at a distance, making it unnecessary to call on our land forces.

Obviously, then, antiseptic methods have greatly restricted the rôle of the leucocyte so far as surgical wounds are concerned. But surgery deals with only one aspect of the problem. There remain the channels of nose, mouth, throat, lungs, and digestive tracts through which other hosts of noxious bacteria may make their way into the system—producing such diseases as diphtheria, pneumonia, tuberculosis, typhoid fever, cholera, and the like. So quite enough work remains for the army of phagocytes even if surgical injuries were rendered bacterially innocuous.

We may picture the gallant host of leucocytes as being called upon to police every blood channel in the body, lying in wait to seize on tubercle bacillus or cholera vibrio or pneumococcus, as necessity may arise. It was at one time thought that the entire course of an acute infectious disease might be pictured as a war within the organism fought to the bitter end between invading hosts of bacteria and loyal hosts of phagocytic leucocytes.



If the invaders proved too numerous or too powerful, their victory would be recorded in the death of the patient in whose body the battle went on. If, on the other hand, the protective host proved adequate to its military function, its victory would be recorded in the final annihilation (by eating!) of the invading army. The contest would then be recorded as an unsuccessful invasion, and the patient's system, freed from its enemies, would be restored to health.

The extreme tangibility of this picture of disease gave it peculiar interest. There is always a satisfaction about explanations of physical phenomena that can be clearly visualized. The battle of the leucocytes could not only be clearly pictured in imagination; it could be actually witnessed under the microscope. So Metchnikoff's explanation of the rationale of resistance to infectious diseases found instant popularity.

But presently experiments and observations were made that tended to show that the phenomena of phagocytes are not quite so all-comprehending in importance as had at first been supposed. A clue to new vistas of knowledge was found in certain facts revealed by the experiments of Professor George H. F. Nuttall, the American now famous as the Quick Professor of Zoology at Cambridge University, England, and of the German pathologist, Professor Büchner. These experiments show that, even if all the leucocytes are removed from a portion of the blood, there remain in the clear blood serum properties that antagonize noxious bacteria and cause their death.

Just what the nature of these properties might be was not known. But their existence was made manifest by results. Bacteria placed in the clear blood serum were seen to lose their power of propagation and presently to die, somewhat as an army might be overcome by an invisible noxious gas.

Serum having this property was said to be bactericidal or anti-bacterial; and it was obvious that here were fields open to investigation that lie beyond the province of the germ-devouring leucocyte. Many experimenters set about investigating the conditions under which the blood serum takes on bactericidal prop-

erties, and for the moment the leucocyte was well-nigh forgotten.

Almost simultaneously the limitations of the leucocyte were suggested in another way through study of two important diseases which are due to the invasions of germs, but in which the germ does not to any considerable extent enter the blood of the patient, contenting itself with forming a colony on some surface or just beneath the skin, and secreting a poison that is absorbed into the blood stream or taken up by the nerve plasma. The diseases in question are tetanus and diphtheria.

The germs of diphtheria, as every one knows, lodge of a preference in the throat, where they multiply and form a whitish exudate. They do not, as a rule, spread over a very wide territory, even if not opposed, and they do not tend to enter the blood.

Similarly the germs of tetanus form a small colony just beneath the surface of the skin—as from the puncture of a nail or a small local wound—and the specific poison the production of which is incidental to that growth seems to be taken up by the nerves and to find its way slowly up the nerve tubes till it reaches the centers in the spinal cord and brain, when its effects are made manifest in a derangement of functioning that affects the entire organism.

Now here, in each case, would seem to be an ideal opportunity for the leucocyte to attack the localized invading host and destroy it promptly, thus preventing all trouble. No doubt this is often done. Not every person in whose throat the diphtheria bacillus lodges develops the disease diphtheria. But in certain cases either the germs come in such overwhelming numbers or are so sluggishly met that they gain a foothold, and send out their poison into the blood.

Let us assume the case of a patient into whose blood stream a portion of the poison generated by a colony of diphtheria bacilli has been secreted. This poison appears to be a sort of ferment. As it comes in contact with the tissues it sets up an abnormal action that disorganizes the functioning, causing the phenomena of fever, and, if not combated, ultimately so deranging and destroying the tissues as to cause the death



of the patient. But as this ferment is an invisible secretion, known only by its effect, it is obvious that it cannot be combated either by (a) the phagocytic functioning of the leucocytes, or (b) the germ-destroying (bactericidal) property of the blood serum.

Stated otherwise, it is no longer the destruction of a bacillus that is in question in the main blood channels, but the antagonizing of an invisible poison dissolved in the blood.

Every one knows that a way has been found to counteract this poison; and perhaps most readers associate the remedy with the name of the famous German, Dr. Behring, who first produced the antitoxine that has robbed diphtheria of a large measure of its former terrors in the eye of the physician. It is familiar knowledge also—for seldom has a scientific discovery gained wider vogue among the general public than this—that the diphtheria antitoxine is developed in the body of the horse through inoculating that animal repeatedly with small but increasing doses of the toxine developed by the diphtheria bacillus when grown in a culture medium.

But it perhaps is not so generally known that the antitoxine thus produced, which acts so effectively when injected into the system of a patient suffering from diphtheria, has no power whatever to kill or injure the diphtheria germs themselves. On the contrary, these germs actually grow and thrive when placed in a tube of antitoxine!

The action of antitoxine is, in other words, apparently a purely chemical one. A portion of antitoxine unites with and neutralizes a portion of toxine, rendering it harmless—just as a portion of baking-soda might unite with a portion of caustic hydrochloric acid to form the neutral and harmless compound known as common salt.

But the case is quite different in such a disease as cholera, where the disease germs enter the blood, and in the main carry their poison in their bodies instead of secreting it. Here an antitoxine proper would not be sufficient. We must have an antidote that will kill and remove the germs themselves.

This is, of course, precisely the function of the leucocytes. But the new

studies showed that the work of removing the bodies of noxious bacteria is not left to the unaided efforts of the phagocytes. Reference has already been made to the development of chemicals in the blood (bactericides) that kill the germs; it was presently discovered, largely through the investigations of Professor Pfeiffer, that the blood serum may contain chemicals that not only kill the noxious bacteria, but actually dissolve or digest them.

Substances that produce this important effect are called bacteriolysins. The action of these anti-bacterial agents is obviously quite different from the action of antitoxines. Thus, if an animal is inoculated with cholera germs until it is immune to their poison, a portion of serum from that animal may kill the cholera germs in a culture tube without neutralizing the toxic nature of the poison that these germs have secreted in the tube; whereas, contrariwise, as we have seen, an antitoxine will neutralize the poison without killing the germ. Antitoxines and bactericides are therefore distinct though allied agents, serving complementary functions in the fight against the noxious bacteria.

Antitoxines, bactericides, and bacteriolysins are sometimes spoken of as antibodies, and their various antidotal functions are pretty clearly defined. There are other chemicals, however, that may be coincidentally formed in the body cells and secreted into the blood serum in response to the attack of the disease germs that serve a somewhat more obscure purpose. These are the so-called agglutinins—chemicals so named because they possess the peculiar property of causing the bacteria that stimulate their production to clump together in masses (agglutinate) instead of moving about independently.

Agglutination does not occur, however, in the blood stream of the patient, but only in the test tube of the experimenter. So the exact utility of the phenomena is not clear. That the agglutinins serve a useful purpose in the fight against the noxious germ we cannot doubt, but as yet we do not know just what that useful purpose is.

In the mean time, however, study of the agglutinins is of great aid to the physician in the diagnosis of disease.



Thus if a small portion of blood serum of a person suffering from typhoid fever is added to a culture of typhoid-fever germs, the bacteria quickly become clumped together, or agglutinated; but this does not happen in the presence of serum of an individual in health. This test—which bears the name of the French physician, *Widal*—is a valuable aid in the diagnosis of a suspected case of typhoid fever.

The discovery of one after another of these antidotal chemicals, all evoked in the tissues in response to the onslaught of noxious bacteria, and each serving an important function in the battle against disease, tended naturally to minimize more and more the importance of the white blood corpuscles, whose spectacular activities had at one time been supposed to be all-sufficient.

But now came a series of new observations that brought the leucocyte again to the fore. The observations were made by an English army surgeon, Dr. (now Sir) *Almroth Wright*, who was investigating that scourge of armies, typhoid fever, and endeavoring to find a means of rendering soldiers in India immune to the disease.

Studying the blood of typhoid patients microscopically, he noted that white blood corpuscles will sometimes ingest the typhoid bacilli very sparingly, at other times with seeming avidity. From this he drew the conclusion that there is a *something* in the blood, which may be present in less or in greater quantity, which renders the bacilli more susceptible to the attacks of the phagocytes.

To this something he gave the name *opsonin*, a word coined from a Greek derivative signifying “to make palatable.” A long series of investigations convinced *Wright* and his chief associate, Captain *Douglas*, that opsonins are developed in the normal organism concomitantly with the development of antitoxines, bactericides, bacteriolysins, and agglutinins in response to the irritation caused by bacterial poisons. Opsonins constitute, in other words, yet another weapon elaborated by the tissues of the body in the fight against disease germs. But they differ from the other chemical agents that we have just been reviewing in that their action is not merely complementary,

but directly auxiliary, to that of the leucocyte.

There has been some question as to whether the effect of the opsonins is explicable as having made the phagocytes more voracious, or as making the bacteria more susceptible. *Metchnikoff* and his followers were disposed to take the view that the opsonin stimulates the leucocytes; but the opinion of *Wright*, which has the balance of authority, is that the direct action of the opsonin is exerted on the bacteria.

*Bernard Shaw* in a recent play makes a character—whose prototype is obviously Sir *Almroth Wright* himself—wittily define an opsonin as “what you butter the disease germs with to make your white blood corpuscles eat them”; and this whimsical definition may be accepted as graphically presenting the function of a highly important constituent of the blood serum about which the medical fraternity has been greatly exercised in recent years.

The great importance of the opsonins, from a practical standpoint, depends upon the fact that their relative activity furnishes an index to the resistant power of the patient against a given germ. The test is made in a very tangible way by counting the actual number of bacteria of a given species that a group of phagocytes in a quantity of blood serum will ingest in a given time. A “control,” or comparative, test is made with the blood serum of a normal individual. The first fifty leucocytes that come to view in the microscopic field are observed, and the number of bacteria in the body of each (made visible by a differential stain) is counted.

It must be understood that, according to theory, a leucocyte is powerless to ingest a single bacterium unless a certain amount of opsonin is present. As the amount of opsonin increases, up to a certain point, the susceptibility of the bacteria to the predatory attacks of the leucocyte increases also. Moreover, a given opsonin acts only on a single species of bacterium. Leucocytes in a certain sample of blood may therefore be found to possess the power of ingesting, say typhoid bacilli, very readily, while ingesting much more sparingly the tubercule bacilli found in equal abundance in the blood serum about them.



Such a blood would be said to have a high opsonic index for typhoid bacilli; a low opsonic index for tubercule bacilli.

Though the opsonins that thus aid the white corpuscles in their attack on bacteria are probably chemically distinct from antitoxines, bacteriolysins, and agglutinins, yet they are produced simultaneously with these other protective bodies, and their presence is held to furnish a fair index to the abundance of these allied bodies. Hence the observation of the opsonic index supplies a highly important means of testing at least approximately the anti-bacterial properties of the blood.

It is by observing the opsonic index and its deviation day by day under influence of treatment that Sir Almroth Wright has elaborated, along strictly scientific lines, his famous "vaccine" treatment of a long list of bacterial diseases, beginning with typhoid fever, and including such familiar maladies as pneumonia, rheumatism, dysentery, influenza, hay fever, boils, ulcers, and common colds.

The theory on which this highly important new method of treatment proceeds is the assumption that the blood and tissues of the human organism contain normally a variable quantity of all the anti-bacterial bodies, and that the tissues will set about manufacturing more of these bodies in response to the influence of an invading host of germs. If the invading germs come in relatively small numbers, or if the response of the tissues of any given individual is peculiarly active and energetic, the invading host is promptly killed off and its poison neutralized by the joint action of the specific antitoxines, bactericides, agglutinins, and opsonins that are instantly engaged against it. So no symptoms of disease develop; and the person whose system has thus repelled invasion by a given germ is said to be "immune" to the disease which that germ would engender in an organism where its attack had been less promptly met.

Similarly a person who has passed through an attack of a germ disease and finally come off victorious carries in his system a residual supply of anti-bacterial bodies, and hence is more or less permanently immune; the fact of such im-

munity to subsequent attacks of measles, scarlet fever, typhoid, etc., being familiar knowledge.

But it is not alone the susceptibility of the individual that determines the result when germs of a disease find entrance into a human organism; much depends also upon the actual *number* of bacteria that come, and upon the particular *strain* they represent.

That numbers should count is easily comprehensible; but that individual bacteria of the same species should differ in virulence seems not at first sight so explicable. Yet such is the fact. For example, Dr. Eyre reports experiments on rabbits in which twenty individual pneumococci (the germs of pneumonia) produced death more rapidly than one hundred thousand pneumococci identical in appearance but of another strain. Again the anthrax virus which Pasteur developed owes its efficiency to the "attenuation" of the virulence of the germs through cultivation under peculiar conditions in a test tube; and Pasteur's treatment of rabies assumes the attenuation of the rabies virus through desiccation of a portion of spinal cord (of a rabbit) in which the germs are lodged.

The attenuated virus inoculated in proper quantity and in repeated doses sets up a response in the tissues which is not overwhelming, and the blood is presently saturated with anti-bacterial bodies in sufficient quantity to cope with more virulent strains of the germ introduced in whatever numbers—as from ordinary contagion. In other words, artificial immunity has been induced.

It occurred to Wright that a similar condition of immunity might be induced by inoculating a patient with bacterial germs not "attenuated" in the Pasteurian sense, but actually devitalized by heating. With the dead germs a certain amount of their specific toxine would be introduced; but the number of germs, and hence the quantity of their poison, could be controlled at the will of the operator; and the anti-bacterial response of the organism could be gauged through observation of the opsonic index. Thus the doses could be graded and repeated at proper intervals, until the patient's opsonic index was so high as to indicate the presence of a sufficient quan-



tity of anti-bacterial elements in his blood to render him immune to the particular disease in question.

The first disease experimented with was typhoid fever. Wright himself inoculated no fewer than four thousand soldiers in India; and he gratuitously supplied the British government with about four hundred thousand doses of anti-typhoid vaccine for use in the South African war. An individual is rendered immune to typhoid by three inoculations, the first containing 500,000,000, and each succeeding one 1,000,000,000 typhoid bacilli. These numbers may seem alarming. But it should be explained that these incredible hordes of bacilli—comparable in number to the entire human population of the globe—find residence in a few drops of the serum.

We may note that the anti-typhoid inoculation was adopted by the German army, and that more recently it has been adopted for the American army with very gratifying results. But, beyond this, the applications of the new method, its extension to the treatment of developed diseases, and the potentialities that have led to its characterization as the most important of modern therapeutic methods, are matters that fall outside the scope of the present paper. It suffices for the present purpose that the results of the use of this so-called "vaccine therapy" are such as to support very strongly the truth of the theory of immunity upon which its application is founded.

In conclusion we may summarize the findings of modern science as to the real meaning of immunity in some such terms as these: A person is immune to any given disease when his blood serum contains normally, or has had developed in it artificially, a series of specific chemicals which, when called into action by

the intrusion of the disease germs, are able, acting jointly, (1) to neutralize the poison generated by the germs (*antitoxines*); (2) to kill the germs themselves (*bactericides*), and to remove them altogether partly by (3) dissolving them (*bacteriolysins*) and partly by (4) *agglutinating* and (5) *opsoninizing* them so that they readily fall prey to the white blood corpuscles that are always present in the blood.

For each specific disease germ, then, there may be at least five antidotes in the system. It follows that the individual who is immune to a score of well-known germ diseases would have in his blood serum at least a hundred different chemicals whose presence there is meaningless, so far as we know, except as an anticipatory guard against the attack of the disease germs.

These chemicals appear not to interfere in any way with the normal functioning of the body. Indeed, the most thoroughly healthy individual would seem to be one in whose system the most elaborate groups of antidotal bodies have been developed. "In time of peace prepare for war" is apparently the motto of the organism. Or, better, let us reflect that in the microbe-haunted world in which we perforce exist the organism is always at war with one host of enemies or another. It is only the large measure of immunity that each of us attains that permits any one to enjoy the modicum of reasonably healthy days with which most of us are blessed.

Our periods of health are not necessarily times when no bacteria assail us, but merely those periods in which the white blood corpuscles—aided by anti-toxines, bactericides, bacteriolysins, agglutinins, and opsonins—win their battles so easily and decisively as to attract no notice whatever.





# The Cock of the Walk

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

DOWN the road, kicking up the dust, until he marched, soldier-wise, in a cloud of it, that rose and grimed his moist face, and added to the heavy, brown powder upon the wayside weeds and flowers, whistling a queer, tuneless thing, which yet contained definite sequences—the whistle of a bird rather than a boy—approached Johnny Trumbull, aged ten, small of his age, but accounted by his mates mighty.

Johnny came of the best and oldest family in the village, but it was in some respects an undesirable family for a boy. In it survived, as fossils survive in ancient nooks and crannies of the earth, old traits of race, unchanged by time and environment. Living in a house lighted by electricity, the mental conception of it was to the Trumbulls as the conception of candles; with telephones at hand, they unconsciously still conceived of messages delivered with the old saying, "Ride, ride," etc., and relays of post-horses. They locked their doors, but still had latch-strings in mind. Johnny's father was a physician, adopting modern methods of surgery and prescription, yet his mind harked back to cupping and calomel, and now and then he swerved aside from his path across the field of the present into the future and plunged headlong, as if for fresh air, into the traditional past, and often with brilliant results.

Johnny's mother was a college graduate. She was the president of the woman's club. She read papers savoring of such feminine leaps ahead that they were like gymnastics, but she walked homeward with the gait of her great-grandmother, and inwardly regarded her husband as her lord and master. She minced genteelly, lifting her quite-fashionable skirts high above very slender ankles, which were hereditary. Not a woman of her race had ever gone home on thick ankles, and they all had gone home. They had all been at home, even

if abroad—at home in the truest sense. At the club, reading her inflammatory paper, Cora Trumbull's real self remained at home intent upon her mending, her dusting, her house economics. It was something remarkably like her astral body which presided at the club.

As for her unmarried sister Janet, who was older and had graduated from a young ladies' seminary instead of a college, whose early fancy had been guided into the ladylike ways of anti-macassars and pincushions and wax flowers under glass shades, she was a straighter proposition. No astral pretensions had Janet. She stayed, body and soul together, in the old ways, and did not even project her shadow out of them. There is seldom room enough for one's shadow in one's earliest way of life, but there was plenty for Janet's. There had been a Janet unmarried in every Trumbull family for generations. That in some subtle fashion accounted for her remaining single. There had also been an unmarried Jonathan Trumbull, and that accounted for Johnny's old bachelor uncle Jonathan. Jonathan was a retired clergyman. He had retired before he had preached long, because of doctrinal doubts, which were hereditary. He had a little, dark study in Johnny's father's house, which was the old Trumbull homestead, and he passed much of his time there, debating within himself that matter of doctrines.

Presently Johnny, assiduously kicking up dust, met his uncle Jonathan, who passed without the slightest notice. Johnny did not mind at all. He was used to it. Presently his own father appeared, driving along in his buggy the bay mare at a steady jog, with the next professional call quite clearly upon her equine mind. And Johnny's father did not see him. Johnny did not mind that, either. He expected nothing different.

Then Johnny saw his mother approach-



ing. She was coming from the club meeting. She held up her silk skirts high, as usual, and carried a nice little parcel of papers tied with ribbon. She also did not notice Johnny, who, however, out of sweet respect for his mother's nice silk dress, stopped kicking up dust. Mrs. Trumbull on the village street was really at home preparing a shortcake for supper.

Johnny eyed his mother's faded but rather beautiful face, under the rose-trimmed bonnet, with admiration and entire absence of resentment. Then he walked on and kicked up the dust again. He loved to kick up the dust in summer, the fallen leaves in autumn, and the snow in winter. Johnny was not a typical Trumbull. None of them had ever cared for simple amusements like that. Looking back for generations on his father and mother's side (both had been Trumbulls, but very distantly related), none could be discovered who in the least resembled Johnny. No dim blue eye of retrospection and reflection had Johnny; no tendency to tall slenderness which would later bow beneath the greater weight of the soul. Johnny was small, but wiry of build, and looked able to bear any amount of mental development without a lasting bend of his physical shoulders. Johnny had, at the early age of ten, whopped nearly every boy in school, but that was a secret of honor. It was well known in the school that, once the Trumbulls heard of it, Johnny could never whop again. "You fellows know," Johnny had declared once, standing over his prostrate and whimpering foe, "that I don't mind getting whopped at home, but they might send me

away to another school, and then I could never whop any of you fellows."

Johnny Trumbull kicking up the dust, himself dust-covered, his shoes, his little, queerly fitting dun suit, his cropped head, all thickly powdered, loved it. He sniffed in that dust like a grateful incense. He did not stop dust-kicking when he saw his aunt Janet coming, for, as he considered, her old black gown was not worth the sacrifice. It was true that she might see him. She sometimes did, if she were not reading a book as she walked. It had always been a habit with the Janet Trumbulls to read improving books when they walked abroad. To-day Johnny saw with a quick glance of those sharp, black eyes, so unlike the Trumbulls', that his aunt Janet was reading. He therefore expected her to pass him without recognition, and marched on kicking up the dust. But suddenly as he grew nearer the little, spry figure he was aware of a



HE LOVED TO KICK UP THE DUST IN SUMMER



pair of gray eyes, before which waved protectingly a hand clad in a black silk glove, with dangling finger-tips, because it was too long, and it dawned swiftly upon him that Aunt Janet was trying to shield her face from the moving column of brown motes. He stopped kicking, but it was too late. Aunt Janet had him by the collar, and was vigorously shaking him with nervous strength.

"You are a very naughty little boy," declared Aunt Janet. "You should know better than to walk along the street raising so much dust. No well-brought-up child ever does such things. Who are your parents, little boy?"

Johnny perceived that Aunt Janet did not recognize him, which was easily explained. She wore her reading-spectacles and not her far-seeing ones; besides, her reading-spectacles were obscured by dust, and her nephew's face was nearly obliterated. Also as she shook him his face was not much in evidence. Johnny disliked, naturally, to tell his aunt Janet that her own sister and brother-in-law were the parents of such a wicked little boy. He therefore kept quiet and submitted to the shaking, making himself as limp as a rag. This, however, exasperated Aunt Janet, who found herself encumbered by a dead weight of a little boy to be shaken, and suddenly Johnny Trumbull, the fighting champion of the town, the cock of the walk of the school, found himself being ignominiously spanked. That was too much. Johnny's fighting blood was up. He lost all consideration for circumstances, he forgot that Aunt Janet was not a boy, that she was quite near being an old lady. She had overstepped the bounds of privilege of age and sex, and an alarming state of equality ensued. Quickly the tables were turned. The boy became far from limp. He stiffened, then bounded and rebounded like wire. He butted, he parried, he observed all his famous tactics of battle, and poor Aunt Janet sat down in the dust, black dress, bonnet, glasses (but the glasses were off and lost), little improving book, black silk gloves, and all; and Johnny, hopeless, awful, irreverent, sat upon his aunt Janet's plunging knees, which seemed the most lively part of her. He kept his face twisted away from her, but it was not from cowardice.

Johnny was afraid lest Aunt Janet should be too much overcome by the discovery of his identity. He felt that it was his duty to spare her that. So he sat still, triumphant but inwardly aghast.

It was fast dawning upon him that his aunt was not a little boy. He was not afraid of any punishment which might be meted out to him, but he was simply horrified. He himself had violated all the honorable conditions of warfare. He felt a little dizzy and ill, and he felt worse when he ventured a hurried glance at Aunt Janet's face. She was very pale through the dust, and her eyes were closed. Johnny thought then that he had killed her.

He got up—the nervous knees were no longer plunging; then he heard a voice, a little girl-voice, always shrill, but now high pitched to a squeak with terror. It was the voice of Lily Jennings. She stood near and yet aloof, a lovely little flower of a girl, all white-scalloped frills and ribbons, with a big white-frilled hat shading a pale little face and covering the top of a head decorated with wonderful yellow curls. She stood behind a big baby-carriage with a pink-lined muslin canopy, and containing a nest of pink and white, but an empty nest. Lily's little brother's carriage had a spring broken, and she had been to borrow her aunt's baby-carriage, so that nurse could wheel little brother up and down the veranda. Nurse had a headache, and the maids were busy, and Lily, who was a kind little soul, and, moreover, imaginative, and who liked the idea of pushing an empty baby-carriage, had volunteered to go for it. All the way she had been dreaming of what was not in the carriage. She had come directly out of a dream of doll twins when she chanced upon the tragedy in the road.

"What have you been doing now, Johnny Trumbull?" said she. She was tremulous, white with horror, but she stood her ground. It was curious, but Johnny Trumbull, with all his bravery, was always cowed before Lily. Once she had turned and stared at him when he had emerged triumphant but with bleeding nose from a fight, then she had sniffed delicately and gone her way. It had only taken a second, but in that second the victor had met moral defeat.



He looked now at her pale, really scared face, and his own was as pale. He stood and kicked the dust until the swirling column of it reached his head.

"That's right," said Lily; "stand and kick up dust all over me. *What* have you been doing?"

Johnny was trembling so he could hardly stand. He stopped kicking dust.

"Have you killed your aunt?" demanded Lily. It was monstrous, but she had a very dramatic imagination, and there was a faint hint of enjoyment in her tragic voice.

"Guess she's just choked by dust," volunteered Johnny, hoarsely. He kicked the dust again.

"That's right," said Lily. "If she's choked to death by dust, stand there and choke her some more. You are a murderer, Johnny Trumbull, and my mamma will never allow me to speak to you again, and Madame will not allow you to come to school. *And* — I see your papa driving up the street, and there is the chief policeman's buggy just behind." Lily acquiesced entirely in the extraordinary coincidence of the father and the chief of police appearing upon the scene. The unlikely seemed to her the likely. "*Now*," said she, cheerfully, "you will be put in state prison and locked up, and then you will be put to death by a very strong telephone."

Johnny's father was leaning out of his buggy looking back at the chief of police in his, and the mare was jogging very slowly in a perfect reek of dust. Lily, who was, in spite of her terrific imagination, human and a girl, rose suddenly to

heights of pity and succor. "They shall never take you, Johnny Trumbull," said she. "I will save you."

Johnny by this time was utterly forgetful of his high status as champion



SUDDENLY HE FOUND HIMSELF BEING IGNOMINIOUSLY SPANKED

(behind her back) of Madame's very select school for select children of a somewhat select village. He was forgetful of the fact that a champion never cries. He cried, he blubbered; tears rolled over his dusty cheeks, making furrows like plowshares of grief. He feared lest he might have killed his aunt Janet. Women, and not very young women, might presumably be unable to survive such rough usage as very tough and at





"WELL, YOU DIDN'T KILL HER THIS TIME," SAID LILY

the same time very limber little boys, and he loved his poor aunt Janet. He grieved because of his aunt, his parents, his uncle, and, rather more particularly, because of himself. He was quite sure that the policeman was coming for him. Logic had no place in his frenzied conclusions. He did not consider how the tragedy had taken place entirely out of sight of a house, that Lily Jennings was the only person who had any knowledge of it. He looked at the masterful, fair-haired little girl like a baby. "How?" sniffed he.

For answer, Lily pointed to the empty baby-carriage. "Get right in," she ordered.

Even in this dire extremity Johnny hesitated. "Can't."

"Yes, you can. It is extra large. Aunt Laura's baby was a twin when he first came, now he's just an ordinary baby, but his carriage is big enough for two. There's plenty of room. Besides, you're a very small boy, very small of your age, even if you do knock all the other boys down and have murdered your aunt. Get in. In a minute they will see you."

There was in reality no time to lose.

Johnny did get in. In spite of the provisions for twins, there was none too much room.

Lily covered him up with the fluffy pink and lace things, and scowled. "You hump up awfully," she muttered. Then she reached beneath him and snatched out the pillow on which he lay, the baby's little bed. She gave it a swift toss over the fringe of wayside bushes into a field. "Aunt Laura's nice embroidered pillow," said she. "Make yourself just as flat as you can, Johnny Trumbull."

Johnny obeyed, but he was obliged to double himself up like a jack-knife. However, there was no sign of him visible when the two buggies drew up. There stood a pale and frightened little girl, with a baby-carriage canopied with rose and lace, and heaped up with rosy and lacy coverlets, presumably sheltering a sleeping infant. Lily was a very keen little girl. She had sense enough not to run. The two men, at the sight of Aunt Janet prostrate in the road, leaped out of their buggies. The doctor's horse stood still, the policeman's trotted away, to Lily's great relief. She even could not imagine Johnny's own father haling him away to state prison and the stern



Arm of Justice. She stood the fire of bewildered questions in the best and safest fashion. She wept bitterly, and her tears were not assumed. Poor little Lily was all of a sudden crushed under the weight of facts. There was Aunt Janet, she had no doubt, killed by her own nephew, and she was hiding the guilty murderer. She had visions of state prison for herself. She watched fearfully while the two men bent over the prostrate woman, who very soon began to sputter and gasp and try to sit up.

"What on earth is the matter, Janet?" inquired Doctor Trumbull, who was paler than his sister-in-law. In fact, she was unable to look very pale on account of dust.

"Ow," sputtered Aunt Janet, coughing violently, "get me up out of this dust, John. Ow!"

"What was the matter?"

"Yes, what has happened, madam?" demanded the chief of police, sternly.

"Nothing," replied Aunt Janet, to Lily's and Johnny's amazement. "What do you think has happened? I fell down in all this nasty dust. Ow!"

"What did you eat for luncheon, Janet?" inquired Doctor Trumbull, as he assisted his sister-in-law to her feet.

"What I was a fool to eat," replied Janet Trumbull, promptly. "Cucumber salad, and lemon jelly with whipped cream."

"Enough to make anybody have indigestion," said Doctor Trumbull. "You have had one of these attacks before, too, Janet. You remember the time you ate strawberry shortcake and ice-cream?"

Janet nodded meekly. Then she coughed again. "Ow, this dust!" gasped she. "For goodness' sake, John, get me home where I can get some water and take off these dusty clothes or I shall choke to death."

"How does your stomach feel?" inquired Doctor Trumbull.

"Stomach is all right now, but I am just choking to death with the dust." Janet turned sharply toward the policeman. "You have sense enough to keep still, I hope," said she. "I don't want the whole town ringing with my being such an idiot as to eat cucumbers and cream together, and being found this way." Janet looked like an animated

creation of dust as she faced the chief of police.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, bowing and scraping one foot, and raising more dust.

He and Doctor Trumbull assisted Aunt Janet into the buggy, and they drove off. Then the chief of police discovered that his own horse had gone. "Did you see which way they went, sis?" he inquired of Lily, and she pointed down the road, and sobbed as she did so.

The policeman said something bad under his breath, then advised Lily to run home to her ma, and started down the road.

When he was out of sight, Lily drew back the pink-and-white things from Johnny's face. "Well, you didn't kill her this time," said she.

"Why do you s'pose she didn't tell all about it?" said Johnny, gaping at her.

"How do I know? I suppose she was ashamed to tell how she had been fighting, maybe."

"No, that was not why," said Johnny, in a deep voice.

"Why was it, then?"

"*She knew.*"

Johnny began to climb out of the baby-carriage.

"What will she do next, then?" asked Lily.

"I don't know," Johnny replied, gloomily.

He was out of the carriage then, and Lily was readjusting the pillows and things. "Get that nice embroidered pillow I threw over the bushes," she ordered, crossly. Johnny obeyed. When she had finished putting the baby-carriage to rights she turned upon poor little Johnny Trumbull, and her face wore the expression of a queen of tragedy. "Well," said Lily Jennings, "I suppose I shall have to marry you when I am grown up, after all this."

Johnny gasped. He thought Lily the most beautiful girl he knew, but to be confronted with murder and marriage within a few minutes was almost too much. He flushed a burning red. He laughed foolishly. He said nothing.

"It will be very hard on me," stated Lily, "to marry a boy who tried to murder his nice aunt."

Johnny revived a bit under this feminine disdain. "I didn't try to murder her," he said, in a weak voice.



"You might have, throwing her down in all that awful dust, a nice, clean lady. Ladies are not like boys. It might kill them very quickly to be knocked down on a dusty road."

"I didn't mean to kill her."

"You might have."

"Well, I didn't, and—she—"

"What?"

"She spanked me."

"Pooh! That doesn't amount to anything," sniffed Lily.

"It does if you are a boy."

"I don't see why."

"Well, I can't help it if you don't. It does."

"Why shouldn't a boy be spanked when he's naughty, just as well as a girl, I would like to know?"

"Because he's a boy."

Lily looked at Johnny Trumbull. The great fact did remain. He had been spanked, he had thrown his own aunt down in the dust. He had taken advantage of her little-girl protection, but he was a boy. Lily did not understand his why at all, but she bowed before it. However, that she would not admit. She made a rapid change of base. "What," said she, "are you going to do next?"

Johnny stared at her. It was a puzzle.

"If," said Lily, distinctly, "you are afraid to go home, if you think your aunt will tell, I will let you get into Aunt Laura's baby-carriage again, and I will wheel you a little way."

Johnny would have liked at that moment to knock Lily down, as he had his aunt Janet. Lily looked at him shrewdly. "Oh yes," said she, "you can knock me down in the dust there if you want to, and spoil my nice clean dress. You will be a boy just the same."

"I will never marry you, anyway," declared Johnny.

"Aren't you afraid I'll tell on you and get you another spanking if you don't?"

"Tell if you want to. I'd enough sight rather be spanked than marry you."

A gleam of respect came into the little girl's wisely regarding blue eyes. She, with the swiftness of her sex, recognized in forlorn little Johnny the making of a man. "Oh, well," said she, loftily, "I never was a telltale, and anyway, we are not grown up, and there

will be my trousseau to get, and a lot of other things to do first. I shall go to Europe before I am married, too, and I might meet a boy much nicer than you on the steamer."

"Meet him if you want to."

Lily looked at Johnny Trumbull with more than respect—with admiration—but she kept guard over her little tongue. "Well, you can leave that for the future," said she, with a grown-up air.

"I ain't going to leave it. It's settled for good and all now," growled Johnny.

To his immense surprise, Lily curved her white embroidered sleeve over her face and began to weep.

"What's the matter now?" asked Johnny, sulkily, after a minute.

"I think you are a real horrid boy," sobbed Lily.

Lily looked like nothing but a very frilly, sweet, white flower. Johnny could not see her face. There was nothing to be seen except that delicate fluff of white, supported on dainty white-socked, white-slippered limbs.

"Say," said Johnny.

"You are real cruel, when I—I saved your—li-fe," wailed Lily.

"Say," said Johnny, "maybe if I don't see any other girl I like better, I will marry you when I am grown up, but I won't if you don't stop that howling."

Lily stopped immediately. She peeped at him, a blue peep from under the flopping, embroidered brim of her hat. "Are you in earnest?" She smiled faintly. Her blue eyes, wet with tears, were lovely; so was her hesitating smile.

"Yes, if you don't act silly," said Johnny. "Now you had better run home, or your mother will wonder where that baby-carriage is."

Lily walked away, smiling over her shoulder, the smile of the happily subjugated. "I won't tell anybody, Johnny," she called back, in her flute-like voice.

"Don't care if you do," returned Johnny, looking at her with chin in the air and shoulders squared, and Lily wondered at his bravery.

But Johnny was not so brave, and he did care. He knew that his best course was an immediate return home, but he did not know what he might have to face. He could not in the least understand why his aunt Janet had not told at once.



He was sure that she knew. Then he thought of a possible reason for her silence; she might have feared his arrest at the hands of the chief of police. Johnny quailed. He knew his aunt Janet to be rather a brave sort of woman. If she had fears, she must have had reason for them. He might even now be arrested. Suppose Lily did tell. He had a theory that girls usually told. He began to speculate concerning the horrors of prison. Of course he would not be executed, since his aunt was obviously very far from being killed, but he might be imprisoned for a long term.

Johnny went home. He did not kick the dust any more. He walked very steadily and staidly. When he came in sight of the old Colonial mansion, with its massive veranda pillars, he felt chilly. However, he went on. He passed around to the south door and entered and smelled shortcake. It would have smelled delicious had he not had so much on his mind. He looked through the hall, and had a glimpse of his uncle Jonathan in the study, writing. At the right of the door was his father's office. The door of that was open, and Johnny saw his father pouring things from bottles. He did not look at Johnny. His mother crossed the hall. She had on a long white apron, which she wore when making her famous cream shortcakes. She saw Johnny, but merely observed, "Go and wash your face and hands, Johnny; it is nearly supper-time."

Johnny went up-stairs. At the upper landing he found his aunt Janet waiting for him. "Come here," she whispered, and Johnny followed her, trembling, into her own room. It was a large room, rather crowded with heavy, old-fashioned furniture. Aunt Janet had freed herself from dust and was arrayed in a purple silk gown. Her hair was looped loosely on either side of her long face. She

was a handsome woman, after a certain type.

"Stand here, Johnny," said she. She had closed the door, and Johnny was stationed before her. She did not seem in the least injured nor the worse for her experience. On the contrary, there was a bright-red flush on her cheeks, and her eyes shone as Johnny had never seen them. She looked eagerly at Johnny.

"Why did you do that?" she said, but there was no anger in her voice.

"I forgot," began Johnny.

"Forgot what?" Her voice was strained with eagerness.

"That you were not another boy," said Johnny.

"Tell me," said Aunt Janet. "No, you need not tell me, because if you did it might be my duty to inform your



JOHNNY SAW HIS FATHER POURING THINGS FROM BOTTLES





"THANK GOODNESS, AT LAST THERE IS GOING TO BE A FIGHTER IN THE TRUMBULL FAMILY"

parents. I know there is no need of your telling. You *must* be in the habit of fighting with the other boys."

"Except the little ones," admitted Johnny.

To Johnny's wild astonishment, Aunt Janet seized him by the shoulders and looked him in the eyes with a look of adoration and immense approval. "Thank goodness," said she, "at last there is going to be a fighter in the Trumbull family. Your uncle would never fight, and your father would not. Your grandfather would. Your uncle and your father are good men, though; you must try to be like them, Johnny."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Johnny, bewildered.

"I think they would be called better men than your grandfather and my father," said Aunt Janet.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I think it is time for you to have your grandfather's watch," said Aunt

Janet. "I think you are man enough now to take care of it." Aunt Janet had all the time been holding a black leather case. Now she opened it, and Johnny saw the great gold watch which he had seen many times before and had always understood was to be his some day, when he was a man. "Here," said Aunt Janet. "Take good care of it. You must try to be as good as your uncle and father, but you must remember one thing—you will wear a watch which belonged to a man who never allowed other men to crowd him out of the way he elected to go."

"Yes, ma'am," said Johnny. He took the watch.

"What do you say?" inquired his aunt, sharply.

"Thank you."

"That's right. I thought you had forgotten your manners. Your grandfather never did."

"I am sorry, Aunt Janet," muttered Johnny, "that I—"

"You need never say anything about that," his aunt returned, quickly. "I did not see who you were at first. You are too old to be spanked by a woman, but you ought to be whipped by a man, and I wish your grandfather were alive to do it."

"Yes, ma'am," said Johnny. He looked at her bravely. "He could if he wanted to," said he.

Aunt Janet smiled at him proudly. "Of course," said she, "a boy like you never gets the worst of it fighting with other boys."

"No, ma'am," said Johnny.

Aunt Janet smiled again. "Now run and wash your face and hands," said she; "you must not keep supper waiting. Your mother has a paper to write for her club, and I have promised to help her."

"Yes, ma'am," said Johnny. He walked out, carrying the great gold time-piece, bewildered, embarrassed, modest beneath his honors, but little cock of the walk, whether he would or no, for reasons entirely and forever beyond his ken.





"THE FUR JACKET," BY JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER

*Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting*

Recently acquired by the Worcester Art Museum



# In the Haunts of Jean Lafitte

BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

BY the light of a half-moon we left the sleeping village. It was close to three o'clock in the morning when the little boat swung away from the landing on her voyage south.

Far astern—a day's journey and more by waterway through the great swamp—lay the city of New Orleans. Beyond, through ninety miles and more of lakes and bayous, lay a number of small islands, at one time the home of freebooters known as "The Pirates of the Gulf." That life has passed. But perhaps upon those low stretches of marshland there might exist even now the remnants of the once swaggering "Brethren of the Coast."

All that had happened the day before was by way of introduction. We were now entering the real haunts of the pirates. Bayou and bayou; small lakes fringed with cypress and palmetto; great gaunt arms covered with moss; myriads of water fowl; a crawling life that moved unseen among the knees and roots of the trees; through such a panorama we passed, mile after mile of bewildering waterway.

The moonlight faded. After a while the eastern sky grew light with the early morning. And as the day broke the bayou became full of the uncanny mystery that seems to dwell within the deep recesses of a great swamp. Frequently small bayous, some completely covered with the water hyacinth, led one in fancy far into the swamp and spoke of hidden treasure and the like. Now and then there was a glimpse of the deep swamp itself that extended for miles and miles beyond—an almost impenetrable morass of dismal quiet.

The slowly moving panorama unfolded with an ever-changing interest. Here the entire reach of bayou was carpeted with the water hyacinth. The interwoven roots of the floating lily almost stopped the small power-boat as it cut a

way through the green, leaving a ragged, open trail of amber-colored foam. Now there were signs of life. A small water craft had left a thin line of open water. The leaves of the hyacinth were still wet. The trail led on ahead and disappeared beyond the turn of the bayou. We followed. Suddenly we rounded the point, and there, almost hidden by the hanging moss, was a shelter for some nomad of the swamp, a hut, palmetto-thatched and raised high above the water on great posts of cypress. A dugout rested against the roughly fashioned steps. The still wet blade of a paddle glistened in the light. Traps hung from a railing of a small platform that served as a porch. And through a square hole that answered for a window came an impression of swarthy skin, straight, black hair, a spot of red, a few beads—then a twist of the bayou and it was gone. But it was life and gave promise of something more beyond.

After a time the character of the country changed. The cypress swamp receded—it no longer bordered the highway. Tall marsh-grass grew upon the shallows. A sun, lurid and hot, arose. Tiny threads of water separated the level stretch of low country into myriads of islands. Two or three trappers' huts broke the line of marsh. There was no other sign of human life.

So we passed, always south, on the waterway where floated once the schooners and polaccas of the pirates.

Presently we left the narrow bayou, and passed into a large bay dotted with many islands. Crossing a portion of this bay, we drew close to a number of them that seemed huddled together. They were low and flat, covered with a rank growth of the pampas grass. Upon one of these islands there seemed indications of life. A collection of blotches—gray, white, and of color—rose against the horizon. It was like the lay-in of the painter. From our point of observation





*Painting by Frank E. Schoonover*

A HAMMOCK SWUNG UNDER THE PORCH OF JEAN LAFITTE







these bits of color gradually resolved themselves into huts and houses and boats. And as we drew nearer there spread before our eyes a great fleet of sailing-boats with red sails drying in the sun; dugouts, painted green and red, were tied to a long wharf that ran back to a huge platform upon which seemed to be spread something red. Facing this platform and extending back along a narrow bayou were twenty or more houses, all raised high above the water upon posts of cypress. We drew still nearer. The one bayou that penetrated the island divided into many smaller ones. Each house seemed to have its private waterway. Long ladders led from the porches to the water craft moored below. It was for all the world like a miniature Venice.

The boat touched the landing and we stepped out upon a wharf that held a motley collection of staring, curious, half-clad human beings.

We were face to face with as strange a lot of people as one might wish to see. Here surely was one of the haunts of Jean Lafitte. Before us, perhaps, were some of the descendants of the pirates themselves. For place upon this drift that has floated here from the four quarters of the earth a few silk rags and a gun or two, and you would have as fine a lot of pirates as ever graced a story or a picture. There were French Creoles, Mexicans, Spaniards, half-tamed men of the Manila Islands, dark-skinned Indians from British Columbia, and others of an uncertain extraction.

Among them there seemed to be some who were not of the peace-loving sort. So it behooved us to secure the friendly interests of the one who held this hand in check. He was a man such as you might picture a leader of so strange a following. Large and of a powerful build, he had on a loose blouse such as the French peasants wear. His small, bead-like eyes were shaded by the broad rim of a black felt hat. The nose was large, the mouth drooped a little at the corners, and the lower lip protruded just enough to give the face the stamp of determination.

With him we felt quite safe. So we walked along the wharf, passed into the

shade of an open shed, and sat down. Why, amidst all this great desolation, was this island the harbor for boats and the resting-place for human beings? They were not all seeking treasure, even if it was buried hereabouts. We looked about us. Far out across the bay were other sail-boats, and the men in them, so our friend told us, were gathering their living from the water. We learned that there are other islands, like this, inhabited. And they are all concerned in the same industry—catching shrimp. Each island is a sort of factory where the catch is brought and prepared for the world outside. And the factory is a simple affair. It consists of two huge iron caldrons in which the shrimp are boiled, and an immense platform a hundred to two hundred feet square upon which they are dried. These platforms dominate the entire island—everything centers about them. From their huge size the island and the others near by obtain their names, for they are known as “platforms.” Sometimes the name of the owner is attached; again, the name of the bayou and perhaps a word in addition is pictured upon a board in rough lettering that gives one an inkling of the island’s earlier life. Such is the case with this one, which is known as “Manila Village”; about the platform in front of us were many of the dark-skinned Filipinos.

The factory of Manila Village was very busy. The men who, a few minutes before, had gathered to watch the strangers come into their little world were now at work raking and turning over great quantities of small red things. These men, with their polyglot chatter of tongues, were the fishermen, and spread upon this broad, smooth surface was their catch—hundreds of baskets of shrimp drying in the hot sun.

The drying is only one stage of the industry. When the shrimp are brought to the platform, they are placed in the big iron caldrons and boiled in salt water. Then they are spread upon the platforms to dry beneath four days of the hot sun. On each of these four days the men go about and rake them over so that no part of the shrimp is overlooked in the drying. The platforms are built with slight inclines. If rain comes unexpectedly the partly dried shrimp, cov-



ered with tarpaulin, are pushed to the high portion of the platform. If this was not done the fresh water would wash the salt from the drying shrimp and the catch of a week would be lost.

Once the shrimp upon the huge platform are dry, in a moment you may see the method of preparing the tiny lobster-like creatures for the final packing—it is novel, picturesque, and extremely interesting.

The platform is cleared of the workers, who go to long sheds, each man bringing out an affair that might be styled a pusher, a piece of smooth board some three feet long to which is attached a braced handle. Now they gather about the big red square, separate into groups, and push the dried shrimp into small circular patches. The pushers are laid aside, the groups form into line of single file, and the dance commences. Round and round upon the poor shrimp they dance. To the chant of a Mexican Indian, they crunch and grind the claws and armor from the shell-fish. They stop. It is enough. Large sieves are brought and the masses of shells and dried meat are thrown against these. A man pushes them up and down with the back of a rake. Soon there gathers at the bottom of the sieve a pile of broken shells and claws and a pile of dried shrimp meat. You go over and pick up a handful of this. Look closely and you find a dozen or more dried shrimps all perfectly cleaned and about half as long as your finger.

The scene changes and the final play is beneath the shelter of a roof. The mass of dried meat is carried to the shed and put into barrels. Some of the men, with bags tied about their feet, get into these barrels and walk about, packing the shrimp hard and tight. You are thankful the packing is done within the shade of the building, for the day burns hot and the platform reflects the heat of the tropical sun. The platform is swept clean. From the big iron caldrons another catch of shrimp is brought and spread upon the smooth boards. And the work of the day is done.

It was now late afternoon. The men had gone, some to their bunk-houses and others to their homes—for in this

great sweep of marsh country that bears upon its bosom here and there a bit of humanity there live women and mothers and their children. We could not see their homes from where we were seated; their dwellings do not face the big open platform that serves as the village square. But as we passed through the narrow way that separates two of the many storehouses bordering the platform, spread out before us was a wonderful and amazing decoration of thin silvery lines that seemed to rest upon the tops of the brown grass. These lines are narrow plank-built highways raised high above the treacherous marsh below. They cross and recross. Like the veins of a leaf, they lead from the platform to the homes—to the small boat-landings along the island bayou, and to the buildings far in the distance. We walked out on what seemed to be one of the much-used highways. It was two planks wide, and at places of uncertain footing a rope was stretched as a guide. We left the walk where a high pole topped with a bird-house marked a branching of the path, and went out over a cove that is a part of the big bay. The walk wavered about over the water. Boats, small and large, were moored to the long poles. Sometimes a fisherman passed, and we leaned far out to make room for him. Where a single plank-way led to a house near by we stopped and looked about. Farther along, the walk made a sweep into the bay, then turned abruptly to the shore and served as a foot-path for five homes that dotted the island to the far end. Beyond the last house was a bit of grass-covered marsh, and beyond across the water a thin strip of brown with some buildings hudd'ed at one end. It was another platform village. The one or two white houses caught the crimson of the setting sun and added a note of color to the landscape.

A young girl left the house and came along the single-plank path that led to where we were standing. Long, straight, black hair waved across her olive-brown face; the cheek-bones were high and wide, the eyes large and black, and there was a touch of deep color in her full lips. She carried a baby in her arms. She passed with-



out a word and without looking at us. The sandaled feet found the trail with the sureness of an Indian, and she went along the way toward the platform without a sound. All about us proceeded the play of stealth, of quiet, of bead-like eyes; now a head, now a bit of color; a strange, uncanny, weird life enacted upon a stage of stilts.

We lingered a bit to watch this ever-changing life, then retraced our steps. The walk that trails about the houses near the platform was now peopled by the fishermen who do not have homes of their own, but who live in bunk-houses. All about they sat—on rude benches—on the plank walks with feet dangling in the marsh-grass; and with tin plate and cup they eat the rice and oysters and drink the black coffee. There is a suggestion of the day of better things in the food of these uncouth harvesters of the sea. It is not in the manner of eating, but in the food itself. The coffee is made in a kind of percolator, and the rice is flavored with the bay leaf. We threaded our way past the men, and crossed the platform to that touching the bay. The cool of the evening was creeping over the swamp. From the deep marsh came the songs of the night. And over the turbulent community settled a spirit of quiet and rest.

Far out on the bay that is called Baratania shone a single light. It belongs to another fishing island. Still farther to the south, perhaps but a mile, lies a long and narrow island known as Grand Terre or Baratania that one time was the home of the pirate Jean Lafitte and his band.

Let us turn back to those days of romance. On just such a night as this about the year 1809 a long, low pinnace moves abreast the island. There follows in tow a long, rakish schooner called *The Pride*, with a four-pounder mounted on her forward deck. There is no sound save the low count of the tillerman and the answering swish and creak of the twelve long sweeps. There are no lights save those that shine from the after-cabin. The vessel moves slowly by. The light shines from the open companionway, creeps along the boom of the mainsail, and brings into relief a golden ear-ring.

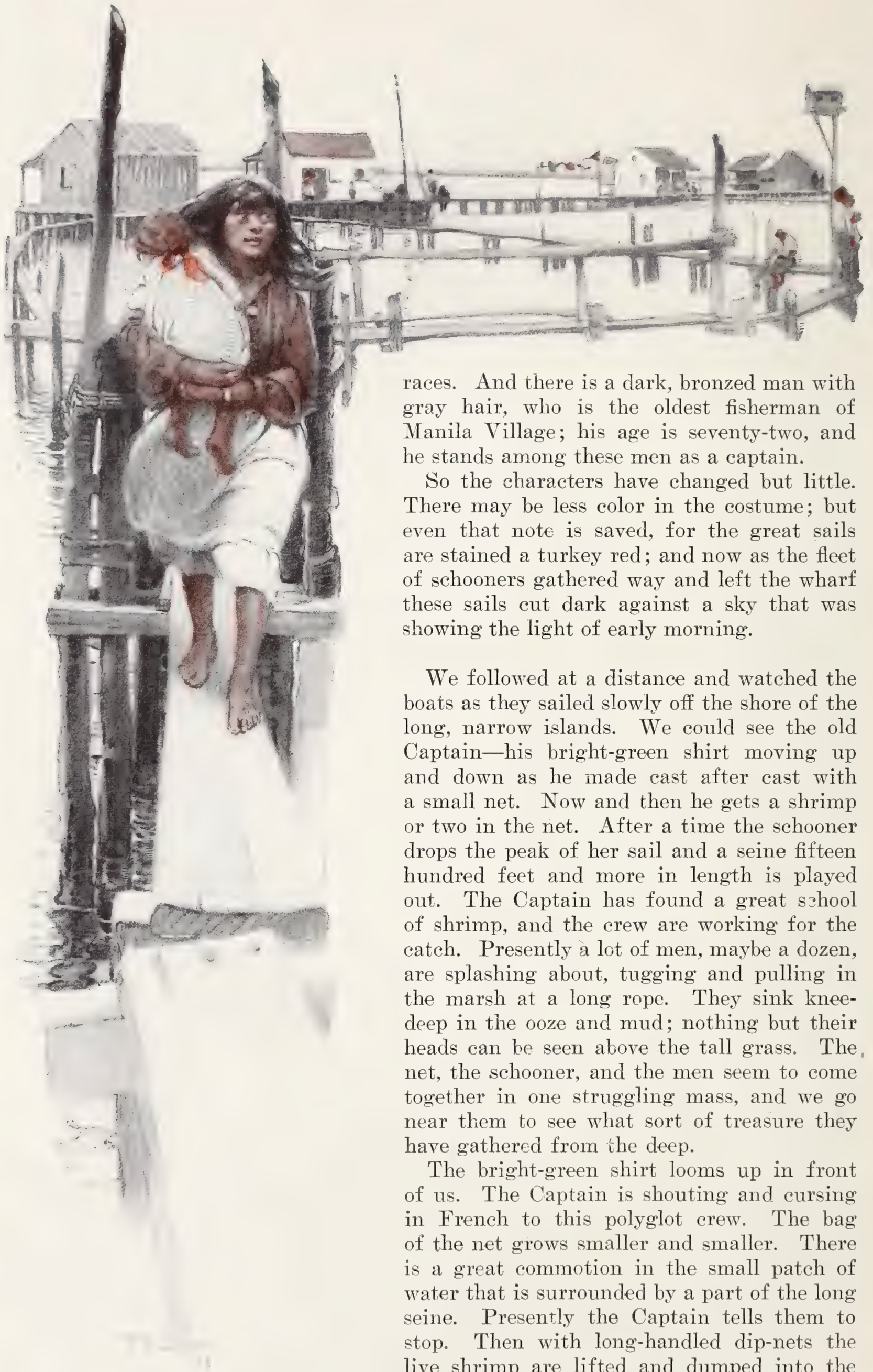
There is a fragment of a picture in the cabin and a table covered with a cloth of richly embroidered silk of deep orange—on this piles of yellow gold. Seated at the table are two men. One is a well-formed, handsome man, with black hair, hazel eyes, and pointed mustache. He toys with a cigarette and watches a thick-set man with a round, red face, who is busy with pen and paper.

The schooner passes across the neck of the bay and into the winding bayou. A low laugh and the sound of clinking glasses come from across the water. The twinkling light from the cabin is lost and found. Finally it is blotted out. The pinnace and its treasure-laden tow have entered the cypress-bordered waterway that leads to a great city.

A soft wind blowing out of the south called us back to the realities of the present. Tiny waves lapped gently against the many fishing-boats. The masts moved back and forth against a sky that showed the first faint breaking of the dawn. It was early morning, and signs of life showed in the village. Little dots of light shone from out the dark, leaving long, wavering reflections in the water. From across the marsh and bayou groups of figures made their way along the walks. They gathered at the wharf and went to work immediately, freeing the schooners and working them to the end of the long landing-place. We watched them as they moved about. If we had not walked among them but a day before, there might have been some just feelings of fear, some doubts as to what manner of men these fishermen were. It is known of a certainty that Jean Lafitte and his band of pirates sailed the bay and waded this marsh a hundred years ago. But we scarce hoped to see a life so similar to theirs.

By the light from many lanterns we regarded the men, as one by one the mainsails were hoisted and the boats slipped quietly away from the island. There is no Jean Lafitte among them telling them whither to go. There are no cross-belts, no glint of pistols, no flash of color in the sash, no petticoat breeches; no, none of that. But there are men—black, red, and white—who speak tongues of many





racés. And there is a dark, bronzed man with gray hair, who is the oldest fisherman of Manila Village; his age is seventy-two, and he stands among these men as a captain.

So the characters have changed but little. There may be less color in the costume; but even that note is saved, for the great sails are stained a turkey red; and now as the fleet of schooners gathered way and left the wharf these sails cut dark against a sky that was showing the light of early morning.

We followed at a distance and watched the boats as they sailed slowly off the shore of the long, narrow islands. We could see the old Captain—his bright-green shirt moving up and down as he made cast after cast with a small net. Now and then he gets a shrimp or two in the net. After a time the schooner drops the peak of her sail and a seine fifteen hundred feet and more in length is played out. The Captain has found a great school of shrimp, and the crew are working for the catch. Presently a lot of men, maybe a dozen, are splashing about, tugging and pulling in the marsh at a long rope. They sink knee-deep in the ooze and mud; nothing but their heads can be seen above the tall grass. The net, the schooner, and the men seem to come together in one struggling mass, and we go near them to see what sort of treasure they have gathered from the deep.

The bright-green shirt looms up in front of us. The Captain is shouting and cursing in French to this polyglot crew. The bag of the net grows smaller and smaller. There is a great commotion in the small patch of water that is surrounded by a part of the long seine. Presently the Captain tells them to stop. Then with long-handled dip-nets the live shrimp are lifted and dumped into the schooner. The Captain and his crew are





fortunate, for with the last dip of the hand-net the catch is estimated to be a hundred baskets. The Captain takes some papers and tobacco from the pocket of his green shirt and rolls a cigarette. The crew hoist the sail, and as the boat moves slowly away for the distant platform the first rays of the rising sun catch the peak and turn the color to crimson.

Such is the manner in which these men take their harvest from the sea. Their long net passes over they know not what. For hereabouts much treasure of the pirates was buried.

About us now were many boats—schooners, luggers, and yawls. They are from the other platforms, and are sailing slowly back and forth in search of shrimp. Perhaps they will work all day without wetting their long seine, for the schools are not always found with ease. From among these boats one passed close by. The crew crowded to the edge to look at us. Some leaned on their long, thin arms. Others looked over the backs of those in front. The skin of these men is yellow and their hair is braided and wound about the head.

By and by we came to another platform, in appearance very much like the first, but the people who live here are all Chinamen. The village is called “Bassa Bassa,” meaning very low and very flat. On the platform the men in their wide, flopping trousers and loose shirts moved about like cats. The yellow, lean, long-haired men of the Orient keep to themselves. Upon three of the islands they dry their catch, and no man save the Chinese owner knows aught of their doings.

We had now passed the last of the fishing villages. In the great bay of Baratania, among no one knows how many islands, there are seven such communities, with their motley collection of human beings. Fugitives from justice, murderers—the scum and drift of the world, yellow and black and white. Some with their women,



THE EVENING MEAL





THE BELLE OF A FISHING VILLAGE

some with their wives, others with a lust for they know not what—a lust that is kept within the smouldering by the iron rule of the island government.

Such is the life that exists nowadays upon the islands that lie within the sheltered waters of the great Barataria. A long, thin strip of land cuts across the lower part of the bay and protects it from the storms that sweep the Gulf of Mexico. A natural pass some two thousand feet wide divides it into two islands known as Barataria and Grand Isle.

From the last of the fishing villages we could see the outlines of the islands and the small break that mark-

ed the pass. As we drew nearer there spread out upon either side of the pass long, level stretches of sand. To the west was the long strip called Barataria. A few live-oaks marked the one slight elevation of some five feet above sea-level. The island was quiet and peaceful. A few cows grazed upon the sparse vegetation, and at the end near the pass stood a lighthouse with its lonely occupant.

One time, however, this island was rife with its conglomerate mass of human cut-throats. Here were gathered, about a hundred years ago, French and English, mulattoes of Santo Domingo and the West Indies, Indians of Mexico and Cuba—all blended into a life lawless and daring. Privateers they styled themselves; sea-rovers, robbers, and pirates they were, a wolfish swarm that gathered the loot of gold and cloth and women within the wall of their town. They paid tribute at a house that was built of brick—where a hammock swung under the pillared porch and where the walls within were hung with the silk from Spanish merchantmen. The robbers held their hats in hand when they stood before that house, for there lived Jean Lafitte.

Beyond, in a street of crowded, filthy houses made of wattled twigs and palmetto leaves, lived the scum and off-scourings that composed his band. A thousand strong, they rested content within the protection of the fort. The broad waters of the Gulf lay in front



SHRIMP DRYING ON A PLATFORM





CRUSHING THE SHELLS FROM THE DRIED SHRIMP

of them. It was their hunting-ground, and from it they brought their catch of silks and gold and their pounds of flesh to the den at Barataria; there to be divided among the hungry lot in apportionment as Jean Lafitte and his lieutenants willed.

And as they snarled and fought for the treasure of the dead there floated in the quiet of the bay their fleet of brigantines and schooners, even as to-day float the boats of the peaceful fishermen. But that time there fluttered from the mast-head of each vessel a flag of the new government of Cartagena, for Cartagena was then struggling for independence, and Lafitte found it very easy, in directing the gentle business of the privateer, to stretch his commission of cruising against the Spanish Royalists into one of entering and blockading the Spanish ports of Mexico and the West Indian seas.

So the treasure poured into Lafitte's stronghold. At one time there were pieces of gold and goods within the fort on Barataria to the value of five hundred thousand dollars. But the loot was

not long resting on the island. Schooners wound their way through bay and bayou to New Orleans. There Lafitte's brothers, Pierre and Antoine, in brazen effrontery to the law, sold the goods in open market, and the gentlemen of the great city were not above purchasing what suited their fancy. It was not always convenient for Jean Lafitte to dispose of the precious loot. So within the bay—upon some of the islands now inhabited by the fishermen—storehouses were built. In them, shelf upon shelf, the cloth and silk of the Far East were stored. But the gold was hidden with great secrecy, and, moreover, amid surroundings that were truly picturesque. Within the deep recesses of the cypress swamp, and in the bayous but a few hundred feet from the fort, the gold was secreted safely in iron chests. The pirates worked within the shelter of the tall pampas-grass. And beyond, near the open, there was always on guard one of the keen-eyed robbers who sat in his green pirogue and watched the Gulf.

Undoubtedly the treasure was very



well buried, for even to this day but little of it has been recovered.

Upon occasion, however, the pirate chief was in sore need of ready money, and it is told that in the dark of a November night about the year 1811 Jean

to his schooner and there informed them that as the commander of a Cartagenan man-of-war, he had been instructed to seek them out and administer punishment for their acts of piracy. And, moreover, and what made the matter still worse, they—the governor, his secretary, and the holy Father Confessor—were in league with one Gibbs—a most notorious American pirate. And as a matter of just and reasonable punishment for their crimes, he, Lafitte, had prepared three nooses that hung from the yard-arms; and he was quite ready to set the governor, the secretary, and the holy Father Confessor swinging unless a sum of fifty thousand dollars should be forthcoming immediately. The governor and his companions denied by every saint in the calendar all knowledge of “el infame Don Gibbs” and the acts of piracy charged against them. But Lafitte insisted upon fifty thousand dollars as a ransom, or the decoration of the yard-arm, at which the holy Father Confessor begged the governor to save their lives for the future betterment of the town. So the secretary was sent on shore, and the governor and the holy Father were entertained on board the schooner. After a time the secretary returned with the amount in gold. Lafitte thanked them for not detaining him longer, and with presents of fine wines set them upon shore again.

In such a gentle manner,

without a flash in the pan or the soiling of a cutlass, did Jean Lafitte gather his thousands, later to be used in wondrous hospitality in a great city.

But the very freedom that Lafitte used in gathering his wealth, his terrible looting of the Gulf merchantmen, and the utter demoralization caused thereby to the commercial interests of New



A BIT OF HOME LIFE

Lafitte with one schooner sailed from Baratavia and later anchored with great care within a port of the West Indies. Loading a long, low pinnace with an armed crew, he landed and in a short while returned with his prisoners, the governor of the town, his secretary, and the holy Father Confessor. With great show he conveyed the precious trio



Orleans — this very freedom was his undoing, for Governor Claiborne, of Louisiana, in March, 1813, ordered the freebooters of Barataria to disperse. This proclamation was hailed with outrageous joy by the pirates, and when the governor offered five thousand dollars for the handsome head of Lafitte, the rover responded by placing fifty thousand dollars upon the head of his Excellency. The establishment was but little disturbed by the price of blood placed upon their chief. For more than a year the loot from the Spanish merchantmen poured into the strong-boxes at Barataria. The peaceful life of the freebooters continued unmolested save by a threat now and then or an abortive expedition. But in the month of November of the year 1814, while Jean Lafitte was in New Orleans, the fort, the red-brick house, and the hovels were destroyed. All this was done by Commodore Patterson of the United States navy, with his fleet of gunboats and an armed schooner. The pirates made a fine showing with their seven schooners and a felucca. They established a line of battle—and then for some reason they deserted their vessels without firing a



BRINGING IN THE CATCH

shot, and in small boats hid among the islands and bayous of the swamp.

The pirate's home was brushed from the island. The salt marsh crept over the private canals and along the sandy reaches—peace and quiet again brooded over the narrow strip of land. And there remained naught but the uncertain accounts of historians and the vivid and doubtless true stories of the one or two descendants that ring with proof of the one time life of the freebooters.

So we left the island of Barataria, crossed the pass, and made for the strip of land that is called Grand Isle. This island is part of the natural gulf wall and bears the brunt of the storms that sweep the Mexican waters. The present



A FISHING VILLAGE



desolation that has stamped itself upon Baratania is not apparent here. Some live-oaks give shade for the cattle that roam about, and as we walked along what seemed to be a road we saw a few dwellings and bits of ground from which the cucumbers had started to grow.

A few people live upon this sandy stretch of land, and for the most part they are a race unto themselves. They have descended from the men of Lafitte's band and from the women they brought as captives from the Southern seas. Perhaps the few who were at work in the earth imagined we were seeking stories of their forebears, for they looked at us with misgivings and withdrew to a safe distance, where they talked among themselves in their French patois.

It was very difficult to engage them in conversation. They were suspicious of the slightest move, so we kept on our way and found after a while one among them who was kindly disposed and was inclined to treat us in a manner of hospitality as best he could. He was a man seventy-six years old, and his name was Prosper Pellant. He was very feeble. He suffered from an incurable disease, but his thin smile was one of open honesty, and he asked us to enter his house. We went into the kitchen. Prosper sat down upon a stool that was in front of a smouldering log fire, and filled a pipe from a curious bag that served as a tobacco-pouch. The bag was quite large and wonderfully embroidered with what seemed to be threads of silver and of gold. It suggested im-

mediately a question of its history, but the owner put it away very quickly. Perhaps he saw us looking at it. After a time the withered face of Prosper seemed to glow with kindly recollections. He arose and conducted us to the other room of the house. It was dark and musty. He unfastened the heavy shut-

ters that were held by hand-wrought clasps and pushed them slowly back. With the light there came the visualization of what almost appeared to be some kind of apparition. Upon the bare, discolored walls hung a single decoration—a large painting. It was a portrait of a young lady, very beautiful and undoubtedly Spanish. We judged from the costume that the portrait had been painted sometime during the latter half of the eighteenth century. The frame was heavy and quite elaborate and had been finished with gold leaf.

Prosper looked at it and with a tender wave of the hand said, "The mother." And then to explain, as if we

might not understand, he added, "Of my wife, M'sieu—the mother of my wife."

Then he closed the heavy shutters, and we went back to the kitchen, and Prosper to his fire. Perhaps after a time he would tell us something of the picture, how it happened to be on the island and in his house. It was long before he spoke again, and when he did it was as though all of us had been thinking of the same thing—the portrait.

"Yes, M'sieur, my wife's mother. Her name was Genevieve, and she came to this island, or perhaps the other (mean-



PROSPER PELLANT

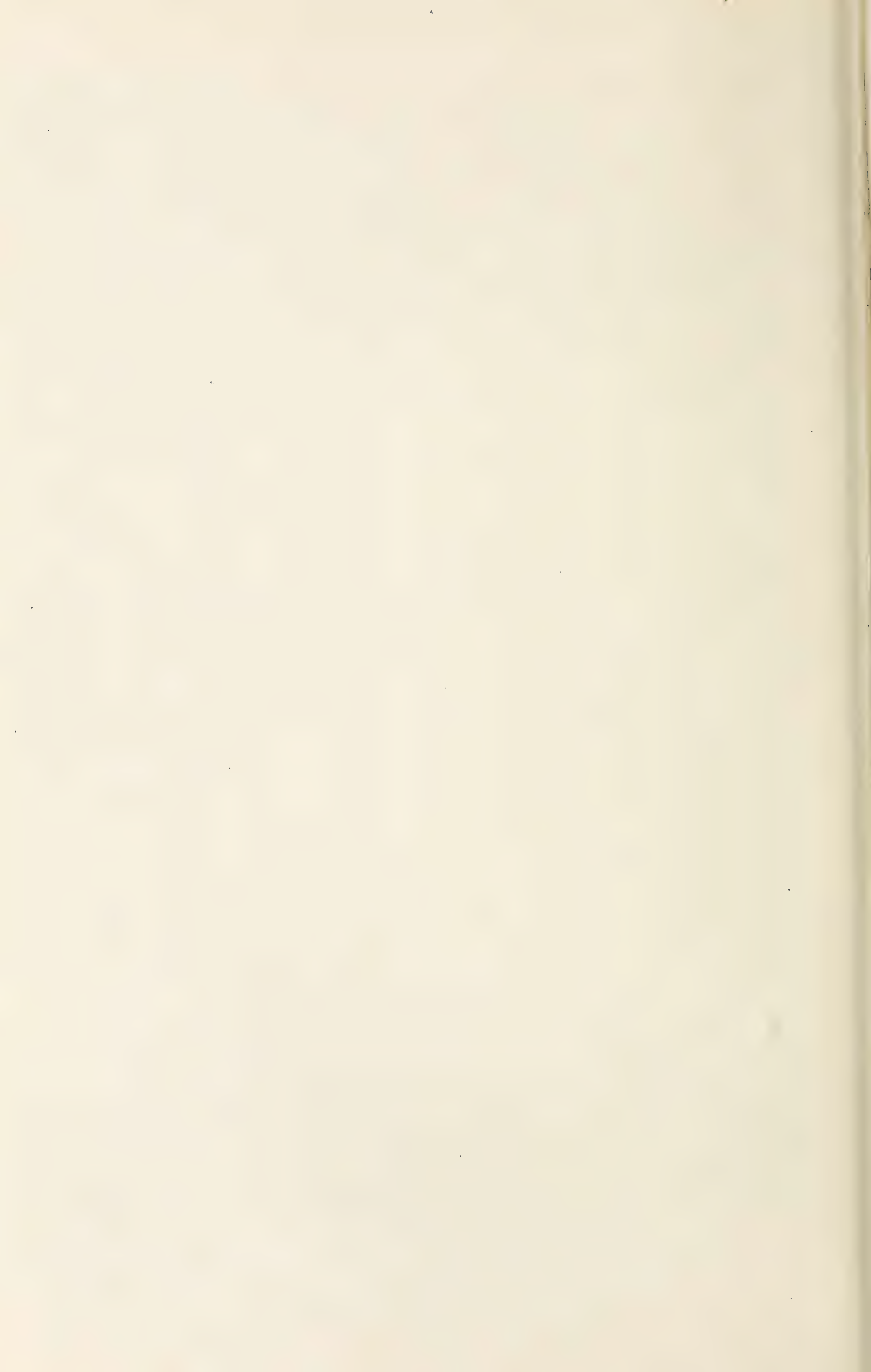




*Painting by Frank F. Schoonover*

LAFITTE ACCEPTS THE RANSOM







ing Barataria), many years ago. She married an Italian, by name Chighizola—he was called also ‘Na Coupai’ because he had no nose and was therefore a very great fighter.”

The old man lapsed again into silence. What he did not tell and what afterward we found out was this: that Genevieve and the portrait had been brought in by the pirates as part of the spoils of an expedition; that Genevieve was a great beauty, and when she was brought ashore at Barataria a great fight followed for her ownership. And in the struggle the man Chighizola lost his nose. At any rate, no matter if the nose was lost at that time or not, the portrait still remains to this day as proof of all that has been said about it.

It had grown dark within the house; Prosper stirred the fire and continued with his detached bits of conversation that pictured with what could be no greater vividness the life of the delta a hundred years ago and more. Jean Lafitte lives in the memory of Prosper, and he told of treasure and of place in a way to make one determine to look for himself among the islands.

“Just below my house, M’sieur, some little ways, on the Bayou Regault, there is a great pile of oyster-shells, and near them a deep hole in the bayou. There is much treasure buried there, for not long ago Rigard, a fisherman who was digging for oysters near the deep part, found an old cannon and brought it ashore. It was of bronze and had some Spanish lettering on it. Some said there was a date, but I do not think so; but you can look for yourself, for the cannon is in Rigard’s yard.

This was proof of a sort, but the absolute and indisputable proof of iron chest and buried gold came when

Prosper, with his black eyes glowing, told of a deep hole in one of the bays where gold to the value of ten thousand dollars had been lowered and lay buried in the muddy bottom many feet below.

“And it’s true,” continued Prosper, in almost a whisper. “Every word is true, for I myself as a boy have been in swimming in that very place; and it is deep, for I know.”

And it was not only of buried treasure, but of other things he told; at no time did he mention the name of Lafitte, but the grouping of the words and his whispered emphasis conveyed sufficient meaning. He told about an aunt that lived with him for a long time.

Said Prosper: “The aunt lived with us for thirty years. She was old, as it goes with us here, when she came. She told us of things she had seen in *those times*. And I remember, what always stuck to me as a boy, how the aunt carried the keys of a storehouse because *she was one of them*, and of how in the storehouse the shelves bent with the weight of jewels and gold trinkets!”

And Prosper might have proved that too, if he had shown again the tobacco-pouch. But he was tired and sick, so we left him beside the fire and passed out and along the bayou that held so much treasure within its windings. The cool of the evening had settled once again upon the marsh. Under the quiet of the night there slept upon the distant islands a parti-colored race that differed scarcely a whit from the life of which the old man had been speaking. The fishermen were the pirates, the piles of shrimp were their piles of gold, the chances of buried treasures were their Spanish merchantmen, and the owner of their village was their Jean Lafitte.





# Night in a Suburb

(NEAR TOOTING COMMON)

BY THOMAS HARDY

WHILE rain, with eve in partnership,  
Descended darkly, drip, drip, drip,  
Beyond the last lone lamp I passed  
Walking slowly, whispering sadly,  
Two linked loiterers, wan, downcast;  
Some heavy thought constrained each face,  
And made them blank to time and place.

The pair seemed lovers, yet absorbed  
In mental scenes no longer orb'd  
By love's young light. Each countenance  
As 't slowly, as 't sadly  
Caught the lamplight's yellow glance.  
Held in suspense a misery  
At things which might, or might not, be.

When I retrod that watery way  
Some hours beyond the death of day,  
Still I found pacing there the twain  
Just as slowly, just as sadly,  
Heedless of the night and rain.  
One could but wonder who they were,  
And what wild woe detained them there.

Though thirty years of blur and blot  
Have flown since I beheld that spot,  
And saw in curious converse there  
Moving slowly, moving sadly,  
That mysterious tragic pair,  
Its olden look may linger on—  
All but the couple; they have gone.

Whither? Who knows, indeed! . . . And yet  
To me, when nights are weird and wet,  
Without those comrades there at tryst  
Creeping slowly, creeping sadly,  
That lone lane does not exist.  
Still they seem brooding on their pain,  
And will, while such a lane remain.



# The Homeliest Child

BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

"I WANT a pretty baby," Mrs. Thornton said, "about two years old—a happy, wholesome, healthy baby—and preferably a baby with golden curls—but, above all, a pretty baby."

Miss Ladd did not say: "You are asking, my dear lady, for exactly what everybody else asks. All babies can't be happy, wholesome, healthy, pretty, and golden-haired." In fact, she did not say any of the things that on these occasions invariably recurred to her. She had had charge of the State's orphans for five years, had learned to suppress her college-bred free-spokenness. Her shrewd eyes only deepened non-committally as she forced back these unvoiced comments.

Perhaps she would not have said them to Mrs. Thornton in any case. Mrs. Thornton was one of those women with whom one does not remonstrate. She had plenty of presence, although she looked so ill and crushed. Miss Ladd thought she had never seen such weight and elegance of mourning. It was as if Mrs. Thornton had retired from the world by building about herself a little black cell of crêpe and broad-tail. A thickly figured black veil clung so close to her face that it might have been glued. Over that hung a more ample, thin, crêpe-edged one. The sallow emaciation of her features was barely visible through them—only the stunned despair of her big, gray eyes came out clear. A string of pearls close to her throat offered the only touch of a relieving white.

"And I'd like to take the baby away before Christmas," Mrs. Thornton went on, in her dead voice. "My house is so big and empty since my husband's death. And there are no children in the family. It will make such a difference at Christmas-time if there's a baby there."

"That can be easily arranged," Miss Ladd reassured her. "If you will come up-stairs—" she suggested. "As it happens," she went on, leading the way

across the hall, "we have plenty of babies at present. The one we call the Prettiest Baby is golden-haired—he just came yesterday. He won't be with us long."

A muted babble of children's voices filled the air as they stepped into the hall. It grew as they ascended the stairs. It doubled its volume as Miss Ladd vigorously threw open the door. To Mrs. Thornton, stepping inside, the long, sunny room seemed filled with babies. Babies lay in cribs kicking ecstatic heels, babies sat on the floor waving ecstatic arms, babies wobbled on uncertain feet making perilous journey from chair to chair. Babies little and babies big, babies fat and babies thin, babies with curly hair, babies with straight hair, babies with no hair at all, babies pretty and babies plain, babies solemn and babies gay, babies black-eyed and brown, babies blue-eyed and gray, they gazed at the visitor in varying degrees of unwinking wonder, and then, with the nonchalance of childhood, went on with their play.

In point of fact, they were not all babies. A half-dozen children, much older, were helping a pair of white-uniformed nurses to keep order. One of these—a little girl of about nine, Mrs. Thornton would have said—turned as they entered the door. She looked straight into Mrs. Thornton's face—looked with a direct, piercing scrutiny that seemed to cut to her very soul. Then inexplicably the child blushed and her eyes dropped. Mrs. Thornton returned the gaze. At first glance the child was only a nondescript little brown thing. Then she turned, and Mrs. Thornton caught the great purple-red birthmark that covered one cheek. She looked away quickly.

"Who is that little girl with the—the disfigurement?" Mrs. Thornton asked, in a low voice.

"Her name is Ellen," Miss Ladd an-



swered. "She's an unfortunate little thing—our homeliest child. She's been with us ever since she was two. It is a State law that children cannot be kept in the Orphanage after they're fourteen. Then if nobody adopts them, they're bound out. Ellen is little for her age, but she'll be fourteen next week. I've tried my best to place her, poor little thing! for she's a good child. But she's terribly handicapped. She understands now, and has tried to reconcile herself to it. She never seems to expect it any longer."

Ellen had, in fact, retreated in docile self-effacement to a corner. She climbed on to a high stool there, settled her scant skirt neatly, folded her hands in her lap, and sat, a little drooped, watching.

Miss Ladd busied herself at her desk, looking up only to answer Mrs. Thornton's questions. Mrs. Thornton asked many. Ignoring the older children, she devoted herself only to the babies. She patted this little head and touched that little hand. With a gentle finger under soft chins, she lifted round little faces and gazed into the lucid depths of innocent eyes. She picked this one up for one instant, only to put it down in favor of another toddling busily past, deserting both later for a third who clutched at her skirt for balance. Circling and interweaving, she came back oftenest to one who played happily alone by himself in his crib. He was undoubtedly the Prettiest Baby. Smiling, cooing, golden-haired, and blue-eyed, he was so fat that when he smiled a line of dimples stretched from cheek to chin; he was so healthy that the skin of his creasy little throat and wrists had the luster of pearl. Mrs. Thornton suddenly scooped him out from his crib and seated herself in a rocking-chair. The Prettiest Baby accommodated himself to this startling change with the philosophy of babyhood. He inserted a thumb into the perforated rosebud that served for a mouth, and ruminated. Mrs. Thornton pressed her lips again and again to the ringleted head. In the pale, repressed, elegant woman some dormant spark of maternity burst into devouring flame.

Suddenly Mrs. Thornton started. That is to say, psychologically she started; physically she did not move. She had

the feeling that she had heard a cry for help. But nobody spoke. It was only that her preoccupied gaze had encountered little Ellen's. Ellen's eyes were neither big nor beautiful, but they had an astonishing eloquence. They were speaking for her now. The effect was as if a single voice, inaudible to all the others, filled the room with its volume.

"Oh, dear, good, kind lady," it called, poignantly. "Take me! There are only a few days more, and then all my chances to be a real little girl with a real mother will be gone forever. I have sat here so many years and watched so many much prettier little girls taken away to happy homes. I have so hoped it would come to me. I have so prayed it would come to me. And you understand better than anybody, I know. Dear, good, kind lady, take *me!*"

A half-hour went by—three-quarters—an hour. Then Mrs. Thornton roused herself. "I shall not make my decision to-day, Miss Ladd," she said. "But I think it will be—" She did not finish, but her hand went to the head of the Prettiest Baby.

Mrs. Thornton spent a tranquil afternoon and evening for the first time in months. She herself marveled at the new look in her eyes when she went to bed that night, and smiled into her mirror to welcome it. She lay awake for a happy half-hour, building air-castles. In imagination the Prettiest Baby lay in the crook of her arm. She slept deeply and unbrokenly for a few hours. Then she awoke with a start. It seemed to her that little Ellen was there in the room. Her eyes, glowing out of the darkness, fixed themselves upon her, begging, entreating, beseeching. Mrs. Thornton did not sleep again.

Ten o'clock found her at the Orphanage. "I've come to see my baby again," she announced.

"The Prettiest Baby never was so cunning as this morning. Ellen looks rather washed out, though," Miss Ladd explained. "She cried herself to sleep last night, and we couldn't seem any of us to stop her. For many reasons I shall be glad when she's gone—I do so hate to see her constantly disappointed. She knows, of course, what a handicap her disfigurement is. We've tried



to tell her that it is not beauty that counts in this world—only character, that beauty is only skin-deep—oh, you know the lies with which the world comforts ugliness.” There was a sudden passion of revolt in Miss Ladd’s voice. Mrs. Thornton nodded with a quick, curt sympathy. “And Ellen really tries to be content. She is a good child. Time after time she’s trotted out for visitors, her heart full of hope, but nobody ever has even considered her. I talked everything all over with her last night, and now she says she’s glad for the Prettiest Baby. She asked me such a strange question—if she were ever married and had children, if they’d have her scar.”

“It’s too bad,” Mrs. Thornton said, mechanically. She tried to forget Ellen in the joy of her reunion with the Prettiest Baby—and succeeded. More beautiful than ever, radiant from sleep, dewy-lipped, dewy-eyed, he submitted with sunny docility to be held and caressed. The pull of his nap still maintained. The moment Mrs. Thornton took him on to her lap, the fat thumb went into the round mouth, he heaved himself against her breast as if he had finished a hard day’s play, and went to sleep again. Mrs. Thornton lost herself in a maternal ecstasy, fell to dreaming.

She came out of it as stirred by another electric shock. Again it was little Ellen. The child had seated herself in a corner. She, too, nursed a baby on her lap, was lulling it to sleep. This time her eyes were not fixed on Mrs. Thornton. They rested on the Prettiest Baby. And they shone with a wistful envy, entirely lacking in rancor.

“Oh, Prettiest Baby,” they seemed to say. “I’m glad for you—I truly am. But, oh, how I wish I were like you!”

The gaze of the Homeliest Child came back to her own little charge. She pressed her disfigured cheek against the warm, rosy, baby face. Her deformity hidden, Mrs. Thornton realized that with her delicate slenderness, the softness of a brown coloring, and a really beautiful line of profile, Ellen might have been a pretty child. The matron arose expectantly as Mrs. Thornton started to leave. “I am ashamed to tell you that

I haven’t made up my mind yet,” Mrs. Thornton said. “But I’m coming in tomorrow again. Of course I feel almost sure it’s going to be the Prettiest Baby, but I do want to be certain.”

“Take all the time you need,” Miss Ladd said, cheerily. “It’s a pretty serious matter. And as long as there’s no immediate demand for babies,” she added, jocosely, “we can give you the refusal even of our bargains.”

Mrs. Thornton smiled faintly. But her face bore a perplexed look as she stepped into her motor. Indeed, her expression grew in perplexity until it became definitely melancholy. All the rest of the day she seemed trying to settle some inner conflict. She read during the evening, but at intervals her gaze, hurdling the print, would leap off into space, would fix there. “I ought to,” she said once, aloud. “I ought to. But I can’t.”

She slept badly. When she arose the next morning she looked jaded. She ordered her motor as usual for ten o’clock. But when it arrived she dismissed it. She spent the long day and the evening alone, thinking. She slept less even than the night before. Whenever she started out of her brief naps it was to mutter: “I can’t! I can’t!” And once, “I will not!”

At ten she was back at the Orphanage. “I’ve made up my mind,” she announced at once to Miss Ladd.

“Yes, of course—the Prettiest Baby,” Miss Ladd said, and she sighed.

“No,” Mrs. Thornton answered. “At first I wanted the Prettiest Baby very much. But I have decided to take little Ellen.”

“*Ellen!*” the matron repeated. “*Ellen!*” And then very joyously, a third time: “*Ellen!* Oh, I am so glad—I *am* so glad. It restores one’s faith somehow to think—When will you take her?” Miss Ladd had almost the air of one hurrying a purchaser for fear she might repent of her bargain.

Mrs. Thornton smiled. “Now,” she said.

Miss Ladd dashed out of the room. She reappeared in an instant, Ellen holding her hand. Miss Ladd herself did not speak. She looked expectantly at Mrs. Thornton.



"Ellen," Mrs. Thornton said, "come here, dear. I've something to tell you."

Ellen came and stood before her—a little, brown, wistful-eyed, droop-shouldered soldier at attention.

"Ellen," Mrs. Thornton went on, "I'm going to take you away from here this morning to my home. You're going to be my little girl, and I'm going to be your mother forever and ever as long as we both live. I know that I'm going to love you with all my heart. Do you think you could love me?"

The Homeliest Child did not speak. For a moment she only stared. Then she put her trembling hand into the one that Mrs. Thornton held out. She melted into Mrs. Thornton's embrace.

"And we're going straight down-town from here and order the things for the Christmas tree," Mrs. Thornton went on. "We're going to buy—" she named the whole catalogue of Christmas wonders.

Presently Miss Ladd despatched Ellen to make ready for her flight into the world. Miss Ladd herself seemed a little upset.

"I shall miss that child," she said. "She was here when I came. And I've had her for five years. She's been a great help to me. I have even considered adopting her myself—but I have two little orphan nieces—" She paused an instant and meditated as if she were considering the advisability of putting the question that seemed to come presently in spite of her. "Mrs. Thornton," she said, "so many people have passed Ellen by because of her disfigurement—rare little creature that she is—I would like to ask you how you came to choose

her—when you seemed so delighted with the Prettiest Baby."

Mrs. Thornton did not answer at once. But she began to unfasten her veil. There was something deliberate in her action; Miss Ladd waited mystified.

Mrs. Thornton threw up the thin outer veil. She busied herself with the thickly figured, close, inner one. Suddenly she pulled it off. Over one cheek burned a big, purple-blue birthmark.

She did not speak. Miss Ladd did not speak. But Miss Ladd's eyes filled slowly with tears.

"You see now why I wanted a pretty baby—it was because I had been so unfortunate myself. I worship beauty—I've always worshipped it. But after I saw Ellen I began to have doubts as to what my duty was. I knew better than anybody else in the world that I could make her happy. I knew I could save her so much—foolish, morbid self-consciousness and wicked, wasteful bitterness. I knew I could teach her to forget. I knew I could make her little life blossom like a rose."

Suddenly outside there was the soft patter of Ellen's return. A knock came. Miss Ladd looked questioningly at her visitor. Mrs. Thornton nodded. "Come in," Miss Ladd called.

Mrs. Thornton turned her face directly toward Ellen.

"Ellen dear," she said, "I want you to realize that your mother is not beautiful."

Ellen's face did not change. She flew across the room and nestled her disfigured cheek against Mrs. Thornton's.

"I saw it through your veil the first day—mother," she whispered.





# Private and Official Papers of Jefferson Davis

BY DUNBAR ROWLAND, LL.D.

Director of the Department of Archives and History of the State of Mississippi

THE perusal of the letters and papers of a leader of an unsuccessful cause, involving the position of a great body of people, is always an absorbing and fascinating occupation, all the more so, perhaps, because of the melancholy fact of failure, which, when nobly sustained, rarely fails to enlist our sympathy. Some such thought as this came to me during my research in the months of January and February of the present year among the private and official papers of Jefferson Davis, which are in the custody of the directors of Memorial Hall in the city of New Orleans.

The investigation of this collection was undertaken with the belief that a full interpretation of the life and character of Jefferson Davis, with a view to the place that must be assigned him in history, can only be had in the unstudied and unexplored sources consisting of his own correspondence and papers, which is not possible until all such material has been brought together in one place and made accessible to careful and impartial students of history.

From his student days at Transylvania and West Point it was the habit of Mr. Davis to carefully preserve his papers, and many of his letters in later life refer to these earlier collections. At the close of the Civil War, when Richmond was evacuated, the executive archives of the Confederacy were, with all of the President's private papers, securely boxed and taken to Danville, Virginia, on the special train which left the capital of the Confederate States on the night of April 2, 1865. The vicissitudes and spoliation to which the papers were subjected from that time to 1877, when they were finally collected at Beauvoir, were very great, and much was lost that can never be reclaimed.

Soon after his release from Fortress Monroe Mr. Davis decided to prepare and publish a history of the Southern Confederacy, and though he was several times diverted from his purpose, with that end constantly in view he began to make more systematic efforts each year to locate and recover his papers, which were so necessary to the success of his undertaking. Upon investigation he found that some of the executive archives had been preserved by Colonel Burton N. Harrison, his private secretary, while a part of his private and official papers had been captured by Federal cavalry and placed in the custody of the War Department in Washington. Though meeting with only partial success, he continued with unremitting efforts to collect his scattered records. Colonel Harrison sent the papers he had preserved, and some of a private nature were returned to Mr. Davis from the War Department.

When he went to live at Beauvoir, near the end of the seventies, he converted one of the offices, which, in accordance with the custom in the South, was built separately from the main building, into a library; and it was here that he collected his material and prepared for the publishers his *Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*. At the time of his death in 1889 this little frame building was still the repository of his books and papers and many articles of historical value.

After the death of Mr. Davis, his wife, realizing the danger of allowing his papers to remain permanently in a frame building, decided to deposit the collection in a safe place. Her first impulse was to give them to the State of Mississippi, for safe-keeping in the State Capitol in Jackson; but upon investigation it was found that the official archives of the State were at that time very much



neglected, and this fact caused her to turn her attention to New Orleans, where, several years before the death of her husband, Mr. Harry T. Howard, a public-spirited citizen of that city, had presented a beautiful little fire-proof building to the Louisiana Historical Association, an organization of Confederate veterans that had already gathered together a large and valuable collection of historical relics relating to the Civil War. This building was made the official repository for the collections of the New Orleans Confederate Camps, and it was here that Mrs. Davis finally decided to place her husband's papers.

The papers were found in the same condition in which they had been received from Mrs. Davis, tied in packets with little or no arrangement. The dust of years was evidence that no eye for decades had perused them.

As one turns the pages of the letter-book of the President of the Confederacy, a letter to William M. Brooks, president of the Alabama Convention of 1861, is found which gives a clear insight into the policies of the Confederate government in the beginning of 1862, and sets forth some of the criticisms directed against them in the State of Alabama. Mr. Davis's letter to Judge Brooks was written in justification of his governmental, military, and appointive policies, and it is given in full.

JEFFERSON DAVIS TO W. M. BROOKS.

RICHMOND, VA., *March 13th, 1862.*

*Hon. W. M. Brooks,*

*Marion, Ala.:*

MY DEAR SIR,—If under other circumstances I might be unwilling to hear criticism of acts, the condition of the country now too fully engrosses all my thoughts and feelings to permit such selfish impatience, and I have read yours of the 25th inst., anxious to gather from it information, and thankful for your friendly remembrance and the confidence your frankness evinces. I acknowledge the error of my attempt to defend all of the frontier, seaboard, and inland; but will say in justification that if we had received the arms and munitions which we had good reason to expect, that the attempt would have been successful and the battle-fields would have been on the enemy's soil. You seem to have fallen into the not uncommon mistake of supposing that I have chosen to carry on the war upon a "purely de-

fensive" system. The advantage of selecting the time and place of attack was too apparent to have been overlooked, but the means might have been wanting. Without military stores, without the workshops to create them, without the power to import them, necessity, not choice, has compelled us to occupy strong positions and everywhere to confront the enemy without reserves. The country has supposed our armies more numerous than they were and our munitions of war more extensive than they have been. I have borne reproach in silence because to reply by an exact statement of facts would have exposed our weakness to the enemy. History, when the case is fully understood, will do justice to the men who have most suffered from hasty judgment and unjust censure. Military critics will not say to me as you do, "Your experiment is a failure," but rather wonder at the disproportion between the means and the results. You inform me that "the highest and most reputable authors" say that I "have not had a cabinet council for more than four months." I read your letter to a member and ex-member of my cabinet to-day; they were surprised at the extravagance of the falsehood, and did not believe that so much as a week had at any time occurred without a cabinet consultation. I would like to know who the authors of such stories are. Your own estimate of me, I hope, assured you that I would not, as stated, treat the "Secretary of War" as a "mere clerk"; and if you know Mr. Benjamin, you must realize the impossibility of his submitting to degradation at the hands of any one. The opposition here complain that I cling too closely to my cabinet, not, as in your section, that they are disregarded; and the only contempt of the sentiments of Congress which is here alleged against me (so far as I have heard) is that their wish for the removal of two or more members of the cabinet has not been yielded to. Perhaps there might be added dissatisfaction on the part of a few at the promotion or appointment of military officers without consulting the members of Congress in relation to them. Against the unfounded story that I keep the generals of the army in leading-strings may be set the frequent complaint that I do not arraign them for what is regarded their failures or misdeeds, and do not respond to the popular clamor by displacing commanders upon irresponsible statements. You cite the cases of Generals Johnston and Beauregard; but you have the story *nomine mutato*, and though General Johnston was offended because of his relative rank, he certainly never thought of resigning; and General Beauregard, in a portion of his report, which I



understand the Congress refused to publish, made a statement for which I asked his authority, but it is surely a slander on him to say that he ever considered himself insulted by me. The grossest ignorance of the law and the facts can alone excuse the statement as to the ill-treatment of General Price by me. His letters do not permit me to believe that he is a party to any such complaint. If, as you inform me, it is "credibly said" that I "have scarcely a friend and not a defender in Congress or in the army," yet for the sake of our country and its cause I must hope it is falsely so said, as otherwise our fate must be confided to a multitude of hypocrites. It would be easy to justify the appointments which have been made of brigadier-generals by stating the reasons in each case, but suffice it to say that I have endeavored to avoid bad selections by relying on military rather than political recommendations; and upon the evidence of service where the case was one of promotion. It is easy to say that men are proscribed because of their political party. Look for yourself and judge by the men filling the offices whether I have applied party tests. When everything is at stake and the united power of the South alone can save us, it is sad to know that men can deal in such paltry complaints and tax their ingenuity to slander because they are offended in not getting office.

I will not follow the example set me and ascribe to them bad motives, but deem it proper to say that the effect of such assaults, so far as they succeed in destroying the confidence of the people in the administration of their government, must be to diminish our chances of triumph over the enemy, and practically do us more harm than if twice the number of men I can suppose to be engaged in such work were to desert to the standard of Lincoln. You are, no doubt, correct in your view of the propriety of keeping volunteers in the field, but you will not fail to perceive that when a small force is opposed to a large one, the alternative is to retreat or fortify some strong position, and, as did General Jackson at New Orleans, thus compensate for the want of numbers. But the strength of an army is not merely dependent on numbers; another element is discipline and instruction. The first duty now is to increase our forces by raising troops for the war, and bringing out all the private arms of the country for the public defense. If we can achieve our independence, the office-seekers are welcome to the one I hold, and for which possession has brought no additional value to me than that set upon it when before going to Montgomery I announced my preference for the commission of a general in the army.

Accept my thanks for the kindness which you have manifested in defending me when so closely surrounded by evil reports. Without knowing what are the many things you have supposed me to have done, and which were disproved, I venture to say if the supposition was based on the statements of these "reputable authors" before noticed that I was more worthy of your defense than you believed when making it.

Very respectfully, your friend,  
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

From a time-worn packet tied with tape of Confederate gray you take a letter which tells of the wish of an Alabama woman to give her silver plate to be coined into money for the use of the Confederate government. In reply to this letter Mr. Davis unconsciously pays the women of the Confederacy a tribute that has never been equaled during all these years of honoring her for what she was to the South at that period. That his conception of historical values was true is shown in the estimate he then placed upon her service, which is the same that history has made after the lapse of half a century. In acknowledging the patriotic offer, Mr. Davis sent the following reply:

JEFFERSON DAVIS TO MRS. SARAH E. COCHRANE.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, RICHMOND, *June 5, 1862.*  
*Mrs. Sarah E. Cochran,*  
*Camden, Wilcox Co., Alabama:*

MADAM,—Accept my grateful acknowledgment of your generous offer to place your silver plate at the disposal of the government with a view of its being coined into money.

As Congress has not yet provided for the establishment of a coinage, it would not be practicable to carry out the object to which you desire so liberally to contribute; nor do I think that the time has yet come—I trust it may never come—when it will be necessary to make such a sacrifice as you propose. Your letter has, however, been sent to the Secretary of the Treasury to be placed on file in his department, so that should I be mistaken and the necessity arise, your proffer may be accepted as a material aid and as a moral example for others to follow.

The devotion, energy, and patriotism which the daughters of the South have displayed since the commencement of our struggle for independence, as well in the fortitude with which they have parted with husbands, sons, and brothers gone forth to the battle-field,



as in the unremitting attention with which they have ministered to the wants, relieved the sufferings, and cheered the spirits of our gallant soldiers, have won for them the undying gratitude of their countrymen, and will constitute one of the brightest records in our country's history.

I remain, madam, very respectfully yours,  
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

No part of the Memorial Hall collection is more valuable than the correspondence of Mr. Davis after the war. From about 1867 to the time of his death in 1889 he conducted an extensive correspondence with Confederate leaders. These letters relate to subjects of great historical interest. In this collection you find one from General Lee, upon the subject of Mr. Davis's imprisonment in Fortress Monroe, which reveals the deep and tender friendship which existed between the President of the Confederacy and the commander of its armies.

R. E. LEE TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

LEXINGTON, VA., *1 June, 1867.*

MY DEAR MR. DAVIS,—You can conceive better than I can express the misery which your friends have suffered from your long imprisonment and the other afflictions incident thereto. To none has this been more painful than to me, and the impossibility of affording relief has added to my distress. Your release has lifted a load from my heart which I have not words to tell, and my daily prayer to the great Ruler of the World is that He may shield you from all future harm, guard you from all evil, and give you that peace which the world cannot take away.

That the rest of your days may be triumphantly happy is the sincere and earnest wish of your most obt. faithful friend and servt.

R. E. LEE.

Honble. Jefferson Davis.

After his release from Fortress Monroe, Mr. Davis was invited to become the guest of ex-President Franklin Pierce in the following letter directed to Mrs. Davis. It reveals the well-known friendship existing between the two men dating from the Mexican War.

FRANKLIN PIERCE TO MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

CONCORD, N. H., *May 14, 1867.*

MY DEAR MRS. DAVIS,—I reached home last evening and found the telegraphic announcement that the Govt. declined to proceed with the trial of Genl. Davis, and

that he had been released upon bail. I do not know whether this will reach you at Richmond, but send it at a venture; to the care of Gov. Wise, who will know how to change the direction if you have left. I infer from a remark of Genl. D. that you may all, in the first instance, proceed to Canada to see your boys. I would not influence your husband with regard to his movements, but I am strongly impressed with the conviction that his state of health, if no other consideration, should settle the question of his remaining at the North during the summer months now near at hand. My cottage at Little Boon's Head will be ready to receive all your family by the middle of August. The latter part of that month and the whole of Sept. is usually delightful there. The place will be as quiet as could be desired—and I need not express how much pleasure I should find in trying to make everything agreeable to you. Pray write and let me know how I shall direct letters to you and what I may expect. I think, upon reflection, that this note had better be directed to the care of Judge Lyon, as Gov. Wise may be absent on professional engagements.

The package of books will be committed to the express to-morrow.

Always and truly yours,  
FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Mrs. Davis,

Richmond, Va.:

P.S.—One of the photographs of dear Mrs. Pierce was taken during the last year of her life, when she was very feeble—shall send them with the books.

Endorsed:

Franklin Pierce, May, 1867; ack. by J. D.,  
23 July, '68.

The two following letters give some very interesting facts concerning the part taken by Horace Greeley in the release of Mr. Davis from Fortress Monroe.

GORDON L. FORD TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

97 CLARK ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y., *Apr. 14, '88.*

JEFFERSON DAVIS, ESQ.—Extracts from Southern papers, purporting to give your talk with a N. O. *Picayune* reporter make you say in substance that it is untrue that Mr. Greeley signed your bail bond at the importunity of Mrs. Davis.

In the interest of accurate history, may I ask you if you are aware that she did correspond with him while you were in Fortress Monroe?

I have a number of letters from her to him, which show great desire on her part to in-



terest him, and secure his aid in obtaining your release.

Respectfully,  
GORDON L. FORD.

JEFFERSON DAVIS TO GORDON L. FORD.

BEAUVOIR, HARRISON CO., 20th Aug., 1888.

Mr. Gordon L. Ford, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

I have recd. your letter of the 14th inst., referring to a recently published conversation with me in regard to the action of Mr. Greeley in becoming one of the sureties on my bail bond at Richmond, Va. To your inquiry whether I am aware that my wife wrote to Mr. Greeley asking for his aid to obtain my release from imprisonment, I reply affirmatively.

The object of your inquiry is not perceived, unless it be to deny to Mr. Greeley the credit I gave him in that conversation, and on many other occasions, of having been actuated by a higher motive than friendship for me, or compliance with the appeal of my wife for his aid. In my conclusion that Mr. Greeley was moved solely by his sense of justice, I am sustained by his own affirmation, as well as by attending circumstances.

When my wife was liberated from the restraint imposed upon her after my incarceration, she zealously strove by every justifiable means to secure my release from close confinement. She had well-founded fears that the cruel treatment to which she heard I was subjected would speedily terminate in my death. Being informed that Mr. Greeley had great influence over the powers which then held me imprisoned, she wrote to him letters of which you inform me you now have possession. If those letters have value, as you state, "in the interest of accurate history," it must be as an exhibition of a wife's ardent work for the relief of her husband; not as diminishing the merit of Mr. Greeley's action in the cause of right against oppression, for his claim to consideration therefor rests upon his self-sacrificing devotion to *justice* and the *laws* and the *Constitution* of the United States.

The case on which Mr. Greeley had finally to act was one of imprisonment without warrant of commitment for two years after the war had ended, and denial, by Executive mandate, of the benefit of the sacred writ of habeas corpus, the common right to know of what one is accused and to be confronted with his accusers.

Then the question arose could not the writ be issued without requiring Mr. Greeley's name on the bail bond, if so for pecuniary consideration he wished to avoid being one of the sureties?

Judge Shea of New York City, who was of my counsel and twice visited Presid't

Johnson, can tell how his selfish fears caused him to insist on having the name of Mr. Greeley on the bond, and how Mr. Greeley, when informed that his name was a prerequisite to permitting the writ to be issued, with lofty purpose to maintain the just cause agreed, despite the prospect of pecuniary loss, to become one of the bondsmen for me with whom he never had even a speaking acquaintance, and in whom he could only have remembered a political opponent.

If there could be any who hold that it would have been more creditable to Mr. Greeley if he had acted from personal friendship, or from sympathy, or to escape from importunity, rather than from principle dominating self-interest, material and political, to them I have no argument to offer.

Yr. obt. servant,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Endorsed:

Rough draft of letter to G. L. Ford about Mr. Greeley as one of the sureties on my bail bond.

On August 31, 1861, President Davis sent to the Congress the names of five generals in the army of the Confederate States, to take rank as follows, viz.:

"Samuel Cooper, to date from 16th May, 1861; Albert S. Johnston, to date from 30th May, 1861; Robert E. Lee, to date from 14th June, 1861; Joseph E. Johnston, to date from 4th July, 1861; G. T. Beauregard, to date from 21st July, 1861."

Joseph E. Johnston was greatly dissatisfied with his rank, and became bitterly incensed against Mr. Davis. He protested to the President to the point of insubordination, and later served notice that he would disregard orders from the "headquarters of the forces." Although he was in command of the chief army of the Confederate States, he continued to nurse his supposed grievance. This was the beginning of a misunderstanding which was never healed.

The following letter of Mr. Davis to James Lyons, who had been one of the representatives from Virginia to the Confederate Congress, gives his reasons for removing General Johnston from the command of the Army of the Tennessee.

JEFFERSON DAVIS TO JAMES LYONS.

BEAUVOIR, HARRISON CO., MISS., 13th Aug., 1876.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Maj. Walthall has read to me your letters, and in compliance with your request I give to you my recollections in



regard to the removal of Genl. J. E. Johnston from the command of the army at Atlanta, Ga. You are correct in attributing to me a great reluctance to order his removal at that time. I had for some time resisted the advice of my cabinet and other friends to remove Genl. Johnston from command. For, though I was deeply disappointed in his course from the time he commenced his retreat from Dalton, and so was compelled to admit the just foundation for the disaffection of others, I realized more fully than they did the serious objection to a change of commander in the face of an enemy threatening to attack. The Secty. of War, impatient at the failure of Genl. Johnston to inform the government of his prospects or purposes, proposed to ask him to communicate them. I assented, and he, Mr. Seddon, sent a telegram, to which was returned a vague answer; then another and more positive inquiry was made, to which the answer was such as was considered indicative of a purpose not to defend Atlanta with his army, but to intrust the holding of the important point to the militia. To you who are so familiar with our condition, especially our dependence on the system of Georgia railroads for the food with which we were holding the field in Va., it is needless to explain the magnitude of the evil to result from the continued retreat of the army through Ga. Suffice it to say that I thought the injury consequent upon a change of commanders less than that of leaving Genl. Johnston longer in command. When, therefore, speaking of the event soon after it occurred, I would probably speak of it with regret, and as forced upon me. But this did not mean by the will of others as much as by the necessity of the case. To you, to whom my heart was so often laid bare during our trials, it is, I hope, needless to state that no personal feelings entered into my action, save the sorrow I felt that anything should obstruct our progress to success in that effort on which depended so entirely my highest hopes and dearest wishes.

Mrs. Davis, who is with me in a quiet retreat on the sea-shore of Missi., joins me in most affectionate remembrance to Mrs. Lyons and yourself.

Ever faithfully,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Col. James Lyons.

Endorsed:

Jefferson Davis to Hon. James Lyons, concerning removal of Gen. J. E. Johnston; 13 Aug., 1876.

Mr. Davis, in the course of his correspondence with Judah P. Benjamin

after the war, frequently adverted to subjects which had become controversial. The following letter from Mr. Benjamin throws new light on the military operations of General Joseph E. Johnston.

J. P. BENJAMIN TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

LONDON, 15th February, 1879.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I received this week yours of 20th ulto., inclosing copy of a letter to me from Major Walthall dated on the 14th August last. I am mortified that Major Walthall should have been so long under the impression that I *could* be discourteous enough to leave such a letter unanswered. The truth is I never received it, and it must have been lost in a package of about a dozen letters forwarded to me to Paris by my clerk during the long vacation. I left London on the 9th August and did not return till the end of October, and during my absence one of the weekly packages forwarded to me by my clerk miscarried, and I have never been able to trace it. I can only conjecture that Major Walthall's letter was in the missing package, for it is the first time since my residence in England that a letter has failed to reach me.

Reverting to the subject of your letter, I have a very lively recollection of the circumstances attending the removal of Genl. Johnston from the command of the Army of Tennessee, but unfortunately I have not a like recollection of the interview you mention at which the Cabinet was present when he commanded the Army of Tennessee (Army of the Potomac). It has entirely faded from my memory.\*

So far as regards the Army of the Potomac, my only recollection is that our confidence in the generalship of Genl. Johnston was rudely shaken when we became convinced that he had been taken by surprise by the enemy and that a bridge had been built in his immediate front and crossed by a large body of the enemy before he had become aware of the existence of the bridge; all this within a few miles of Richmond, where every foot of the country ought to have been perfectly familiar to him, and where his scouts ought to have given him almost hourly reports of any movement of the enemy.

With respect, however, to the removal of Genl. Johnston from the command of the Army of Tennessee, my memory is actively alive, because I was most anxious for his removal at a much earlier date. We had drained every resource of the Confederacy to furnish General Johnston with the largest

\* Error to army referred to, it was while he commanded in Va.

Note by Mr. Davis.



army that we ever succeeded in gathering together. Every other position was denuded to furnish him with troops and munitions of war. He was in possession of the passes of a range of mountains affording admirable positions for offensive as well as defensive movements against an enemy destined to attack his lines and force a passage. His army contained large numbers of the inhabitants of the country who had gathered round him in defense of their homes. Every possible motive apparently urged him to fight. Yet day after day, and week after week, his telegrams reached us announcing the abandonment of his positions one after the other without any serious attempt at defense, and as he fell back his force was diminished by the desertion of the men who found that their homes were being abandoned to the enemy. The telegrams from Mr. Seddon were urgent, and finally amounted to a direct order to risk a battle at all hazards, anything being preferable to the fatal course he was pursuing, and still he retreated and finally debouched on the plains, pursued by the triumphant enemy who had driven him, practically without resistance on his part, through the whole mountainous country down to Atlanta. Before he had reached the plains I became satisfied that he would never deliver combat. I was most anxious and urgent that he should be replaced by some other commander, but there was still hesitation until his purpose was made to continue the retreat of his army and to abandon Atlanta to the defense of the militia; there was an end of all doubt and the cabinet was unanimous (at least I remember no dissentient) in urging a change of commander.

I must guard myself against misconception. No one has a higher estimate of Genl. Johnston's personal gallantry than myself, but from a close observation of his career I became persuaded that his nervous dread of *losing a battle* would prevent at all times his ability to cope with an enemy of nearly equal strength, and that opportunities would thus constantly be lost which under other commanders would open a plain path to victory.

I have thus given you, my dear friend, the recollections which you ask for. So far as the use of my name is concerned, I freely confess that it is not agreeable to mix in any way in controversies of the past which for me are buried forever. If at any time your character or motives should be assailed and my testimony needed, I should be indeed an arrant coward to permit this feeling to interfere with my prompt advance to your side to repel the calumny. But in any other case I long only for repose. I seek rest

and quiet after the exhausting labors of 68 years of a somewhat turbulent or rather adventurous life.

Pray give my best respects to Major Walthall and explain my seeming discourtesy.

Ever yours faith'y,

J. P. BENJAMIN.

Hon. Jeff. Davis,

Beauvoir P. O., Missi.

Recognition of the Confederate States by the nations of Europe was the great aim of the diplomatic agents which it sent abroad. The following letter from George M. Henry, a secret agent of the Confederacy, to President Davis has an important bearing on the attitude of several European nations regarding recognition.

GEO. M. HENRY TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

CORNER OF 7TH AND GRACE STREETS,  
RICHMOND, February 25, 1865.

To His Excellency Jefferson Davis,

President of the Confederate States:

DEAR SIR,—At this trying juncture in the affairs of the Confederacy I cannot refrain from congratulating you upon the intelligence received from Europe, announced in the journals of this morning. Having had a greater opportunity than any one else at present within the limits of these States of watching the fluctuations of the public mind in Europe for nearly four years, I have no hesitation in saying that the advices thus furnished, regarding France and Mexico and the United States, I believe to be perfectly true. The Emperor Napoleon's movement in reference to Mexico was very unpopular in Paris until the French arms achieved success. His people have now become impatient at the delay, on the part of the United States, in the recognition of the New Empire. May he not then desire to join forces with the South? A proslavery man himself, the "peculiar institution" of these States has not stood in the way of his acknowledging their independence; but, there is no denying that among many of the masses in France there is a strong abolition feeling. A further question then arises: may he not be induced to humor that feeling by insisting upon emancipation as the price of recognition, now that some of the journals of the Confederacy, unwise-ly in my belief, have intimated that such a bargain could be made? We have a good friend in Austria in consequence of the opposition of the Southern members of the Federal Congress to the recognition of the independence of Hungary, so strongly urged by the Senators and Representatives from



the Northern States. Austria, then, being interested in the Mexican question, has no doubt pressed France, as much as she could, to act in behalf of this Confederacy.

England will probably look on for a while longer. She owes France a grudge for the position that power took last year in reference to the Danish question. But she may eventually be drawn into the conflict. A very erroneous notion prevails in the public mind here in regard to the course of England toward this Confederacy. The Slavery question has not for one moment or in any degree retarded her recognition of the independence of these States. Abolitionism in England is as dead as Unionism in the South. Earl Russell, Richard Cobden, and John Bright have ceased to be representative men. Earl Russell was "shelved" from the Commons into the Lords, in consequence of his unpopularity; and neither Mr. Cobden nor Mr. Bright will be returned to Parliament at the ensuing elections. England has been twice on the eve of recognizing the independence of the Confederacy. Once, at the time Mr. Gregory made his motion, or rather when he gave notice that he intended to move for that object—March 4, 1861. The notice was given, if I remember aright, through some correspondence with Mr. Miles, of South Carolina, explanatory of the right of secession. The late General Campbell, then United States Consul at London, told me that a member of the British cabinet—I think it was Milner Gibson—stated to him that the English Government would be obliged to receive *ministers* from the Southern States, under the existing treaties. The first Commissioners, however, who arrived in Europe, while Mr. Gregory's motion was pending, made an error from which we have never yet recovered, and which gave (then) Lord John Russell an opportunity of treating these Sovereign States as if they were revolted provinces of a mother-country. Those Commissioners desired to form new treaties; they should have been content with those already in existence. They completely ignored the historical fact that the United States Government had never been formally acknowledged by any power upon earth. They, too, put forward the revolutionary words—"the consent of the governed"—employed in the

Declaration of Independence. It was unreasonable to expect that under that revolutionary right England would at once enter into new treaty engagements. England had again determined to recognize the independence of the South in the autumn of 1862—just after the defeat of McClellan and the return to Europe of the Orleans Princes. These Orleans Princes hold intimate relations with the Queen and aristocracy of Britain, and they expressed their opinion that the South could not be subjugated. Manchester, however, on that occasion stepped in, and remonstrated against any interference in American affairs; and from that day to this there has been a determination on the part of the British Ministry not to move in the matter until called upon to do so by the people of Lancashire—the parties most directly interested in the commerce with the South. While the aristocratic classes govern England, *they* are ruled by the manufacturing, commercial, and financial classes. Next to Lancashire, Mincing Lane, and Lombard Street, the Queen is our most formidable enemy in England, and the only person who has influence over her is her oldest daughter, the Crown Princess of Prussia. The Royal family of Prussia are in our favor. The Confederacy has always had justice accorded it when it has appeared before the law courts of England, and that, too, from both judges and juries.

Mr. Mason arrived too late in England to repair the error of his predecessors, who had made but little headway among the governing classes of the kingdom. Mr. Mason often expresses great regret at the surrender of the Commissioners and their Secretaries improperly taken by the *San Jacinto* from the Royal Mail Steamer *Trent*. That surrender so flattered and satisfied the national vanity of England that her people were disposed to receive more complacently than they otherwise would have done the subsequent insults and demands of the Northern Government.

I have the honor of inclosing to you a pamphlet containing some views on a question that seems to have been neglected by all the political economists.

With great respect, very truly yours,

GEO. M. HENRY.





# An Unfinished Symphony

BY GRANT SHOWERMAN

SHE was a round-faced, black-haired, blue-eyed, plump little country girl, and lived on what were regarded by the Foxfield boys and girls as the remote confines of the community. To go to play with her at her home her friends had to walk a mile north from the school-house, down the terrace to the station, past it and up the opposing terrace, and then nearly a mile west. The back end of her father's farm brought you to the long ridge that looked down into the Burr Williams north tamarack swamp—that place of mysterious bogs and glades, never penetrated except by adventurous parties of boys in search of the bitter gum that nothing but the difficulty of its acquisition induced them to chew.

They had seen each other almost daily for six or eight years, from the time she left the parish school at Essex and came to the Foxfield school, without noticing each other more than any one else. He was like other boys of a dozen years or so of age, devoted to vigorous, loud-mouthed games, half tolerant and half contemptuous of girls and in general unmindful of their existence. She shared in the twelve-year-old girl's dread and fear of boys.

To him she was only one of big, bluff William Stratford's numerous family of boys and girls—old William Stratford, who had emigrated from the town of Shakespeare while yet a boy, come to the Great Lake a young man full of dash and energy, married black-haired, gray-eyed Mary Avondale in a runaway match, moved to Foxfield, become a prosperous farmer, got into politics and been appointed to various positions of trust, and was now in his prime. She was associated in his mind with vague ideas of the mysterious Episcopal Church he had seen once or twice at Essex, with its big and still more mysterious parish school and burial-ground. He had once or twice

in the long ago visited the place with his father, and still bore about with him the vision of gowned clergymen walking in meditation through the gardens, and of long rows of white tombstones among which moved somber black and white processions.

To her he was only one of the Foxfield boys and associated with the church and Sunday-school of the Methodists, who were as mysterious to her as the Episcopalians were to him. She often saw him running about at his home as she went on her way home from school, and sometimes, as she met him at the depot or on the road, exchanged greetings with him.

Beyond this they knew little of each other. Their paths often crossed on the playground, and sometimes not without momentary rupture of the school-yard peace.

"Give us that ball, you old, rough, big boy!" she threatened, with reddening cheeks, as he neatly picked it up in a casual dash through the group of girls. "Give it up or we'll tell teacher!"

"All right," he shouted, careering on and playing bound with the big rubber girl-ball as he went. "Tell her—and smell her—and kick her down cellar! Here! Take your old ball!"

He threw it at her as she bounded along after him, plump in her tight-fitting dress, and somehow making him think of the gray rubber ball itself.

Of course she had both hands outspread to catch it, with her ten several fingers sticking out, and of course she missed it, and of course as she scrambled to recover it she looked up with flushed face and anger in her eyes and cried, "You think you're awful smart, don't you?"

When she was fourteen and he was fifteen she began to "go with" Edna, a mutual friend who lived a mile south of the depot. They sat together at school,



promenaded the school-ground together, girl-fashion, arm in arm or with arms about each other's waists, ate their lunches together and shared them, did their examples together, imitated each other's writing, brought water together from Old Put's well, swept out the room together for teacher, went for the mail together, visited each other and stayed overnight; and made common cause in a hundred ways, after the manner of what are now called in city schools "crushes."

He noted their intimacy, of course; but beyond noting it, and, like other boys, making fun of it, let it make no difference with his conduct or his thoughts. To him she was only "one of the girls."

Neither did he feel the least disturbance of spirit when Ben and Jack began to be the constant attendants of her and Edna at noon and recess that winter. Ben had an indulgent father and possessed a beautiful new sled, larger and heavier than any other in the neighborhood, and Jack was a favorite with all the girls. There were many envious glances on the part of the girls, and there were some few of the boys who were touched at thought of the sleds, if not of their burdens.

But he went his way, riding his old sled alone and wearing out his "taps" with boisterous sliding in boy company only. Whatever attraction he felt was from other quarters. Nellie, with the open utterance and swinging stride, so far affected him that winter that he at least felt somewhat more charitable toward those of his companions who were derisively called "girl-boys"; but even Nellie was only a passing fancy.

It was three years more before he began to take real note of her. Up to that time had you asked him the color of her eyes he would have been totally at loss for an answer. A confused impression of roundness and smiles and gray dresses and red ribbons and red cheeks and irritability was all he had.

At sixteen he began to attend the high school at Lake City. That winter, to entertain Edna and her other friends, she wrote a poem about him, wilfully sacrificing a grammar lesson to get the time.

The next year she began to attend the Lake City Seminary, and they saw each

other daily again. They went every morning on the Lake City Flyer at eight-forty, and returned every evening at half-past five. She always had time to help her mother with the morning and evening work, and he rose at five to help do chores and work in the field before going, and did chores again in the evening.

For a year they went their ways together and yet separately. She often laughed at him as he came bounding down the hill out of breath just in time to swing on to the last coach as the Flyer pulled out, and sometimes they engaged in a short dialogue about their studies. But he had boy companions on the train and at the Lake City waiting-room, and there were other Foxfield girls attending the Seminary, and their paths did not often cross.

The next year he was the only boy who made the daily trips on the Flyer, and she the only girl. Her laughter at his wild runs down the hill resulted sometimes now in his sitting on the arm of her seat for a few minutes to explain how he had dropped the corn-sickle in the ten-acre lot at twenty-five minutes past eight, run to the house and got his clothes changed by thirty-five minutes past, grabbed his lunch-box and books, and got out of the front yard just as the Flyer whistled for the Slippery Shay crossing, and yet had made it.

Sometimes now he started with her as she went up the hill on the arrival home in the evening and carried her books for her—at the high school he had begun to take on some of the amenities. Once or twice he took her under his umbrella, and lent it to her as they parted, and once he called his dog Don out to show her how well trained he was.

All this was mere neighborliness, however. Neither of them thought much of it.

One day, however, as they were returning on the Flyer, a traveling man with whom he was sitting, one of the casual acquaintances made at Uncle Eli's store, nodded in her direction and asked him who the girl was—the one with the rosy cheeks over there.

"She's a daughter of William Stratford," he replied. "Used to be county chairman."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the traveling



man. "Why, I know William Stratford. He's an old friend of mine. His father and mine lived in the same county in the old country—Shakespeare's old home, too.

"Pretty girl, isn't she?" he added, presently, scanning his face with a twinkle of the eye.

"Kind o'," said he, with an attempt at indifference—not because he was *not* indifferent, but because he could see that his interrogator thought he wasn't.

As they went up the hill that evening he repeated this little conversation to her by way of pleasant banter. Her cheeks were straightway filled with still more of the roses the stranger had noticed. In an effort to rid herself of the embarrassment she so feared to display, she laughed heartily, and then more of the roses came, and then he noticed for the first time that her cheek had a delicate color and texture, and that her laugh was very pleasant. I mean this was the first time he was conscious that he noticed.

And then one morning—it was early May by this time—he got left again. It had to happen about every so often: he got over-earnest in his eagerness to finish another row—quite after the manner of his father, dead and gone—and took risks. The coach whirled past his perspiring, despairing face, upturned to the window from which she was laughing down at him—and blushing—with mingled amusement and regret. He wondered afterward how she happened to be at that window and looking.

Somehow she felt unsatisfied the thirty minutes of that morning's ride. At the Lake City depot that evening she looked around to see if he was there: he might have come up on the noon train. But he hadn't; he had gone back to the field and resumed his planting.

And then one evening as they stood on the store steps after getting the mail—the first thing they always did on the return—her father had come up.

"I don't see any carriage waiting for us," he jested. "I guess we'll have to walk. But it's only a mile and a half home," he continued. "Three-quarters apiece for me an' you. We'll soon be there."

"Might git a couple o' wheelbarrows,"

suggested Uncle Eli, spitting into the burdocks at the edge of the steps.

She and her father went on up the hill and she didn't look back. When he followed, after a while, it was with a sense of something unsatisfactory.

Of course they were in love and didn't quite know it, though I am aware that it is clear enough to you, and was to the good people of Foxfield. Their ways had been so separate, their social and religious circles so diverse, that they took for granted their separateness. The Stratfords and Avondales recognized no church but the English one yonder at Essex, and associated with few outside its membership. If they thought of their attitude toward each other at all, it was only to make mental comment on the enjoyability of being together—how time always passed pleasantly, with many a story and jest, and yet with many words of sincerity and earnestness. It was neither the inclination of the young people of Foxfield nor the fashion among them *never* to utter a word in seriousness.

Of course they couldn't go on in this way forever. His friends began to salute him with: "H'lo there! How is she *this* morning?" or, "Spoke to the priest yet?"—for the average Foxfield mind saw little difference between Episcopalian and Catholic—and hers took to inquiring, as they chanced to meet her coming up the hill alone: "What's the trouble *now*? Did he get left to-night?" Or her Lake City schoolmates said, to her blushing and helpless indignation: "Who's the nice hayseed that goes home with you on the train every night?"

You see, it was perfectly inevitable; they *had* to begin to think.

Sometimes, too, they had to think each other's thoughts on the spot. Friends met them together, saying: "H'lo! Pretty fine weather these days, ain't it? A-hem-m-m!" with broad smiles that spoke more plainly than words. When he turned to look at the smiler over his shoulder, he encountered a violent wink that was even more eloquent. The Foxfield humor delighted in these subtle manifestations.

In vain to pooh-pooh and protest. The banter increased, and they were compelled to refer to it sometimes, so conscious was each of what was in the other's mind.



"Never you mind!" he said one day. "I guess it's none of their business if we want to have a good time together. Let 'em say what they please; *you* don't have to notice. The idea that a couple of young folks can't be seen together once in a while without every one's thinking they are in love!"

She didn't try to explain to herself just why this was unsatisfactory, nor did he try to account to himself for the secret pleasure their friends' banter gave him.

Then came that little party at Hardenburg's. At its close, as they filed out of the parlor door into the dark-green front yard under the maples, and big brother Dupré Hardenburg, who was a stenographer in the city, called out to her: "Good-by! Awfully glad you came to see me! You'll come again soon, won't you?"—he felt a little surge of resentment, in spite of his love for Dupré, his olden-time protector at school. Dupré seemed to be taking undue liberty.

The girls started off toward the road, the boys a few steps behind, after the manner of the Foxfield boys, looking for a chance to "catch on." At the moment Edna, whose affairs were all in order, left Jack's side a second, gave him a quick and vigorous nudge, and whispered: "Go on! Take her home, old slowpoke! Can't you see anything?" and ran back to Jack.

He gladly yielded to the impulse and was instantly at her side.

"May I walk home with you?" he said, rather more breathlessly than the two or three hurried steps might have seemed to make necessary.

"Of course," she answered, and took his arm. "Do you think it will rain?"

It was bright starlight, but he said he shouldn't be surprised if it did rain. He was still breathless.

It was the first time they had walked together in the dark, and all of a sudden they seemed to be on a different footing. They felt embarrassed. As they went along the firm roadside path, worn by the daily afternoon walks of Uncle Lovely Brown and Old Put, down past the depot and up the north terrace, past Grandpa Tyler's orchard and Cap Strong's clover-patch and the north burying-ground, to the corner where the old pump stood, and then turned west

three-quarters of a mile through the lane-like road, it was hard to find words to fill in the time, and no small part of the conversation consisted in her protesting that it was too bad for him to have to go so far, and his answering protest that he was glad to do it. He ought to have stopped with that, of course: any city-bred youth would have known enough, but the young people of Foxfield were not bred to the nice conventions of diplomacy.

"I don't mind it at all," he added. "I've got plenty of time, and it's good exercise, anyhow, after sitting in that stuffy room so long." He was as innocent as he was impolitic, and that would have excused him in her eyes if excuse had been necessary. It wasn't necessary, however. She was embarrassed enough not to notice it more than he.

The house was dark when they turned in at the driveway gate and passed the big apple-tree and the clump of yellow roses to the veranda. The perfume of the roses was all about. She thanked him and said again what a shame it was for him to have to come all that way and to go all that way home.

"Aw, come now!" he expostulated. "You know mighty well I'm glad to do it. I'll soon be home. Don't you worry! Good-night."

"Good-night," she said as he started on the way home, and then called from the veranda, just to make the parting seem less formal, "Don't miss the train to-morrow!"

"All right!" he called back to her.

The way home seemed longer, in spite of short cuts and the relief from embarrassment. When he had passed the grove near McCarthy's he climbed the rail-fence and went through Cap Strong's clover to the cemetery hill. The cool of the starry night, the somber quiet of Rice's woods near by, the gleam of one or two lamp-lit windows far away, the sound of his feet brushing and tramping, were the accompaniment to pleasant thoughts. What a nice girl she was! How natural and sensible and always the same! He found himself looking forward with a glow of pleasure to the morning, when they should be together again. There was even a little



impatience mingled with the pleasure; it was quite a while until morning. At that moment Anticipation entered his life, with the richness it brings.

Then came that Saturday evening in the first days of June. She had gone over to Edna's to supper, and he knew she would be passing on her way home about twilight. He did the chores with all speed and then sat on the sod in the front yard with Don, his eyes now and then sweeping the road down toward the depot.

When she came he happened—the merest chance, of course—to be putting Don through his tricks out by the hitching-post. Of course he stopped and spoke to her. They stood a moment—and walked off together, not even looking back. Don walked disappointedly back into the house. His master's ways were becoming unaccountable.

It was almost dark before they reached her home. A quarter of a mile away, in the leafy road, they sat down under a hawthorn on a big flat-topped stone.

"It isn't so very late," he said. "Let's sit down and rest awhile. It's quite a walk way over here."

"Yes, it is," she said. "I ought not to let you come. Now you've got all that long way back."

"That isn't what I meant," he said.

He didn't go on to explain what he *did* mean, and she didn't ask him. She knew, very likely, and he knew she knew. At any rate, they kept on sitting there for some time.

It was very reposeful there under the low-spreading, fragrant branches of the hawthorn, and much darker than out in the road. The scent of the near-by clover was in the air, and the quiet of night was beginning to envelop the farms of Foxfield. When Pete McCarthy went by with the cows, and little George Smith passed within fifteen feet, muttering to himself fragments of the German he had learned years ago under Parkin, they shook with suppressed laughter; it was so funny to see little George and Pete so serious, and so unconscious of mortal presence.

The sharing of this heart-warming confidence put them more than ever at ease. They sat there for a half-hour, and then for another half-hour; and then it

took a third half-hour to traverse the eighty rods of road homeward, and then a quarter of an hour to say good-night.

Why tell you of the summer and autumn that followed on this June evening, of the thirty-minute rides to and from Lake City until Commencement, of the meetings and partings on the Foxfield road, and of the emptiness of the days when he was left or she was kept at home; of the rare pleasure of taking her to the Essex church once or twice; of Sunday-afternoon drives by circuitous routes along romantic byways through hitherto unexplored country; of how she was always at home when he came and took care not to have him subjected to the ordeal of asking for her; of the long, long time—now that school was out—between Sunday afternoon and Wednesday evening, the earliest moment his diffidence would allow him to go again, and of the yet longer time between Wednesday evening and Sunday afternoon; of long days of labor in the harvest field in midsummer, or in mellow September among the corn rows, made lighter by thought of her; of the little shrines erected in their hearts, where a deity unknown to any one else was worshiped; of the secret pleasure of being bantered by Willem, the hired man—the one who, one day when the family was away at a funeral, had locked up the house as he went to work, hidden the key under the thermometer, and then with failing confidence written on a big sheet of paper which he hung conspicuously on the door-knob, "The key is under the thermometer"; of old Major's acquisition of the slow gait out of which he could never afterward be coaxed, and which impaired his value at least half; of long trips to Millstone Lake and Glennon Springs, and returnings when all the countryside was buried in dusk and drowsiness; of complete enjoyment of the moment and little thought of the future; of the exquisite delight of mystifying old Mother Gray, who was dying of curiosity to know when they were going to "get married," and whether he was going to "turn 'Piscopal" or not, and who couldn't conceal her suffering. . . .

Yes, and I myself am so far from being untouched by the sense of that same sort of delight that I am not going to



tell you whether this Foxfield boy and girl were married and lived in the usual way ever afterward or not. I am going simply to leave them there in the happy valley over a score of years ago, enjoying themselves.

And really you will like it better so. For consider the consequences if I should go on with the story.

Should I continue as I have begun, you would probably be more or less disgusted at having set before you one more typical romance of the old fashion with its conventional happy ending; and you would want to know how I dared portray a course of love which ran smooth to the last, and why I didn't keep up with the times, and you would entertain a grievance against me for not telling you the truth.

Should I, on the other hand, proceed in my relation of the fortunes of these young Foxfielders up to the present moment, and record the actual amount of tribulation they underwent, to say nothing of the amount proper to good, up-to-date, realistic love fiction, you might find fault with me, or even quarrel with me, for subjecting you to needless pain; and as to truth, you could be no more sure I was telling it than before.

No, it is best for me to leave the story as it is, because, so far as it goes, it is true, and, I trust, not unpleasant. And as to what remains untold, why, you may easily fill that in for yourselves—from your own experience if you are anything of a Foxfielder; and then let us hope it will be pleasant from beginning to end.

## Beyond Recall

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

I CANNOT call you back again,  
 For you have journeyed far  
 Beyond the hosting of the rain  
 Or any circled star.  
 For you have journeyed suddenly  
 Beyond my farthest hill.  
 I cannot call you back to me  
 Who am so earth-bound still.

In lilac leaves and boughs of fir,  
 Low water-sounds and wind,  
 In wings that start and clouds that stir,  
 Sure excellence I find:  
 In touch of hands and flash of eyes.—  
 But you--oh, what of you?  
 Grown instantly so strange, so wise,  
 And so eternal, too?

I cannot call you back: although  
 My loneliness may call.  
 What would you now of whirling snow,  
 And shadows sunset-tall?  
 And I—what would you now of me?—  
 I cannot journey. I  
 Must wait till I, too, suddenly,  
 Unlearn this earth, this sky.



# Shamu of Bagdad, Servant

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

MORGIANA, of immortal memory, who could boil in oil the thirty-eight thieves with as much nonchalance as she could cook a feast for Ali Baba, or dance for his guests after dinner, or stab to death the one of them whom her cunning recognized as the Captain of the Forty Thieves, has left a name that is forever linked with the romantic city of the *Arabian Nights*. Now everybody knows that the line of the Forty Thieves has continued to the present time in Turkey—many of their descendants taking naturally to the trade of dragoman; and the existence and excellences of the worthiest scion of the line founded by the union of that peerless servant Morgiana and Ali Baba's son is also worthy of chronicle. Such an inheritor of the virtues of that incomparable maid of all work really lives, and he is known to everybody in Bagdad. The eyes of Englishmen and Americans by the score take on a kindlier glow as they recall Shamu, "the best servant in Mesopotamia," as Sir William Willcocks calls him.

Perhaps Shamu is only a spiritual heir of Morgiana; in any case, he improves upon her example, for his rare ambition is simply to be a good servant. No grand-vizierate for him. "I make good business for my master," as his stereotyped saying expresses it. While the temporary "master" follows the striding Shamu through the ancient bazaars and narrow, filthy, haphazard, and vaulted streets of Bagdad, he feels like the great Harun-al-Rashid himself. "*Ballack! Ballack!*" ("Make way! Make way!") cries Shamu, well versed in the practical aspects of the foreigner's extra-territorial privileges, and everybody must stand aside. "The pasha's servant is the pasha," says the Arabic proverb, and when upon escort duty Shamu feels his ambassadorial rank, though in ordinary life he is so mild and

unassuming that he seems not to have an enemy in all the city where for forty-five years he has made his headquarters as a servant to foreigners.

It was at Aleppo, the city of Abraham's cow, and the home of that inexplicable disfigurement, "the Aleppo button," that a friend and myself fell into the hands of Shamu. We needed a cook for the long journey across Mesopotamia to Bagdad; interpreter and dragoman we had in the person of an Armenian college graduate, who subsequently turned out a rogue. At the moment our only realized need was for a cook; and this grizzled old fellow, in combined European and native dress, who stood touching his forehead and recounting the amazing list of places to which he had traveled, was too high-priced for our tastes—a dollar and a quarter a day he asked, which is princely for the country. He would not be deterred by any of our remonstrances; apparently he had already engaged us, and, leaving his letters of recommendation behind, he departed to call again. The letters were extraordinary, and some of them from men known to us; therefore, soon Shamu was making trips between the bazaars and our hotel, piling up supplies for the next day's start. Certainly he was "making good business." He spoke always a variant of the familiar "pidgin-English" of the coast of Asia, and this augured well in the eyes of one who knew the East and its peerless servants. We soon concluded that Shamu was our providential deliverer from the glib Armenian.

With his battered charcoal fire-box, his sooty tea-kettle, which sometimes leaked and sometimes did not; his can of beloved *ghee* (grease for cooking purposes); his gunny-sack full of onions and potatoes; his bottle of "ile," and sundry other business-like supplies, he looked the veteran soldier of the road that he is. Next morning we swung out into the



desert, Shamu snuggled on top of the springless baggage-wagon, and a caravan of *arabas*, or small prairie-schooners, following us, for the native wayfarer in Turkey is ever alert to travel under the protecting shadow of the hat of a foreigner. The "man with a hat" has privileges and prestige which no wearer of the turban or the tarboosh enjoys.

The first night out proved Shamu's mettle. He quickly found the best room in the *khan* for us, with his own smoky quarters next door; and innkeeper, drivers, and coolies had to step lively at his peremptory and fast-flying orders, he the while making ready an evening meal so sumptuous that we felt free to invite to it two traveling acquaintances. His "Can catch" and "Can do, sahib," covered more practical efficiency than lay beneath all the book English and jaunty airs of the polished Armenian college graduate.

Every virtue has its corresponding weakness, and Shamu's promptness smote us sorely the next morning, when we were awakened from our dreams before three o'clock by his "Time, sir!" Some persons, we are told, have favorite hobgoblins which regularly visit and torture them in their dreams; mine is a dim vision of Shamu, bearing a candle and briskly crying, "Time, sir!" In dozens of dingy *khans*, in tent and wagon, raft and boat, I have been summoned into that abomination of desolation, the darkness of bitterly cold morning, three or four hours before daylight, by that inexorable figure, who has himself been up for an hour or more, starting fire and breakfast. I fear that in the next world the Angel Gabriel will be startled into readiness for his great task half an hour before it is necessary by Shamu's relentless "Time, sir!" Once, in bright sunlight, when we were gibing at the old man for his early rising, he enunciated in self-defense one of the articles of his brief creed, "Man he sleep too much, he no good." If I recall my Scriptures aright, the Wise Man said something like that first.

Long before four o'clock on this first day out we were fed, packed, and ready, waiting in the courtyard of the *khan* for horses and drivers who were still dreaming; and so we were in no mood to ap-

preciate the glorious moonlight which streamed upon us, or the radiant Syrian stars above. In the East nobody considers anybody else: Shamu's way of awakening the drivers and the *khanji*, or innkeeper, was to stand on the roof—we had the large upper room—and shout in tones that broke the sleep of every one of the dozens of travelers in the *khan*, and of the whole village besides. Only our drivers slept on. So we had an hour in which to wish for Arabic tongues, or to recite Kipling upon the futility of trying to "hustle the East." We had even more forceful remarks to make when we arrived at the end of the day's stage at noon. This was not altogether Shamu's doing, for the East decrees that the traveler must start before day, regardless of the distance to be traveled and the hour of arrival.

The open-handed foreigner has taught native servants to spend their employers' money recklessly; not so has Shamu learned to "make good business for my master." More than once have I scolded him for paying too little *bakshish*; never for paying too much. He was in a perpetual fracas with *khanjis*, coolies, and all the other conspirators who are keen to despoil the man with a hat. A Turkish saying is, "Every foreigner is a sea of money, and he is a fool who will not swim in it." The swimming was never good when Shamu was about. In Turkey, and especially in the case of the Arab, discussion is conducted with unlimited screaming, and we grew so used to hearing Shamu's vigorous voice raised in defense of our purse that I would not turn my head. Sometimes scraps of war news came to me afterward, as: "What you think? That *khanji* wanted a *mejidiéh* [eighty cents] for tea. I gave him hell—and four *piasters* [sixteen cents]." The vigorous English word for *jehennum* was a favorite with Shamu. "Man he say, 'What you care? Not your money; sahib's money'; I tell him, 'Go to hell,' and give him half."

This is not profanity; it is theology. There is a somber Calvinistic tinge to this Chaldean's creed, and he believes in preterition as heartily as ever did Jonathan Edwards. His conception of hell is a place for all Moslems, and for the



innkeepers, coolies, merchants, and all others who try to defraud foreigners. He even has moments of morbid forebodings as to his own destiny. "Look out, Shamu, your coat's on fire!" I cried, as he bent over the charcoal brazier. Scarcely deigning to extinguish the blaze, he commented, "Never mind; burn up, same as Shamu some day." This unusual religious humility does not make him any more charitable than other native Christians toward Moslems; for the essence of Christian orthodoxy in the Turkish Empire is a sweet assurance of the eternal damnation of all followers of the Prophet. Thus it was in an utterly matter-of-fact and unsentimental fashion that Shamu informed me, when I asked him something about the shrouds which pilgrims wear for turbans in the holy city of Kerbela, where Hus-sain, Mohammed's martyred grandson, is buried, "Moslem he wear big turban, go to mosque, pray, pray, pray all the time—then go to hell." Of course a similar view with respect to Christians is held with even greater vigor by Moslems, who have such sayings as, "Allah made both heaven and hell; therefore both must be filled"—a logical way of explaining the existence of the unbelievers. Again they say, "Fire must have sticks, and hell must have Christians."

We had been but two days on the road when an accident occurred which limited Shamu's ability to "make good business." We were being ferried across the Euphrates River in the primitive sugar-

scoop craft, and Shamu was helping to lift a wagon aboard. It was not his work, but he could not stand by and watch those lazy and feckless Arabs mismanage the job. So he led the singing, and did more than his share of the lifting; and when the wagon was in he came to me with, "My hand gone, sir." I looked,

and it was "gone" indeed; the middle finger of the left hand had been crushed to the bone for its entire length. Despite his protests, I climbed into the baggage - wagon and dressed the hand, he in the mean time leading the song that got the refractory horses aboard. Arrived at the other side, the old fellow was for doing a share of the lifting again. Sternly admonished, he explained, "Man no work, he no good; he go to hell." If that doctrine is really an article of the creed of the Chaldean Church, then I for one am ready to invite Chaldean missionaries to America.

Never Scot was so thrifty as Shamu. "I feel too [very] sad to-night, sir."

"What's the matter, Shamu?"

"You pay thirty-one *metallic* for baskets; I pay only eighteen. But you say, 'Buy.'"

I had refused to let him haggle over thirteen cents in the bazaars of one of the holy cities of the Shiah Moslems, where it is good for the intruding Christian to walk softly. "Not buy him, sir"—this peremptorily, when I showed a disposition to acquire oranges which he knew to be above the market price. The keeper of a food bazaar in Diarbekir, from



SHAMU OF BAGDAD



whom we had been buying our daily bread and *kabobs* and *kuftis* and other food, poked two richly roasted and juicy chickens under my eyes as I passed toward our room in the khan at meal-time. Shamu disdainfully waved them away. "Why not, Shamu?" "Too much, sahib; he want forty *metallic*" [cents]; and I could not recover that vanishing dinner without injury to Shamu's "face."

One night, while we were sailing down the Tigris on a *kelek*, or raft made of inflated goat-skins, there arose a fearful turmoil on the bank to which we had moored. We continued to read undisturbed, until above the tumult there shrilled the familiar, "Sahib!" At once there was a reaching for pistols and a start toward the tent door: the expected Arabs doubtless had Shamu in their clutches. At that instant appeared Cheerup, assistant cook and factotum, pointing toward a lantern, while the repeated cry, "Sahib, lampa, sir," made all clear. Shamu was buying charcoal, and he had sent the boy for a light to make sure that we were not cheated in weight or quality. Five bushels of charcoal we bought (how we blessed Shamu's thrift during the freezing month that followed!), and all for one *mejidieh*. The

racket which accompanied the transaction drew to our own door and grew personal, and we learned that Shamu, aided by the *kelekjis*, was in desperate wrangle with the charcoal merchant as to whether the rate of exchange for a *mejidieh* was nineteen or twenty *piasters*, Shamu naturally contending for the former, and carrying his point, although enough wind was expended in the debate to waft a ship clear to Bagdad. Such is the way of the East, where time is not money, and men will haggle for hours over a single penny.

That charcoal was responsible for the greatest distress we ever saw the old man display; he bore the pain of his wounded hand and a subsequent operation without a whimper; the worst blizzard Mesopotamia had known for more than forty years caught him shelterless on the raft; rains soaked him through, and the springless freight-wagon on the rough trail shook him to the marrow; hostile Arabs gave him no concern; the prospect of food failing the storm-stayed travelers only quickened his resourcefulness; but when the thrifty old squirrel reached Bagdad, in the midst of blizzard weather, and found charcoal bringing eight or ten times the price we had paid for it up the Tigris, his self-possession failed him

utterly, and his regret was keener than physical pain. "If I know, I buy ten bags—twenty bags!" Only by absolute commands could we get him to purchase Bagdad charcoal, and then but in smallest quantities. Each purchase was as an iron thrust into his soul.

This, too, despite his pride in Bagdad. For more than a month; amid the barrenness of wayside khans and villages, Shamu had encouraged us with prospects of the resources of Harun-al-Rashid's city. In his eyes, the ancient capital of the Califs on the Tigris was nothing less than the world's central mart and metropolis. Could we replace top-hats which the baggage-wagon had



BLOWING UP SKINS FOR A RAFT





OUR KELEK AND TWO OTHERS OF OUR FLEET

wrecked? Could camera films be bought in Bagdad? How about ammunition for rifles and pistols? And tinned food supplies? Was there a good hotel in Bagdad? Invariably came the loyal answer: "Why not? Bagdad everything have got." Alas for the blindness of loyalty! We could not refrain, after reaching our destination, from flouting Shamu openly and repeatedly: "Yes, 'Bagdad everything have got'—snow and rain and cold and mud; but no good hotel, no hats, no films, no tinned food, no anything!"

Like the veteran campaigner that he is, Shamu knows how to adapt himself to circumstances, and to make the best of them for his "master." Does the caravan halt for half an hour to change or feed the horses? he is straightway forward with tea or a complete tiffin. Must we spend the cold night in a small open boat going through the canals of Mesopotamia? his first thought is of matting to cover the ribs of the boat, for the sake of the ribs of "my master"; the point of disagreement being that he would rather hire second-hand matting at six cents than buy new at thirty cents. In solicitude he offers his own bedding and cloak for the tender foreigners. Let a wish be carelessly expressed for hot beans,

and he sits up half the night blowing a few embers for the purpose; his employer's slightest wish is law with Shamu. The balance of the night he spends in making sleep impossible for the boatmen, who, contrary to agreement, insist upon stopping for a nap as soon as they think their passengers asleep—which is the way with boatmen all over Asia. "Every Arab, he lazy and he liar," is Shamu's terse comment upon the situation, and I have read books upon the Arab that were less comprehensive and farther from the truth.

So complete is one's confidence in Shamu's vigilance and efficiency that I have slept more serenely hundreds of miles away from any trace of civilization, in a country where robbery and murder are common, than I have often slept in New York or Chicago. His "Sahib, get gun! Robbers!" awakens us on the road as he fearlessly challenges suspicious wayfarers in the darkness. His good sense averts dangers where others would provoke them. After a row with local government officials, he shrewdly advises taking the proffered escort of soldiers across the desert; for he knows Turkey. "You not take soldier, I think that man [the





THE EAST SIDE OF BAGDAD

mayor] he send to Arabs, and make bad business for us." When I snubbed, and would have starved, the police official sent along with the soldiers, it was Shamu who played diplomatist and kept the rascal fed and in good humor. None the less he quietly gloated when the "Bull Pup," as we had nicknamed this particular official, came to shame.

Despite heaped-up tales of peril from the Bedouin, this fellow had brought no rifle: he was too exalted for that. When a large company of armed Arabs visited our camp we prevailed upon the one with the best rifle, of whose marksmanship his friends boasted, to shoot at a target: it is a poor foreigner indeed who cannot shoot straighter than the average Arab, and his skill, with the superiority of the traveler's weapons, is a better protection than half a dozen soldiers, who can shoot no straighter than the Bedouins themselves. Upon this occasion the vain-glorious sheik had missed the mark by several feet. I then with my rifle showed him how. To drive the lesson home, I drew my American automatic pistol and sent ten shots into the bull's-eye, or near it, in the time that a native would take to get his gun into position. This

created a real sensation; but the "Bull Pup" could not resist following the foreigner's example, and trying a shot with his old-fashioned revolver. He missed by something like ten feet.

Everybody scoffed except Shamu. Not that Shamu has the Oriental's fear of officials: quite the contrary. He has translated for me remarks to the Grand Panjanderums of remote towns and cities that made the boot-licking courtiers gasp. "The pasha's servant is the pasha," and Shamu has not served Britons forty-odd years without learning the foreigner's power. After the episode which eventuated in the "Bull Pup" and his soldiers, during which I had been obliged to destroy utterly the "face" of the local Pooh-Bah, a delegation of officers came to make a ceremonial call and to repair damages, so far as possible. But dinner was on the fire in the adjoining room of the khan, and Shamu did his interpreting with a spoon in his hand and his eye cast impatiently toward his beloved stew. The cigarettes were not passed to one retainer, and when I asked why, Shamu said, "He nobody." Needless to say, the call was short. I fear Shamu was governed by the prin-



ciple he admires in the British, "English gentleman he make strong business." Still he could be the personification of kindness and consideration; as when I heard him explaining to a friendly Moslem soldier on Christmas, which day overtook us in a village khan, like unto that at Bethlehem, that this was the Christian's Bairam—Bairam being the great Moslem festal day.

Primarily, Shamu was not engaged to be diplomatic agent, interpreter, or guide, counselor, and friend, but just as plain cook. That phrase "plain cook" could be used in the sense in which it is employed in the "situations wanted" column. There were no frills to Shamu's cooking. His mainstay, next to the cherished bottle of *ghee*, or cooking-fat, was a stew, with plenty of the aforesaid *ghee* and onions in it. That process rendered Mesopotamia mutton almost tender. At first we used to speculate whether our porridge would be "with or without" a thumb; but there is no fun in betting on a sure thing. Always it is a good plan to keep one's eyes away from the kitchen, and especially in the Orient. The German archæologists at Babylon have made a collection of the

foreign substances found in their food, and for variety it rivals their unearthings from Nebuchadnezzar's palace. After vain efforts to dissuade Shamu from using the frying-pan as a fire-shovel, and the hand-basin as a laundry-tub and general cooking utensil, we decided to follow the Apostle Paul's advice and eat what was set before us, asking no questions, for conscience' sake. Of course we could not always help seeing Shamu wiping the ashes from the *kabobs*—which are morsels of meat spitted on an iron rod and broiled over the charcoal—with the general utility rag which he kept in his pocket. The same rag, I verily believe, polished our shoes; I know it polished the plates. It was also the cloth that carried our supply of native bread from the bazaars: which mattered not, as a procession of natives had already handled the same bread; not to speak of the dust from the road. Ever, though, the best was kept for his employers: stale bread was not thrown away, but eaten by Shamu and Cheerup and the crew—having been softened by the last remnants of an old goat's leg stewed in *ghee*. One day we had all been drenched, including our supplies.



THE RIVER TIGRIS BELOW THE BRIDGE OF BOATS



The sixty flat loaves of native bread, purchased the day before, were one unsightly mass of dirty brownish dough. "Throw it overboard, Shamu, and get more at the next village." The old man looked at me in hopeless horror. "I paid thirty *metallic* for him yesterday. Think I throw away? No; me and Cheerup will eat."

Standards of fastidiousness differ, and "the East is the East." It was not Shamu, but a Beirut merchant who so packed our supplies that the sugar was browned by the apricots, the bacon was yellowed with curry-powder, and the rice was mixed with a variety of foreign substances which we hoped were edible. Was there ever a native servant who could be trusted to boil water for drinking purposes? I suspect that Shamu could not. He would boil water for an hour for the dressing of his wounded hand—and then fill up the kettle with fresh water from the river as we were ready to use it. As for himself, like all natives, he would drink any running water: I have seen him dip it up in the *kelekji's* scoop from the Tigris when the water was thick enough to cut. It seems utterly impossible to alter any Oriental's view of this: and I suppose half the water-jars of the East are replenished from sources which would fill a Western

physician with horror. The microbe, in the estimate of these physicians, is a mighty and valiant warrior nowadays, but he stands no chance with the Oriental.

Faithful to the last *para* was he in finances. I would trust him with all my worldly store, as well as with my life. "Make count, sahib," he would say each day after expenditures. Then he would give account of his stewardship, down to fractions of cents. All these items he kept in his head, for, like most of the people of the East, he neither reads nor writes, and I believe he thinks of them in the night-watches; for sometimes he would say, "Forgot two metallics for milk yesterday." Always he was studying to save money for his employer. We tied up our *kelek* one day in front of a Kurdish village of cave-dwellers. Inquiry was made for eggs. Presently an old woman nonchalantly strolled down to the bank empty-handed. "Why hadn't she brought eggs?" From her capacious bosom she produced seven, for which Shamu paid four cents. Then she kept on laying eggs on the ground—"the old hen," we called her as we watched her unbosom herself—until she had laid thirty in all. We insisted upon buying the lot, as a treat to the crew, but Shamu would pay no such fancy price as he had given for the first seven. Chickens

he later bought for six cents apiece—but the barley to feed them cost two cents, he anxiously explained, fearing that he had been extravagant. I did not know that he was keeping tab on the cost of my rifle practice, for he would faithfully summon me from the tent with, "Bird have got," or, "Sahib, come shoot bird," which was rank optimism. "Bird" meant anything from a pelican to a duck. At the end of the voyage he remarked, "I think you shoot whole lira's worth of bullets."

Nevertheless, Shamu was not mean. At Diarbekir we had picked up a stray to help with the work, because

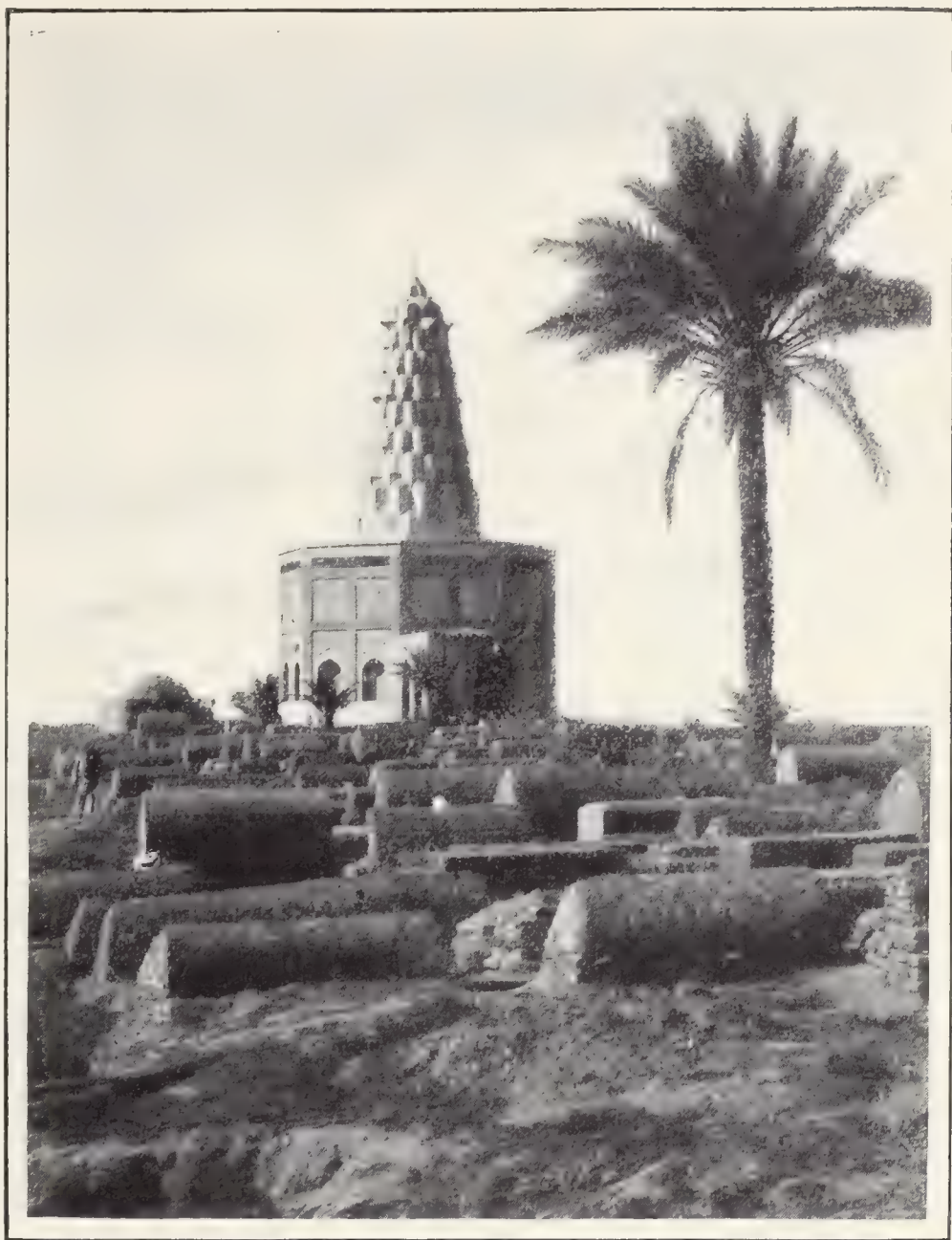


SHAMU TAKING A DRINK OUT OF THE RAFTSMAN'S CUP



of Shamu's bad hand. He was a poor, wooden creature, with not a possession to his name, except the layers of rags tied with a string about the middle. But he was as strong—and as stupid—as an ox, and willing to work his way to Bagdad on the chance of employment there. He had no ties; he was an Armenian, and his whole family had perished in the 1896 massacre. His name sounded something like Cheerup, so Cheerup we called him; and cheer up he did when well fed and assured of a place and protection. A new light of life came into his face as during these days he slowly broke the chrysalis of poverty, neglect, and abuse which had been his lifelong envelope.

One enlarging experience was the demonstration to this poor fellow that, on that raft at least, he had rights equal to a Moslem's. One of our *kelek-jis* was a pious follower of the Prophet—"the Chaplain," we dubbed him—who prayed regularly, though hard stressed to face Mecca on a whirling raft. He made his bed under the lee of our tent, on a part of the raft reserved for us and our personal servants. Cheerup, not knowing how to look out for himself, was left out on an exposed place. The next night the Chaplain invited a turbaned *hadji* from another *kelek* to lodge in his comfortable corner; for the first part of the night they discussed theology within a foot of my ear, and for the remainder of the night the visitor snored. I decreed that Cheerup should share the sheltered spot, which he did until they thought I had retired, when, as I had expected, the proud Moslem threw the Christian dog out. The next day I preached a sermon to the crew, the application of which was that the Chaplain should sleep out in the cold, in the crew's quarters, where he properly belonged, and Cheerup should have the snug nook all to himself—which



THE TOMB OF HARUN-AL-RASHID'S WIFE, NEAR BAGDAD

was good for both of their souls, if a bit hard on the Moslem's body.

At first Cheerup showed a tendency to let the cutlery and other small articles slip through the interstices between the inflated goat-skins into the river; and he was undeniably stupid. Shamu had bought a huge water-jar, such as concealed the robbers upon whom Morgiana poured the boiling oil. Coolies had broken the top of it, but it was still useful and precious in Shamu's eyes. He told Cheerup to shift it one day; the latter had received so many orders in the service of these foreigners the reasons for which were entirely beyond his grasp that he, understanding Arabic-speaking Shamu's poor Turkish to be "Throw it away," promptly heaved it overboard. Shamu never lost patience; line upon line he taught the young man the lesson, "Work hard, not talk back, you make good pay." He promised to take Cheerup into his own home at Bagdad until he found employment for him.



Little did any of us dream of the *Arabian Nights* fortune that awaited our ox-like second cook, who so gladly bore us ashore on his back, or waded in the cold stream for dead ducks, or carried burdens, or stood sentinel in our absence. In his bosom he bore a charm, which seemed the extent of his religion. It held a paper covered over with Christian crosses and Armenian phrases. To him that charm stood for the Providence which had put him under the protection of these foreigners, carried him into the realms of wonder at Bagdad, and paid him for the privilege. He had neither kith nor kin, he told us. He was a small boy when his family were slain by the Turks. On the first Sunday in Bagdad Shamu took the young man to the Armenian church. No more was seen of him for three days, until I was called to the door by Shamu, who was beaming over his protégé's good fortune. "See Cheerup, sir; he *effendi* [gentleman] now." There stood our erstwhile second cook, the ragged clothes all gone, barbered, a new tarboosh on his head, and dressed fully in European raiment. Little wonder that at first I did not recognize him, and it seemed incongruous when he kissed my hand. The story, in a few words, was this: At church his Armenian compatriots had introduced him to a man of the same name, who turned out to be Cheerup's own elder brother, whom he had all along believed to have perished in the massacre. The brother was in the employ of a wealthy Armenian, who, moved by the strange story, took the waif under his own protection. So, thanks to Shamu, Cheerup has romantically come to comfort, fortune, and happiness.

The simple kindliness of this rough courier of the highway really springs from a deep religious instinct. He looks charitably upon everybody, except the rogues who try to overcharge his employer. "He very good man, sir; *very* good man," he would say concerning the one of his European friends or employers whose name chanced to be mentioned. All his geese are swans, for, as anybody may surmise, not all explorers, travelers, and archæologists are the most congenial of masters. None the less, Shamu is loyal to each; he mentioned, when seeking employment of us, how his knowl-

edge of the language and of the Arab tribes had kept a well-known journalist from being robbed. Later I read the journalist's own account of the incident, in which he figured as a hero, and also heard in Bagdad the "inside story" of it, which corresponded with Shamu's. I remarked to Shamu, "Mr. Quill tells a different story from you about those Arabs." "All right, sir; Mr. Quill he gentleman," loyally responded the modest hero. But he could not quite repress a grin.

The obsession of Shamu is that he is only a servant and must be a good one. The extremeness of this entire lack of presumption may best be understood by those who know the Levant. Tales could be told of travelers, Americans especially, who have become little more than subordinates to their expensive, wasteful, and lordly dragomans.

The day after we had started on a desert trip Shamu remarked that it was his birthday, and explained how his name had been read out in church, and the usual way of observing these anniversaries by a holiday and celebrations. "Why didn't you tell us, Shamu, that we might have put off the trip a day?" The old fellow fairly snorted: "What for I care, when my master got business? I make business for my master." mollifying him, I inquired, "How old are you, Shamu?" "How do I know, sir? Maybe fifty-two, maybe fifty-five."

The ambition of Shamu is to maintain an unsullied name. Honor is more than life to him. "I care for my name, sir. You think I break my name?" He had a pardonable pride in his reputation. "My name very big in Bagdad, sir." He understated the case, for the Vali himself enters the city after an absence with fewer tokens of genuine friendship and esteem than we saw displayed toward this humble servant, who strode before us, never pausing for a moment, barely acknowledging greetings while on duty, crying only, "*Ballack! Ballack!*"

Like a bride who wants to be assured every day that her husband loves her, Shamu's weakness is that he is hungry for approval. "I think stew not very good to-day, sir?" he suggests, ingratiatingly, when he has heard no word of comment on his *chef-d'œuvre*. "Fine,





MOSQUE OF SHEIK OMAR, BAGDAD

Shamu, fine!" At once he is as pleased as a child. Out of our limited resources he once evolved an elaborate tiffin, a veritable state dinner, even to the luxury of napkins, for a guest who was an old friend of his; it was a notable achievement. Toward the end the cook appeared at the door, with loins girt and in attitude expectant, and when guest and hosts had heaped flattery upon him he retired radiant. In Bagdad he appeared to us one day no longer clad in his dark purple trousers, with the two-inch lavender band at the waist, and a lighter lavender embroidery down the side, the trousers girt outside the vest, which, like the coat, was a bequest from some past employer. Over his head usually is a red shawl, bound by an Arab roll. In warm weather he wears green puttees, which meet neither shoes nor trousers. In colder climate he displays a regal pair of Kurdish socks, with gloves to match—a groundwork of white wool, decorated with figured one-inch bands of blue, green, red, orange, and black. Commonly, off active duty, he smokes a pipe, which he quickly removes from his lips

and holds behind him when addressed. It was the day after he had come to his own at Bagdad that he appeared in full Oriental dress of silken robes. With a grin that was a curious mixture of sheepishness and pride, he answered our look of wonder by touching his forehead and explaining, "Shamu *effendi* now, sir"; and proved it by tucking his skirts into his girdle and sailing into affairs in the kitchen.

Dear old Shamu, with his dog-English, his queer economies, his wonderful knowledge of Eastern places and of desert ways, and with his notable devotion to the welfare of him whom he serves! His beloved Bagdad has not many men so truly successful as he. Morgiana was likewise resourceful and faithful; but she soon ceased to be a servant, and became a rich mistress. Through the testing years Shamu has been only a servant, and he would not be more; his patiently acquired money has been dissipated by a wastrel son; but he has a "name" which nobody can take away, and which is excelled in honor by no other name in all the romantic city of the *Arabian Nights*.



# When Silence was Golden

BY MARION PUGH READ

WHEN Caroline Spence, holding tight to her mother's hand, was first introduced into the well-filled class-room of Ellen and Sabina Blake's school for girls, her first impression was one of distinct pleasure. She couldn't see why every one had always said to her, "Wait till thee's put in school!" For Caroline was a chatter-box. From the time she had first learned to put two words together she had had to talk. She couldn't keep still. It was said she would talk to the face in the clock if there was no other face in sight. And certainly she prattled along with a spontaneity that made one compare her involuntarily with mountain brooks and clocks, and all sorts of things animated by the idea of perpetual motion. But it was left for her uncle Henry to point out the real difference between them. "A clock," he said, "runs down if it isn't wound up, but thee never does!"

She talked of anything and everything, but especially of her own busy, eager self, and of one thing even more absorbing—her clothes. It wasn't that she was vain. It was just that in pretty clothes she was happy, and in ugly ones she was miserable.

"Mother," she would sigh, "when thee puts me in brown holland, thee makes me fairly *itch* to get old!"

She found something distinctive in every new thing that was put on her. "Did thee ever see a *squarer* check?" she would exclaim, delightedly. Or, "Did thee ever imagine fuller ruffles than these on my new pantalettes?" "Did thee ever see undersleeves with such a *sweep*?" "Does thee see my new bonnet? I can't see it, but I can feel it!" That was enough! And in the same way her dots were the roundest, her stripes were the straightest, and she herself, without question, was the happiest creature in all the valley.

It was fortunate for her that her

mother, though of Quaker stock, did not hold to the plain dress, though she spoke the Friends' speech, as did nearly every one in this Pennsylvania village of the early fifties, Friend or not. She was a young widow, and Caroline was her only child, so it was no wonder she indulged her as she did. Old Joel Elder said it was idolatry to bring up a child in such a way, but if this were so, it was certainly a more innocent form of idolatry than Joel's own, which was love of money and of everything that might be converted into money, especially the odds and ends of grain or potatoes that weren't absolutely needed to fill up the measure—Joel's measures never were rounded. But all his skimping and hoarding didn't bring him half so much happiness as Caroline did to her mother. It was like having a sunbeam dance into the room to have Caroline come in.

She was eight years old, and had already been through Osgood's Primer, could multiply by seven, and was familiar with the pictures and stories in Peter Parley's *History of the World*, before her mother could bring herself to put her in school. It was not the lonely days for herself she dreaded so much as the ordeal of restraint for Caroline. And then, however mild Ellen Blake might be, wasn't Sabina inclined to be a little sharp?

But the day had to come at last, and Caroline, happy and excited, saw nothing to dismay her. It had been enough for her if two or three were gathered together, and here was a whole roomful. She looked around in delight. There was something she felt she had to say to nearly every one there. Her first shock came within five minutes.

"Why, Sarah Doolittle!" she exclaimed, at her first backward glance. "If thee isn't right around there cat-cornered behind me!"

Of course her mother had told her she



must be perfectly quiet, but that was such a familiar saying. "Now remember, Caroline, thee's not to do *all* the talking!" How well acquainted she was with that reminder, made whenever they were drawing near to some neighbor's. To-day Caroline had singled out Sarah Doolittle.

Ellen looked up in surprise. Sabina, who always did the "governing," turned to her sharply.

"Thee mustn't speak unless thee's spoken to," she said, severely, and, after waiting a moment to let her words have due weight, was about to go on with the reading-class.

"But what if nobody speaks to me?"

"Then thee must keep silent!"

Caroline did keep silent, but she kept twisting around in her seat, and turning beseeching eyes to one and another in turn, eyes in which the desire might easily be read that some one should take pity on her and give her a chance to answer.

"Don't thee turn and twist so! Thee must sit still!" Sabina next commanded, in a peremptory tone; and, after a longer pause than before, turned back to her class just in time to catch an audible sigh and a rueful, involuntary little whisper, "It makes me fidget just to *think* of it!"

"I wasn't talking," Caroline hastened to explain. "I was just thinking out loud."

But Sabina's face was fearful to look upon. "Thee's got to learn to think to thyself. Thee speaks once again, and thee sits up in front in the dunce's seat!"

Then, indeed, Caroline did subside. She had no inclination to try the tortures of the dunce's seat, whatever they might be. There was plenty of excitement for a while in watching all that went on and in being allowed to get up and march to class every now and then herself. And though there were many things in her deportment that called forth instant reproof, what provoked Sabina's direst wrath was that Caroline, having been detained at recess to hear Sabina lay down the law, listened to each "Thee must!" and "Thee mustn't!" in impressive silence, and then looked up innocently to ask, "Would it bother thee if I just *whispered*?"

Sabina made her answer sufficiently clear. Its only effect seemed to be to

make Caroline choose those moments when Sabina wasn't looking. The whole school soon became accustomed to Sabina's familiar, "Caroline Spence, is thee speaking again?" and to Caroline's invariable, honest, abashed little "Yes!"

Recitations were an escape-valve—too much of a one, in fact, for there was no telling into what fields of exposition, relevant or irrelevant, fancy would lead her. And particularly from that driest of all dry subjects, arithmetic, did she extract from the very wording of the problems an unusual and unintended interest. The Jameses and Henrys were so much more real to her than the sixes and sevens with which they were so casually connected, the peaches and pears which they ate or refrained from eating so much more important than the mathematical calculations involved.

"'There were four pears on the plate,'" she would repeat. "'Edward took one, and Mary took two. How many remained on the plate?' Edward took *one*!" she would exclaim. "Did thee ever see a boy like that? And he got there first, too. Doesn't thee think it would read better, 'Edward took *two*, and *Mary* took one?'" Advised to solve it as it read, she proceeded to do so, but finished with her own comment, "Maybe Edward didn't like pears, but I never saw a boy that didn't; did thee?"

No command, therefore, was so distasteful as when Sabina would say: "James and Henry had between them twelve peaches. James ate three, and Henry gave away two. How many remained? Thee doesn't need to repeat the question or comment on it. Work it out in thy mind and give me the answer. What does thee make it?"

With Sabina's stern eyes upon her, Caroline would become restrained. But she couldn't keep from her mind the vivid picture of James eating three peaches, though she had to rush past it so fast she had to make him fairly devour them, nor could she help wondering in passing who it was the generous Henry gave his to. His little sister? Or the little girl next in class? Or Edward over the fence?

"What does thee make it?" the relentless voice would break in.

"Thee hurries me so!" came a murmur. "Seven peaches," she would finally an-



nounce, desperately, after a tedious subtraction of two plus three from twelve. "But what different natures those two lads do show, don't they?"

And the worst of all was when Sabina would say, "Caroline Spence, how many's six from nine?"

"Six *what* from nine?"

"Six anything from nine. Think of the numbers and nothing else."

"Six beechnuts from nine beechnuts would be three beechnuts. Six hoops from nine hoops would be three hoops. But 6 from 9 would be nothing but 3. Couldn't thee even make it *pignuts*?"

Caroline was the only pupil in school who would rather be called on when she didn't know than not at all. She would repeat the question, and begin on what proved to be a wide series of conjectures. Sabina soon learned to stop her short when she began, "I think—"

"Never mind what thee thinks! Does thee know?"

"No," Caroline would answer, abashed only for the fragment of a second. "Not unless it's—"

"Caroline Spence, thee's passed over. Sarah Doolittle, does thee know?" until Sarah Doolittle, who always did know, soon got to be the bane of her existence.

By the time Caroline had been coming to school for a fortnight she had nearly worn out the dunce's cap, she had stood in every corner of the room, and had been "detained" from recess so many times that she began to be secretly afraid she would forget how to play, but there was very little improvement in her conduct. Ellen and Sabina had argued and expostulated in vain.

"Caroline Spence," said Sabina one day, "did thee ever stop to think what it would be like in the schoolroom if *every one* spoke when they felt like it? Suppose every one said whatever came into their minds, what would thee think of that?"

Caroline's eyes shone with excitement at the very idea of such a carnival of free speech.

"It would be better than a carpet-rag sewing!" she declared. "Does thee have it that way sometimes?"

"It would be *bedlam*, that is what it would be. And how much does thee think thee'd learn?"

"If I could only talk, I'd *dispense* with learning!"

"Thee may be obliged to dispense with it. Does thee want to go home to thy mother and grow up a little dunce, all because thee wouldn't observe the silence rule?"

"But it's not at home I wear the dunce's cap. It's right here!"

"Thee should be ashamed to have it so!"

Ellen's arguments were gentler. "Thee doesn't see the use of writing? Suppose thee had a dear friend who lived at a distance. What would thee do if thee had something thee felt thee must tell her?"

"I'd make her a visit."

"But suppose thee couldn't leave home?"

"Then I'd have her visit me!"

"Thee's too forward with thy answers," Sabina said one day, when, as always to any general question, Caroline hastened to respond.

"Does thee want me backward?" she asked, in perplexity.

"If thee only stopped to think before thee spoke," Ellen suggested, "thee'd find there was a good deal thee'd leave unsaid."

"Thee means I'd be too late!"

As for studying her own lessons while the other classes were reciting, that was an impossibility. Caroline couldn't keep her attention away from them, nor could she always refrain from comment. Her remarks were out before she knew it.

"Do those funny little marks thee makes call up mountains to thy mind?" she asked one day, when Sabina was explaining a map of Asia she had drawn on the blackboard for the advanced geography class. "Doesn't thee think they look more like mice-tracks in the grain?"

"Caroline Spence, mind thy book!"

But the command had to be general before order was restored. Caroline was demoralizing the school.

The two sisters consulted together as to what they should do. It was a serious matter that brought that to pass, for Sabina was accustomed to decide everything herself. She was the elder, tiny and slender. Ellen was of a larger build, mild and pacific in all her inclinations. It was as impossible for her to be "sharp" as it was for her hair to be





Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

ALL AFTERNOON CAROLINE WAS MUTE







straight. It would wave; and whereas Sabina's had turned gray at forty, Ellen's at fifty was still as brown as in her girlhood. All her life long it had been, "Thee's not firm enough!" until one day Ellen retorted: "That's not thy failing! Thee's firm enough for both!" Certainly in dealing with Caroline Spence Sabina was firm enough for both, but without success.

"Is there anything thee thinks of we haven't tried that we could?" she asked Ellen. "We've never sent a scholar away yet. Not once in thirteen years!"

"Of course we've not many boys. It's boys that are unruly."

"As far as manners go, and tracking in mud, but when it comes to the tongue it's the other sex that's unruly every time. And Caroline's such an example as thee'll come across only once in a lifetime."

"'Tis not that what she says is bad or mischievous."

"No; 'tis just that it's *endless*!"

But they hated to admit failure, and then they really loved Caroline, and Caroline's mother—Sabina both loved and pitied her. So they tried it a little longer. It was only the next day that Caroline was kept in from recess and left in Ellen's charge.

Two alone together, and she one of them, always meant a tête-à-tête for Caroline, even if all the confidences had to come from her. Ellen, sitting at the table, gazing absent-mindedly out of the window, listening vaguely to the tumult of the children outside, became aware of a sympathetic little voice at her elbow.

"Thee has a lonely time of it in recess, doesn't thee?" Caroline began, and then went on with the same breath, "Does thee know what thee puts me in mind of when thee's sitting here?"

Ellen hazarded no guess.

"Thee puts me in mind of our cow when she's tied out in the pasture. Thee's *looking*, but thee doesn't *see*!"

"Caroline Spence, thee wasn't detained to talk."

"But I s'pose I might as well, as long as I'm here."

Ellen was not disinclined to listen, yet where would the discipline come in?

"No; thee must go back to thy seat, and bear in mind for twenty minutes

that thee's not to speak in school, and that the reason thee's not out with thy little playmates this minute is because thee forgot it so many times this morning."

Caroline gave a disappointed sigh. "All right, if I've got to! But there's just one thing I'll have to say before I stop. Doesn't thee think that if thee'd let me talk *now* and say what I've got to, I'd be more likely to be able to keep still the rest of the day? I can't keep quiet forever!"

There was a logic in her argument that appealed to Ellen, and then it was a good time for experiment, for Sabina was completely out of earshot.

"Does thee think thee can manage to keep still all the rest of the day if I let thee talk now?"

Caroline nodded delightedly. "Even Sabina can't catch me. Does thee know what they all say of her? They say she's got eyes in the back of her head. But I know better than that!"

Ellen suppressed her smile. "Of course thee does!"

"Yes; it isn't eyes she's got there. It's *ears*!"

"If it is, I'm afraid she needs them sometimes." But the reproof slid off easily.

"Thee hasn't got a nice, fat pickle about thee anywhere, has thee?"

Ellen laughed at the unexpectedness of it. "In my pocket, does thee mean?"

"Hasn't thee any sort of goodies there? Does thee eat them all up on the way to school, like me? What does thee keep up there in all those funny little cupboards?"

"Thee's welcome to look."

"Copy-books and ink-pots!" was the disappointing discovery. "Thee might have it so different! And then, there's thy clothes! Thee does get the least use of thy age! Will thee tell me something?"

"What is it?"

"When folks get old, and there's no one to keep them from wearing just what they please, what makes them dress plainer than ever? Everybody does it, and they could wear exactly what they like."

"Perhaps the plain dress is what they like."



Caroline didn't accept it even as a possibility. "It wouldn't be what I'd like! I know how I'd dress if I was grown up. I know what I'd just *live* in *now* if I only had it!"

"But hadn't thee better leave all that now and bring thy thoughts back to school? What was it that got thee into trouble this morning?"

"It was only what I said after the second reading-class closed their books. Thee wasn't here, but doesn't thee recall the story? James and Henry's uncle offered them each their choice of a plant in full bloom or a packet of seeds. Henry took the plant, but James took the *seeds*. And Henry showed every one his lovely plant, and laughed at James because he had only some ugly little seeds. Pretty soon the flowers fell off from Henry's plant, and it withered up and died, but after a while James's seeds came up, and soon he had twenty such plants and flowers for every one. And then their uncle called both lads up to James's flower-bed and asked them which lad had made the wisest choice. And Henry hung his head. He didn't laugh at James any more. For James, too, had the constant pleasure and instruction of watching his plants grow and develop. That was the story, wasn't it?"

"Yes, and thee'd do well to remember the moral of it as well as thee does the narrative."

"And all I said was, 'But suppose the seeds had never come up? *Then* which lad would have made the wisest choice?'"

"But the story tells thee they did."

"But they mightn't another time. I planted a whole bedful of petunia seeds once, but I never saw as much as a *stem* of a petunia!"

Before Ellen had time to point out that wisdom and experience were not always at variance, Caroline went on. "Anyhow, I'd have taken the plant because I could have it right off. I hate to *wait* for things, doesn't thee? Did thee ever see anything move slower than the hands of that clock when thee's waiting for school to let out? For anything that can move, they do drag along the slowest!"

"Does thee hate it so in school?"

"No, I don't hate it. If thee'd only let me study out loud, I'd love it! Or if

thee'd only let me recite it all when I get it learned. Thee only had me give one problem to-day, and there were three!"

"And how much time did thee take up with that one? Enough for all three together."

"Thee wants such skimpy answers! Anyhow, there were two problems wasted. What's the use of learning things just to keep still about them?"

"Does thee think that's a safe rule to go by? Suppose thee'd only learned the first, and I'd asked thee for the second?"

Caroline only looked at her. "Thee isn't mean like that!"

"I might be. Thee's not safe unless thee's prepared all thee's given. But not out loud! Thee must be quiet and give the others a chance. Thee keeps them back when thee interrupts and breaks the rules. They're ambitious to learn, if thee isn't."

"Thee'd never guess it to hear them talk! There's Ellen Dukehart; she's always saying she hates boundaries worse than *camomile tea*! And Edward Jackson, thee knows him? He says he'd rather be *switched* than *parse*!"

If proficiency was any test of predilection, then, indeed, they must hate it!

"Has thee heard what Edward intends doing when he grows up?"

Ellen hadn't heard.

"He's not going to crawl across the river any more on old Jim Bole's ferry. He's going to build a ferry-boat of his own, and he's going to make it go *lickety-split*! He could do it now if it wasn't for being in school all the time. He can do anything he tries to. He taught me this. Does thee know it? If thee takes the tongs of an evening and makes them open and shut, just slow like this, thee can soon have every one around thee gaping, without ever guessing what started them. Thee might try it sometime when thee wants some real fun!"

And so she chattered, talking faster and faster as the time grew shorter, until, by the time the period was nearly over, Ellen, scarcely able to get a word in edgewise, began to doubt the wisdom of having wound up so much volubility.

"Caroline Spence," she said, desperately, "is there anything that would *tempt* thee to keep still?"



Caroline's eyes shone. It was not an entirely novel idea to her.

"If there was, would thee get it?" she demanded.

"If thee'd only turn over a new leaf and keep quiet in school, I'd get thee any little gift thee likes as a reward. Is there something thee covets especially? Something thy heart's so set on thee'd work harder than thee ever did in thy life to get it? Thee can think it over a moment and decide."

"There is!" Caroline was vehement in her eagerness. "I don't need to think it over. There's something I'd rather have than anything in the whole world and Asia besides!"

Ellen smiled. "Suppose thee leaves out Asia and comes nearer home. Hadn't thee better make it something we can find here in the village?"

"Thee can whittle it down to the back end of Benny Tucker's shop. It's there, what I want, hanging up. There's stacks of them right here in this village. They're common as goloshes, only I haven't got any, and I do want one! Thee'd make me perfectly happy if thee'd only get it for me. I'd do anything to earn it!"

"Something to wear, then?"

"Something I fairly *itch* to wear!"

"Caroline, why doesn't thee ever itch to keep still?"

"I will!" Caroline cried. "I'd be willing never to speak again in my life if thee'd only promise to get it for me."

"Thee needn't undertake that; but if thee'll keep perfect silence in school for a whole week, never speak once when thee's not meant to, and answer only what's expected of thee, then when Saturday afternoon comes thee shall come with me to Benny's shop and choose what it is thee wants. No, thee needn't tell me now what it is. Thee shall tell me then. Thee may change thy mind a dozen times in the mean time."

"No, I won't change my mind!" Her beaming eyes ratified the declaration.

"Well, thee's not to boast of it to any one. Thee mustn't even tell thyself thee's to have it. Thee's got to earn it first. Time enough to feel it's thine when thee puts it on and wears it."

That "when thee puts it on and wears it" brought perfect raptures of delight

to her. "Oh, thee needn't worry!" she exclaimed. "I'll earn it! Thee'll see how still I'll keep! I won't speak a word! I'll be as quiet as a mouse! I won't even—"

"Caroline Spence," Ellen broke in, "suppose thee begins!"

Then began a new era for Caroline and for all the wondering school. All afternoon, except when she was called on for something, Caroline was mute. She subtracted nine from seventeen with a brevity of abstraction sufficient for the most abstruse mathematician. And the suggestive problem, "James, John, and Edward had between them twenty marbles. James had four, and John had three. How many did Edward have?" she worked out in silence, and, in order not to offend, even gave the answer simply as "Thirteen." Only the rising inflection with which she pronounced it gave any hint that she went on and said "marbles" to herself. No comment on Edward's having the larger share escaped her—or on the probability of their having played for "keeps." In the reading-class she let Kate and Mary be as limited in their activities as the dry facts of the sentence narrated. And not once, even when it was her turn, or when Ellen or Sabina was looking directly to her for an answer, would she speak unless they said clearly and unmistakably, "Caroline Spence, *thee* may tell."

When Pamela Taylor, an older girl, took occasion on her way past to the blackboard to suggest, by way of provocation, "Cat got thy tongue?" Caroline only stuck it out for an answer. She even failed to respond when Sarah Doolittle whispered over with an air of malicious triumph, "I guess thee *caught it* this morning!" Caroline only smiled a mysteriously triumphant, Sphinx-like smile. If there was any one, in the whole world and Asia besides, who wanted what she was going to have more than she did herself, it was precisely Sarah Doolittle. She had been heard to say that very morning she would give her best second teeth for one, even if she had to have them pulled first!

But it was hard work for Caroline. Sometimes Ellen could hardly keep from smiling at the tense effort she displayed. There was such determination in her



tightly closed lips, as though if she failed to keep a constant watch over them they would betray her yet. Sometimes her eyes would beseech them to call on her; but, given the chance, what incredible reserve she showed in her answers, as though by a single syllable, by half a word too much, she might lose all. To the question, "Is America a city?" to which she was supposed to reply: "No. America is a continent, but *Philadelphia* is a city," she only shook her head, and it took three more questions to extract the whole answer.

But her climax of brevity came when she was given the problem: "There were twelve plums on the branch. Eunice picked seven, and Mary picked five. How many plums remained on the branch?"

"Zero!" said Caroline.

Ellen was delighted with the success of her plan. "Thee sees," she observed to Sabina.

"I see what a bribe will do!"

"'Tis not a bribe. 'Tis a promised reward," Ellen objected.

"And what is the difference?"

"A reward is for something that it is well should be done, but a bribe, if thee'll think of it, is for something that would be better undone. There is something evil in the very nature of a bribe, but a reward is as innocent as virtue itself."

"Oh, well, if thee wants to split hairs! What is it thee's to get her?"

"Some trifling gift, whatever she chooses."

"Thee doesn't even know! Then how can thee tell it's something thee can let her have?"

"What is there of a pernicious nature in Benny Tucker's shop? It's some ribbon for a sash or a bright new kerchief. It might be wrong for us, but not for her."

"Thee never can tell. Thee'd better have promised a book, *The Scholar's Delight*, or *Moral Tales*, or *Silence is Golden*. But, then, we're only borrowing trouble. She hasn't earned it yet!"

But Ellen was sure. She was ignorant, too, of the added incentive Caroline gained every day on her way to school when she stopped and peered in through the window of Benny's shop, and every time turned away in relief. Nobody had bought it yet! The fear that they would,

if they only knew how brief was their chance, did far more than Ellen's caution to keep her from talking about it. Even her mother didn't know what was going on.

"Thee won't mind if I have a secret, will thee?" Caroline had asked her.

"No; thee's usually too generous with thy secrets," her mother answered, expecting to hear it with the next breath. But this time Caroline's secret didn't "leak out." Nor did her fortitude fail her. The days went by without a break until the week was ended. Caroline hadn't spoken once.

And so at last Saturday afternoon came, and finally that long-looked-for moment when, hand in hand, she and Ellen entered Benny Tucker's shop—Caroline jubilant, and Ellen scarcely less so. For wasn't it a victory for both? And though virtue truly was its own reward, as no one knew better than Ellen, there was time enough for that after you were grown up. While you were still little it was good to see it paid in something else than kind. Ellen was never so happy as when she was bestowing a treat upon some child. It was like making up something to a certain shy little girl, away off in the background of the past, whose every desire for pretty things had been repressed. How happy she might have been made with the merest trifle! But it was enough to-day to partake of Caroline's delight. It was altogether a happy occasion. Benny, his yardstick in hand, his round-pointed scissors dangling from his waistcoat pocket, stood ready to serve them in any capacity.

"Caroline's thy customer to-day," Ellen informed him. "She's been such a good girl in school that she's to have a reward. What is it thee's choosing, dear?"

Benny awaited her commands with a smile. Caroline was one of his favorite customers. She did not keep them long in suspense.

"A hoop-skirt!" she exclaimed, with a sigh of delight, as though the very sound of the words was enchanted.

"A *hoop-skirt!*" Benny and Ellen repeated, in chorus.

Ellen had a thought. "Was it for thy mother thee thought of it?" she suggested.



Caroline turned an injured face to her.

"No! It's for *me*!"

"But what would thee do with it?"

"Why, wear it, of course!"

"But little girls don't wear them."

"They could!"

"Did thee ever see one?"

But Caroline was not prepared to waste any time in argument. She ran to the back of the shop where the skirt hung whose fate she had been watching so anxiously through the window. It was hers now by every right, and in less than a jiffy she had managed to get it down from its peg and insert herself in its meshes. She pulled it up high under her arms. Even then it dropped down and touched the floor, but she didn't care. There she stood, a comical little figure, enjoying all the expected sensations, and more. They had to go back there to her.

She was so funny, if only the case hadn't been so serious!

"Oh, but look how big it is!" Benny protested. "This is for a grown person."

"Couldn't thee get me one in children's size?"

Benny shook his head. His gravity was commendable, but his eyes twinkled. Ellen was not amused. After her first protest she stood speechless, aghast.

Caroline had an inspiration. "Hasn't thee got any for *dwarfs*?"

Benny laughed outright. "No; that's the very smallest one I ever had in the shop."

"Then it 'll have to be this one," Caroline decided.

"But it's so long! Thee'd be lost in it."

"Mother can run a tuck in it. She's always letting my skirts down; couldn't she let this one *up*?"

Benny declared it to be out of the question.

"Then I'll let it collapse a little." She had the technical phrases ready.

"Suppose thee tries walking in it," he suggested. "Thee'd stumble and fall the very first step."

Caroline was not to be dismayed. "I don't care whether I walk in it or not. It would be enough if I could just *stand* in it, so, with a white skirt, all ruffles, that made a balloon around me. One in white with pink bows, and one in pink with white bows."

She stood already in the ruffled vision she had called up, a happy little smile on her face.

But Ellen found her voice, dispelling the dream. "Caroline," she urged, "if thee took it home I'm sure thy mother wouldn't permit thee even to stand in it. If she's like me, she doesn't think it right to wear a hoop-skirt. At any rate, she wouldn't allow thee to wear it for a long, long time, not until thee was old enough to decide such matters for thyself. Hadn't thee better give it up and choose something thee can put right on and wear now?"

"Then I'll lay it by and *look* at it. Even if I couldn't wear it for sixty years, it would be something to know it was right there, ready to put on the instant I could."

It was Benny's turn. "But thee's all for style now, isn't thee? In sixty years they may not be wearing hoop-skirts. Then what would thee do?"

"Thee means they may be gone out of fashion?"

"Yes; thee might look fairly outlandish in one!"

His suggestion only aggravated their meanness. "Then thee might let me wear it *now*!" she declared. Caroline didn't often cry, but there was an ominous little quiver to her lip. They had taken away her first joy, but they couldn't rob her of her desire. They might convince her that she couldn't wear it, but they couldn't persuade her that she didn't want it, or that she couldn't have it. All they said only served to convince her she had better hold tight to the one she had in her possession. Every argument of dissuasion only brought her back more firmly to her ultimatum. "Anyhow, I'll *buy* one while there's still any left to buy, and I'll wear it when I'm grown up, if it is out of style. *If it's only to clean house in, I'll wear it!*"

At Benny's suggestions she only shook her head. To Ellen she turned reproachful eyes. "Thee promised!" was all she would say. She stood, a sorrowful but determined little figure, absurdly clad in the encircling meshes of white hoops.

Ellen had promised, and a promise couldn't be broken, especially a promise to a child. But this one couldn't be



kept. Imagine the tale of her buying Caroline Spence a hoop-skirt spreading through the village! And what would Sabina say? In her distress she didn't know what to do, but Benny was more resourceful. He brought out his choicest wares.

"What would thee say to some of this blue ribbon for a pair of bonnet-strings?" he suggested.

At any other time the very color of the ribbon, or its dainty lace edge, would have been enough to send Caroline into raptures. And only yesterday she had complained to her mother of her old ones. To-day she forgot her need.

"How would thee like a dress-length of this new print, just in to-day? Does thee see the pretty little sprigs that go all over it? I think they must be gilly-flowers. What does thee think?"

Caroline wouldn't even speculate as to what they might be. It might have been a roll of detestable brown holland for all the interest she betrayed.

Benny thought a minute, then he held up a pair of little white stockings with stripes and clocks of red.

"Has thee anything suitable to wear with the slippers thy mother bought thee the other day? Did thee ever see anything like these? All the markings are of silk."

Caroline uttered a little sigh. It was a novel rôle for her to be refusing new articles of apparel. It was true that to-day all other desires were deadened by the force of that one supreme desire, but they all gave a few dying kicks. Her face began to wear the look of a martyr. She looked appealingly for Ellen to put her out of her misery. But she didn't yield.

Now Benny could make a customer choose a dotted print when she had all her mind fixed on a stripe, or send her off contented with a merino when she fully meant to buy a delaine. But all his powers were unavailing to-day. He couldn't influence Caroline Spence in the least. Then he remembered the desire he had often read in her eyes to roam behind the counter.

"Thee can come back here and choose for thyself," he offered. "Thee can look into every box, finger everything, and rummage where thee will. And what-

ever thee finds on the floor in the way of odds and ends thee's free to keep into the bargain."

Caroline wavered. It was an undreamed-of permission. Everything about Benny Tucker's shop was fascinating, from its stuffy, drygoodsy smell, to the mystical place on the counter that Benny could touch with a length of goods and then hold up a yard or a fraction thereof; and if there were to be lots of yards, she loved to watch the deftness with which he flapped the piece back and forth till the soft mound of loosened folds had piled up on the counter. And then came the entrancing snip of his shears, the rapidity with which he made them travel across a width of cloth. They always stopped just short of getting you!

But the most fascinating part of all was that narrow, forbidden space behind the counter. Free to wander up and down it, and to explore those enchanted regions underneath, what treasures she would find of discarded boxes, of scraps and snippings and leavings, of gay pictures from new bales of muslin, of paper coils from ribbon bolts. Benny often handed out all he could find, but it was nothing to the "stacks" she could find if she hunted for herself. She lifted her eyes up high to avoid the counter and all those tempting boxes she might be poking into.

Suddenly her glance stopped short, arrested, transfixed, incredulous, enraptured. Just one second she looked in breathless silence, but Ellen and Benny, following her glance, knew that the day was saved. She dropped her hoop-skirt like the shell of a spent desire.

On the very top shelf of all, loose from its box, half hidden by its tissue-paper wrappings, but there, surely there, was a little green silk parasol. There was no need to say what it was she wanted. Another minute and she held it in her hands.

She looked at it shut, lingering lovingly over the delicate carving of the ivory handle. She opened it gently and gazed up reverently at the white silk lining. She lifted her hand softly and stroked the slender white ribs and spokes, as though to make sure they were real. All the time there was a little catch to her breath, as though she was afraid it would





*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

SHE HAD NEVER FOUND ANYTHING THAT SO COMPLETELY FULFILLED ALL DESIRE







melt away, or go floating off like that parasol she had kept dreaming of, that was never there when she woke.

Far more beautiful this one was than any that, in the fairest dream of a sunny summer day, she had opened and closed, looked up to proudly as she walked beneath it, looked down at fondly as she held it closed before her in the darkened parlors, where, balanced on the slippery edge of a hair-cloth sofa, she waited while her mother and their hostess chatted in soft tones. She had never, in dream or real life, found anything that so suddenly and so completely fulfilled all desire as this dainty but tangible contrivance of apple-green silk and white ivory. If you had offered her the whole contents of the shop at that moment she couldn't have taken it. That one

parasol was enough. She hadn't a thought or a sensation to spare for anything else. She gave a long, quivering sigh of content.

"Will thee have it wrapped?" Benny asked. She only clutched it tighter. She turned to Ellen with a sudden pang of fear.

"Thee won't say *this* is too old?"

"Nay; I think it must have been made just for thee, Caroline. Thee's earned it well. It's thine!" Ellen's serenity was restored. In her relief she was almost as radiant as Caroline.

This time Caroline Spence needed no admonition to be silent. For once in her life she wanted to speak, but couldn't. Though it might only be the calm before the storm, for fully thirty seconds she was speechless with rapture and delight.

## Cradle Song

BY LOUIS V. LEDOUX

DROWSILY come the sheep  
From the place where the pastures be,  
By a dusty lane  
To the fold again,  
First one, and then two, and three:  
First one, then two, by the paths of sleep  
Drowsily come the sheep.

Drowsily come the sheep  
And the shepherd is singing low:  
After eight comes nine  
In the endless line,  
They come, and then in they go.  
First eight, then nine, by the paths of sleep  
Drowsily come the sheep.

Drowsily come the sheep  
And they pass through the sheepfold door;  
After one comes two,  
After one comes two,  
Comes two, and then three and four.  
First one, then two, by the paths of sleep,  
Drowsily come the sheep.



# The Beginning Husband and the Baby

BY E. S. MARTIN

UNDOUBTEDLY the baby makes a great difference. He fills up the flat, for one thing. I foresee that he will turn us out of it. Nevertheless he is valuable, and probably worth his space even in New York. His name is Samuel French. Cordelia named him after her father. She is extremely pleased with him. So is Matilda Finn, so is my mother, so is mother-in-law. Even the trained assistant to nature who was here to welcome him seemed very pleased to meet Samuel, and both his grandfathers have been around to inspect him, and have approved and duly benefacted him. Neither of these aged but still profitable men has had a grandchild before, and they seem to like it. As for me, naturally I am like to burst with the pride at being associated, however humbly, with an achievement so important. Father-in-law is building a new room on to his summer palace in Connecticut, with a view, I think, to the more convenient entertainment of his new descendant, and I think that nothing but consideration for my fiscal incapacity withholds him from building Cordelia a country-house. By various expedients I have swelled our sixty dollars a week to about seventy, which is a grateful gain, and appreciable in spite of the demands of the Post-office, the public transportation companies, the market-men, and the other agencies of depletion, so corroding to the fiscal being; but even—let me see, seven times fifty-two weeks—but even \$3,640 is not an annual income that seems equal to the maintenance of two residences. I guess if we are to have a suburban home it must be an all-the-year-round home for the present, and father-in-law's place in Connecticut is not just the right place for that. It is some miles from the station, and involves maintenance of horse-power of some sort, and of course that is unspeakable except as father-in-

law provides it. Our lay would be a villa about the length of a baseball-ground from the station, or, better still, something five cents from Wall Street by tunnel or trolley, and you catch the car on the next corner.

But think of the crowd on the car!

No, I won't think of it. It is the common lot hereabouts, and I should be able to stand my share of it, which I would not get in full, anyhow, because, being a lawyer, I can leave home a little later, and leave for home usually a little earlier or later than the great body of the workers for a living.

My new responsibility has brought me a variety of new appreciations. As a parent I find I have new sentiments about parents, and increased esteem and regard for them as pillars that uphold life and direct it. Beyond doubt, they are fine for upholding grandchildren. No doubt there would be considerably more grandchildren in our world if there were more grandparents who recognized their responsibilities and made provision, as a matter of course, to meet them. But that does not accord with the lively individualism of our generation. Not only are we all desirous of independent life, but our parents prefer it for us. Accordingly, when we get above the social plane in which independent life for man and wife can be maintained for twenty dollars a week, marriage is apt to come late. There are immense advantages about that social plane in which twenty dollars a week is a complete living, and the wife is cook and housemaid, wife, mother, and nurse all in one, and the State provides education, and the doctor adjusts his charges to your income, and all the man has to look after is food, clothes, shelter, and pocket-money! I hope the people who are born with a call on that phase of existence appreciate their luck. To rise to the twenty-dollar-a-week phase must be full of satisfac-



tions, but to drop to it is quite another matter. Whatever starting-point is dealt out to us, it is from that point that we have to go on, and, whether we like it or not, the point at which it behooves us to arrive is measured from the point at which we start.

Raising babies must have been very much simplified by the invention of the kodak. There is no attitude, expression, sentiment, costume, or absence of costume of Samuel that this handy little instrument has not perpetuated. And inasmuch as Samuel varies and progresses from hour to hour, acquiring personality, weight, and accomplishments, changing in his features and developing new resemblances, the click of the kodak is almost as frequent in our flat as the whir of the sewing-machine. When infants had to run to the photographer's for every new picture, I don't see how they got their natural rest. You know they sleep about eighteen hours a day. One would think that with all that somnolence a baby would be no more trouble than a dormouse, but Samuel is almost a complete occupation. As an example of woman's work he qualifies by being never done. When he is asleep he is about to waken, and when he is awake he is about to sleep, and either way he is either taking nourishment or about to take it, or taking a bath, or changing his clothes, or acquiring ideas, or taking first lessons in language. Since I have known him I sympathize with the woman who thought it just as easy to raise six children as one, because one took up all your time, and six couldn't do more.

I never saw Cordelia so much amused with anything, and I admit to being, myself, more diverted and entertained than I should have thought possible. I had a puppy once that was a delight, so cheerful, so prodigal of affectionate welcomes, and so incessant in his activities. Mother has got him now. She appropriated him—or he her—and kept him, she said, to remind her of me. But Samuel beats the puppy. He does not get around as briskly yet as the puppy did, but he has the same delight in very simple toys, and a similar liveliness of mind, and a like capacity to be pleased. He is quite a lot like that puppy as he was when I first got him.

I didn't need anything to increase my interest in getting home at night. Cordelia attended to that. But Samuel has increased it. He is awake when I get home, and, though he is usually getting ready to go to bed, he always expresses a flattering satisfaction at meeting me again, and has interesting details of progress to report, and smiles, and puts out arms, and makes inarticulate noises, and sits in my lap, and makes an inventory of my accessible properties.

And, of course, there is a great deal to be told about him, including the day's report of what has been said of him by admiring friends, and of the visits he has made and received, and, now and then, statistics of his weight and progress in intelligence and activity. I think Cordelia talks to Matilda Finn and her various visitors about him all day, and then to me about him most of the evening. It is surprising that so small a carcass should afford so much discourse.

We have entered him at a suitable school, which is perhaps another token of the incompleteness of my emancipation. You know that for some years past some of the boarding-schools have been so highly esteemed, for one reason or another, by unemancipated parents that they have coveted the privilege of having their sons go to them, and, to insure getting it, have entered their boys' names at those schools as soon as they were born. So I entered Samuel at the school where I went myself. If that implied incompleteness of emancipation in me, I don't care. Samuel must have his chance. It is enough for *me* to be emancipated. Emancipation is a personal affair, like conversion, and no one ought to try to force his emancipation on any one else, least of all a parent on a child. Samuel may prefer the old order, and by the time he grows up we may have the wherewithal to enable him to experiment with it if there is any of it left. I don't know that there will be, and, to be sure, when did life offer a bigger or more uncertain speculation than this that Samuel yawns and gapes in the face of? Perhaps I ought not to call it uncertain, except as to times and means and details, but that's enough; and as to those the uncertainty is ample. The great task that is doing now seems to be the im-



provement of the common lot. No doubt that is always going on when civilization is in its forward moods, but nowadays there is uncommon urgency about it, and remarkable command and handling of the progressive forces, and apparent enfeeblement of the powers of resistance. It is very attractive, very hopeful, but I suppose no thoughtful person denies that it is possible to improve the common lot so much and so fast as to force society into the hands of a receiver. That is one possibility that little Samuel is up against, and for that matter so are his parents; for the receivership may come, and reorganization after it, before Samuel is old enough to sit into the game.

My! my! what will you see, little son? All the women voting, all the trade-unions joined under a single head, armies abolished, the immediate will of majorities the supreme and only law, detachable marriage, detachable judges, detachable constitutions?

You may, you may; and so may your parents, for that matter, and are as likely to, perhaps, as you are. But stay with us, none the less. There seems always to be good sport in this world for good sports—no matter what may be going on. Folks lived, and liked to live, hereabouts when the men walked between plow-handles with a rifle across their shoulders, and they can stand considerable variations in public habits without losing the appetite for life. An unchanging order is bound to grow tiresome, always did, always will; though outside of China it is hard to find one, and even there the old order is moving now. We must try to make a good sport of Samuel; one who will be interested in life no matter what, and, when new rules are making, have a say about them.

I don't see why I hang back so about votes for women. At times I think I am not opposed. I think I don't care. But I read all the opposed discourse that has any sense in it with sympathy, and all the *pro* discourse in a critical spirit, rejoicing when it seems to me unsound. It is true enough that there is no compelling reason why I should want votes for women. *My* proprietors don't want them. Mother sniffs at them. Cordelia is observant, with very much such an instinctive leaning toward the *antis* as

I have. Why should I excite myself about "equal suffrage" when my ladies like things better as they are? Aren't mother and Cordelia representative women? A great deal more so, I think, than most of the suffragists. The mass of women hereabouts don't seem to be concerned about voting. The suffragists in agitating to make them concerned seem to be trying to create an artificial want. They go about to persuade women that they are oppressed, and are rated politically with insane persons, criminals, and aliens.

Now, what is all that? Is it progress, or is it mischief? Is it based on a mistaken conception of women's job, or is it a natural detail of the redistribution of powers and privileges that appears to be going on? Am I opposed because I am a pig and a stand-patter and an old foggy? Are votes worth so much fuss, anyhow, and is it going to make any vital difference whether American women have them or not?

I don't know that it is. The women and the men are so inextricably bound together that it is inconceivable that with woman suffrage the vote should divide in proportions materially different from what happens now. But that's not a reason for letting suffrage come. I do think that at present men and women do not long work together on the same level at the same tasks. Where women come in they either work under the direction of men, or the men go out. The departments of life in which they rule—and there are plenty of them—are those in which men do not compete. I don't think they can compete with men as voters or as organizers and directors of political government. If the suffragists get their votes for women, they will get an enlarged electorate controlled by men, as now. And why should it be expected that the controlling men in that case will be better than they are now? Are the mass of women wiser, more honest, and better judges of men than the mass of men? I don't think so. I think men and women are just mates. There seems to be a woman to match every man, but different from him, and a man to match almost every woman. It is not sensible to compare a superior woman with an ordinary or inferior man, and point out



that she is fitter to vote than he is. Of course she is, but that does not touch the real question, which is whether government will be better conducted with votes for all women than it is now.

Those agitators talk about the "injustice" of depriving women of the ballot. They might as well talk of the injustice of the refusal of water to run up-hill. There's no injustice about it. It is nature. If it can be bettered, all right. Water will run up-hill if there is enough pressure behind it. But if injustice has been done woman about her vote, it was done when she was born female and not male, and the appeal from that lies to the higher court.

Was there any done? Take it by and large, is it a misfortune to be born a girl and not a boy? That may happen to any of us any time we happen to be born. It's a toss-up. It's not the slightest credit to us to be born male, and certainly it should not be the slightest discredit to us to be born female; but according as we are born male or female we are born to different duties. If political government is one of the male duties, civilization will not get ahead by having men loosen their hold on it. For my part I suppose that down in the intricacies of my composition I have an instinctive conviction, or hunch, that political government is a male attribute, and that out of that comes my objection to abdicate, or even dilute, my share of it. Instinctive convictions have great weight in these matters, though the surface arguments they put out may be inadequate or mistaken, as the anti-suffrage arguments are so apt to be. The suffragist expounders demolish them, and think that they have accomplished something; but, alas! the demolition of puerile arguments leaves the question just where it was, with the pith of it still untouched. Still I think the agitation does good, bothering people like me, and making us think; asking us, What does belong to women, then, if not votes? How else are you going to give them equal life? What does justice demand for them if not the suffrage?

If the males since the beginning of time have overestimated their importance and erred in regarding themselves as specialists in government, then it is only

a matter of time when we shall be disabused of that error and shaken down into our rightful places. But if government—meaning political government rather than domestic—really prospers better in the long run in the hands of males, in their hands it is likely to stay—the substance of it certainly, however that shadow we call a vote may flutter off, and wherever it may alight.

Nothing happens without a cause. If the men are to be abased, doubtless it will be for their abundant sins. If they will not work as men should, they will lose their jobs. If they will not govern as men should, they will be governed. History is a record of the strong races subduing the weak, and the wise the foolish, to the end that strength and wisdom should prevail in human affairs. In these days of Monroe doctrines and alliances and arbitration treaties those harsh processes seem to have been superseded. Is this invasion by women of the provinces of men a new expedient of Nature to preserve the competition that is essential to human progress?

We cannot beat Nature. She is obdurate, resourceful, impossible to fool, with a trick to meet every trick that is offered her. She seems determined that man shall come to something, and plays man against man to make him better himself, and is probably equal, if occasion demands it, to play one half of him against the other. For of course that is what woman is—the other half of man. There cannot be a real competition between the two halves, for they are inseparably joined and have to pull each other along. But for all that, they are distinct individuals, and one in a given period may make faster progress than the other, with a good deal of disturbance of relations and equities and ideas. What man gets, woman gets; what woman gets, man gets. When woman gets education, liberty, opportunity, protection, the whole race gets those benefits.

Then shall we say that when woman gets the vote the race is that much ahead? It may be, but to me it has not been so revealed up to these presents. Who gave man strength gave him dominion. If he loses dominion it will be because he has either misused his strength or lost it.

Samuel has not lost his. He is truly



a great power. As I have said, he is almost a complete occupation for his mother, and a profitable, satisfying occupation, too. I confess to fears in time past that girls of Cordelia's sort did not have enough to do to bring them their proper growth and keep them happy. If they didn't go to college and didn't marry as soon as they got out of school, they seemed to drift into a lot of occupations that looked rather futile, and like a mere provision for killing time. They played around, they visited, they dabbled in anything that came handy—dances, charities, house-parties, art, music, extra improvements for the mind—anything that could be cast into a void of time which should have ached, and doubtless did. It used to make me sorry for the girls because it seemed so hard for them to buckle down to anything remunerative and continuous and really get ahead in it. If they did that, they forfeited too many opportunities of the leisure class, to which it seems to be intended that the daughters of the well-to-do, from nineteen to about twenty-three, shall belong. If they went to college, that solved the problem for those years, but it came back at them as soon as they came out. If they were satisfied with their indefinite employments it was bad, and if they were not it was also bad. So I used to feel sorry for the girls because their job looked to me so vague, and their employments so fragmentary and unpromising.

I dare say I was wrong, and that the girls were working more hours at their proper vocation than I had the wit to recognize. I see it more clearly now; that there are fruits that ripen best in the sun, and should not be hurried in the process; that Cordelia did not really waste those years in which she waited for me to get started as a wage-earner, but learned in them a kind of patience and useful domestication, besides other accomplishments that make her better to live with now.

Major Brace has paid us the compliment to look in and inspect Samuel. He expressed himself as pleased with him, and was very gratifying in the warmth of his congratulations to Cordelia and me. Speaking as a father of almost complete experience, he told me of the

special enthusiasm he felt for a child that had never run up a dentist's bill. Samuel hasn't. There is little or nothing about him as yet that would interest a dentist; but Cordelia, whose forefinger is a good deal in his mouth, says there may be any minute.

I must ask mother if that is so. No doubt Cordelia's enthusiasm is liable to mislead her.

I believe Cordelia dislikes to spend money. I find her perpetually weighing something that might be had against its price, and deciding not to have it. Unless the purchasable object is indispensable or very positively desirable—like a kodak to snap at Samuel—the money looks better to her. That's remarkable, isn't it? People differ in temperament as well as in training about that, inheriting tighter or looser fists, I suppose, according to the forebear they individually trace back to. To me, now, things that I want always look better than what money I have. It makes me unhappy to spend *much* more than I have, but I enjoy very much spending what I have got. I never have any money ahead, unless you can see savings in life-insurance, to which I make some inadequate pretense. Maybe that is a defect in my character, though accumulation on seventy dollars a week has its reluctances when you have a wife and baby and a cook and flat and all that. Still, if I had no elders to fall back on I'd have to pinch some salvage out of every dollar.

But Cordelia is naturally more retentive than I am. It is remarkable how little she cares, relatively, for things. She has a good many things, and has always been used to them. She likes them, but with an interest that is altogether secondary, preferring power, independence, and tranquillity of mind to objects of convenience or embellishment, and to almost everything else except health and an easy conscience. She has a private fortune—I don't know that I have mentioned that—not large, but yielding sufficient income to buy her clothes. All girls ought to have private fortunes. Small ones will do: do better, perhaps, than larger ones, for I don't suppose it is quite ideal to be swamped by your wife's money. Cordelia gets a



great deal of comfort out of hers, but I see her basis of expenditure is different from mine. Mine is adjusted to what I have; hers to what, on due reflection, she would rather have than money. On that basis she spends not only her own money, but mine. I dare say she will be a rich woman some day, and, I hope, still married to me; so there is a chance that, with other good luck, I may gather some surplus too. I believe she dislikes to shop; indeed I have heard her say so. There is a streak of Scotch in the Frenches, and I dare say it happened her way. My! my! What luck! When you think of the women—and men too, but especially women—whose highest happiness is to buy things and lug them home, it seems a marvelous dispensation that I should have acquired a companion of so opposite a sort. To be sure, no girl that was infatuated with the joys of purchase would have thought twice of me; and yet, who can tell, for I suppose there are girls who have neither self-

restraint nor self-denial about anything, and are liable to think they must have something that really would not suit them at all? I have always thought that Rosamond Vincy in *Middlemarch* was the most fatal character in literature. What must it be to be money-grubber for a woman like that, with an expensive appreciation of the material side of life and no conception of the rest of it! Stars above! how much better it is to be lucky than wise, especially in youth, when, as Major Brace assures me, none of us know anything. There was Solomon, who wrote the Proverbs, and Ben Franklin, who wrote Poor Richard; both able to make shrewd discourse by the ream, and neither of them fortunate on the domestic side. Probably it does not accord with the economy of nature that wise men should have wise wives; certainly if there is a scheme of things that is worthy of respect, it would not have fitted into it for me to have a foolish one.

## The Friend

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THROUGH the dark wood  
There came to me a friend,  
Bringing in his cold hand  
Two words—"The End."

His face was fair  
As fading autumn flowers,  
And the lost joy  
Of unforgotten hours.

His voice was sweet  
As rain upon a grave;  
"Be brave," he smiled,  
And said again—"be brave."



# The Miracle

BY ROBERT HERRICK

"IT'S the Second National! Mr. Stearns wishes to speak with you," said the stenographer, in a low tone, pushing the instrument across the desk toward her employer.

As Langdon took the receiver from her hand he glanced sharply at the woman; his eyes continued to study her face while he talked with the official of the bank.

"Yes, Langdon! . . . No, not to-day. . . . I'll call the first thing in the morning—I said the first thing in the morning!" His usual low, controlled telephone voice rose irritably at the last words, and he clanged the receiver on the instrument brusquely.

"We'll finish that letter now, Miss Condon," he said, and as he dictated the conventional business terms he was thinking: "Does she suspect? Of course she must! How much does she know?"

The stenographer had been too close to him the past year, especially these last six months of desperate struggle when he was fighting ruin, not to have a pretty clear idea of the condition in which Langdon & Son was at this moment. She was too intelligent, too well-trained, not to know the full meaning of letters, telegrams, telephone calls—like this one from the president of the Second National.

"Is that all, Mr. Langdon?"

The stenographer's gentle voice interrupted his musing.

"Yes."

The drab, silent little creature rose, gathered her papers, and moved softly toward the door of the outer office. Before she had reached it Langdon's voice rang out sharply:

"Miss Condon! Come here, please!"

She came noiselessly back to the desk and stood looking at him, waiting orders. In her clear, gentle eyes he could read that she knew all, and, more, that she was sorry, sorry for *him*, and would like to speak if she had dared.

"Never mind, Miss Condon," he said,

gently. "You needn't stop to-night for those letters—they can wait. I shall be down early to-morrow—early!" he repeated.

"I'll be here, Mr. Langdon," and as she reached the door she murmured softly, "Good-night, Mr. Langdon."

She was a good sort, the drab little stenographer, and her loyalty was strangely comforting to him.

Then he drew toward him a sheet of paper with long lists of figures, interminable lists of figures wherein for months he had tried to find some loophole of escape. The conviction had grown upon him that in them lay no solution. For at least six months he had known his doom, had seen how inevitable it was, with all the relentless logic of the experienced, clear-sighted man of affairs; nevertheless he had fought for a desperate chance—the bit of luck that never comes—fought for time. "They'll know when it happens," he would mutter, "that I did the impossible to keep afloat this long."

A clerk came from the outer office and laid on the desk the last letters and a telegram. He found his employer huddled over the list of figures. Langdon nodded, but did not reach for the telegram. It made him sick to open telegrams these days. Once he had got to the office even before his clerks to look over his mail, always buoyant and expectant of the turn in the tide to come that day. Something must happen, some help must come on the wings of mail or telegraph. And at first these had been reasonable hopes and expectations—delayed remittances, new business, and so on; instead of these he had found, morning after morning, disappointments, unlooked-for disasters, failures, protested drafts. Yet, like a boy, he had looked to the next mail to straighten matters out, then the next. Latterly, when the inevitable was too clear for such delusions, he had looked



for the desperate, the fantastic. Once, years ago, he had bought a mine, and nothing had come of it; but possibly now, in his need? Then there was his mother's brother, an adventurous person, who had last been heard of in Argentine—he might suddenly come to life, having made good. An uncle with half a million dollars of spare cash in his pockets! To such story-book chances he had been reduced for hope.

But now he hoped no more.

Huddled up over his figures in the growing gloom of the evening, he stared unseeingly before him, and muttered, like a groan, the words that had been ringing dully in his brain for days:

"Only a miracle can save me now!"

At last he had come to that state of numbness which finality brings: he had little more to do with the matter. So he reached for the telegram and opened it. An out-of-town bank to which he had turned in his extremity refused to extend the firm's paper; he had known that they would refuse. And yet once, not many months ago, they were eager to have it. He tossed the telegram into the basket with the lists of figures and rose from his desk. The spring twilight had already fallen upon the great city, and as he stared out into the misty, twinkling space below he realized curiously that he was looking at the familiar battle-ground somewhat as a stranger. That was what defeat meant.

He did not rouse from his torpor until an hour and a half later, when he was rushing through the April night to his country-place. The cool, damp air and the chirp of the frogs stole soothingly over his tired mind. It was always a relief to escape from the caldron of bricks and mortar where he labored into this silence, and so he had induced his wife to make a long season in the country. Soon it would be a luxury they could not afford. As the car turned into his place he saw that the house was brilliantly lighted, up stairs and down, and then he remembered that there were to be people for dinner.

His wife was waiting in the hall.

"Joe!" she exclaimed, with natural annoyance. "You're dreadfully late, and I telephoned Miss Condon specially to see that you got out in time. Hurry into your things—we're half starved!"

When he reappeared properly garbed, he found the guests lolling in the library, impatient for dinner to begin.

As they sat down, Garvice, a man of secure fortune and an idler, leaned forward.

"Business looking up, Joe?"

Langdon suddenly hated the man. He suspected that Garvice had heard some gossip going about in the city.

"About the same," he managed to reply, indifferently.

"Oh, we don't want to hear you men talk business," the woman next him exclaimed, smartly. "We all know what that means these days. Whenever Ned is peevish, he puts it all down to the panic. Did you know that the Harrison Clarkes have bought beyond the Remicks?"

So the dinner rattled off as such dinners do. Langdon said little. His wife looked over at him once meaningly to remind him of his duties. But he was oblivious. "It will mean a lot to her, poor girl!" he thought, and his brain repeated the refrain, "And only a miracle can save her—us, now."

The party broke up much earlier than usual, as if every one felt the apathy of the host. When they had all gone, Langdon sank into a chair and stared at a picture that was revealed in the electric light. It was a large photograph of the Giorgione Madonna at Castelfranco. Mildred and he had been in the little Italian hill town on their wedding trip and had liked the picture. He could see it now glowing with soft color in the cool, empty church, as it had that day so many years ago. . . . He must tell Mildred to-night what was to happen.

"You know, Joe, I don't think it was very nice of you to spoil my party like that!"

His wife was standing between him and the picture, looking down at him accusingly, while she played with her long chain.

"Sitting there like a ghost and never saying a word to any one all through dinner! How could you do it?"

She was usually tolerant of his moods, but to-night she was evidently much annoyed.

"Milly," he began, and he noticed how queer his voice sounded. "I—have some—



thing very important to say to you—about business.”

“Business! It’s always business—I think a man should use self-control and not bring his business home with him. Yes, I do!”

He looked past the pretty living creature, standing above him in the lamp-light, to the picture of the radiant Madonna on the wall who held out her hands in benediction. Through his head shot that phrase, “Only a miracle can save us now!”

“Don’t you think so, Joe?” his wife insisted, not unkindly. “You might forget your business for a few hours and be nice to my friends.”

“Listen, Mildred!” He pulled himself together for his effort. “I am in a very bad way.”

“What do you mean?” she demanded, sharply.

“The business—bankruptcy—everything gone,” he stammered.

“Is it as bad as all that?” she asked.

And he realized from her cool tone that she did not yet understand, could not understand, what his failure meant. Nothing in her experience hitherto, either with her easy-going father or with him, had fitted her to comprehend disaster. Probably she was thinking vaguely that they might have to let the place and take a summer in Europe, or cut out the second man and the second motor. For the moment he gave up the effort to make her understand.

As he sat there looking at the picture on the wall, a scene rose before his eyes such as he had often witnessed in Italy—a wretched peasant figure kneeling at a shrine, either in the clear sunlight of the broad road or in some dim chapel of a church. Again and again he had come upon these pitiful, squalid figures on their knees, mumbling their petitions to saint or Virgin. Then contempt had been mingled with pity at the sight. Now he understood. In their misery they cast themselves down to pray, knowing that only a miracle could save them from their fate, the intolerable distress of their lives, and they had faith that the Lady of Sorrows might have pity for their sorrow and save them somehow, miraculously.

Unconsciously he murmured aloud, “Only a miracle could save me now!”

“Well,” his wife replied, briskly, “miracles do happen sometimes, don’t they?”

“Not in Wall Street, in the year of damnation 1907,” Langdon replied, with a grim smile.

“Oh, you can’t tell!” she said, pleasantly. “You’re tired out, Joe. Better come to bed,” and as she held out her cheek to be kissed on the threshold of her chamber she said, yawningly, “We’ll talk it over in the morning after you have had a night’s sleep.”

No, she would not understand until the blow struck her!

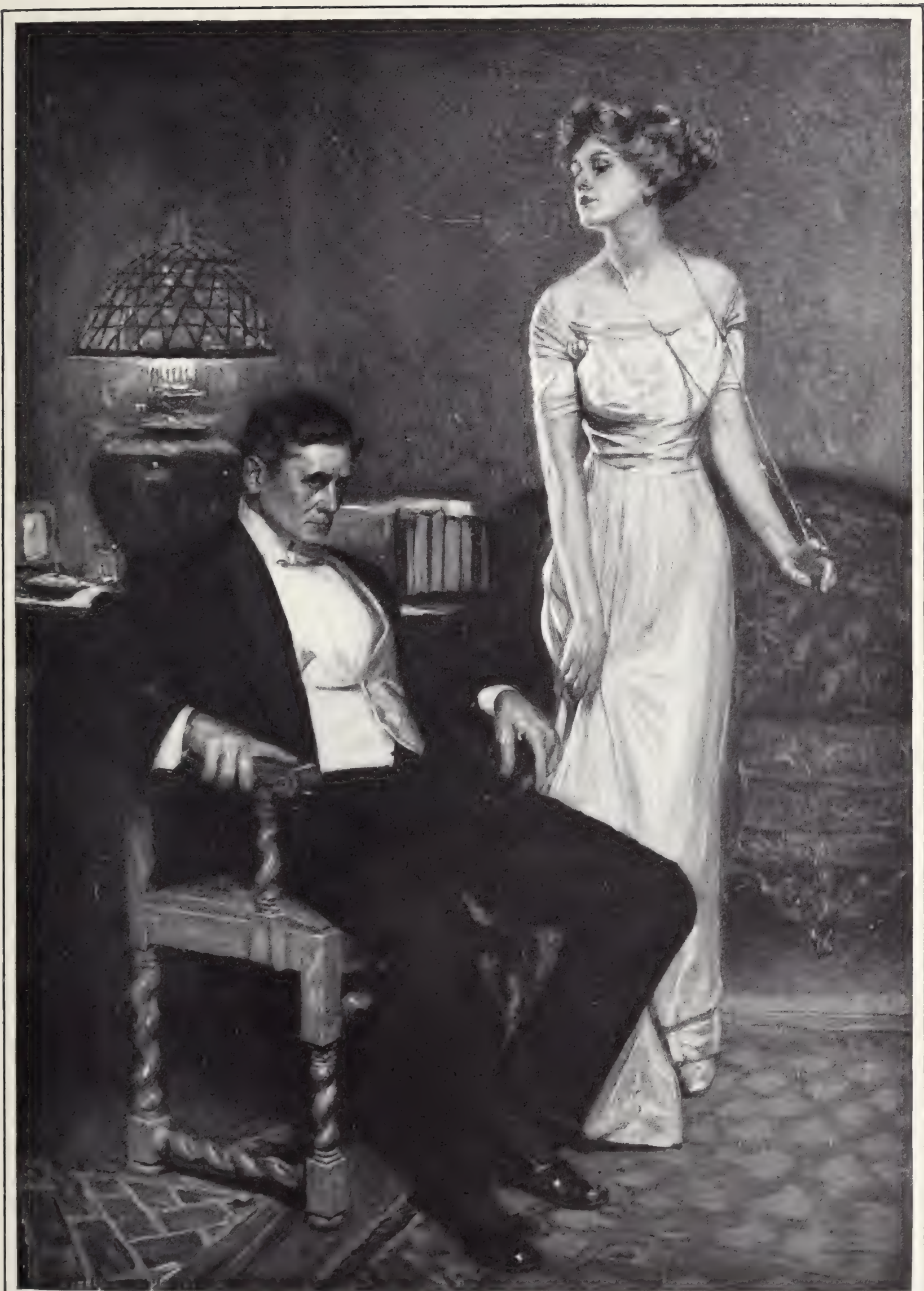
Sleep did not come to the man. Hour after hour he lay, with the cool April air blowing over his heated face, unable to forget himself, bored into by horrible thoughts which ate like worms into his brain.

First he went over and over, uselessly, those lists of figures. Then he began to think in detail what it would mean to his wife. A man who had made a clean, hard fight against odds like his was not “all in.” Even his creditors must respect him, and his little business world. He could find something to do. They would be able to live. But it would not be easy for a man who went down at forty-eight. They would have to live in a small apartment, or in one of those wretched family hotels. She might naturally feel aggrieved.

The worst of his vigil was to come. After his weary brain had dismissed these gloomy pictures of defeat, he began to sit in judgment on himself for what had happened. If he had done this or that differently. That way madness lay, he knew. In his more sensible, upright moments he would never indulge these sickly fancies. Of course he had taken big risks—every business man must—it is a world of risks, now more than ever before. But the right and the wrong of it—how futile to make a post-mortem now! Life entered its judgment upon a man: it could not be reversed.

At this point he jumped from his bed, tortured beyond endurance, and went to the open window. Outside there was a thick mist. In the still night he could hear the water dropping from the trees to the ground. Out there it was calm, cool, inviting. Hurriedly he threw on





*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock*

Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

"I DON'T THINK IT WAS VERY NICE OF YOU TO SPOIL MY PARTY"







his clothes, putting on a shooting-jacket in place of the dinner-coat, and left the room.

His wife, dozing restlessly in her early morning sleep, heard the bedroom door click, and a lurid thought flashed through her mind and startled her. If he should be going to do something desperate—no, Joe wasn't the foolish kind! He had gone for a drink of water or a book, she decided, and sank again into her dreams, forgetting to wait until she heard his returning footsteps.

Langdon let himself softly out of the house door. He had not taken a dozen steps before the fog had swallowed him up completely—he could not see the house he had just left. He walked over the soft turf until he came to a stone wall that separated his property from a large hillside field. He scrambled over and walked on.

The damp air cooled his fever, refreshed him. The fog enveloped him in its soft bosom, as if taking him forever from the past. It was like running away. He had thought of that, too, among other mad things—how easily he could slip off, take ship, and sail away to some corner of the earth that knew him not, there to start another life. But he knew that he should never run away: his father's son was not that kind.

He kept on walking straight before him. At times the fog would seem to grow lighter, and he thought of the dawn. His eyes were becoming accustomed to the dark. There was something mildly exciting in this aimless ramble in the fog. He pitched into hollows, stumbled over rocks, and brought up in the woods at the hill-top. Then he set his course more deliberately toward Marston, a wild sort of place in the back country where he often went shooting in the fall. In the open it was gray enough for him to see where his feet were taking him and to avoid pitfalls, but as soon as he plunged into the valley the fog became impenetrable. He walked along at random, guessing merely from the slope of the land where he was. Suddenly out of the darkness a fat, black beam shot up before his face, and he stumbled into an enormous boulder. The beam must belong to a derrick they were using in the cut for the new reservoir.

And suddenly, before he could think what had happened, he was falling, tumbling into the void. He struck water, which closed over him, ice-cold and penetrating. When he struggled to the surface he knew what had happened: he had stepped into the concrete-lined cut between the old reservoir and the new one. The last time he had been that way he had noticed the great ditch deep and empty; the contractors must have finished it during the winter and let the water in. Meantime he had begun to swim, and was groping in the dark along the smooth wall for some sort of handhold, but his fingers could find no break in the cement surface.

Then it came over him what it meant, if he could not find a way out, and very soon. For a moment his muscles relaxed their effort—it was an easy end to all his troubles—and then he rejected the cowardly thought. "They will think that I came over here to drown myself like a rat in a puddle!" And he began to swim more vigorously, feeling his way along the wall. He did not call out, for at this time, before dawn, in this lonely spot, there would be no one within hearing. So he swam hard, trying to face up-stream toward the upper dam, where it was likely a ladder might be found. The two dams, he knew, were a mile and a half apart, and if he had guessed wrong as to which was the nearer he had lost his chance. For it was deadly cold in that still water.

Suddenly out of the gloom above his head he heard a soft voice, "Hello, there!"

The sound reverberated in the deep cut, and it startled him so that he did not answer immediately.

"Hello, there!" it boomed again, directly over his head. "Is there anybody down there?"

Then Langdon shouted, "Yes—how can I get out of this hole?" He could not see any one in the gray mist above, and for a time there was no answer. Just as he shouted again he saw a black streak come waveringly toward him through the grayness, and the voice in the void above him said, "Catch holt of that!" Langdon grabbed the birch sapling with his numb hands. "All right!" he yelled upward. "But hurry! I'm nearly frozen."



"It's not far to the next ladder," the voice called back, softly. "Just keep a good holt, and I'll get you there soon." The sapling began to tug, dragging Langdon after it. He helped himself the best he could, but he was fast becoming numb, and it took all his will to keep his hold of the stick. After an unendurable time the voice boomed down:

"Here's the ladder—now get holt of the rung! There! I'll come down and fetch yer up."

All that Langdon could do was to grasp the thin iron bar in his frozen fingers. To raise himself and get hold of the bar above was altogether beyond his power. Out of the gray mist came a burly, short figure, and a bearded face peered over into the cut. The man paused just above the lowest rung, and, reaching down, grabbed Langdon by the collar and with a mighty heave raised him a few inches from the water.

"Get another holt!" he ordered, and Langdon with an effort grasped the next rung. This manœuvre was repeated until Langdon's body was free of the water, and then progress was easier. At last he was lying exhausted on the cement parapet, and the bearded man was standing over him, smiling pleasantly out of his bushy face.

"Cold down there, heh?" he said. "I was out looking for muskrats," he explained, "and I heard your splash a ways up the bank. I knew it weren't no musk-rat, so I ran along as fast as I could."

"Lucky for me!" Langdon replied, grinning responsively to his rescuer. "I could never have got out alone."

He raised himself on an elbow and peered over into the deep hole. It seemed very good to be there talking with some one.

"Maybe you can walk now all right?" the bearded man inquired. "It ain't far to my place, and some hot coffee would taste right, heh?"

So the two slowly followed the path along the cut, the big fellow steadying Langdon with a hand under his arm. There was light enough now to show the vague outlines of the landscape—the two narrow, encompassing hillsides of the valley, with their bushy covering of young trees. Soon Langdon perceived a

light above them among the gray trees, and his companion led the way toward this. It came from a small stone shanty such as the reservoir contractors used for their men. Within, a stove was burning redly, filling the small room with heat, and on the stove a coffee-pot was pungently steaming.

His host made Langdon undress and wrap himself in a blanket that he took from the single bed. Then he spread the wet garments above the stove to dry, while Langdon sat in an old rocking-chair warming himself and drinking hot coffee out of a tin cup. There was only the one living-room in the cabin, with a low lean-to shed for provisions and fuel—evidently a single man's abode. But it was a wonderfully neat and homelike sort of place, with a bit of carpet on the uneven floor, shelving along the walls, a heavy table, and a comfortable rocking-chair. In the corner was a gun, and also fishing-poles. Through the uncurtained windows the tall beeches could be seen dripping in the wan, misty morning.

Langdon toasted himself before the stove, sipped his coffee, and thought it was one of the pleasantest places he had ever been in.

"Feelin' better, sir?" his host asked, turning from the table where he was cutting some bacon. "A bit of breakfast will put the heart back into yer. That was a sure cold bath yer took this morning."

His broad, heavy face had no curiosity in it. It was gentle, like the soft voice. Langdon expected that he would ask how a man in his senses came to tumble into the reservoir ditch at such an hour in the morning. But instead he busied himself getting breakfast, and when it was ready dragged the table up to the stove so that Langdon would not have to move. Before he sat down he turned the clothes above the fire. Then he fell to the food lustily. Pausing once with his cup of coffee at his lips, his broad elbows resting on the table, he looked thoughtfully at his blanket-wrapped guest. "They'd ought to put a railin' or somethin' about that runaway—I told Mr. Lynch so." That was the only reference he made to the accident.

Langdon, the breakfast finished, stretched himself in physical content, and looked



more closely at his rescuer. Since he first went under the cold water and had struck out to save himself, he had not once thought of his troubles, and now was quite unmindful of the disaster impending this morning.

"Live here?" he asked, idly.

The bearded man nodded.

"Work on the reservoir?"

"That's been finished some months. I work about the neighborhood—stonemason."

"All alone?"

"Yes," he added, slowly, "that is, lately."

The mason cleared away the dishes, brought out a box of cigars, and hitched his chair near the stove. There was something quiet, self-contained, and harmonious in the bearing of this thick-set, bearded man. With a delightful sense of well-being Langdon smoked the cheap cigar and watched his clothes steam above the stove, forgetful of the morning express.

"Yes," the mason said, slowly. "I came up here first fifteen years ago to work on the old reservoir—the one up above. And I've been about here 'most ever since."

"Ever lonely?" Langdon queried.

He who usually disliked the "talky sort" had a desire to know something of this big, placid fellow, to understand him.

"Lonely? Well, no, . . . not exactly," his host replied, meditatively. "When I first came my wife was with me," he explained, after a moment's silence.

"She died?" Langdon asked, sympathetically.

The man shook his head.

"She went away—with another man. It was like this," he continued, in the same even manner, quite impersonally, as if he had lived too deeply to retain any false reserve or pride. "In them days I was a bit of a contractor myself—understand? I had the contract for stonework on the old dam, and I had a gang workin' for me, forty or fifty men—and I was makin' good money. I thought to get another contract afterward, and then build me a house in the city and keep on at the business."

He lapsed into reflection.

"What happened?"

"It just didn't come out so—that was

all. One week I had drawn a sight of ready money from the bank to pay the men and other bills—more'n a thousand dollars. I fetched it home same as I always did and put it in a drawer. . . . The next afternoon when I come for it, it was gone, and my wife too."

"Too bad!" It was all Langdon could find to say.

"That ended the contractin' business, naturally. The bank sued me, and the men. I paid 'em all back, in time. It took me 'most three years, workin' on my own job at four dollars a day."

"Didn't you try to follow her up and get your money?"

The man shook his head. "You see, she went off with my brother—he was livin' along of us. I heard they went to Californy."

"That must have been tough, but you stuck it out here?"

"Yes—at first it was bad," the mason replied, simply. "They said it was a put-up job to get out of my debts, but when I stayed around and paid 'em they forgot about it. . . . It was the woman I minded most—and the boy."

"You loved her?"

"O' course."

"But you never tried to follow them?"

"What was the good? . . . At first you want to do foolishness, like a child that's got hurt. But when I had calmed down and could see things plain, I knew it was best so—best for her and me, too. I'd never been the man for her—too quiet and peaceful-like. . . . It was best so."

With a sigh he got up from his chair and went to the door to look at the dawning day. The mist was breaking up into cloud wreaths before the oncoming sun. It lay in great bands over the opposite hillside. Langdon felt of his clothes, which were still steaming.

"Don't you hurry, sir," the mason said. "They're not dry yet, and I've got none that would suit you."

With a feeling of content Langdon sank back into his chair. "You must go to your work when you're ready," he said.

"I'm my own master now," the mason replied. "I can wait a bit with you." He sat down again by the fire and resumed his story.

"They had their troubles, too. I heard he was sick—that was up in Montana."



"And you sent 'em money?" Langdon said, quickly.

The man nodded.

"They needed it—more than I did."

"And if some day she should come back?"

The mason made a slow gesture with his heavy hands.

"She'd be welcome."

"You'd take her in?"

"O' course."

For a time they were silent. At last Langdon turned to the bearded man, laying a hand on his knee. His eyes glittered eagerly.

"Tell me how you did it. How you stood it!"

"It's life does it for you," said the mason, quietly, as if he perfectly understood what Langdon meant. "At first you kick and thrash around—I took to drinkin' hard for a time. Then some day, if there's a man anywheres in you, you begin to understand and quit such foolishness. I remember the day it came to me. I'd been feelin' bad and sore, out of sorts with myself and the world. Somehow I came up here to see the old place—it was the first time since she went away—and I found it all goin' to pieces, the same as me—tumbled down and forlorn."

"It was night, and I sat there on the doorstep and looked into the trees and heard the crickets and the birds chirpin'. It came over me that it was nothin', just nothin', what had happened to me—the money, and the woman, and all. It was what I was doin' to myself that was bad—see? The world was big and beautiful out there, and goin' on about its business cheerful-like the same as ever, and that was what I must do, the best I could. So that night I camped right here in the old house, and I've stayed by it ever since. . . . That's all there is to it, sir."

Later the two men descended by the path into the country road. Above their heads the April sky shone clear and blue, and the last wreaths of fog were scudding down the valley before the freshening breeze.

"It didn't rain, after all," Langdon remarked.

"No, it 'll be a fine day."

At the fork in the road the mason stopped.

"That's your way to the Highland Station—less than half a mile. You'll get the noon express if you step lively."

The two men shook hands dumbly, and the mason waited while Langdon strode off briskly down the country road. He turned once and saw the quiet, squat figure standing like a statue in the fork of the road, his hand thoughtfully plucking his thick beard.

"And the world out there was big and beautiful, and was goin' on about its business cheerful-like the same as ever—and that was what I must do, too, the best I could," murmured Langdon, hurrying to catch the noon express.

When Langdon let himself into his private office by the door from the hall, the stenographer, who had the telephone at her lips, started violently and let the instrument fall. Her homely little face expressed such astonishment mingled with relief as she gasped, "Oh! It's you!" that Langdon laughed, almost boyishly.

"Yes, really me. Did you think it was my ghost?"

"I—I didn't know," the stenographer stammered, puzzled by her employer's exuberance and his curiously disheveled attire. "We've been looking for you all the morning—there are so many things—Mr. Stearns has been calling up every five minutes and—"

"Yes, yes, I can imagine!" Langdon replied, briskly, stepping to his desk and glancing over the pile of telegrams, letters, and office memoranda that lay there. Through the open door he could see the clerks standing about idly in the outer office, talking. Demoralization in the well-trained force had already set in.

"Please shut that door, Miss Condon."

"There's so much," she said, breathlessly. "No one knew what to do."

"There's really nothing much to be done now," he answered, smilingly, drawing up his chair and rapidly opening telegrams and letters.

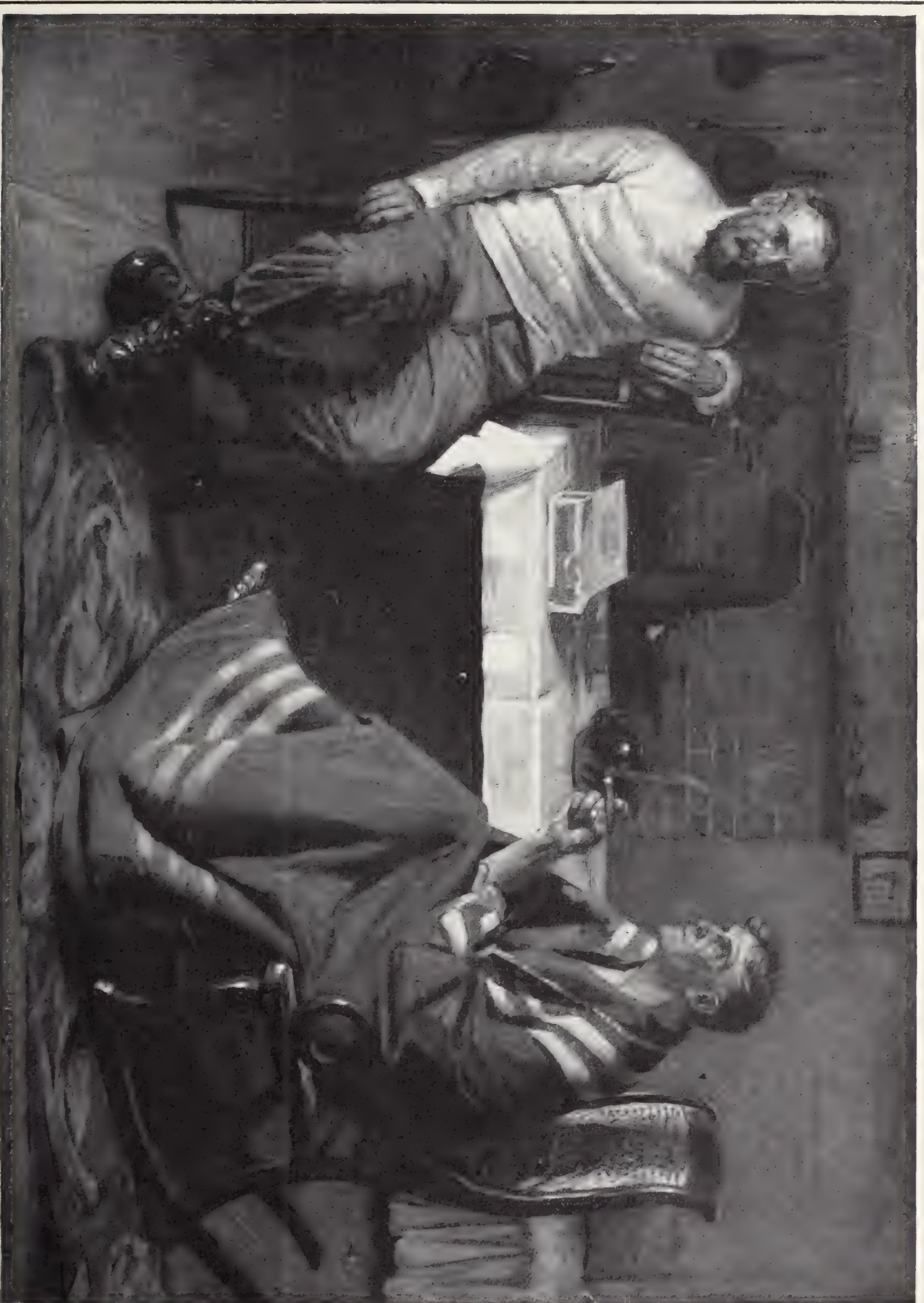
"Reporters have been here, sir—five or six of them."

"Already!"

"There was a story in the morning papers—didn't you see it?"

So some one in the office had leaked. He smiled.





*Drawn by Lucius W'oleott Hitchcock*

"I PAID 'EM ALL BACK, IN TIME. IT TOOK ME 'MOST THREE YEARS."

Half-tone plate engraved by A. Hayman



"There are two reporters out there now—they won't go until they see you—they—"

She hesitated, and Langdon completed her thought. "They think I've—sneaked off?"

"N-no—"

"Suicide? Better let 'em in, then! They won't believe the truth if they don't see me in my own skin."

When the stenographer introduced the two youths, Langdon said, lightly: "Well, boys, you see that I'm alive and on the job. That's all you want, eh?"

"Been shooting?" one suggested, with an affable impertinence that he would never have dared before that day to indulge with the president of Langdon & Son.

"No; fishing!" Langdon corrected, promptly. "And now, as I'm very busy—"

"Is it true," the other youth put in, "that Langdon & Son has failed for a million and a half?"

"I haven't figured it out precisely yet," Langdon replied, with a grin. "But you can call it that."

After the reporters had left, Langdon again dipped his hands into the paper mountain on his desk, saying to the stenographer: "Million and a half! Quite a smash, even these times, isn't it?" And he laughed cheerfully, with something of a boy's pride in the size of the hole he had made.

"If one is to go to pieces, Miss Condon, it's just as well to leave a good, large, sizable hole, so that they may know where you've been."

"Oh, Mr. Langdon!" the woman exclaimed, as if doubtful whether to smile or cry.

"And now to work!"

He plunged into the mess before him with all his old assurance, keen, swift, and competent. There were many things to be done at once and in order, and to the call his mind responded with an alertness that he had not felt for months. As he worked on, it seemed as if he were arranging the affairs of some other man, straightening out a tangle that had been snarled by another and inferior being. In this operation he was free to exercise all the shrewd, impartial judgment that had latterly quite failed him. Miss Con-

don interrupted him in the midst of his work.

"Mrs. Langdon is on the long-distance."

"Tell her I'm very busy, please—I'll call her up some time later," he said, hastily.

The stenographer hesitated. "I think—she's very much disturbed, sir! I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Langdon called the office twice this morning."

Langdon went over to the long-distance closet.

"Is it really you, Joe?" an agitated voice came thinly over the wire. "I've been so worried—whatever did—"

"I'm all right."

"And business—is it—"

The voice waited, and Langdon hesitated; then said, gently, "I guess it will come out all right, dear."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" his wife sighed before he finished, reassured by his tone more than by the words. "You frightened me so last night!"

"There's nothing to be afraid of," he said, cheerily. "I'll tell you when I get home." . . .

"And now for the bank," he said to the stenographer. "Just get Mr. Stearns on the 'phone, will you, Miss Condon?"

The stenographer looked at him in a dazed manner.

Late that day when he rose from the litter of paper on his desk, he stretched himself with a curious yet pleasant sensation of having somehow succeeded in sloughing off a dead skin. Thrusting his hands comfortably into the pockets of his old shooting-jacket, he looked over at the stenographer, who with pencil and book was taking down his final memoranda.

"You're tired!" he said, brusquely. "You need a long vacation."

"Oh no," she protested, weakly.

"Yes! And you'll get it, too—sooner than you expected to yesterday." His eyes met hers quizzically. "A long vacation, up in the hills somewhere—at my expense, you know."

Now she was crying. Langdon put his hands on her shoulders and made a comical face. "There! There! Nothing can be so bad as to make you look like that."

She smiled through her tears and mopped her eyes.



"We both need a vacation, don't we?" he said, gently. "We've worked pretty hard this year."

"I'll—never—forget—how—how brave you've been—never," she said, uncertainly.

"Well, I don't know—" Langdon smiled curiously. If she only knew—all! Nobody ever would.

As he slipped from his building into the April twilight of the city street the placards about the Langdon failure were up at the newspaper offices. He stopped at the corner to buy a paper, which bore

in great red letters across the top of the front page:

ANOTHER CRASH! LANGDON & SON FAIL:  
TWO MILLIONS.

"They've raised the figure—to be on the safe side," he muttered, unfolding the sheet and glancing through it as he walked down the street. He took a leisurely interest in the details of the newspaper story, as he might in those of another man he had once known—a family interest, as he might if it had been the failure of that uncle in Argentine.

## Fools' Paradise

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

WE all are gathered here, who else no refuge had,  
We all are here, we Fools,—the sad, the glad, the mad,  
So counted by a world that missed us nevermore,  
That fed us grudgingly—or starved us on its store.

They all are here,—those darling truants from the rod,  
Who learned no lesson save the boundless love of God.  
And they are here,—the laughers whom their world frowned down,  
Who danced to all the pipes that stray from town to town!

And moody ones are with us,—souls of smouldering fire  
That blew alive and caught at Wrong in sudden ire;  
And prophet-spirits mild whom none would ever heed;  
And child-like men of might that any child could lead.

And those that loved, unloved—who nothing else could do  
But spend their all—O truest lovers of untrue!  
And those that have gone mad for deathless Beauty's sake,  
Who winged her songful praise none later could awake!

We all are gathered here,—the sad, the glad, the mad. . . .  
God made a Paradise for Fools, and straight forbade  
Its seraph-guarded gates to all His thriftier-wise,  
But He Himself oft walks with us this Paradise.

### L'ENVOI

Princes, or Peasants, this to you I send from far:  
Whoe'er ye be, if so some little ancient scar  
Ye bear in either palm, ye cannot be denied—  
For you, with golden sound, the garden gates swing wide!



## Editor's Easy Chair

THERE are certain human interests or affairs, or, as our well-languaged Declaration of Independence calls them, human events, which are perennial. They differ from things eternal in having apparently a beginning as well as apparently no ending. There was, for instance, a time when there was no Napoleon Bonaparte, but it seems probable that there will not be a time when there will be no Napoleon Bonaparte. His memory blots all other human interests or affairs or events of the modern world excepting only two, which we call by the names of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, and possibly another, which we call Christopher Columbus, though his perenniality through the discovery of a new hemisphere is contested by several other discoverers. This court of perennials is of course leaving out those who have founded new religions, as Mohammed and Joseph Smith and Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, and perhaps Buddha and Confucius. But of them all there is no perennial who can be so little forgotten or as little ignored as Napoleon Bonaparte. Something is perpetually bringing him to mind. He is rooted so fast and deep in history, his awful top reaches so far and spreads a shadow so wide that there is no getting wholly away from him at any day or hour. If nothing else brings him to mind, he brings himself to mind by some deed of his, or some word which has the quality of a deed. The Italian proverb says, "*Fatti maschii, parole femine*"; or, "*Deeds men, words women.*" But Bonaparte's words as well as his deeds were men—common men.

What more could have been asked by the race of men than the assemblage of all his words about that commonest of men, himself? Well, that is just what has been done for us by an ingenious gentleman of Cambridge, Massachusetts, in a book which he calls *The Corsican*; and in which he has collected all the

words that ever Bonaparte said of his deeds, and has made them chronologically into a history of him, or, as he prefers to call it, "A Diary." This ingenious gentleman, whose name is Mr. R. M. Johnson, has done his work so well, so faithfully, so perfectly (we are praising him from our limited knowledge of the subject), that we may safely leave the performance to the reader, counseling him first to read the editor's page of preface, and then provide himself with some succinct biography of Bonaparte for a gloss upon the text.

The gloss had better not be very full, we should say, for we should not want the words of Bonaparte qualified or diluted or extenuated. The impact of these words, very fiercely frank even when least sincere, conveys best when there is no relief of them the sense of that commonness which we have noted, that commonness by which he ruled the world because the world so abounds in common men. Not the common people whom Lincoln said God must have loved because He made so many of them, simple, kind, plain, but those common men who take low views of other men, and judge them from their own hardness, selfishness, and meanness. We do not mean that Bonaparte appears vulgar from his own showing here, or from any other's showing elsewhere; he was not vulgar, though he was common; rather, those were vulgar whose armies of helpless hirelings he smashed, whose maps he made over, and whose crowns he kicked about. Taken by himself he may seem for a moment vulgar, but in contrast with the born despots who were bred in the superstition that they were somehow God's grace to their several kingdoms and empires, he only seems delightfully and naively common.

He supposed that by taking thought, and by shedding blood and telling lies, he could become as those princes were; but that was because, after all, though



he lived morally in hallucinations and was full of illusions, he had no imagination. He could not figure to himself any moral fact as it was, but only as he wished it to be. His work, esthetically regarded, was the fiction of a romanticist novelist. It was dreadfully material, indeed, but it was unnatural, it was against human nature, full of false motives and factitious emotions. In this book, which is the wonderful witness of his life, from the earliest record of his school-days at Brienne, where he says he "was anxious to learn, devoured books, was admired, envied; conscious of his own powers, enjoyed his superiority," to that last day at St. Helena, when the mighty captive, raving of battle on his death-bed, called deliriously to his generals, "Victory is ours; go, haste, press home the charge; they are ours!" there is abundant rhetoric, there is sometimes almost eloquence, there is a constant march of tall talk, but never any poetry, never any living effect of imagination.

As this "Diary" is the assemblage of his comments on himself from a thousand different sources, over wide spaces of time, he has the effect of wishing to speak perpetually of himself, but that is an unjust effect. In it all there is very little analysis of character or purpose; as often as he touches on his motives he begins lying, for the truth is not in him. There is, however, one finest moment of self-analysis, when he says, "I love power; but I love it as an artist, as a musician loves his violin, and I love to draw sounds from it, chords, harmony!" In this passage, Bonaparte says himself as he does nowhere else in the complete record of his words about himself. It is not without pose; it would not be Napoleonic if it were; it self-flatters a little in that attribution of esthetic pleasure; but it is probably as near the truth as he ever came. It is the key to everything that went before and that follows after. He is thirty years old when he speaks so to Berthier, and apparently he speaks in a pause of that tempest of events which his existence was; he was not just then, perhaps; drenching the earth with blood; he was not planning the destruction of his personal and public enemies, or ordering

somebody arrested or muzzled or shot; or even outwitting or outfighting the other powers. He was then First Consul, and had the whole means of a prosperous people at his disposal; possibly he had just ordered a road built or a canal dug, or the laws codified, or some of the other thousand and one beneficent works which so abounded from him in France and Italy, that seeing them it seems incredible his main business was war, and these were merely the by-products of his never-resting energy.

If there is little purposed analysis of his character in the unsparing record, it abounds in the involuntary analysis of his nature. It would be interesting if the life of any undistinguished common man could be written, as this life is written, and his motives, aims, and deeds laid open to other ages, as once they are open to his own, but, in that oblivion which spares him final remorse, are so no more. Preferably he should be a business man, as Bonaparte pre-eminently was, with manifold affairs, and in the story of them as set down in his letters, contracts, and private and public transactions, he should live again as he was at heart. He would not know himself; and Bonaparte, who knew other men so well on their baser side, never knew himself. He is always saying that he is so and so, and did this or that for one reason or the other, and perhaps at the moment he thinks, or honestly tries to think, it was the case; but he does not succeed. In his early days, in the beginning of his soldiering for the Republic, he constantly regarded himself as a republican, a democrat, a lover of liberty and equality, the child of the Revolution; but really he was nothing of the kind; he was never anything but a despot, and he took to tyranny as fast as he could seize upon power, and clove to it with all his nature; though he continued to the last to claim that the Revolution, which shook off oppression in France, was consummated in him who became the oppressor of all Europe. This was not mere impudence in him, it was not the hypocritical cheek of a man not expecting people to believe him; it was the hallucination of a common man whose want of imagination disabled him from knowing himself.



He must have been a frightful bore; his crowing or scolding or cuddling letters to Josephine (a sufficiently worthless person) show what an intolerable lover he was, and his attachment to her, which did not prevent his playing her false at any moment and sacrificing her at the last, was perhaps the most human thing in him, unless, indeed, his weakness for his family, who used him and misused him whenever they could, was a little more human. He had that certain dry-mindedness of the ordinary Italians which can never be bred or educated out of them, and which distinctly evinces itself in him whenever he speaks of literature. In his younger life Ossian was his favorite poet; he always thought Racine superior to Shakespeare; "his plays are pitiful, unreadable," he says, and perhaps for this reason he would not have attributed them to Bacon if he had lived to hear it said that Bacon wrote them. As for the current literature which is journalism, the philosophized history of daily life, he throttled it remorselessly. Otherwise he patronized the arts, the inarticulate arts, music, painting, sculpture, architecture; but it is not certain that he enjoyed them. Talleyrand called him "the inamusable." He could not play, he could not joke; his notion of an affectionate pleasantry was to pinch somebody's ear. He was a business man; from top to toe he was business, first, last, and all the time—dry business.

For the characterization of him, with his self-told story in this "Diary," one need not turn to Talleyrand or any other witness of him, or to any historian. Here he is as plain as day, and in the entirely affected and insincere *guff* of his proclamations and addresses he is not more *poseur* than in his letters to Josephine; though he seems never quite so honest as when he is scolding some feeble brother or foolish sister of his. He wrote and spoke always at the French public, with a sinister intention to his own ultimate advantage. When "Bonaparte, member of the National Institute, general-in-chief," hails the "People of Egypt," it is the people of France he has an eye to in the swelling and ridiculous words: "You will be told that I have come to destroy your faith; believe it not! Answer that I am here to maintain your

rights, to punish usurpers. . . . Tell them that in the eyes of God all men are equal; wisdom, talent, and virtue alone make the inequality of mankind." That may have deceived the French as to his real purposes and opinions, but it is probable that such of the Egyptians as could read, and in spite of human equality were used to being cut open, bastinadoed, losing hands or feet, being bowstrung and beheaded at the nod of their equals chancing to be in authority, may have read his proclamation with their tongues in their cheeks. He never outlived this hollowness of utterance, unless it was in his protests to Sir Hudson Lowe against the slights inflicted on him at St. Helena. He uses the same tone in appealing to the Prince Regent of England after his overthrow in 1815, as if it could possibly go with the hard-headed English people, however worthy of the First Gentleman of Europe: he also loved only himself, and was as selfish and shameless a liar. "Your Royal Highness: Exposed to the factions that divide my country and to the enmity of the Powers of Europe, I have closed my political career, and I come, like Themistocles, to claim hospitality at the hearth of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I demand from Your Royal Highness, as from the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my foes."

There is, in fact, very little difference in the mental attitude of this prodigious common man from the beginning to the end. There is always the same false ring in what he says; and he does not grow maturer in his manner of saying it. He knows what will go with the average common man; and he does not care for the common man who is not of the average; he knows that it can be *made* to go with him. On the 15th Brumaire, 1799, he declares, "To subvert a representative form of government is a criminal proposal in this century of enlightenment and liberty." On the 18th Brumaire he disperses the representatives of the people by force of arms, and again he proclaims: "The Republic was perishing, you perceived it, and your decree has saved it. Let those who seek to foment disorder beware! I will arrest them with the help of my companions in



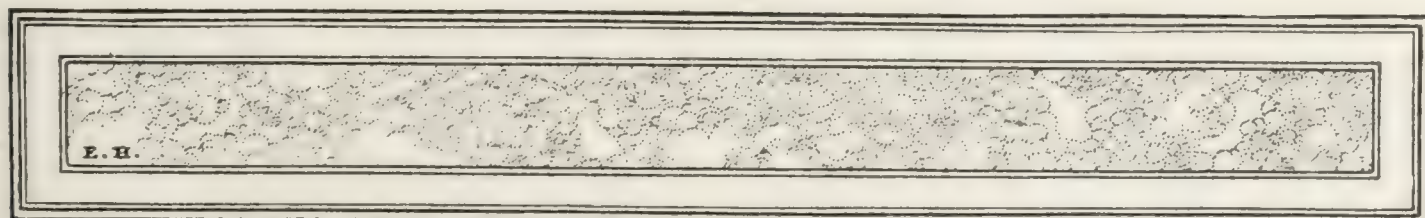
arms. . . . . We want a Republic founded on real liberty; . . . we will succeed, we swear it."

Was any common man, of the average or not, deluded by this? Hardly, but Bonaparte knew that with the one kind it would go, and with the other could be made to go. It was solely himself that he sought, whether he was aware of it or not; his aim was so singly this, so unswervingly this, that he never took thought as to the morality of the means; probably it could be argued in most of these events that he believed in what he was saying. But about the nature of the man, the character that built itself upon his nature, it is not easy to see how there can be any question with the reader of this "Diary." In the face of it one cannot imagine philosophical pros or cons concerning his motives. Here the motives are, all laid bare by himself, and his methods are as plain. His business was to make himself master of his country, his continent, and he stopped at nothing in the making. It is as if he were a giant trust, a sort of Standard Bonaparte Company. Mr. Carnegie has somewhere frankly owned that a man does not get rich by his own work, but by the work of others, by the use of their brains and muscles. Bonaparte instinctively perceived that he could rise to the mastery of the world not by his own force, but by the cunning that turned the might of others to his account; that to rule his age he must penetrate the secret of the common man's unimagined mind. Through the crudity of his nature, which no events or circumstances changed, he could and did rule and overrule their crude natures to his honor and profit. In the face of his self-revelation it is hard to believe that anybody loved him, yet he abounded in the devotion of others, which perhaps he compelled through their fear. He did not scruple at any means of working upon the fear of men. The record is horribly


full of threats and mandates: let them be shot, have them instantly shot; silence them; banish them; bid them do this or that under pain, are the menaces that echo and re-echo in it as long as he has the means of working his will. Mixed with them are hollow and mawkish appeals to the opinions or sentiments of those whom he wishes to move.

It is altogether a strange record, and among the autobiographers who have tried or pretended to try confessing themselves to posterity this involuntary autobiographer stands nakedest. He is not less naked but more for supposing himself to have his clothes on, to be even clad in robes of state. He is tragically like the emperor in Hans Christian Andersen's fantasy, who is the victim of the imposture that he is fully dressed when he is without a thread, and whose delusion imposes on the spectator. But a child comes—and here we mean no disrespect to Mr. Johnson, but much gratitude and praise—who pierces to the nudity under the unreality, and all eyes may see that this emperor has nothing on. He lets this emperor, in fact, make the discovery himself, and it is a dreadful sight, a wicked soul which does not know to the last but it is one of the elect.

Of course, the comment, the controversy, the difference about Bonaparte must continue; he is too vast a theme, too vital an event, ever to be let alone; it can even be maintained that he did not mean the facts; the historian may go behind the record, and psychologize the man, or reconstitute him on new lines from what is tacit and verbally unexpressed, from what he did, rather than what he said. This is possible, but the difficulty which will present itself is that most of the things he did were worse than the things he said; that his benefactions were delegated and perhaps suggested by others, and his malefactions were apparently invented by himself and executed by his own will.







## Editor's Study

THERE is no vulnerability like that of position. Absolute stability implies untenability as well as impotence. Indeed the only advantage of position is dynamic—that is, not for immobility, but for motion. The fixed proposition, while it invites attack, suffers still more because of conclusion, having no outlet through which it may, with submissive fluency, lose itself in the currents of life, and Time in his flight shall deny it. The dynamically positive must be as fugacious as Time, to evade his contempt.

The wise man—not the one styled Preacher—shudders when he finds himself drawing an absolute conclusion, being suspicious of inclosures. For this reason he shuns polemics as a game in which each of the disputants seeks to inclose the other in his favorite net. The main difficulty is the obstacle to progress—one is not allowed to go on. The true hospitality is that which yields a night's rest and new strength for the journey. If the host desires further converse with his guest, it is better to go on the way with him than to ask him to stay on in the tent. It is an assurance not only of freedom but of companionability. In the free air and under the open sky the life of each blends with that of the other, and conference means sympathy. Their souls become fellow-travelers. Here, too, there is progress, and instead of dialectic embarrassment there is in the interchange of experiences the possibility of disentanglement and illumination.

The Christian missionary to an alien people invites that people to enter into a new world familiar to himself but strange to them. His invitation is inert. He must first walk with them in their ways, with the unfeigned disposition to learn from them, and only as he sincerely takes that attitude will they ever learn anything from him. It is in his ignorance, not in his knowledge, that he finds a meeting-point with their souls.

A sense of our vast ignorance is the indispensable condition to our getting any real knowledge. This sense should not be confounded with that of humility as conveyed in the reflections of Newton by the sea-shore. It is a sense associated rather with the sources of our strength than with our weakness. It does not arise from the comparison quantitatively of the little we know with the ever so much we do not know, but from a clear distinction in kind between the things we say we know and the things we confess to be unknowable in the terms of the knowledge we lay claim to. From this point of view our ignorance is our greatest psychical achievement.

What we ordinarily call our knowledge is something attained through formal conscious processes, and is bound together in logical consistency. It is indispensable to the rational conduct of life, but it is no part of living itself. Its terms are not qualitative, but quantitative. One may have a good deal of this kind of knowledge and yet have no real knowledge at all. Our knowledge of history is in its content quite different from that of the exact sciences, but it is mere information except as it is realized through assimilation in our living experience. Obviously it is as easy to desiccate humanity as it is to sterilize nature through formulation, and to call this formulation knowledge. Shutting out life, we can shut in truth—but it is not living truth.

When we pass from the generalizations and deductions which our rational processes enable us to make, to an immediate sense of life in ourselves or in the world, we enter the field of our ignorance—where nothing is knowable in the terms of logic or mathematics. In this field alone is real knowledge possible. It is the field of creative life, where intelligence is not acquired, but is indicated not in a proposition, but in an intuition—where reasoning gives place



to Reason, "the light of all our seeing," that illumination of the soul and of the world which cannot be reached through mental exercises. Here we are in immediate contact with life—with desire, passion, romance, faith, art, and all the concerns and conflicts of the human soul. From the simplest physiological sense and motion to imagination and intuition on the highest psychical plane, we stand next to creation, nature, reality, where nothing is explicable or subject to formulation, and where what we call education contributes nothing directly to either faculty or sensibility. In the evolution of nature or of human nature every new emergence is a surprise—something which by no process of reasoning could have been anticipated, and which, when it appears, can be interpreted only in the light of its own unfolding. It is a qualitative surprise, but since the power which creates it is also a shaping power, it has form as well as content—a form inseparable from rhythm, since harmony is an implication of creation.

In the physical world there is Reason, but no reasoning. Science—in our modern understanding of it—confronts that world in the unknowing attitude, recognizing the futility of preconceptions. Our philosophy is coming to take the same attitude toward human nature—a more difficult thing to do, because man is distinctively a reasoning being, and his rational conceptions have had so much to do with the determination not only of that progress which is necessarily dependent upon these, but of his creative imagination in life and art, to which these conceptions are not directly pertinent. If for ages the human mind persisted in the imposition of its own formal modes upon nature, how much more insistently must it have sophisticated humanity and divinity, even long after it had taken a wholly new attitude in its contemplation of the physical world! For the vast majority of the human race, intellectual conceptions have been dominated by the emotions—by desires and hopes and fears—so that the moods of the soul even more than the mental modes have shaped the currents of thought concerning life and the world, and especially concerning the unseen world. Agnosticism, as to what is unknowable because

wholly hidden, has been a more difficult achievement, more contrary to human inclination and to inveterate mental habit, than that unknowing attitude toward the visible universe which modern science demands of all its votaries.

The creative imagination in Faith and Art has always followed the promptings of the believing, hoping, trembling heart of man. Creeds, before their scholastic or ecclesiastical formulation, were, at their birth—as in the poetical imagination of Paul—triumphal or penitential psalms, not permitted to halt or to sink into formal recitation. The Greek poets, sculptors, and painters lifted the myth into a rhythmic tension which repeated the fashion of its birth, esthetically fulfilling its original motive. The office of music, in its wordless rhythm, is at once to reawaken and to fulfil every native moment of the soul—heroic, romantic, or religious. Our modern science, even in its most approved and modest attitude, often leads the investigator into habits of specialization so narrow as to shut him in from any sense of creative moments in nature, from any intuition of reality, and to atrophy his esthetic sensibility. He is as embarrassingly stalled in his specialties as the driest of medieval scholastics in the confines of his notional predicaments.

It is a long way from insulated instinct to clear intuition in the light of Reason. It is impossible for man to abdicate either his rationality or his emotional nature if he is to fulfil his peculiar destiny. Psyche, awakened, could not return to her crysalis, but must use her wings and, under the open sky, find her way, through experiences which she could not abridge, and which have involved cycles of error, entanglement, and discord, to the secret of a new harmony.

Our new attitude, in life, art, and philosophy, is one which promises liberation and clarification. Its most hopeful feature is that it is no longer select or eclectic—that the world has to such an extent adopted it that the main currents of life and thought are determined by it in their drift and significance. Perhaps it would be truer to say that the development of the world-sense has made the new attitude possible. Popular initiative and participancy in modern move-



ments have imparted to those movements a greater measure of sane and healthy vitality than has been derived from the technical training and scholarship of the more leisurely, ambitious, and sophisticated few; and wherever eminent inspirational and disinterested leadership has emerged from any rank, it is the people's response that has given it leverage and triumph. When we say "the people," we do not mean the inert mass, but the unclassified, vitalized collective organism. Even when this vast organism was dormant and had little initiative or participation in the world's affairs, it had its abject living experience, its struggles, hopes, and fears, and even its dreams. To it Christianity was in a special sense committed, soon to be deemed worthy of alliance with the selectest aristocratic heroisms, which finally it was to transform. Thus it was the people's desire that became the hope of the world.

In our day the life in which the liberated soul of man finds expression has unlimited volume and variety of manifestation, but its powers and sensibilities escape observation, since its living currents are not as definitely measured as in former eras by resistance. There is less inflammation from closed circuits. The sociable interfluence, unchecked by class barriers, is easier, a matter of accords only.

Liberation engenders liberality, open-mindedness, the spirit of toleration. As Pater says in his appreciation of Coleridge: "The relative spirit, by its constant dwelling on the more fugitive conditions or circumstances of things, breaking through a thousand rough and brutal classifications, and giving elasticity to inflexible principles, begets an intellectual *finesse*, of which the ethical result is a delicate and tender criticism of human life."

This "relative spirit," which dwells upon the ever and freely flowing, the ever-changing aspects of our human life and of human nature itself, without attempting to fix them in absolute and permanent formulas or symbols, led William James to emphasize the "pluralistic universe," in protest against monism and against all inclosures of living truth in sterile conceptualisms of any sort, even that which calls itself ideal-

istic; and it is as characteristic of the imaginative expression, the sympathetic feeling, and the vital altruism of our twentieth century as it is of its philosophy.

The only truth which makes for the freedom of the human spirit is living truth, and this truth, for the soul of man, must find its expression in living human experience. We see that with this liberation there is disclosed a community of experience, the ground of free vital communication, dispensing with the old bridges of authority, compulsion, and polemical argument—the ground also of common advantage, without prejudice or special privileges.

This is the ideal of Reason. That we are far from its realization is indicated from its very presentment, but also, and quite as clearly, that it is the goal toward which the main current of human life and thought is rapidly moving. It is a current of light and of power, showing, within the period of a single generation, a wonderful change in human sensibility and disposition; it enters creatively into every social, political, economic, and educational movement as well as into faith, art, and literature; it has transformed heroism and thus brought the world approximately to the era of Peace and Good-will. What were problems and questions for discussion a generation ago now come into this current for natural solution through intuitional and sympathetic comprehension. A publicist, gathering together his recent occasional addresses, which, in the light of the modern spirit, have considered the new aspects and conditions of society, journalism, statesmanship, and economic organization, has very fitly entitled the published collection *The Power of Tolerance*. For tolerance, as the key-note of his appeal, is seen to be not merely an attitude of sensibility, suffering and forbearing, but a function of the will, a positive power—the Atlas of the new world of the soul, not only bearing but uplifting it.

Tolerance, as the author says, is Reason. It has also, as a positive power, become identical with the creative imagination in life and literature—the very breath of fearless faith, of sane hope, and of the love that thinketh no evil.



## Editor's Drawer

# Concentrated Polyandry

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

"YOUR very interesting exposition of the curious facts relating to matriarchy, Judge," said the Bishop, "not unnaturally reminds me of the cognate matter of polyandry: concerning which, drawing from my own experience, I am prepared to present to you—"

"I beg your pardon, Bishop," interrupted the Judge, sharply. "Permit me to observe that I now am in the very act of drawing from what you are pleased to term my 'very interesting exposition' of those facts what I trust are not wholly uninteresting conclusions: a matter that you doubtless would have perceived had your waking been less sudden, or had your precedent slumber been less profound. Of course, however, should you desire at this inauspicious moment—as you must permit me to term it—to air any of your polyandric experiences—"

"My vote," broke in the Doctor, "is for the polyandric experiences. You've been giving us matriarchy straight from the shoulder for the last hour, Judge. Even the Bishop on polyandry will be good for a change. Go ahead and polyander, Bish."

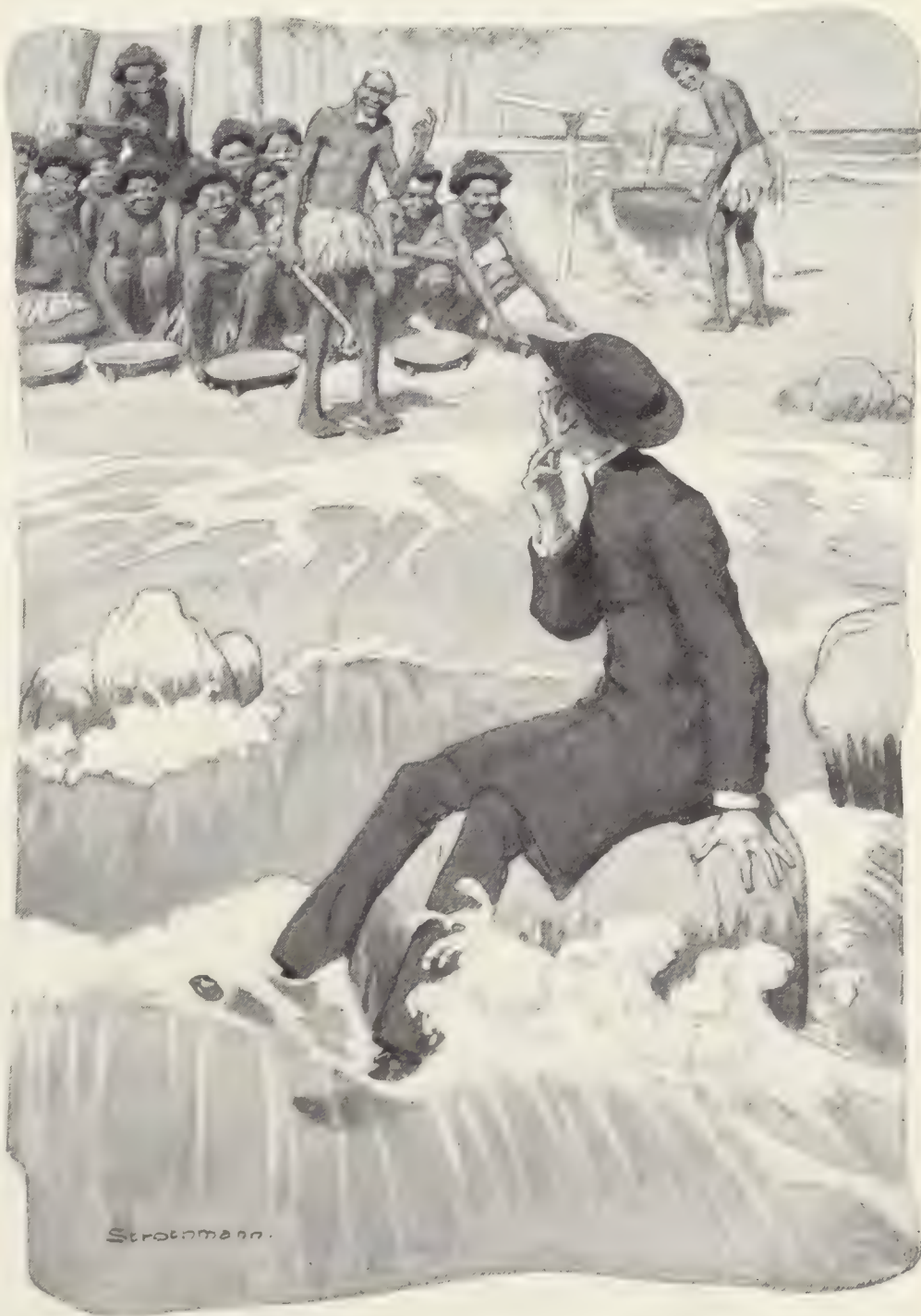
"I beg your pardon for my quite unintentional interruption, Judge"—the Bishop spoke genially—"and for what I fear I must admit was its discourteous cause. I do believe that I did take forty winks. My episcopal duties recently have been severe. However, as you have arrived at your conclusions during my unfortunate period of inattention—and, in vulgar phrase, the milk is spilled—I shall act upon the Doctor's somewhat dubious encouragement and proceed."

"Pray do," said the Judge with a chill politeness. "That I have not concluded my conclusions is a detail that I trust you will entirely ignore."

"The incident that I am

about to exhibit to you," continued the Bishop, "really is of so exceptional a sort as to warrant me in accepting what I fear is the Judge's rather reluctant assent to my presentment of it. I must premise that it came within the scope of my personal knowledge during the year immediately sequent to my taking orders, when I was engaged in missionary work in the South Sea."

"Were your parishioners cannibals, and did they ever try to eat you, Bish?" asked the Doctor.



"THEIR REGRETTABLE DISPOSITION TO ASSIMILATE MY PERSON RATHER THAN MY TEACHINGS"



"They *were* cannibals, and they *did* try to eat me," replied the Bishop. "Indeed, I may explain that my ministrations among them ceased abruptly—a man-of-war providentially touching at our island at the very moment when the situation had become crisis—because of their regrettable disposition to assimilate my person rather than my teachings. Their determination to make use of me as an edible, it is but fair to add, was purely instinctive and quite untouched by malevolence. Until that instinct asserted itself—a full year after my ministrations among them began—our relations were most cordial; and I am quite sure, so genuine was their kindly feeling for me, that even had I been absorbed into their midst as a nutritive their affection for me would have continued unchanged.

"It was during that happy year—unmarred, so far as I was concerned, by any trace of their dietary eccentricities—that occurred the exceptional, probably the unique, case of polyandry to which I now refer. Its periphery, if I may so express myself, was made up of the eight young men who constituted the crew of the canoe in which I traveled from village to village along the coast of our island in the discharge of my parochial duties. They were exceptionally fine young fellows, quite the pick of the islanders, and wholly devoted to my service; and also, on their own account, always most eager to take me on my journeyings: because—as one of them once naïvely told me—'going around visiting was such fun'! Indeed, their liking for flitting about was so marked that they frequently—at times when I could dispense with their services—borrowed my canoe for a day or two and went off on little jaunts of their own.

"The center of the polyandric storm—for such, I regret to say, it became—was a young woman named Ooloola: by far the most beautiful of all the females on our island, and one of the most beautiful creatures that ever I have seen. Her disposition was in keeping with her person. Cheerful, kind-hearted, helpfully obliging, she won the friendship even of her own sex—and, as a matter of course, the love of all the male islanders of a marriageable age. Practically, however, my canoe-men—being, as I have mentioned, conspicuously superior to their fellows—were so far ahead in the running that all of the many other candidates for her hand withdrew.

"Fearing that ill will might develop among my men—Ooloola having frankly declared that she willingly would marry any one of them, but could not bring herself to a choice—I advised, in what I now perceive to have been a fatal moment, that they should settle the matter by drawing lots for her among themselves. To my relief they informed me, after some days of deliberation, that they had decided to accept my advice in substance—merely modifying it a little, they explained, in a way that would exclude jealousies when a de-

cision had been reached—and that they would act upon it without delay. Yet no result seemed to flow from the lot-drawing in which I repeatedly saw them engaging themselves, and I could only infer that the matter again was at a stand."

"And then you sailed in and married the bunch of 'em polyandrically to Ooloola, eh Bish?" said the Doctor, questioningly. And added: "Well, I'll be blowed!"

"In a way, Doctor," replied the Bishop, speaking with a cautious accuracy, "I did marry her to 'the bunch of 'em,' as you phrase it; but the abnormal feature of the case was that the resulting polyandry, far from being of the ordinarily diffuse sort, was concentrated to a very high degree."

"You will pardon me, I trust, Bishop," said the Colonel, "for pointing out that the concentration of polyandry is impossible. The several male entities involved in a woman's gregarious marriage to a congeries of husbands, being but casually grouped around a common center, necessarily retain intact their several incompressible individualities: and therefore are not susceptible to that process of equable diminution that the term 'concentrated' implies."

"You will pardon *me*, I trust, Colonel," said the Bishop tartly, "for pointing out that I used the term 'concentrated' advisedly: for the reason, with all due deference to your views on the subject, that it expresses precisely my meaning. I may add that the interpolation of irrelevant comment upon my narrative appreciably retards its advance. Of course, however, I shall be happy to listen to any further verbal criticism of which you may wish to free your mind."

"Never mind the Colonel's fussing, and crack ahead, Bish," interjected the Doctor. "How did you work it to get your polyandry concentrated?"

"I did not work it," replied the Bishop. "It was worked independently of, I even may say most deplorably against, my wishes; and in a manner so well concealed from my knowledge that a considerable interval of time elapsed before—to use one of your own pregnant colloquialisms—I 'caught on.' I best can exhibit the insidious veiling of the facts in the case by presenting them to you in the order, and in the manner, in which they were brought to my own notice.

"What I came to recognize later as the beginning of the series of tragic mischances, of which for so long I remained an unperceiving observer, was the tearful announcement by my canoe-men that one of their number—Moomoota, a very worthy young man—had fallen overboard in the course of one of their pleasure cruises and had been eaten by a shark. They were absent for two full days on their little frolic that ended so disastrously—having delayed their return, they explained to me, in order to celebrate a funeral feast in Moomoota's honor; and as they all had an oily, well-stuffed look, naturally resultant from such melancholy



festivity, I was satisfied that the poor fellows really had done their best in the way of ritual tribute to their deceased friend. Rather to my surprise, my suggestions as to a successor to Moomoota were not well received. They said decidedly that their love for their late brother would not suffer them to have a stranger in his place; and, as seven men easily could work my canoe, I yielded to them—and was not a little touched by their display of a sentiment so creditable to the goodness of their hearts.

“Only a few days later I was pained by another fatality among my men: Nooka, my second paddler, being found at the base of a cliff—over which he evidently had fallen—with his head mashed in. The remainder of my crew, weeping bitterly, acquainted me with this dismal fact—and begged that they might have the use of my canoe for a couple of days in order, as they sadly explained, to ‘make feast’ for him at the same spot where they had feasted for poor Moomoota, and to place him in the same sepulcher. To so reasonable a request I could not but accede—and their sleeky, full-fed appearance, when they returned from their gloomy banquet, assured me that their ritual duties had been conscientiously discharged. Again, on grounds of most creditable sentiment, they urged me to refrain from filling their loved brother’s place; and again I was touched by their good-heartedness and suffered them to have their way.

“Not needlessly to encumber my narrative with painful details, I will state briefly that similar fatalities went on among the members of my crew with a rapidity that filled me—and that equally filled their surviving associates—with a bitter cumulative grief. One poor fellow, although reckoned to be an unusually expert climber, was found at the foot of a cocoa-palm with his neck broken; another was crushed by my canoe while the sadly reduced crew—that steadfastly resisted my desire to fill the vacancies—was beaching it; two more, in quick succession, were taken off by sharks; and the last but one perished—as the sole survivor, Nootooka, told me—by being swept from his surf-board and dashed against the coral rocks by an extraordinarily violent wave.

“For each of them, in turn, a funeral feast was celebrated by the pitifully decreasing remnant of their fellows; and the time devoted to these feasts constantly lengthened because, as the kindly creatures told me, it



“I WAS PAINED BY ANOTHER FATALITY AMONG MY MEN”

was necessary to consume on each occasion the same amount of honorific food. When Nootooka went off in my canoe with the last of his fellows—all were carried to the same spot for mortuary disposition—he was gone for nearly a week; and he returned so stuffed by his honorific overeating that for some days he was quite ill.

“When Nootooka was himself again, he told me sadly that at last a new crew, to take the place of the dear ones departed, must indeed be recruited for my service; and to this he added, more cheerfully, that Ooloola—her selective hesitancy having been automatically resolved by the eliminative contraction of her possibilities of choice—had consented to be his wife. His marriage to this worthy young woman, he said, appreciably would assuage his grief for his dear brothers who were gone; and he begged me, therefore, to solemnize the ceremony with the least possible delay. To his request I could not but accede with pleasure. The wedding came off immediately—and was attended by an outburst of festive rejoicing on the part of my simple-hearted parishioners that completely effaced their sorrow over the precedent series of tragedies that had made it possible.”





"THE WEDDING CAME OFF IMMEDIATELY—AND WAS ATTENDED BY AN OUTBURST OF FESTIVE REJOICING"

"I am at loss to perceive, Bishop," observed the Colonel, as the Bishop paused after delivering this seemingly conclusive statement, "in what manner your curious but not especially interesting story of savage life relates to polyandry of any sort; still less how it relates to a form of concentrated polyandry—a phrase to which, on etymologic grounds, I already have taken exception—that you gave us to understand it was to illustrate."

"That's a fact, Bish," added the Doctor. "Nobody's polyandered worth a cent. It looks as if you'd sort of side-tracked."

"Possibly," said the Judge, with a chill incisiveness, "I now may be permitted to present my summarized conclusions—that I was in the act of setting before you when the Bishop's irrelevant and inconsequent narrative was thrust upon us—in regard to matriarchy. As I was saying—"

"Pardon me, Judge," interrupted the Bishop with warmth. "What you are pleased to term my 'inconsistent and irrelevant narrative' is not yet completed. A few words more will suffice—"

"With submission, Bishop," said the Col-

onel, "I cannot perceive how any number of words will suffice to uphold your thesis—embodied in your reply to a question of the Doctor's—that you married the young woman polyandrically to the eight members of your boat's crew: since, by your own showing, seven of them succumbed to a variety of fatal accidents before her marriage with the sole survivor took place. Such being the case, I venture to urge that you yield the floor to the Judge: whose conclusions in regard to matriarchy, while certain to be both dull and tedious, at least may be expected to approximate to that logical sequence which your own dissertation upon applied polyandry somewhat conspicuously lacks."

"My cloth, gentlemen," said the Bishop, rising from his seat and speaking in a tone of tense restraint, "forbids any expression of my natural, I may say my justifiable, resentment of your collective extreme discourtesy." Thus speaking, the Bishop moved to, and opened, the door.

"Oh, I say, Bish," said the Doctor, "don't go off mad. At least, before you hook out, clear things up a little. How *did* they concentratedly polyander, anyway?"

"I have stated," replied the Bishop, pausing on the threshold, "that 'in a way' I married Ooloola to my eight canoe-men polyandrically; that the polyandry was of a concentrated sort; that Ooloola actually wedded the last of them left alive. I also have stated that my men accepted my suggestion in regard to lot drawing, with a modification of their own that they declared would inhibit eventual jealousies. I further have stated that funeral feasts, increasingly prolonged as the number of the survivors diminished, attended each of the fatalities by which that diminution was produced. Finally, I have stated that my parishioners—although I was not cognizant of their alimentary idiosyncrasies until I myself barely escaped deglutition as a comestible—were cannibals. From these several statements, I venture to assert, minds endowed with even a rudimentary intelligence would deduce—by a ratiocinative process of the simplest—the one obvious and only possible conclusion."

"Great snakes!" exclaimed the Doctor. "You don't mean to say, Bish—"

"Gentlemen," said the Bishop, bowing coldly as he slowly closed the door behind him, "I have nothing more to add."



## A Gift

"WHAT is the use of this article?" asked a shopper.

"I really don't know," replied the clerk; "I think it is intended to be sold for a Christmas present."

## Change of Name

HE had been present at the christening of a baby cousin, and had taken great interest in the ceremony. A few days later, on being vaccinated, when the operation was over, he inquired of the doctor, "What's my name--*now*?"

## General Speculation

"WHAT'S your husband doing now?"

"He's a speculator."

"Indeed? What in?"

"Oh, things in general. He just sits around and puts in his time speculating about the public debt and the distance of the sun and I don't know what all."

## Her Logic

IT was the week before Christmas. Emery and his younger sister, Mildred, were debating very seriously the reality of Santa Claus.

"There isn't any Santa Claus," said Emery, with finality.

"Why, there must be," insisted his sister. "How could they make pictures that look just like him?"

## Why He Sold Papers

A SMALL newsboy's loud, gay call halted a woman passing along the street of a Western city, and, as she paid a penny for one of his papers, she asked:

"What do you pay for your papers?"

"It's on Sandy Jim's beat," he replied, "an' I pays a cent apiece."

"But if you don't make anything, why do you go about selling papers?"

"So I gets a chance," he answered, "to holler, an' go round with th' push."

## The Arrival

WORLD, set out an extra plate

At your board of cheer,  
Put your finest manners on—  
Company is here!

World, make up an extra bed,  
Downy, warm, and soft;  
Cease your quarrels and your strife,  
Plan him pleasures oft.

All your sordid little shifts  
Cover from his eyes,  
Give him just the finest time  
Underneath the skies.

As we treat the passing guest,  
Hold his comfort dear,  
We invited him for life!  
Company is here!

McLANDBURGH WILSON.



The Candy You Paid Five Dollars For





A Three-cornered Affair

## The Last Thing Off

A TEACHER was reading to her class and came across the word "unaware." She asked if any one knew its meaning.

One small girl timidly raised her hand and gave the following definition:

"'Unaware' is what you take off the last thing before you put your nightie on."

## No Reminder Needed

"THEM days there was lots o' people will-in' to get their knowledge o' war second-hand," observed the veteran, reminiscently. "There was Will Coulter, that taught our school; he gave me a little book he called a diry, and said he'd be interested in knowin' what impressed me most 'bout my first battle."

"Well, what did, Uncle Silas?" asked a bystander, as the veteran paused.

"'Twas the shootin', but I found I didn't need to write it down to remember it."

## As It Appeared To Him

DICK, aged four, while paying his first visit at his grandfather's farm, enjoyed nothing so much as watching the men do the milking. One evening his grandmother, finding him with tear-wet face standing at the window, said in surprise:

"Why, Dick, what is the matter? What's happened?"

"'Cause it rains just a 'ittle," answered Dick, "my muvver won't let me go to the barns an' see Jim an' Henry empty the cows."

## Danger Not Grave

A CULTURED daughter, home from boarding-school, had just been driving the fat and antiquated family horse, from whom all speed and spirit had departed some fifteen years before. "Mamma," she called, daintily—though in sudden alarm—"I can't leave Dobbin standing, can I?"

The matter-of-fact mother replied briskly, "You can. Unless he prefers to *sit*."

## Boosting His Business

"I IN common with my colleagues of the profession, receive many strange comments and propositions from queer people," says a Washington physician, "but I rather think that a woman whose children I have treated for some time is to be given a pre-eminent place in this category."

"Well, what can I do for you?" I asked, as I entered the waiting-room.

"I think that I should have a commission," she said, quietly but firmly.

"A commission! And what for?"

"Why," said she, "every child in our street caught the measles from my baby."

## Damaged Goods

THE twins were selling lemonade from a stand on the front lawn. A friend of their mother's stopped to have a glass.

"Will you have a five-cent glass or a penny one?" asked Alice. "That is five cents, and this is a penny," pointing to the two ten-quart pails.

The friend took a five-cent glass, and then said that she would try the penny kind. After drinking the second glass she asked why one pail was a penny and the other five, for they seemed to be just alike.

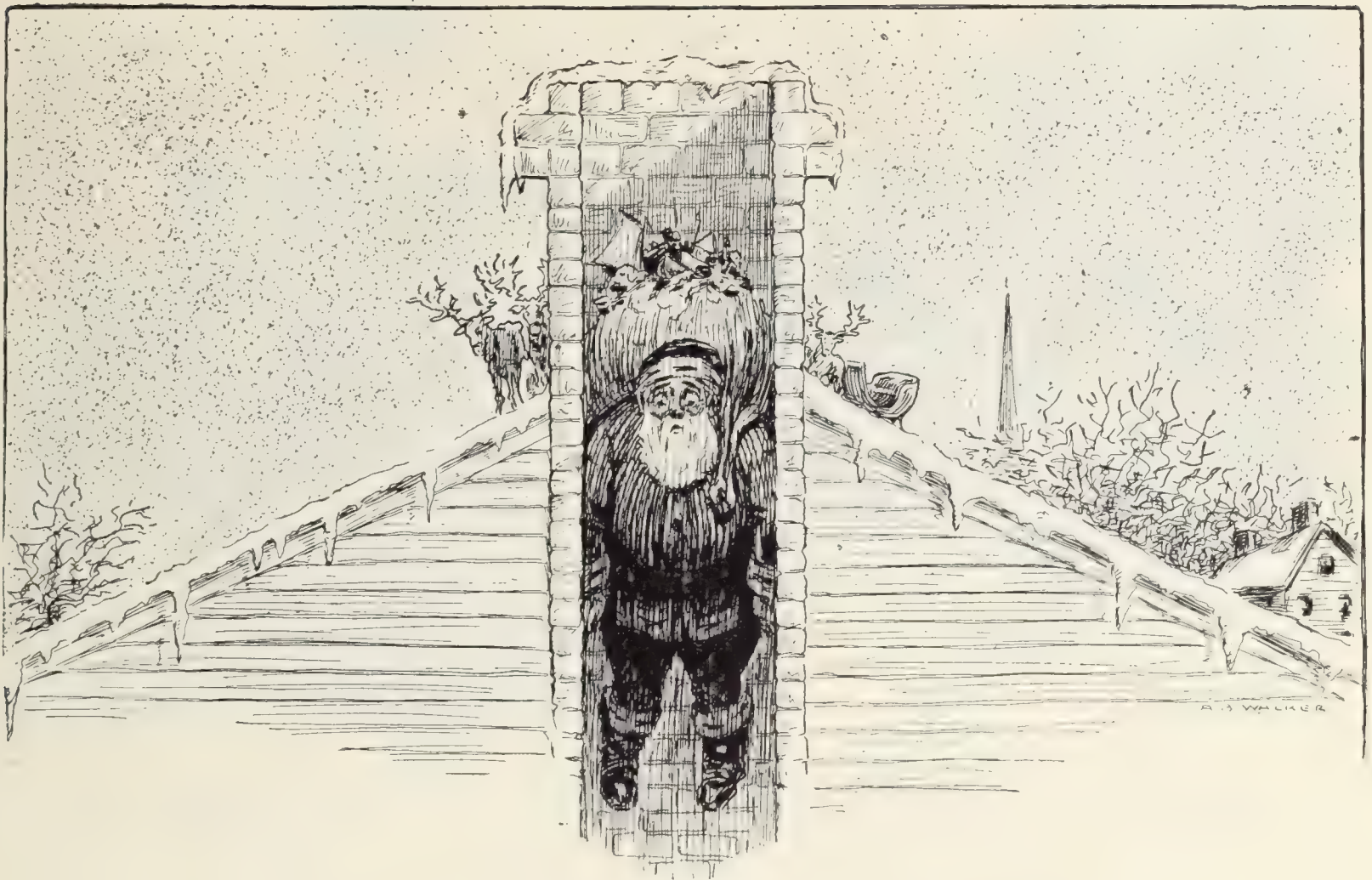
"Oh, they are just alike," said John, "only the pup fell into that one, and we decided to sell it for a penny a glass."

## A Christmas Petition

'TIS Christmas time! Though we regret  
Its many forced expenses,  
We pretend to like the gifts we get,  
And our friends make like pretenses.

Both, for ourselves, be this our plea,  
And those who recompense us—  
Forgive us our Christmases as we  
Forgive those who Christmas against us!  
CAROLYN WELLS.





A Cross-section View of a Chimney  
*And what might happen any Christmas*

## As Jimmie Sees It

BY CHARLES C. JONES

"I'M goin' to th' Baptis' church an' be a Baptis' boy,  
 I guess I'll go to Sunday-school as nice as nice kin be;  
 I'll sit so still an' quiet-like that I jest won't annoy  
 Th' sup'rintendent when he speaks to all th' kids an' me;  
 I'll be th' very best I kin,  
 Until their summer picnic's been,  
 An' then I'll ketch that preacher's kid an' square things up, you see!

"I'll bring my ma a lot o' wood an' keep th' front yard clean,  
 I'm goin' to behave myself an' work a awful lot;  
 I'll stay at home on Mondays, too, an' run th' wash-machine,  
 An' scrub th' porch an' all th' walks, no matter if 'tis hot;  
 But when that picnic ain't no more,  
 I'll take that kid that lives next door  
 An' lick th' very stuffin' out o' him, as like as not!

"I'll run to Smiley's store an' git my ma a lot o' things,  
 Like thread an' stuff, an' see-gars, too, fer pa an' Uncle Jim;  
 I'll be a 'busy little bee,' like kindergartners sings—  
 No one 'll git a chance to say that I'm 'a lazy limb';  
 But when that picnic's gone again,  
 I'll git that groc'ry boy, an' then—  
 Doggone th' luck!—he's jest so big, I'm skeered to tackle him!"





THE REVEREND GENTLEMAN. *"Of course you have read Shakespeare?"*  
 GIDDY GIRL. *"Yes, I've glanced through it; but I don't like the way it ends."*

#### The Museum

DO you care for pictures?  
 Do you care for art?  
 Go to the Museum;  
 Make an early start.

Even then you'll have to  
 Leave before you're through.  
 People think they'll see it all—  
 But they never do.

O, such great big statues!  
 (Round and round you'll walk.)  
 And such perfect paintings!  
 (You would think they'd talk.)

And such altar-carvings,  
 Golden bowl and cup—  
 Surely you'll not see the half  
 Till you are grown up.

If you go when you are old,  
 • Maybe you will see  
 Some very splendid works of art  
 That have been made by—Me!  
 EDNA M. OWINGS.

#### Badly Put

A TEACHER in a New England school asked her pupils for compositions on the poet Longfellow.

One pupil, a fifteen-year-old girl, wrote as follows:

"Henry W. Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, while his parents were traveling in Europe. He had many fast friends, among whom the fastest were Phœbe and Alice Cary."

#### As Instructed

A WELL-KNOWN American author tells of an amusing incident that occurred during a reception given in his honor by a London society woman. The lionizing accorded this writer, who is a great favorite in England, did not upset him, nor was he chagrined by an embarrassing situation that confronted him just before the reception closed.

It was then that the hostess brought up to him her daughter, a pretty child of seven years. Just as soon as she had been presented, the youngster said in a loud, clear voice:

"I think you're a very wonderful man."

"Why do you say that, my dear?" asked the author, smiling.

"Because," said the little girl, "mother told me to."

#### Partially Prepared

A GEORGIA man tells of a minister in a town of that State who received a call from a large and wealthy parish in the North. In accordance with the usual custom, the clergyman requested time for prayer and consideration. A week or two elapsed. A friend, chancing to meet the youngest son of the divine, a lad of somewhat irreverent turn, asked:

"Well, Henry, how are things with your good father? Is he going North?"

"Dad," replied the son, "is still praying for light, but, sir, between you and me, most of his things are packed."

#### Also the Roast!

"TOO many cooks spoil the broth."  
 "Far too many!"









*Painting by Howard E. Smith*

Illustration for "The Doll Lady"

THE GIRL DISPLAYED, SUDDENLY AWAKENED, THE TALENT OF DRESS



# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## The Street Called Straight

A NOVEL

By the Author of "The Inner Shrine"

*"By the Street Called Straight we come to the House called Beautiful."*—NEW ENGLAND SAYING.

### CHAPTER I

AS a matter of fact, Davenant was under no illusions concerning the quality of the welcome his hostess was according him, though he found a certain pleasure in being once more in her company. It was not a keen pleasure, neither was it an embarrassing one; it was exactly what he supposed it would be in case they ever met again—a blending on his part of curiosity, admiration, and reminiscent suffering out of which time and experience had taken the sting.

He retained the memory of a minute of intense astonishment once upon a time, followed by some weeks, some months perhaps, of angry humiliation; but the years between twenty-four and thirty-three are long and varied, generating in healthy natures plenty of saving common sense. Work, travel, and a widened knowledge of men and manners had so ripened Davenant's mind that he was able to see his proposal now, as Miss Guion must have seen it then, as something so incongruous and absurd as not only to need no consideration but to call for no reply. Nevertheless, it was the refusal on her part of a reply, of the mere laconic "No" which was all that in his heart of hearts he had ever expected, that rankled in him longest; but even that mortification had passed, as far as he knew, into the limbo of extinct regrets.

For her present superb air of having no recollection of his blunder he had nothing but commendation. It was as becoming to the spirited grace of its wearer as a royal mantle to a queen. Carrying it as she did, with an easy, preoccupied affability that enabled her to look round him and over him and through him, to greet him and converse with him, without seeming positively to take in the fact of his existence, he was permitted to suppose the incident of their previous acquaintance, once so vital to himself, to have been forgotten. If this were so, it would be nothing very strange, since a woman of twenty-seven, who has had much social experience, may be permitted to lose sight of the more negligible of the conquests she had made as a girl of eighteen. She had asked him to dinner, and placed him honorably at her right; but words could not have made it plainer than it was that he was but an accident to the occasion.

He was there, in short, because he was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Temple. After a two years' absence from New England he had arrived in Waverton that day. "Oh, bother! Bring him along," had been the formula in which Miss Guion had conveyed his invitation, the dinner being but an informal, neighborly affair. Two or three wedding-gifts having arrived from various quarters of



the world, it was natural that Miss Guion should want to show them confidentially to her dear friend and distant relative, Drusilla Fane. Mrs. Fane had every right to this privileged inspection, since she had not only timed her yearly visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, so that it should synchronize with the wedding, but had introduced Miss Guion to Colonel Ashley in the first place. Indeed, there had been a rumor, right up to the time of Miss Guion's visit to the pretty little house at Southsea, that the Colonel's calls and attentions there had been not unconnected with Mrs. Fane herself; but rumor in British naval and military stations is notoriously overactive, especially in matters of the heart.

Certain it is, however, that when the fashionable London papers announced that a marriage had been arranged and would shortly take place between Lieutenant-Colonel Rupert Ashley, of the Sussex Rangers, and of Heneage Place, Belvoir, Leicestershire, and Olivia Margaret, only child of Henry Guion, Esquire, of Tory Hill, Waverton, near Cambridge, Massachusetts, no one offered more heartfelt congratulations than the lady in whose house the interesting pair had met.

On every ground, then, Mrs. Fane was entitled to this first look at the presents, so that when she telephoned saying she was afraid that they, her parents and herself, couldn't come to dinner that evening, because a former ward of her father's—Olivia must remember Peter Davenant!—was arriving to stay with them for a week or two, Miss Guion had answered, "Oh, bother! Bring him along," and the matter was arranged. It was doubtful, however, that she knew him in advance to be the Peter Davenant who nine years earlier had had the presumption to fall in love with her; it was still more doubtful, after she had actually shaken hands with him and called him by name, whether she paid him the tribute of any kind of recollection. The fact that she had seated him at her right, in the place that would naturally be accorded to Rodney Temple, the scholarly director of the department of ceramics in the Harvard Gallery of Fine Arts, made it look as if

she considered Davenant a total stranger. In the few conventionally gracious words she addressed to him her manner was that of the hostess who receives a good many people in the course of a year toward the chance guest she had never seen before, and expects never to see again.

"Twice round the world since you were last in Boston? How interesting!" Then, as if she had said enough for courtesy, she continued across the lights and flowers to Mrs. Fane: "Drusilla, did you know Colonel Ashley had declined that post at Gibraltar? I'm so glad. I should hate the Gib."

"The Gib wouldn't hate you," Mrs. Fane assured her. "You'd have a heavenly time there. Rupert Ashley is deep in the graces of old Bannockburn, who's in command. He's not a bad old sort, old Ban isn't, though he's a bit of a martinet. Lady Ban is awful—a bounder in petticoats. She looks like that."

Drusilla pulled down the corners of a large, mobile mouth so as to simulate Lady Bannockburn's expression in a way that drew a laugh from every one at the table but the host. Henry Guion remained serious, not from natural gravity, but from inattention. He was obviously not in a mood for joking, nor apparently for eating, since he had scarcely tasted his soup, and was now only playing with the fish. As this corroborated what Mrs. Temple had more than once asserted to her husband during the past few weeks, that "Henry Guion had something on his mind," she endeavored to exchange a glance with him; but he was too frankly enjoying the exercise of his daughter's mimetic gift to be otherwise observant.

"And what does Colonel Ashley look like, Drucie?" he asked, glancing slyly at Miss Guion.

"Like that," Mrs. Fane said, instantly. Straightening the corners of her mouth and squaring her shoulders, she fixed her eyes into a stare of severity, and stroked horizontally an imaginary mustache, keeping the play up till her lips quivered.

"It is like him," Miss Guion laughed.

"Is he as stiff as all that?" the professor inquired.



"Not stiff," Miss Guion explained; "only dignified."

"Dignified!" Drusilla cried. "I should think so. He's just like Olivia herself. They're both so well supplied with the same set of virtues that when they look at each other it 'll be like seeing their own faces in a convex mirror. It 'll be simply awful."

Her voice had the luscious English intonation, in spite of its being pitched a little too high. In speaking she displayed the superior, initiated manner apt to belong to women who bring the flavor of England into colonial and Indian garrison towns—a manner Drusilla had acquired notably well, considering that not ten years previous her life had been bounded by American college class-days.

"Perhaps that 'll do us good," Miss Guion ventured, in reply to Drusilla's observations at her expense. "To see ourselves as others see us must be much like looking at one's face in a spoon."

"That doesn't do us any good," Rodney Temple corrected, "because we always blame the spoon."

"Don't you mind them, dear," Mrs. Temple cooed. She was a little, apple-faced woman, with a figure suggestive of a tea-cozy and a voice with a gurgle in it like a dove's. A nervous, convulsive movement of her pursed-up little mouth made that organ an uncertain element in her physiognomy, shifting as it did from one side of her face to the other with the rapidity of an aurora borealis. "Don't mind them, dear. A woman can never do more than reflect 'broken lights' of her husband when she has a good one. Don't you love that expression—'broken lights'? 'We are but broken lights of Thee!' Dear Tennyson! And no word yet from Madame de Melcourt?"

"I don't expect any now," Olivia explained. "If Aunt Vic had meant to write she would have done it long ago. I'm afraid I've offended her past forgiveness."

She held her head slightly to one side, smiling with an air of mock penitence.

"Dear, dear!" Mrs. Temple murmured, sympathetically. "Just because you wouldn't marry a Frenchman!"

"And a little because I'm going to

marry an Englishman. To Aunt Vic all Englishmen are grocers."

"Horrid old thing!" Drusilla said, indignantly.

"It's because she doesn't know them, of course," Olivia went on. "It's one of the things I never can understand—how people can generalize about a whole nation because they happen to dislike one or two individuals. As a matter of fact, Aunt Vic has become so absorbed in her little circle of old French royalist noblesse that she can't see anything to admire outside the Rue de l'Université and château life in Normandy. She does admit that there's an element of homespun virtue in the old families of Boston and Waverton; but that's only because she belongs to them herself."

"All the same, I wish you could have managed the thing without giving offense to Aunt Vic."

The words were Henry Guion's first since sitting down to table.

"I couldn't help it, papa. I didn't give Aunt Vic offense; she took it."

"She's always been so fond of you—"

"I'm fond of *her*. She's an old darling. And yet I couldn't let her marry me off to a Frenchman in the French way when I'd made up my mind to—to do something else. Could I, Cousin Cherry?"

Mrs. Temple plumed herself, pleased at being appealed to. "I don't see how you could, dear. But I suppose your dear aunt—great-aunt, that is—has become so foreign that she's forgotten our simple ways. So long as you follow your heart, dear—"

"I've done that, Cousin Cherry."

The tone drew Davenant's eyes to her again, not in scrutiny, but for the pleasure it gave him to see her delicate features suffused with a glow of unexpected softness. It was unexpected, because her bearing had always conveyed to him, even in the days when he was in love with her, an impression of very refined, very subtle haughtiness. It seemed to make her say, like Marie Antoinette to Madame Vigée-Lebrun: "They would call me arrogant if I were not a queen." The assumption of privilege and prerogative might be only the inborn consciousness of distinction, but he fancied it might be more effective for



being tempered. Not that it was overdone. It was not *done* at all. If the inner impulse working outward poised a neat, classic head too loftily, or shot from gray eyes, limpid and lovely in themselves, a regard that was occasionally too imperious, Olivia Guion was probably unaware of these effects. With beauty by inheritance, refinement by association, and taste and "finish" by instinct, it was possible for her to engage with life relatively free from the cumbersome impedimenta of self-consciousness. It was because Davenant was able to allow for this that his judgment on her pride of manner, exquisite though it was, had never been more severe; none the less, it threw a new light on his otherwise slight knowledge of her character to note the faint blush, the touch of gentleness, with which she hinted her love for her future husband. He had scarcely believed her capable of this kind of condescension.

He called it condescension because he saw, or thought he saw, in her approaching marriage not so much the capture of her heart as the fulfilment of her ambitions. He judged something from what Drusilla Fane had said, as they were driving toward Tory Hill that evening.

"Olivia simply *must* marry a man who'll give her something to do besides sitting 'round and looking handsome. With Rupert Ashley she'll have the duties of a public, or semi-public, position. He'll keep her busy, if it's only opening bazars and presenting prizes at Bisley. The American men who've tried to marry her have wanted to be her servants, when all the while she's been waiting for a master."

Davenant understood this, now that it was pointed out, though the thought would not have come to him spontaneously. She was the strong woman who would yield only to a stronger man. Colonel Ashley might not be stronger than she in intellect or character, but he had done some large things on a large field, and was counted an active force in a country of forceful activities. There might be a question as to whether he would prove to be her master, but he would certainly never think of being her slave.

"What are *you* going to do, Henry, when the gallant stranger carries off Olivia a fortnight hence?"

Though she asked the question with the good intention of drawing her host into the conversation, Mrs. Temple made it a point to notice the effort with which he rallied himself to meet her words.

"What am I going to do?" he repeated, absently. "Oh, my future will depend very much on—Hobson's choice."

"That's true," Miss Guion agreed, hurriedly, as though to emphasize a point. "It's all the choice I've left to him. I've arranged everything for papa—beautifully. He's to take in a partner, perhaps two partners. You know," she continued, in explanation to Mrs. Fane—"you know that poor papa has been the whole of Guion, Maxwell & Guion since Mr. Maxwell died. Well, then, he's to take in a partner or two, and gradually shift his business into their hands. That wouldn't take more than a couple of years at longest. Then he's going to retire, and come to live near me in England. Rupert says there's a small place close to Heneage that would just suit him. Papa has always liked the English hunting country, and so—"

"And so everything will be for the best," Rodney Temple finished. "There's nothing like a fresh young mind, like a young lady's, for settling business affairs. It would have taken you or me a long time to work that plan out, wouldn't it, Henry? We should be worried over the effect on your trusteeships and the big estates you've had the care of—"

"What about the big estates?"

Davenant noticed the tone in which Guion brought out this question, though it was an hour later before he understood its significance. It was a sharp tone, the tone of a man who catches an irritating word or two among remarks he has scarcely followed. Temple apparently had meant to call it forth, since he answered with the slightest possible air of intention:

"Oh, nothing—except what I hear."

While Miss Guion and Mrs. Fane chatted of their own affairs Davenant remarked the way in which Henry Guion paused and gazed at his old friend. He bent slightly forward, too, looking, with



his superb head and bust slightly French in style, very handsome and imposing.

"Then you've been—hearing—things?"

Rodney Temple lowered his eyes in a way that confirmed Davenant—who knew his former guardian's tricks of manner—in his suppositions. He was so open in countenance that anything momentarily veiled on his part, either in speech or in address, could reasonably be attributed to stress of circumstances. The broad forehead, straightforward eyes, and large mouth imperfectly hidden by a shaggy beard and mustache were of the kind that lend themselves to lucidity and candor. Externally he was the scholar as distinct from the professional man or the divine. His figure—tall, large-boned, and loose-jointed—had the slight stoop traditionally associated with study, while the profile was thrust forward as though he were peering at something just out of sight. A courtly touch in his style was probably a matter of inheritance, as was also his capacity for looking suitably attired while obviously neglectful of appearances. His thick, lank, sandy hair, fading to white, and long, narrow, stringy beard of the same transitional hue, were not well cared for; and yet they helped to give him a little of the air of a Titian or Velasquez nobleman. In answer to Guion now he spoke without lifting his eyes from his plate.

"Have I been hearing things? N-no; only that the care of big estates is a matter of great responsibility—and anxiety."

"That's what I tell papa," Miss Guion said, warmly, catching the concluding words. "It's a great responsibility and anxiety. He ought to be free from it. I tell him my marriage is a providential hint to him to give up work."

"Perhaps I sha'n't get the chance. Work may give up—me."

"I wish it would, papa. Then everything would be settled."

"Some things would be settled. Others might be opened—for discussion."

If Rodney Temple had not lifted his eyes in another significant look toward Guion, Davenant would have let these sentences pass unheeded. As it was, his attention was directed to possible things, or impossible things, left unsaid. For a second or two he was aware of an odd suspicion, but he brushed it away as

absurd, in view of the self-assurance with which Guion roused himself at last to enter into the conversation, which began immediately to turn on points and persons of which and of whom Davenant had no knowledge.

The inability to follow closely gave him time to make a few superficial observations regarding his host. In spite of the fact that Guion had been a familiar figure to him ever since his boyhood, he now saw him at really close range for the first time in years.

What struck him most was the degree to which Guion conserved his quality of Adonis. Long ago renowned in that section of American society that clings to the cities and seaboard between Maine and Maryland as a fine specimen of manhood, he was perhaps handsomer now, with his noble, regular features, his well-trimmed, iron-gray beard, and his splendid head of iron-gray hair, than he had been in his youth. Reckoning roughly, Davenant judged him to be sixty. He had been a personage prominently in view in the group of cities formed by Boston, Cambridge, and Waverton, ever since Davenant could remember him. Nature having created Guion an ornament to his kind, Fate had been equally beneficent in ordaining that he should have nothing to do, on leaving the university, but walk into the excellent legal practice his grandfather had founded and his father had brought to a high degree of honor as well as to a reasonable pitch of prosperity. It was, from the younger Guion's point of view, an agreeable practice, concerned chiefly with the care of trust funds, in which a gentleman could engage without any rough-and-tumble loss of gentility. It required little or nothing in the way of pleadings in the courts or disputing in the market-place, and—especially during the lifetime of the elder partners—left him leisure for cultivating that graceful relationship to life for which he possessed aptitudes. It was a high form of gracefulness, making it a matter of course that he should figure on the boards of galleries of fine arts and colleges of music, and other institutions meant to minister to his country's good through the elevation of its taste.

"It's the sort of thing he was cut out



for," Davenant commented to himself, as his eye traveled from the aristocratic face, where refinement blended with authority, to the essentially gentlemanly figure. The mere sight of so much ease and distinction made Davenant himself feel like a rustic in Sunday clothes, though he seized the opportunity of being in such company to enlarge his perception of the fine points of bearing. It was an improving experience of a kind which he only occasionally got.

He had an equal sense of the educational value of the conversation, of which, as it skipped from country to country and from one important name to another, it seemed a privilege to be an auditor. His own career—except for his two excursions round the world, conscientiously undertaken in pursuit of knowledge—had been so somberly financial that he was frankly, and somewhat naïvely, curious concerning that portion of mankind who "did things" bearing little or no relation to business, and who permitted themselves sensations merely for the sake of having them. Olivia Guion's friends, and Drusilla Fane's—admirals, generals, colonels, ambassadors, and secretaries of embassy they apparently were for the most part—had what seemed to him an unwonted freedom of dramatic action. Merely to hear them talked about gave him glimpses of a world varied and picturesque, from the human point of view, beyond his dreams. In the exchange of scraps of gossip and latest London anecdotes between Miss Guion and Drusilla Fane, on which Henry Guion commented, Davenant felt himself to be looking at a vivid but fitfully working cinematograph, of which the scenes were snatched at random from life as lived anywhere between Washington and Simla, or Inverness and Rome. The effect was both instructive and entertaining. It was also in its way enlightening, since it showed him the true standing in the world of this woman whom he had once, for a few wild minutes, hoped to make his wife.

The dinner was half over before he began clearly to detach Miss Guion from that environment which he would have called "the best Boston society." Placing her there, he would have said before this evening that he placed her

as high as the reasonable human being could aspire to be set. For any one whose roots were in Waverton, "the best Boston society" would in general be taken as the state of blossoming. It came to him as a discovery, made there and then, that Olivia Guion had seized this elect state with one of her earliest tendrils, and, climbing on by way of New York and Washington, had chosen to do her actual flowering in a cosmopolitan air.

He had none of the resentment the home-bred American business man habitually feels for this kind of eccentricity. Now that he had caught the idea, he could see at a glance, as his mind changed his metaphor, how admirably she was suited to the tapestried European setting. He was conscious even of something akin to pride in the triumphs she was capable of achieving on that richly decorated world-stage, much as though she were some compatriot *prima donna*. He could see already how well as the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Rupert Ashley she would fill the part. It had been written for her. Its strong points and its subtleties were alike of the sort wherein she would shine.

This perception of his own inward applause explained something in regard to himself about which he had been wondering ever since the beginning of dinner—the absence of any pang, of any shade of envy, to see another man win where he had so ignominiously been defeated. He saw now that it was a field on which he never *could* have won. Within "the best Boston society" he might have had a chance, though even there it must have been a poor one; but out here in the open, so to speak, where the prowess and chivalry of Christendom furnished his competitors, he had been as little in the running as a mortal at a contest of the gods. That he was no longer in love with her he had known years ago; but it palliated somewhat his old humiliation, it made the word failure easier to swallow down, to perceive that his love when it existed had been doomed, from the nature of things and in advance, to end in nothing, like that of the nightingale for the moon.

By dwelling too pensively on these thoughts he found he had missed some of



the turns of the talk, his attention awakening to hear Henry Guion say:

"That's all very fine, but a man doesn't risk everything he holds dear in the world to go cheating at cards just for the fun of it. You may depend upon it he had a reason."

"Oh, he had a reason," Mrs. Fane agreed—"the reason of being hard up. The trouble lay in the reason not being good enough."

"I imagine it was good enough for him, poor devil!"

"But not for any one else. He was drummed out. There wasn't a soul in the regiment to speak to him. We heard that he took another name and went abroad. Anyhow, he disappeared. It was all he could do. He was lucky to get off with that; wasn't he, Peter? wasn't he, father?"

"What he got off with," said Guion, "was a quality of tragic interest which never pertains to the people who stick to the Street called Straight."

"Oh, certainly," Mrs. Fane assented, dryly. "He did acquire that. But I'm surprised to hear you commend it; aren't you, father? aren't you, Peter?"

"I'm not commending it," Guion asserted; "I only feel its force. I've a great deal of sympathy with any poor beggar in his—downfall."

"Since when?"

The look with which Rodney Temple accompanied the question once more affected Davenant oddly. It probably made the same impression on Guion, since he replied with a calmness that seemed studied:

"Since—lately. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, for no reason. It only strikes me as curious that your sympathy should take that turn."

"Precisely," Miss Guion chimed in. "It's not a bit like you, papa. You used to be harder on dishonorable things than any one."

"Well, I'm not now."

It was clear to Davenant by this time that in these words Guion was not so much making a statement as flinging a challenge. He made that evident by the way in which he sat upright, squared his shoulders, and rested a large, white fist clenched upon the table. His eyes, too, shone, glittered rather, with a light

quite other than that which a host usually turns upon his guests. To Davenant, as to Mrs. Temple, it seemed as if he had "something on his mind"—something of which he had a persistent desire to talk covertly, in the way in which an undetected felon will risk discovery to talk about the crime.

No one else apparently at the table shared this impression. Rodney Temple, with eyes pensively downcast, toyed with the seeds of a pear, while Miss Guion and Mrs. Fane began speaking of some other incident of what to them was above everything else, "the Service." A minute or two later Olivia rose.

"Come, Cousin Cherry. Come, Drusilla," she said, with her easy, authoritative manner. Then, apparently with an attempt to make up for her neglect of Davenant, she said as she held the door open for the ladies to pass: "Don't let them keep you here forever. We shall be terribly dull till you join us."

He was not too dense to comprehend that the words were conventional, as the smile she flung him was perfunctory. Nevertheless, the little attention pleased him.

## CHAPTER II

THE three men being left together, Davenant's conviction of inner excitement on the part of his host was deepened. It was as if, on the withdrawal of the ladies, Guion had less intention of concealing it. Not that at first he said anything directly, or acted otherwise than as a man with guests to entertain. It was only that he threw into the task of offering liqueurs and cigars a something febrile that caused his two companions to watch him quietly. Once or twice Davenant caught Temple's eye; but with a common impulse each hastily looked elsewhere.

"So, Mr. Davenant, you've come back to us. Got here only this afternoon, didn't you? I wonder why you came. Having got out of a dull place like Waverton, why should you return to it?"

Looking the more debonair because of the flush in his face and the gleam in his eye, Guion seated himself in the place his daughter had left vacant, between his two guests. Both his movements and his



manner of speech were marked by a quick jerkiness, not without a certain masculine grace.

"I don't know that I've any better reason," Davenant laughed, snipping off the end of his cigar, "than that which leads the ox to his stall—because he knows the way."

"Good!" Guion laughed, rather loudly. Then, stopping abruptly, he continued: "I fancy you know your way pretty well in any direction you want to go, don't you?"

"I can find it—if I know where I'm going. I came back to Boston chiefly because that was just what I didn't know."

"He means," Rodney Temple explained, "that he'd got out of his beat; and so, like a wise man, he returns to his starting-point."

"I'd got out of something more than my beat; I'd got out of my element. I found that the life of elegant leisure on which I'd embarked wasn't what I'd been cut out for."

"That's interesting—very," Guion said. "How did you make the discovery?"

"By being bored to death."

"Bored?—with all your money?"

"The money isn't much; but, even if it were, it couldn't go on buying me a good time."

"That, of course, depends on what your idea of a good time may be; doesn't it, Rodney?"

"I'm afraid my conception of a good time," Davenant smiled, "might be more feasible without the cash than with it. After all, money would be a doubtful blessing to a bee if it took away the task of going out to gather honey."

"A bee," Guion observed, "isn't the product of a high and complex civilization—"

"Neither am I," Davenant declared, with a big laugh. "I spring from the primitive stratum of people born to work, who expect to work, and who when they don't work have no particular object in living on."

"And so you've come back to Boston to work?"

"To work—or something."

"You leave yourself, I see, the latitude of—something."

"Only because it's better than noth-

ing. It's been nothing for so long now that I'm willing to make it anything."

"Make what anything?"

"My excuse for remaining on earth. If I'm to go on doing that, I've got to have something more to justify it than the mere ability to pay my hotel bill."

"You're luckier than you know to be able to do that much," Guion said, with one of his abrupt, nervous changes of position. "But you've been uncommonly lucky, anyhow, haven't you? Made some money out of that mine business, didn't you? Or was it in sugar?"

Davenant laughed. "A little," he admitted. "But, to any one like you, sir, it would seem a trifle."

"To any one like me! Listen." He leaned forward, with feverish eyes, and spoke slowly, tapping on the table-cloth as he did so. "For half a million dollars I'd sell my soul."

Davenant resisted the impulse to glance at Temple, who spoke promptly, while Guion swallowed thirstily a glass of cognac.

"That's a good deal for a soul, Henry. It's a large amount of the sure and tangible for a very uncertain quantity of the impalpable and problematical."

Davenant laughed at this more boisterously than the degree of humor warranted. He began definitely to feel that sense of discomfort which in the last half-hour he had been only afraid of. It was not the commonplace fact that Guion might be short of money that he dreaded; it was the possibility of getting a glimpse of another man's inner, secret self. He had been in this position more than once before—when men wanted to tell him things he didn't want to know—when, whipped by conscience, or crazed by misfortune, or hysterical from drink, they tried to rend with their own hands the veil that only the lost or the desperate suffer to be torn. He had noted before that it was generally men like Guion, of a high-strung temperament, perhaps with a feminine streak in it, who reached this pass, and because of his own reserve—his rather cowardly reserve, he called it—he was always impelled to run away from them. As there was no possibility of running away now, he could only dodge what he feared Guion was trying to say.



"So everything you undertook you pulled off successfully?" his host questioned, abruptly.

"Not everything; some things. I lost money—often; but on the whole I made it."

"Good! With me it was always the other way."

The pause that followed was an uneasy one, otherwise Temple would not have seized on the first topic that came to hand to fill it up.

"You'll miss Olivia when she's gone, Henry."

"Y-yes; if she goes."

The implied doubt startled Davenant, but Temple continued to smoke pensively. "I've thought," he said, after a puff or two at his cigar—"I've thought you seemed to be anticipating something in the way of a—hitch."

Guion held his cigar with some deliberation over an ash-tray, knocking off the ash with his little finger as though it were a task demanding precision.

"You'll know all about it to-morrow, perhaps—or in a few days at latest. It can't be kept quiet much longer. I got the impression at dinner that you'd heard something already."

"Nothing but gossip, Henry."

Guion smiled, but with a wince. "I've noticed," he said, "that there's a certain kind of gossip that rarely gets about unless there's some cause for it—on the principle of no smoke without fire. If you've heard anything, it's probably true."

"I was afraid it might be. But in that case I wonder you allowed Olivia to go ahead."

"I had to let Fate take charge of that. When a man gets himself so entangled in a coil of barbed wire that he trips whichever way he turns, his only resource is to stand still. That's my case." He poured himself out another glass of cognac, and tasted it before continuing. "Olivia goes over to England, and gets herself engaged to a man I never heard of. Good! She fixes her wedding-day without consulting me, and irrespective of my affairs. Good again! She's old enough to do it, and quite competent. Meanwhile I lose control of the machine, so to speak. I see myself racing on to something, and can't stop. I can only

lie back and watch, to see what happens. I've got to leave that to Fate, or God, or whatever it is that directs our affairs when we can no longer manage them ourselves." He took another sip of cognac, and pulled for a minute nervously at his cigar. "I thought at first that Olivia might be married and get off before anything happened. Now, it looks to me as if there was going to be a smash. Rupert Ashley arrives in three or four days' time, and then—"

"You don't think he'd want to back out, do you?"

"I haven't the remotest idea. From Olivia's description he seems like a decent sort; and yet—"

Davenant got to his feet. "Shouldn't you like me to go back to the ladies? You want to talk to the professor—"

"No, no," Guion said, easily, pushing Davenant into his seat again. "There's no reason why you shouldn't hear anything I have to say. The whole town will know it soon. You can't conceal a burning house; and Tory Hill is on fire. I may be spending my last night under its roof."

"They'll not rush things like that," Temple said, trying to speak reassuringly.

"They haven't rushed things as it is. I've come to the end of a very long tether. I only want you to know that by this time to-morrow night I may have taken the Strange Ride with Kipling's Morrowby Jukes to the Land of the Living Dead. If I do, I sha'n't come back—accept bail, or that sort of thing. I can't imagine anything more ghastly than for a man to be hanging round among his old friends, waiting for a—for a"—he balked at the word—"for a trial," he said at last, "that can have only one ending. No! I'm ready to ride away when they call for me—but they won't find me pining for freedom."

"Can't anything be done?"

"Not for me, Rodney. If Rupert Ashley will only look after Olivia I sha'n't mind what happens next. Men have been broken on the wheel before now. I think I can go through it as well as another. But if Ashley should fail us—and of course that's possible—well, you see why I feel as I do about her falling out with the old Marquise. Aunt



Vic has always made much of her—and she's very well off—"

"Is there nothing to be expected in that quarter for yourself?"

Guion shook his head. "I couldn't ask her—not at the worst. In the natural course of things Olivia and I would be her heirs—that is, if she didn't do something else with her money—but she's still in the early seventies, and may easily go on for a long time yet. Any help there is very far in the future, so that—"

"Ashley, I take it, is a man of some means?"

"Of comfortable means—no more. He has an entailed property in the Midlands and his pay. As he has a mother and two sisters to pension off, Olivia begged to have no settlements made upon herself. He wanted to do it, after the English fashion, but I think she showed good feeling in declining it. Naturally, I approved of her doing it, knowing how many chances there were that I mightn't be able to—to play up—myself."

After this conversation Davenant could not but marvel at the ease with which their host passed the cigars again and urged him personally to have another glass of Chartreuse. "Then suppose we join the ladies," he added when further hospitality was declined.

Guion took the time to flick a few specks of cigar-ash from his shirt-bosom and waistcoat, thus allowing Rodney Temple to pass out first. When alone with Davenant he laid his hand upon the younger man's arm, detaining him.

"It was hardly fair to ask you to dinner," he said, still forcing an unsteady smile, "and let you in for this. I thought at first of putting you off; but in the end I decided to let you come. To me it's been a sort of dress rehearsal—a foretaste of what it'll be in public. The truth is, I'm a little jumpy. The rôle's so new to me that it means something to get an idea of how to play it on nerve. I recall you as a little chap," he added, in another tone, "when Tom Davenant and his wife first took you. Got you out of an orphanage, didn't they, or something like that? If I remember rightly your name was Hall or Hale—"

"It was Hallett—Peter Hallett."

"Hallett, was it? Well, it will do no harm for a young Cæsar of finance like you to see what you may come to if you're not careful. *Morituri te salutamus*, as the gladiators used to say. Only I wish it was to be the arena and the sword instead of the court-room and the Ride with Morrowby Jukes."

Davenant said nothing, not because he had nothing to say, but because his thoughts were incoherent. Perhaps what was most in the nature of a shock to him was the sight of a man whom he both admired for his personality and honored as a pillar of Boston life falling so tragically into ruin. While it was true that to his financially gifted mind any misuse of trust funds had the special heinousness that horse-lifting has to a rancher, yet as he stood with Guion's hand on his shoulder he knew that something in the depths of his being was stirred, and stirred violently, that had rarely been affected before. He had once, as a boy, saved a woman from drowning; he had once seen a man at an upper window of a burning house turn back into the fire while the bystanders restrained him, Davenant, from attempting an impossible rescue. Something of the same unreasoning impulse rose up within him now—the impulse to save—the kind of impulse that takes no account of the merit of the person in peril, seeing only the danger.

But these promptings were dumb in him for the moment from lack of co-ordination. The two or three things he might have said seemed to strangle one another in the attempt to get right of way. In response to Guion's confidences he could only mumble something incoherent, and pass on to the drawing-room door. It was a wide opening, hung with portières, through which he could see Olivia Guion standing by the crackling wood fire, a foot on the low fender. One hand rested lightly on the mantelpiece, while the other drew back her skirt of shimmering black from the blaze. Drusilla Fane at the piano was strumming one of Chopin's nocturnes.

He was still thinking of this glimpse when, a half-hour later, he said to Rodney Temple as they walked homeward in the moonlight, "I haven't yet told you what I came back for."





*Drawn by Orson Lowell*

DRUSILLA FANE WAS STRUMMING ONE OF CHOPIN'S NOCTURNES







"Well, what is it?"

"I thought—that is, I hoped—that if I did the way might open up for me to do what might be called—well, a little good."

"What put that into your head?" was the old man's response to this stammering confession.

"I suppose the thought occurred to me on general principles. I've always understood it was the right thing to attempt."

"Oh, right. That's another matter. Doing right is as easy as drawing breath. It's a habit, like any other. To start out to do good is much like saying you'll add a cubit to your stature. But you can always do right. Do right, and the good'll take care of itself."

Davenant reflected on this in silence as they tramped onward. By this time they had descended Tory Hill, and were on the dike that outlines the shores of the Charles.

On leaving Tory Hill they had elected to walk homeward, the ladies taking the carriage. The radiant moonlight and the clear, crisp October air helped to restore Davenant's faculties to a normal waking condition after the nightmare of Guion's hints. Fitting what he supposed must be the facts into the perspective of common life, to which the wide, out-of-door prospect offered some analogy, they were, if not less appalling, at least less overwhelming. Without seeing what was to be done much more clearly than he had seen an hour before he had a freer consciousness of power—something like the matter-of-course assumption that any given situation could be met, with which he ordinarily faced the world. That he lacked authority in the case was a thought that did not occur to him—no more than it occurred to him on the day when he rescued the woman from drowning, or on the night when he would have dashed into the fire to save a man.

It was not till they had descended the straggling, tree-shaded street and had emerged on the embankment bordering the Charles that the events of the evening began for Davenant to weave themselves in with that indefinable desire that had led him back to Boston. He could not have said in what way they belonged

together; and yet he could perceive that between them there was some such dim interpenetration as the distant lamps of the city made through the silvery mist lying on the river and its adjacent marshes like some efflorescence of the moonlight.

"The difficulty is," he said, after a long silence, "that it's often so hard to know what is right."

"No, it isn't."

The flat contradiction brought a smile to the young man's lips as they trudged onward.

"A good many people say so."

"A good many people say foolish things. It's hard to know what's right chiefly when you're not in a hurry to do it."

"Aren't there exceptions to that rule?"

"I allowed for the exceptions. I said *chiefly*."

"But when you *do* want to do it?"

"You'll know what it is. There'll be something to tell you."

"And this something to tell you? What do you call it?"

"Some call it conscience. Some call it God. Some call it neither."

Davenant reflected again.

"And you? What do you call it?"

"I can't see that anything would be gained by telling you. That sort of knowledge isn't of much use till it's worked out for oneself. At least, it wouldn't be of much use to you."

"Why not to me?"

"Because you've started out on your own voyage of discovery. You'll bring back more treasures from that adventure than any one can give you."

These things were said crustily, as though dragged from a man thinking of other matters, and unwilling to talk. More minutes went by before Davenant spoke again.

"But doesn't it happen that what you call the 'something-to-tell-you' tells you now and then to do things that most people would call rather wild—or crazy?"

"I dare say."

"So what then?"

"Then you do them."

"Oh, but—"

"If there's an 'Oh, but,' you don't. That's all. You belong to the many called but not to the few chosen."



"But if things *are* wild—I'm thinking of something in particular—"

"Then you'd better leave it alone, unless you're prepared to be considered a wild man. What Paul did was wild—and Peter—and Joan of Arc—and Columbus—and a good many others. True, they were well punished for their folly. Most of them were put in irons, and some of them got death."

"I shouldn't dream of classing myself in their company."

"Every one's in their company who feels a big impulse and has the courage of it. The trouble with most of us is that we can do the feeling all right, but when it comes to the execution—well, we like to keep on the safe side, among the sane."

"So that," Davenant began, stammeringly, "if a fellow got something into his head—something that couldn't be wrong, you know—something that would be right—awfully right in its way, but in a way that most people would consider all wrong—or wild, as I said before—you'd advise him—?"

"I shouldn't advise him at all. Some things must be spontaneous, or they're of little use. If a good seed in good ground won't germinate of its own accord, words of counsel can't help it. But here we are at home. You won't come in just yet? Very well; you've got your latch-key."

"Good-night, sir. I hope you're not going to think me—well, altogether an idiot."

"Very likely I shall; but it'll be nothing if I do. If you can't stand a little thing like that you'd better not have come back with the ideas that have brought you."

### CHAPTER III

DAVENANT turned away into the moonlit mist. Through it the electric lamps of Boston, curving in crescent lines by the water's edge, or sprinkled at random over the hill which the city climbs, shone for him with the steadiness and quiet comfort inherent in the familiar and the sure after his long roaming. Lighting a cigarette, he strode along the cement pavement beside the iron railing below which the river ran swiftly and soundlessly.

At this late hour of the evening he had the embankment to himself, save

for an occasional pair of lovers or a group of sauntering students. Lights from the dignified old houses—among which was Rodney Temple's—overlooking the embankment and the Charles, threw out a pleasant glow of friendliness. Beyond the river a giant shadow looming through the mist reminded him of the Roman Colosseum seen in a like aspect, the resemblance being accentuated in his imagination by the Stadium's vast silence, by its rows upon rows of ghostly gray sedilia looking down on a haunted, empty ring.

His thoughts strayed to Rome, to Cairo, to Calcutta, to Singapore, to the stages of those two patient journeys round the world, made from a sense of duty, in search of a widening of that sheerly human knowledge which life had hitherto denied him. Having started from London and got back to London again, he saw how imperfectly he had profited by his opportunities, how much he had missed. It was characteristic of him to begin all over again, and more thoroughly, conscientiously revisiting the Pyramids, the Parthenon, and the Taj Mahal, endeavoring to capture some of that true spirit of appreciation of which he read in books.

In his way he was not wholly unsuccessful, since by dint of steady gazing he heightened his perceptive powers, whether it was for Notre Dame, the Sistine Madonna, or the Alps, each of which he took with the same seriousness. What eluded him was precisely that human element which was the primary object of his quest.

He was approaching the end of his second journey when the realization came to him that as far as his great object was concerned the undertaking had been a failure. He was as much outside the broader current of human sympathies as ever. Then, all at once, he began to see the reason why.

The first promptings to this discovery came to him one spring evening as he stood on the deck of the steam-launch he had hired at Shanghai to go up and down the Yangtse-Kiang. Born in China, the son of a medical missionary, he had taken a notion to visit his birthplace at Hankow. It was a pilgrimage he had shirked on his first trip to that



country, a neglect for which he afterward reproached himself. All things considered, to make it was as little as he could do in memory of the brave man and woman to whom he owed his existence.

Before this visit, it must be admitted, Rufus and Corinna Hallett, his parents according to the flesh, had been as remote and mythical to the mind of Peter Davenant as the Dragon's Teeth to their progeny, the Spartans. Merely in the most commonplace kind of data he was but poorly supplied concerning them. He knew his father had once been a zealous young doctor in Graylands, Illinois, and had later become one of the pioneers of medical enterprise in the mission field; he knew, too, that he had already worked for some years at Hankow before he met and married Miss Corinna Meecham, formerly of Drayton, Georgia, but at that time a teacher in a Chinese school supported by one of the great American churches. Events after that seemed to have followed rapidly. Within a few years the babe who was to become Peter Davenant had seen the light, the mother had died, and the father had perished as the victim of a rising in the interior of Hupeh. The child, being taken to America, and unclaimed by relatives, was brought up in the institution maintained for such cases by the Missionary Board of the church to which his father and mother had given their services. He had lived there till, when he was seven years old, Tom and Sarah Davenant, childless and yet longing for a child, had adopted him.

These short and simple annals furnished all that Davenant knew of his own origin; but after the visit to Hankow the personality of his parents at least became more vivid. He met old people who could vaguely recall them. He saw entries in the hospital records made by his father's hand. He stood by his mother's grave. As for his father's grave, if he had one, it was like that of Moses, on some lonely Nebo in Hupeh known to God alone. In the compound Davenant saw the spot on which his father's simple house had stood—the house in which he himself was born—though a wing of the modern hospital now covered it. It was a relief to him to find that except for the proximity

of the lepers' ward and the opium refuge, the place, with its trim lawns, its roses, its clematis, its azaleas, its wistaria, had the sweetness of an English rectory garden. He liked to think that Corinna Meecham had been able to escape from her duties in the crowded, fetid, multi-colored city right outside the gates to something like peace and decency within these quiet walls.

He was not a born traveler; still less was he an explorer. At the end of three days he was glad to take leave of his hosts at the hospital, and turn his launch down the river toward the civilization of Shanghai. But it was on the very afternoon of his departure that the ideas came to him which ultimately took him back to Boston, and of which he was now thinking as he strolled through the silvery mist beside the Charles.

He had been standing then on the deck of his steam-launch gazing beyond the river, with its crowding, outlandish junks, beyond the towns and villages huddled along the banks, beyond walls gay with wistaria, beyond green rice-fields stretching into the horizon, to where a flaming sunset covered half the sky—a sunset which itself seemed hostile, mysterious, alien, Mongolian. He was thinking that it was on just this scene that his father and mother had looked year upon year before his birth. He wondered how it was that it had had no prenatal influence on himself. He wondered how it was that all their devotion had ended with themselves, that their altruism had died when Corinna Hallett's soul had passed away and Rufus Hallett, like another Stephen, had fallen on his knees beneath the missiles of the villagers to whom he was coming with relief. They had spent their lives in the service of others; he had spent his in his own. It was curious. If there was anything in heredity he ought to have felt at least some faint impulse from their zeal; but he never had. He could not remember that he had ever done anything for any one. He could not remember that he had ever seen the need of it. It was curious. He mused on it—mused on the odd differences between one generation and another, and on the queer way in which what is light to the father will sometimes become darkness in the son.



It was then that he found the question raising itself within him, "Is that what's wrong with me?"

He dismissed it promptly, but it came again. It came repeatedly during that spring and summer. It forced itself on his attention. It became, in its way, the recurrent companion of his journey. It turned up unexpectedly at all sorts of times and in all sorts of places, and on each occasion with an increased comprehension on his side of its pertinence. He could look back now and trace the stages by which his understanding of it had progressed. There was a certain small happening in a restaurant at Yokohama; there was an accident on the dock at Vancouver; there was a conversation on a moonlight evening up at Banff; there was an incident during a drive in the Yosemite; these were mile-stones on the road by which his mind had traveled on to seize the fact that the want of touch between him and his fellow-men might be due to the suppression of some essentially human force within himself. It came to him that something might, after all, have been transmitted from Hupeh and Hankow of which he had never hitherto suspected the existence.

It cannot be said that his self-questioning had produced any answer more definite than that before he found himself journeying back toward Boston. The final impulse had been given him while he was still loitering aimlessly in Chicago by a letter from Mrs. Temple.

"If you have nothing better to do, dear Peter," she wrote, "we shall be delighted if you can come to us for a week or two. Dear Drusilla is with us once again, and you can imagine our joy at having her. It would seem like old times if you were here to complete the little circle. The room you used to have in your college vacations—after dear Tom and Sarah were taken from us—is all ready for you; and Drusilla would like to know you were here to occupy it just as much as we."

In accepting this invitation Davenant knew himself to be drawn by a variety of strands of motive, no one of which had much force in itself, but which when woven together lent each other strength. Now that he had come, he was glad to have done it, since in the combination

of circumstances he felt there must be an acknowledged need of a young man, a strong man, a man capable of shouldering responsibilities. He would have been astonished to think that that could be gainsaid.

The feeling was confirmed in him after he had watched the tip of his smoked-out cigarette drop, like a tiny star, into the current of the Charles, and had re-entered Rodney Temple's house.

"Here's Peter!"

It was Drusilla's voice, with a sob in it. She was sitting on the stairs, three steps from the top, huddled into a voluminous mauve-and-white dressing-gown. In the one dim light burning in the hall her big black eyes gleamed tragically, as those of certain animals gleam in dusk.

"Oh, Peter, dear, I'm so glad you've come! The most awful thing has happened."

This was from Mrs. Temple, who, wrapped in something fleecy in texture and pink in hue, was crouched on the lowest step, looking more than ever like a tea-cozy dropped by accident.

"What's the matter?" Davenant asked, too much astonished to take off his hat. "Is it burglars? Where's the professor?"

"He's gone to bed. It isn't burglars. I wish it was. It's something far, far worse. Collins told Drusilla. Oh, I know it's true—though Rodney wouldn't say so. I simply . . . *know* . . . it's . . . *true*."

"Oh, it's true," Drusilla corroborated. "I knew that the minute Collins began to speak. It explains everything—all the little queer-nesses I've noticed ever since I came home—and everything."

"What is it?" Peter asked again. "Who's Collins? And what has he said?"

"It isn't a he; it's a she," Drusilla explained. "She's my maid. I knew the minute I came into the room that she'd got something on her mind—I knew it by the way she took my wrapper from the wardrobe and laid it on the bed. It was too awful!"

"What was too awful? The way she laid your wrapper on the bed?"

"No; what she told me. And I *know* it's true."



"Well, for the Lord's sake, Drusilla, what is it?"

Drusilla began to narrate. She had forborne, she said, to put any questions till she was being "undone"; but in that attitude, favorable for confidence, she had asked Collins over her shoulder if anything troubled her, and Collins had told her tale. Briefly, it was to the effect that some of the most distinguished kitchens in Boston and Waverton had been divided into two factions, one pro and the other contra, ever since the day, now three weeks ago, when Miss Maggie Murphy, whose position of honorable service at Lawyer Benn's enabled her to collate the hints dropped at that eminent man's table, had announced, in the servants' dining-room of Tory Hill itself, that Henry Guion was "going to be put in jail." He had stolen Mrs. Clay's money, and Mrs. Rodman's money, "and a lot of other people's money too," Miss Murphy was able to affirm—clients for whom Guion, Maxwell & Guion had long acted as trustees—and was now to be tried and sentenced, Lawyer Benn himself being put in charge of the affair by the parties wronged. Drusilla described the sinking of her own heart as these bits of information were given her, though she had not failed to reprimand Collins for the repetition of foolish gossip. This, it seemed, had put Collins on her mettle in defense of her own order, and she had replied that, if it came to that, m'm, the contents of the waste-paper baskets at Tory Hill had borne ample testimony to the truth of the tale as Miss Maggie Murphy told it. If Mrs. Fane required documentary evidence, Collins herself was in a position to supply it, through the kindness of her colleagues in Henry Guion's employ.

Davenant listened in silence. "So the thing is out?" was his only comment.

"It's out—and all over the place," Drusilla answered, tearfully. "We're the only people who haven't known it—but it's always that way with those who are most concerned."

"And over three hundred guests invited to Olivia's wedding next Thursday fortnight! And the British Military Attaché coming from Washington! And Lord Woolwich from Ottawa! What's to happen I don't know."

"Oh, Peter, can't you do anything?"

"What can he do, child? If Henry's been making away with all that money it would take a fortune to—"

"Oh, men can do things—in business," Drusilla asserted. "I know they can. Banks lend them money, *don't* they, Peter? Banks are always lending money to tide people over. I've often heard of it. Oh, Peter, *do* something. I'm so glad you're here. It seems like a providence."

"Colonel Ashley will be here next week, too," Mrs. Temple groaned, as though the fact brought comfort.

"Oh, mother dear, don't *speak* of him!" Drusilla put up her two hands, palms outward, before her averted face, as though to banish the suggestion. "If you'd ever known him you'd see how impossible—how *impossible*—this kind of situation is for a man like him. Poor, poor Olivia! It's impossible for her too, I know—but then we Americans—well, we're more used to things. But one thing is certain, anyhow," she continued, rising in her place on the stairs and stretching out her hand oratorically: "If this happens I shall never go back to Southsea—never, never!—no, nor to Silchester. With my temperament I couldn't face it. My career will be over. There'll be nothing left for *me*, mother dear, but to stay at home with father and you."

Mrs. Temple rose, sighing heavily. "Well, I suppose we must go to bed, though I must say it seems harder to do that than almost anything. None of us 'll sleep."

"Oh, Peter, *won't* you do something?"

Drusilla's hands were clasped beneath an imploring face, slightly tilted to one side. Her black hair had begun to tumble to her shoulders.

"I'll—I'll think it over," was all he could find to answer.

"Oh, *thank* you, Peter! I must say it seems like a providence—your being here. With my temperament I always feel that there's nothing like a big, strong man to lean on."

The ladies retired, leaving him to put out the light. For a long time he stood, as he had entered, just inside the front door leaning on his stick and holding his hat and overcoat. He was musing



rather than thinking, musing on the odd way in which he seemed almost to have been waited for. Then, irrelevantly perhaps, there shot across his memory the phrases used by Rodney Temple less than an hour ago:

"Some call it conscience. Some call it God. Some call it neither. But," he added, slowly, "some *do* call it God."

#### CHAPTER IV

HAVING closed the door behind his departing guests, Guion stood for a minute, with his hand still on the knob, pressing his forehead against the woodwork. He listened to the sound of the carriage-wheels dying away and to the crunching tread of the two men down the avenue.

"The last Guion has received the last guest at Tory Hill," he said to himself. "That's all over—all over and done with. Now!"

It was the hour to which he had been looking forward, first as an impossibility, then as a danger, and at last as an expectation, ever since the day, now some years ago, when he began to fear that he might not be able to restore all the money he had "borrowed" from the properties in his trust. Having desisted from a long way off, he knew that with reasonable luck it could not overtake him soon. There were many chances, indeed, that it might never overtake him at all.

The future presented itself as a succession of stages, in which this could not happen till that had happened, nor the final disaster arrive till all the intervening phases of the situation had been passed. He had passed them. Of late he had seen that the flames of hell would get hold upon him at that exact instant when, the last defense having been broken down and the last shift resorted to, he should turn the key on all outside hope and be alone with himself and the knowledge that he could do no more. Till then he could ward them off, and he had been fighting them to the latest second. But on coming home from his office in Boston that afternoon he had told himself that the game was up. Nothing as far as he could see would give him the respite of another four-and-twenty hours.

The minutes between him and the final preparations could be counted with the finger on the clock.

In the matter of preparation the most important detail would be to tell Olivia. Hoping against hope that this would never become necessary, he had put off the evil moment till the postponement had become cruel. But he had lived through it so often in thought, he had so acutely suffered with her in imagination the staggering humiliation of it all, that now, when the time had come, his feelings were benumbed. As he turned into his own grounds that day it seemed to him that his deadness of emotion was such that he could carry the thing through mechanically, as a skilled surgeon uses a knife. If he found her at tea in the drawing-room he might tell her then.

He found her at tea, but there were people with her. He was almost sorry; and yet it keyed him up to see that there was some necessity "to still play the gentleman." He played it, and played it well—with much of his old-time ease. The feat was so extraordinary as to call out a round of mental applause for himself; and, after all, he reflected, there would be time enough in the evening.

But tea being over, Miss Guion announced that Mr. and Mrs. Temple and Drusilla Fane were coming informally to dinner, bringing with them a guest of theirs, "some one of the name of Davenant." For an instant he felt that he must ask her to telephone and put them off, but on second thoughts it seemed better to let them come. It would be in the nature of a reprieve, not so much for himself as for Olivia. It would give her one more cheerful evening, the last, perhaps, in her life. Besides—the suggestion was a vague one, sprung doubtless of the hysterical element in his suppressed excitement—he might test his avowals on Temple and Davenant, getting a foretaste of what it would be to face the world. He formed no precise intention of doing that; he only allowed his mind to linger on the luxury of trying it. He had suspected lately that Rodney Temple knew more of his situation than he had ever told him, so that the way to speak out would be cleared in advance; and as for the man of the name of Davenant—probably



Tom Davenant's adopted son, who was said to have pulled off some good things a few years ago—there would be, in humbling himself before one so successful, a morbid joy of the kind the devotee may get in being crushed by an idol.

In this he was not mistaken. While they were there he was able to draw from his own speeches, covert or open, the relief that comes to a man in pain from moaning. Now that they were gone, however, the last extraneous incident that could possibly stand between him and the beginning of the end had passed. The moment he had foreseen, as one foresees death, was on him; so, raising his head, he braced himself, and said, "Now!"

At almost the same instant he heard the rustle of his daughter's skirts as she came from the drawing-room on her way up-stairs. She advanced slowly down the broad hall, the lights striking iridescent rays from the trimmings of her dress. The long train, adding to her height, enhanced her gracefulness. Only that curious deadness of sensation of which he had been aware all day—the inability to feel any more that comes from too much suffering—enabled him to keep his ground before her. He did keep it, advancing from the doorway two or three steps toward her, till they met at the foot of the stairway.

"Have you enjoyed your evening?" were the words he found himself saying, though they were far from those he had at heart. He felt that his smile was ghastly, but as she seemed not to perceive it, he drew the conclusion that the ghastliness was within.

She answered, languidly: "Yes, rather. It might have been pleasanter if it hadn't been for that awful man."

"Who? Young Davenant? I don't see anything awful about him."

"I dare say there isn't, really—in his place. He may be only prosy. However," she added, "it doesn't matter for once. Good-night, papa dear. You look tired. You ought to go to bed. I've seen to the windows in the drawing-room, but I haven't put out the lights."

Having kissed him, and patted him on the cheek, she turned to go up the stairway. He allowed her to ascend a step or two. It was the minute to speak.

"I'm sorry you feel that way about young Davenant. I rather like him."

He had not chosen the words. They came out automatically. To discuss Davenant offered an excuse for detaining her, while postponing the blow for a few minutes more.

"Oh, men would," she said, indifferently, without turning round. "He's their style."

"Which is to his discredit?"

"Not to his discredit, but to his disadvantage. I've noticed that what they call a man's man is generally something of a bore."

"Davenant isn't a bore."

"Isn't he? Well, I really didn't notice in particular. I only remember that he used to be about here years ago—and I didn't like him. I suppose Drussilla has to be civil to him because he was Mr. Temple's ward."

She had paused on the landing at the angle of the staircase.

"He's good-looking," Guion said, in continued effort to interpose the trivial between himself and what he had still to tell her.

"Oh, that sort of Saxon-giant type is always good-looking. Of course. And dull, too."

"I dare say he isn't as dull as you think."

"He might be that, and still remain pretty dull, after the allowances had been made. I know the type. It's awful—especially in the form of the American man of business."

"I'm an American man of business myself."

"Yes; by misadventure. You're the business man made, but not born. By nature you're a boulevardier, or what the newspapers call a 'clubman.' I admire you more than I can say—everybody admires you—for making such a success of a work that must always have been uncongenial at the least."

The opening was obvious. Nothing could have been more opportune. Two or three beginnings presented themselves, and as he hesitated, choosing between them, he moistened his lips and wiped the cold perspiration from his brow. After all, the blessed apathy within him was giving way, and going to play him false! He had a minute of feeling



as the condemned man must feel when he catches sight of the guillotine.

Before his parched throat could formulate syllables she mounted another step or two of the staircase, and turned again, leaning on the banister and looking over. He noticed—by a common trick of the perceptive powers at crises of anguish—how the slender white pilasters, carved and twisted in sets of four, in the fashion of Georgian houses like Tory Hill, made quaint, graceful lines up and down the front of her black gown.

"It's really true—what I say about business, papa," she pursued. "I'm very much in earnest, and so is Rupert. I do wish you'd think of that place near Heneage. It will be so lovely for me to feel you're there; and there can't be any reason for your going on working any longer."

"No; there's no reason for that," he managed to say.

"Well, then?" she demanded, with an air of triumph. "It's just as I said. You owe it to every one, you owe it to me, you owe it to yourself above all, to give up. It might have been better if you'd done it long ago."

"I couldn't," he declared, in a tone that sounded to his own ears as a cry. "I tried to, . . . but things were so involved, . . . almost from the first. . . ."

"Well, as long as they're not involved now there's no reason why it shouldn't be better late than never."

"But they *are* involved now," he said, with an intensity so poignant that he was surprised she didn't notice it.

"Then straighten them out. Isn't that what we've been saying all along, Mr. Temple and I? Take a partner; take two partners. Mr. Temple says you should have done it when Mr. Maxwell died, or before—"

"I couldn't. . . . Things weren't shipshape enough, . . . not even then."

"I'm sure it could be managed," she asserted, confidently; "and if you don't do it now, papa, when I'm being married, and going away for good, you'll never do it at all. That's my fear. I don't want to live over there without you, papa; and I'm afraid that's what you're going to let me in for." She moved from the banister, and continued her way upward, speaking over her shoulder as she

ascended. "In the mean time, you really *must* go to bed. You look tired, and rather pale—just as I do after a dull party. Good-night; and don't stay up."

She reached the floor above, and went toward her room.

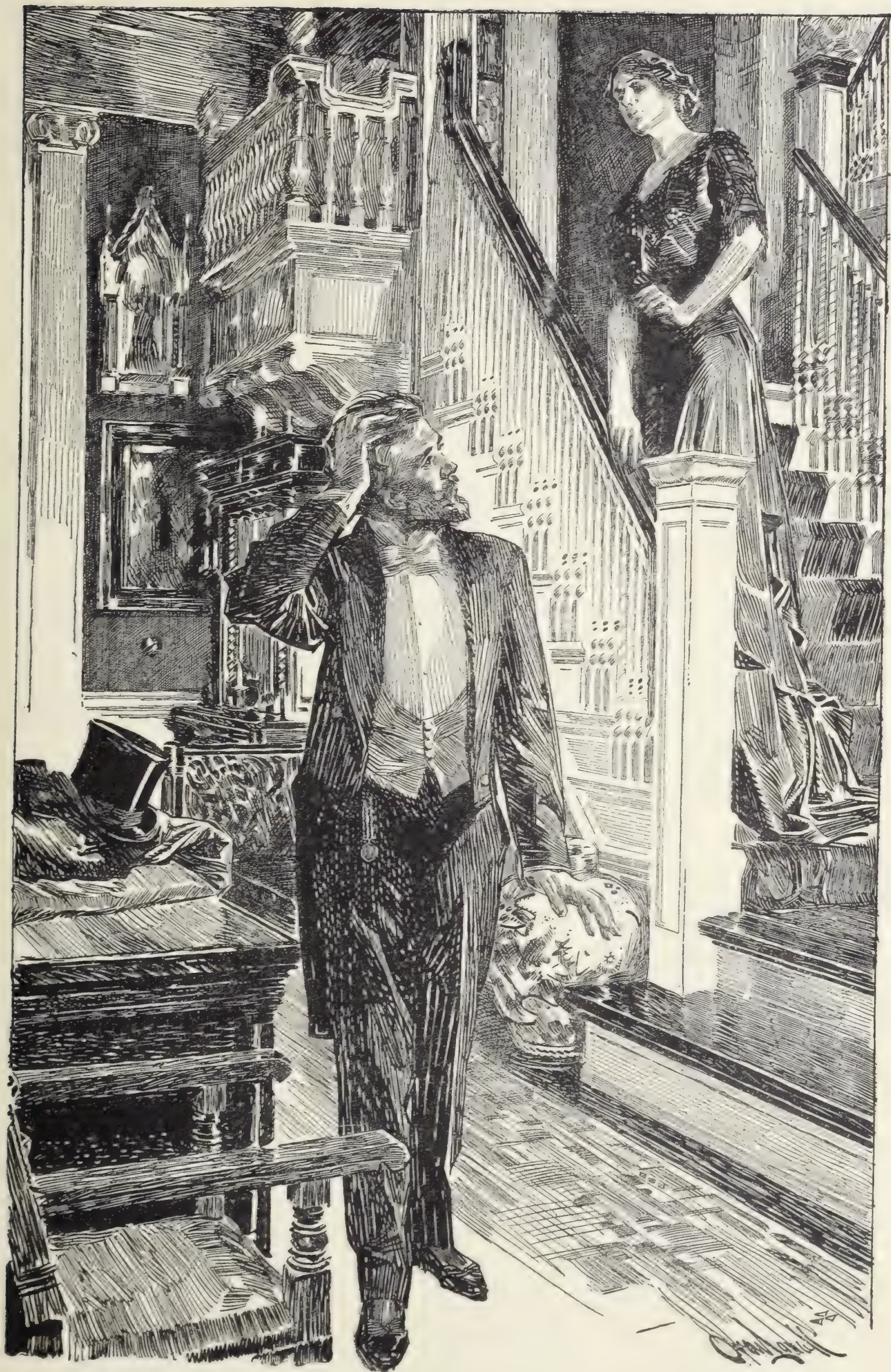
He would have upbraided himself more bitterly for his cowardice had he not found an excuse in the thought that, after all, there would be time in the morning.

It was another short reprieve, enabling him to give all his attention to the tasks before him. If he was not to come back to Tory Hill he must leave his private papers there, his more intimate treasures, in good order. Certain things would have to be put away, others rearranged, others destroyed. For the most part they were in the library, the room he specially claimed as his own. Before setting himself to the work there he walked through some of the other rooms, turning out the lights.

In doing so he was consciously taking a farewell. He had been born in this house; in it he had spent his boyhood; to it he had come back as a young married man. He had lived in it till his wife and he had set up their more ambitious establishment in Boston, an extravagance from which, perhaps, all the subsequent misfortunes could be dated. He had known at the time that his father, had he lived, would have condemned the step; but he himself was a believer in fortunate chances. Besides, it was preposterous for a young couple of fashion to continue living in a rambling old house that belonged to neither town nor country, at a time when the whole trend of life was cityward. They had discussed the move, with its large increase of expenditure, from every point of view, and found it one from which, in their social position, there was no escape. It was a matter about which they had hardly any choice.

So, too, a few years later with the taking of the cottage at Newport. It was forced on them. When all their friends were doing something of the sort, it seemed absurd to hesitate because of a mere matter of means—especially when by hook or by crook the means could be procured. Similar reasoning had attended their various residences abroad—





*Drawn by Orson Lowell*

"YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF, ABOVE ALL, TO GIVE UP"







in London, Paris, Rome. Country houses in England, or villas on the Riviera, became matters of necessity, according to the demands of Olivia's entry into the world of fashion or Mrs. Guion's health.

It was not till the death of the latter, some seven years before, that Guion, obliged to pause, was able to take cognizance of the degree to which he had imperiled himself in the years of effort to maintain their way of life. It could not be said that at the time he regretted what he had done, but he allowed it to frighten him into some ineffectual economies. He exchanged the cottage at Newport for one at Lenox, and, giving up the house in Boston, withdrew to Tory Hill. Ceasing, himself, to go into society, he sent his daughter abroad for a large portion of her time, either in the care of Madame de Melcourt or, in London, under the wing of some of the American ladies prominent in English life.

Having taken these steps, with no small pride in his capacity for sacrifice, Guion set himself seriously to reconstruct his own fortune and to repair the inroads he had made on those in his trust.

Within the office of Guion, Maxwell & Guion circumstances favored the accession to power of the younger partner, who had hitherto played an acquiescent rather than an active part. Mr. Maxwell was old and ailing, though neither so ailing nor so old as to be blind to the need of new blood, new money, and new influence in the fine old firm. His weakness was that he hated beginning all over again with new men; so that when Smith and Jones were proposed as possible partners he easily admitted whatever objections Guion raised to them, and the matter was postponed. It was postponed again. It slipped into a chronic condition of postponement; and Mr. Maxwell died.

The situation calling then for adroitness on Guion's part, the fact that he was able to meet it to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned increased his confidence in his own astuteness. True, it required some manipulation, some throwing of dust into people's eyes, some making of explanations to one person that could not be reconciled with those made to another; but here again the

circumstances helped him. His clients were for the most part widows and old maids, many of them resident abroad, for whom Guion, Maxwell & Guion had so long stood, in the matter of income, for the embodiment of paternal care that they were ready to believe anything, and say anything, and sign anything they were told to. With the legal authorities to whom he owed account he had the advantage of the house's high repute, making it possible to cover with formalities anything that might, strictly speaking, have called for investigation. Whatever had to be considered shifty he excused to himself on the ground of its being temporary; while it was clearly, in his opinion, to the ultimate advantage of the Clay heirs, and the Rodman heirs, and the Compton heirs, and all the other heirs for whom Guion, Maxwell & Guion were *in loco parentis*, that he should have a free hand.

And now that it was all over he was glad his wife had not lived to see the end. That, at least, had been spared him. He stood before her portrait in the drawing-room—the much-admired portrait by Carolus Duran—and told her so. She was so living as she looked down on him—a suggestion of refined irony about the lips and eyes giving personality to the delicate oval of the face—that he felt himself talking to her as they had been wont to talk together ever since their youth. In his way he had stood in awe of her. The assumption of prerogative—an endowment of manner or of temperament, he was never quite sure which—inherited by Olivia in turn, had been the dominating influence in their domestic life. He had not been ruled by her—the term would have been grotesque—he had only made it his pleasure to carry out her wishes. That her wishes led him on to spending money not his own was due to the fact, ever to be regretted, that his father had not bequeathed him money so much as the means of earning it. She could not be held responsible for that, while she was the type of woman to whom it was something like an outrage not to offer the things befitting her station. There was no reproach in the look he lifted on her now—nothing but a kind of dogged, perverse thankfulness that she should have had the way of life she



craved, without ever knowing the price he was about to pay for it.

In withdrawing his glance from hers he turned it about on the various objects in the room. Many of them had stood in their places since before he was born; others he had acquired at occasional sales of Guion property, so that, as the different branches of the family became extinct or disappeared, whatever could be called "ancestral" might have a place at Tory Hill; others he had collected abroad. All of them, in these moments of anguish—the five K'ang-hsi vases on the mantelpiece, brought home by some seafaring Guion of Colonial days, the armorial "Lowestoft" in the cabinets, the Copley portraits of remote connections on the walls, the bits of Chippendale and Hepplewhite that had belonged to the grandfather who built Tory Hill—all of them took on now a kind of personality, as with living look and utterance. He had loved them, and been proud of them; and as he turned out the lights, leaving them to darkness, eyes could not have been more appealing nor lips more eloquent than they in their mute farewell.

Returning to the library, he busied himself with his main undertaking. He was anxious that nothing should be left behind that could give Olivia additional pain, while whatever she might care to have, her mother's letters to himself or other family documents, might be ready to her hand. It was the kind of detail to which he could easily give his attention. He worked methodically and phlegmatically, steeling himself to a grim suppression of regret. He was almost sorry to finish the task, since it forced his mind to come again face to face with facts. The clock struck two as he closed the last drawer, and knew that that part of his preparation was completed.

In reading the old letters with their echoes of old incidents, old joys, old jokes, old days in Paris, Rome, or England, he had been so wafted back to another time that on pushing in the drawer, which closed with a certain click of finality, the realization of the present rolled back on his soul with a curious effect of amazement. For a few minutes it was as if he had never understood it, never thought of it, before. They were

going to make him, Henry Guion, a prisoner, a criminal, a convict! They were going to clip his hair, and shave his beard, and dress him in a hideous garb, and shut him in a cell! They were going to give him degrading work to do, and degrading rules to keep, and degrading associates to live with, as far as such existence could be called living with any one at all. He was to have nothing any more to come in between him and his own thoughts—his thoughts of Olivia brought to disgrace, of the Clay heirs brought to want, of the Rodman heirs and the Compton heirs deprived of half their livelihood! He had called it that evening the Strange Ride with Morrowby Jukes to the Land of the Living Dead, but it was to be worse than that. It was to be worse than Macbeth with his visions of remorse; it was to be worse than Vathek with the flame burning in his heart; it was to be worse than Judas—who at least could hang himself.

He got up and went to a mirror in the corner of the room. The mere sight of himself made the impossible seem more impossible. He was so fine a specimen!—he could not but know it!—so much the free man, the honorable man, the man of the world! He tried to see himself with his hair clipped, and his beard shaven, and the white cravat and waistcoat replaced by the harlequin costume of the jailbird. He tried to see himself making his own bed, and scrubbing his own floor, and standing at his cell door with a tin pot in his hand, waiting for his skilly. It was so absurd, so out of the question, that he nearly laughed outright. He was in a dream—in a nightmare! He shook himself, he pinched himself, in order to wake up. He was ready in sudden rage to curse the handsome, familiar room for the persistence of its reality, because the rows of books, and the Baxter prints, and the desks and chairs and electric lights refused to melt away, like things in a troubled sleep.

It was then that for the first time he began to taste the real measure of his impotence. He was in the hand of the law. He was in the grip of the sternest avenging forces human society could set in motion against him; and quibbles,



shifts, and subterfuges swept aside, no one knew better than himself that his punishment would be just.

It was a strange feeling, the feeling of having put himself outside the scope of mercy. But there he was! There could never be a word spoken in his defense, nor in any one's heart a throb of sympathy toward him. He had forfeited everything. He could expect nothing from any man, and from his daughter least of all. The utmost he could ask for her was that she should marry, go away, and school herself as nearly as might be to renounce him. That she should do it utterly would not be possible; but something would be accomplished if pride or humiliation or resentment gave her the spirit to carry her head high and ignore his existence.

It was incredible to think that at that very instant she was sleeping quietly, without a suspicion of what was awaiting her. Everything was incredible, incredible and impossible. As he looked around the room, in which every book, every photograph, every pen and pencil, was a part of him, he found himself once more straining for a hope, catching at straws. He took a sheet of paper, and sitting down at his desk began again, for the ten-thousandth time, to balance feverishly his meager assets against his overwhelming liabilities. He added and subtracted and multiplied and divided with a sort of frenzy, as though by dint of sheer forcing the figures he could make them respond to his will.

Suddenly, with a gesture of mingled anger and hopelessness, he swept the scribbled sheets and all the writing paraphernalia with a crash to the floor, and, burying his face in his hands, gave utterance to a smothered groan. It was a cry not of surrender, but of protest—of infinite, exasperated protest—of protest against fate and law and judgment and the eternal principles of right and wrong, and against himself most of all. With his head pressed down on the bare, polished wood of his desk, he hurled himself mentally at an earth of adamant and a heaven of brass, hurled himself ferociously, repeatedly, with a kind of doggedness, as though he would either break them down or dash his own soul to pieces.

“O God! O God!”

It was an involuntary moan, stifled in his fear of becoming hysterical, but its syllables arrested his attention. They were the syllables of primal articulation, of primal need, condensing the appeal and the aspiration of the world. He repeated them.

“O God! O God!”

He repeated them again. He raised his head, as if listening to a voice.

“O God! O God!”

He continued to sit thus, as if listening.

It was a strange, an astounding thought to him that he might pray. Though the earth of adamant were unyielding, the heaven of brass might give way!

He dragged himself to his feet.

He believed in God—vaguely. That is, it had always been a matter of good form with him to go to church, and to call for the offices of religion on occasions of death or marriage. He had assisted at the saying of prayers, and assented to their contents. He had even joined in them himself, since a liturgical service was a principle in the church to which he “belonged.” All this, however, had seemed remote from his personal affairs, his life-and-death struggles, till now. Now, all at once, queerly, it offered him something, he knew not what. It might be nothing better than any of the straws he had been clutching at. It might be no more than the effort he had just been making to compel two to balance ten.

He stood in the middle of the room, under the cluster of electric lights, and tried to recollect what he knew, what he had heard, of this Power that could still act when human strength had reached its limitations. It was nothing very definite. It consisted chiefly of great phrases, imperfectly understood: “Father Almighty,” “Saviour of the World,” “Divine Compassion,” and such like. He did not reason about them, or try to formulate what he actually believed. It was instinctively, almost unconsciously, that he began to speak; it was brokenly, and with a kind of inward, spiritual hoarseness. He scarcely knew what he was doing when he found himself saying, mentally:



"Save me! . . . I'm helpless! . . . I'm desperate! . . . Save me! . . . Work a miracle! . . . Father! . . . Christ! . . . Christ! . . . Save my daughter! . . . We have no one but—but—You! . . . Work a miracle! . . . Work a miracle! . . . I'm a thief and a liar and a traitor—but save me! . . . I might do something yet—something that might render me—worth salvation—but then—I might not. Anyhow, save me! . . . O God!—Father Almighty!—Almighty! . . . That means that You can do anything! . . . Even now—You can do—anything! . . . Save us! . . . Save us all! . . . Christ! . . . Christ! . . . Christ! . . ."

He knew neither when nor how he ceased, any more than when or how he began. His most clearly defined impression was that of his spirit coming back from a long way off to take perception of the fact that he was still standing under the cluster of electric lights and the clock was striking three. He was breathless, exhausted. His most urgent physical need was that of air. He strode to the window-door leading out to the terraced lawn, and, throwing it open, passed out into the darkness.

There was no mist at this height above the Charles. The night was still, and the moon westerling. The light had a glimmering, metallic essence, as from a cosmic mirror in the firmament. Long shadows of trees and shrubbery lay across the grass. Clear in the moonlit foreground stood an elm, the pride of Tory Hill—springing as a single shaft for twice the measure of a man—springing and spreading there into four giant

branches, each of which sprang and spread higher into eight—so springing and spreading, springing and spreading still—rounded, symmetrical, superb—till the long outermost shoots fell pendulous, like spray from a fountain of verdure. The silence had the suggestion of mighty spiritual things astir. At least the heaven was not of brass, if the earth continued to be of adamant. On the contrary, the sky was high, soft, dim, star-bestrewn, ineffable. It was spacious; it was free; it was the home of glorious things; it was the medium of the eternal.

He was not reassured; he was not even comforted; what relief he got came only from a feeling—a fancy, perhaps—that the weight had been eased, that he was freed for a minute from the crushing pressure of the inevitable. It would return again and break him down, but for the moment it was lifted, giving him room and power to breathe. He did breathe—long, deep draughts of the cool night air that brought refreshment and something like strength to struggle on.

He came back into the room. His pens and papers were scattered on the floor, and ink from the overturned inkstand was running out on the Oriental rug. It was the kind of detail that before this evening would have shocked him; but nothing mattered now. He was too indifferent to lift his hand and put the inkstand back into its place. Instead he threw himself on a couch, turning his face to the still open window, and drinking in with thirsty gasps the blessed, revivifying air.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





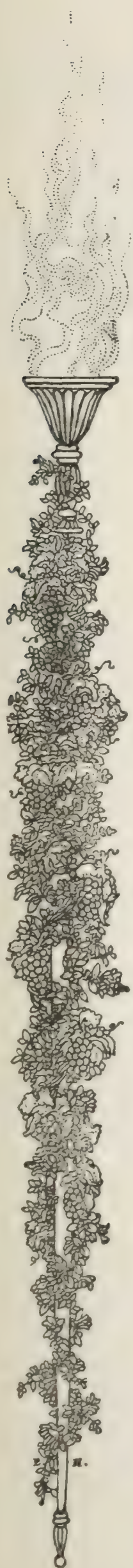
# The Reveler: A Vineyard Song

BY G. E. WOODBERRY

UNWREATHE thy brow! thy cheek outvies  
The golden grape in lusters rare;  
The rosebud of thy mouth denies  
The living rosebud hanging there;  
Nor teach the radiance of thy eyes  
To counterfeit the starry air;  
From all things else the beauty dies,  
When thou art near, though they are fair;  
Star, rose, and grape, but mirrors warm  
Of loves that from thy beauty swarm,  
Thy brief, incarnate shades; in thee  
The world returns to unity.

Unwreathe thyself, and singly shine  
Wine of the world, the rose-divine  
Body of love, desire star-sown,  
That sparkles in the midnight zone—  
All beauty cast in passion's mold  
In thee corporeally bright—  
O Dionysian bloom, unfold!  
Crown, crown the revel's height,  
Sweet reveler! thy golden cheek,  
Thy rosebud mouth, thy starry eyes  
A darling of the gods bespeak,  
Who take thee to the skies;  
With hands divinely holding up,  
As 'twere youth's flower, the vine-clad cup,  
Drink deep, O heavy-breathing boy,  
Crush on thy lips long draughts of joy!

Then bear with thee to heaven along  
The wisdom of the vineyard song;  
Chime and charm thou mayst not bear,  
For the shadows' source reigns there;  
And when thou puttest thy beauty by,  
And shall at last unwreathe thee quite,  
Like stars that on the distant sky  
Suddenly beam, and cease from light—  
For who may know what shall befall  
After the whole earth's funeral?  
And who may know what there shall be  
Without the senses' imagery?—  
Ah, when the grape and rose shall shed  
Their bloom, and garden-mold shall be,  
Reveal, all beauty being dead,  
Love's imageless eternity!





# The Reduction Cure for Kitty James

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

ONE day, during our study hour at St. Katharine's, Kitty James slipped a note into her Rhetoric and then handed the book to me. It was just after the girls had "produced" my play, so, of course, I wasn't speaking to any of them. But Kitty was not as much to blame as the others; therefore I read her note. These were its enigmatic words:

"Meet me under the big willow at five o'clock. Sit down beside me, but don't speak. Just watch what happens."

I tore up the note quickly, so Sister Irmingarde wouldn't be disappointed if she saw it and tried to get it, and I glanced at Kitty. Her sweet face was pale and wan. I raised my eyebrows and looked politely interested, but Kitty shook her head and kept her eyes on the printed page, which was indeed the last place where one would expect to find them. At the end of any study hour Kitty James can tell with unerring accuracy what every girl in the study-hall wears, and whether she has anything new on, or has done her hair in a different way; but Kitty never knows her lessons, and rarely does she know what the book in front of her is, though she keeps one there for looks.

Kitty told me once with her own lips that she plans all her clothes and her convent "spreads" during study hours, and the clothes of the children she is going to have some day, and how her future home will look, and the kind of ties her husband will wear. She said she invented some "dream ties" for him once—pale blue and pink, with pansies and forget-me-nots painted on them—and gave them to her brother-in-law, George Morgan, to see how they would look "in the flesh." George didn't wear them. He said the dream was one to appall the strongest soul, and that it had given him a permanent and incurable insomnia. He said it just that way. He told Kitty

that every night afterward for weeks, just as he began to sink into an innocent slumber, he felt himself bound hand and foot by painted family ties, and the awful horror of it always woke him up, bathed in a cold perspiration. Kitty felt badly, and tears came into her eyes when she told me about it. She hadn't meant to make him suffer; but she was glad, since some one had to, that she had learned the truth in time, and that it was George who felt that way, and not Algernon. Algernon is what *his* name is going to be.

Of course this hasn't anything to do with the other experience of Kitty's, which I am about to relate if the gentle reader will wait a minute. I put it in to throw light on my heroine's character, the way Arnold Bennett does in his books, when nothing much happens, and you think nothing's going to, and all the time the human soul is being dissected before your poor, blind eyes. Now I will return to Kitty in the study-hall, pale and wan. There will be more references to literary topics and public questions in my future work, though. As I grow more mature in my art I see how wrong it is to make my stories a source of entertainment only, when they might be a source of knowledge, too. Besides, no merely entertaining literature can live.

I met Kitty under the willow at five o'clock. It was not easy, for I had other things to do. But who would fail a dear companion with secrets to tell? Our convent orchestra was rehearsing for the Commencement programme, and of course we were going to play the overture to "Zampa." I had to lead on the piano, and I was expected to practise my piano part *hard*, every day, from half-past four to half-past five, in one of the little music-rooms off the main hall. Though I have a light step and am very swift in my movements, it was not easy to get away, for Sister Harmona, one of the teachers of music, has a dreadfully sus-





MABEL MURIEL CAME ON WITH SLOW AND SOLEMN STEPS

picious nature, and walks up and down the hall, listening, to be sure we are all at work. The din is frightful when we are. "Zampa" from one room, the "Spring Song" from another, Brahms's waltzes and "Parsifal" from others, bits of Chopin and Beethoven and Grieg from the rest—dozens of rooms and dozens of pianos going like mad on different things. Sister Harmona looks quite nervous sometimes, after she has stood it all day. Naturally, I couldn't be practising "Zampa" and sitting out in the grounds with Kitty at the same time, so I compromised. I got Janet Trelawney, who plays beautifully, to go to my music-room and practise "Zampa," so Sister Harmona wouldn't be disappointed when she went by; and I stole off to Kitty and the drooping willow.

Kitty was 'most as drooping as the willow when I reached her. She was sitting alone on the bench as I approached, and she rose and bowed (Kitty has the most beautiful manners!) and motioned me to sit beside her. I did, without a word, and we waited for five minutes, and nothing happened.

I began to get restless. I am nervous and high-strung, like all literary artists, and sitting down without talking rarely interests me. There are so many things to do and life is so short. Kitty saw my

feet moving, and she made a sign, eager and imploring, for me to wait. I waited, and I began to think of a book I had been reading, and how they carried the heroine out dead (I've only read that description three times, but I know it by heart), and I forgot about Kitty and "Zampa" and other unimportant things, as I always do when my mind is on Art.

Suddenly Kitty nudged me, and I saw Mabel Muriel Murphy coming toward us. I started up to go away, for Mabel was the girl who was the stage-manager for my play, and did the very worst things to it, and changed it from a five-act tragedy to a three-act comedy, and made all the characters dance instead of dying when their last sad hour came. Kitty caught my arm and pulled me down on the bench again, and I remembered her note and sat still and waited, though terrible doubts assailed me. Was Kitty James trying to force me to be friends again with Mabel Muriel? If she was, I knew that I must root Kitty, too, from my crushed and empty heart.

Mabel Muriel came on with slow and solemn steps, as if she were following a bier. Her head was bowed on her breast, but I guess she caught a glimpse of us out of the corner of her eye. She faltered when she saw me, as well indeed she might, and one foot started backward



by instinct. She drew it forward again with terrible determination, and came straight up to us, and handed Kitty a little piece of paper. Then she walked away. There was something strangely impressive about it. I felt a cold chill running slowly down my spine, prickling as it passed. That's alliteration, and I'm glad I thought of it. Such touches are what make style.

Kitty opened the note and looked at it. Then she handed it to me. Its words were few and simple. They read:

*"Try the lemon cure."*

My mind is very quick, and everybody says my intuition is simply wonderful; but when I read that note I sat and stared at Kitty like any ordinary stupid girl. She had her finger on her lips, to show I was not to speak. Mabel Muriel was already disappearing among the trees, but I saw Kitty glance quickly in another direction, and I looked, too, and there was Maudie Joyce coming along with measured tread. I could almost hear Chopin's funeral march as I watched her, and I could almost see the dead leaves whirling over the new-made grave, the way they do in the last pages of the sonata.

Sister Harmona says she can't hear them whirl when I play that sonata, and I don't wonder. I can't always, myself; but I hear them plainly when Paderewski or Sister Cecilia plays it.

Maudie hesitated, too, when she saw me, so I realized that, whatever was going on, the girls had not expected me to be in it. I was, though, and this pleased me. I made up my mind that very minute to stand by Kitty to the death. Maudie pulled herself together, walked straight up to us with her head bent, handed Kitty a note, and went away. The note said:

*"Buttermilk will do it."*

Kitty raised her lily hand to show that I was not to speak. I wouldn't have had time to, anyway, for Adeline Thurston

was already stalking toward us, her eyes on the ground and her hands crossed on her breast. She uncrossed them long enough to hand Kitty a note. Then she went away as the others had done, except that she seemed to feel even worse. Of course, Adeline, being a poet, looked

worse than the others, too. Kitty and I read her note together, for I simply could not wait. It said:

*"Roll on the floor fifty times every morning and fifty times every night."*

By this time I knew I was assisting at some grim, mysterious rite, so I began to enjoy myself. But Kitty's face was getting redder and redder, and her mouth looked like a little pink hyphen in her face. That means it looked thin and straight, the way a hyphen looks. I hate to explain, but I'd hate worse to have the gentle reader miss it.

A few minutes later Mabel Blossom came along, exactly as the other girls had come, with purposeful and mournful mien, and handed Kitty a note. It was simple and direct. It said:

*"Stop eating."*

Before any more girls had time to come, Kitty took me by the hand and led

me to a shrine away off in another part of the convent grounds. We sat down and waited. Before five minutes had passed, little Josie Gregory, one of the minims, arrived and handed Kitty a note. The handwriting was Jennie Hartwell's, and it read:

*"Walking works wonders."*

Kitty tore the note up, and threw the pieces on the ground and put her heel on them. Almost before she had done it, another minim came with another note, and after that they came and came and came, like leaves in Vallombrosa, as the poet says. That means there were a lot of notes. Sometimes a minim brought them, and sometimes it was an older girl; but, whoever it was, she came slowly and sadly, as if to take one last look



KITTY LAUGHED AT THE THINGS THEY SAID



at the dear face within. You know what I mean. I don't want to put it any more plainly, for, indeed, it is an awful thought; but it is the only one that expresses the way those messengers acted.

The little minims were the worst of all. After they delivered their notes they stood and stared with round, wondering eyes, as if they were waiting for something dreadful to happen. They were, too; for, as we learned afterward, Mabel Blossom had told them with her own lips that if they waited long enough, perfectly quiet, with their eyes fixed on Kitty James, maybe they would see her burst! We didn't know this then, but it made us feel dreadfully nervous to see them standing round us in a circle, and closing in like the wolves around the Russian woman's sleigh when she threw out her children to save herself. I was thinking about the Russian woman and how dreadful she was, as well as about Kitty—I've always been able to think of different things at the same time—when Kitty suddenly rose to her feet and threw her arms over her head and shrieked.

She is a nervous child, and when she begins to shriek she can't stop. So she went on doing it and getting hysterics as fast as she could get them, and the minims shrieked, too, and scattered in every direction, and then watched us from behind trees, waiting for what they thought was coming. I rubbed Kitty's hands and talked to her, and pretty soon I got her quieted down. Then I took her to my room, with the notes she hadn't had time to tear up, and finally I got the whole story out of her. This was it:

Maudie Joyce and Mabel Blossom had made up their minds that Kitty James was getting too fat, so they began to talk to her about it. At first Kitty thought it was a joke and laughed at the things they said. But pretty soon they got the other girls into it, and everybody talked to Kitty about getting stout, and told her it dulled her

brain, and advised her to stop. They said the way to do it was to diet. Kitty got dreadfully tired hearing about it, for she loves food more than almost anything else. After that, when they didn't stop, she got angry, and finally, when they still kept it up, the terrible thing happened that comes sometimes in the case of gentle, beautiful natures like hers—she got stubborn. She told the girls if they didn't like to look at her they could go and look at some one else and leave her alone, and she said she would get fatter than ever, just to show them. Then they began to send her notes and to get the whole school to help them. You see, it had got to be a kind of a game, and a terribly funny joke to every one but Kitty.

All this had been going on for more than a week, and I hadn't known it. But that was because I was hardly speaking to any of the girls, after the way they had treated my play. They came and talked to me every day and tried to make up, and I answered direct questions courteously, and then excused myself and left them. You'd better believe they



KITTY JAMES AND I FORMED A SECRET SOCIETY



didn't like it, either—and of course they had got into mischief and were driving Kitty James into hysterics.

I made Kitty some tea and gave her two big pieces of chocolate cake and some strawberry jam and some fudge, and we read the notes and talked and decided what we would do. I had a lovely time planning. Of course it was my duty to stand by Kitty, who was one against many; and it is a wonderful experience, and all too rare, to have duty go hand in hand with delight, as real writers would say if they were clever enough to think of it. It is surprising how rarely they do think of things like that. Oft, indeed, I see places in their work where I could have said things better. But I am forgetting my heroine, which Sister Irmingarde says is one of my most serious literary faults. I notice it in Henry James's stories, too, for pages and pages—so I don't worry over it as much as I do over my other faults.

As soon as I began to think about Kitty's problem, Kitty stopped trying to. She is a girl it is a pleasure to help. She sat still and ate chocolate cake, and gained two pounds more, she told me the next day, and I thought and thought, till the solution of our problem flashed upon me. To tell Kitty was the next thing, and I did it.

That night we "planned a campaign," as papa says, that would show the girls the error of their ways. While we were in the most interesting part of it the lights went out and the Great Silence fell, and I had to creep alone through the pitch-black convent halls from Kitty's room to mine, a block and a half away. It was no fun, either, in that awful darkness and silence, full of memories of beautiful dead nuns. Every time I find myself alone at night in those long, ghostly corridors, that is what I feel around me—the nuns who have died, silently keeping step with me. I can almost see their black veils flutter, and hear the soft click of their rosary beads one against the other. It does not frighten me; the memory of them is too sweet for that. But it makes me feel very solemn, and I am glad when I get back to my own room and see the stars shining in through my windows.

The next day Kitty James and I

formed a secret society—the Epsilon Sigma; and by sunset every girl at St. Katharine's knew about it and was crazy to join it. But we didn't let them. We confined the membership to ten girls—eight besides ourselves. Need I add that we chose them from among the girls who had had nothing to do with my play or with reducing the weight of Kitty James? We did. We took in Janet Trelawney first. She had been in the infirmary for three weeks, so neither of us had anything against her. Then we gathered in the most brilliant of the other girls—outside of our old set—and I can tell you they were proud and glad when we asked them. I never saw girls so happy and grateful. And of course all the other girls stopped bothering Kitty right off, in the hope that we would take them into the Epsilon Sigma later.

We got permission to go into town in the afternoon, and we ordered the badges from Mr. Whitten—"our genial fellow-townsmen in the jewelry business," the local newspaper calls him. He made them in three days, and they were too sweet—gold ovals, with the monogram E.S. on them, and pins in the back to fasten them to our blouses. Then we spent a lot of money for food.

That night we had the most gorgeous banquet in the history of St. Katharine's. It was in honor of our secret society. Before eating we initiated the new members, and you'd better believe they were ready for the banquet after we got through with them. We had cake and cold chicken and jelly and fudge and pickles and ice-cream and lemonade and Welsh rabbit and potted tongue and deviled crabs and French pastry. We put blankets over the transom of my room, so the Sisters wouldn't be disturbed by our lights, and we ate and ate, and talked in whispers, and invented a secret grip and a password, and I never had so much fun in my life. Every girl there was just bursting with food, and pride because she was with us.

The next morning Kitty James went to the infirmary and stayed two days. It was very inconvenient, when we had so much to do, but Kitty said the banquet was worth it. In the mean time I wrote mamma to send me a box, and I told her what to put in it—cold ham



and turkey and cream cake and jelly cake, and other things just as good. It came the day after Kitty got well, so we had a banquet that night to celebrate her return to our midst. The very next day poor Kitty was in the infirmary again, and the nuns couldn't understand it; but Kitty didn't mind going. She said the second banquet was even more worth it than the first. As soon as she was able to sit up she wrote to her sister, Mrs. George Morgan, asking for a box, and it came right away; so Kitty gave a banquet the night she left the infirmary, and the following morning she went back to it—to the infirmary, I mean. She was there four days that time, and the convent infirmarians began to talk about sending for a specialist to examine her. She got better, though, and by the time she was out George Mor-

gan sent me a box, so the Epsilon Sigma was ready for another banquet.

George is my very dearest friend—far, far dearer than any one else except mamma—and it is the tragedy of our lives that he wed before we had found each other. If I told you what was in that box, you'd never believe it. Chickens in aspic, and candied fruit, and a five-pound box of the richest chocolate creams you ever ate, and loads of preserves. Kitty was out of the infirmary just in time for that banquet, but the next day she was very sick, and the Sisters sent to Chicago for the specialist.



THAT NIGHT WE HAD THE MOST GORGEOUS BANQUET IN THE HISTORY OF ST. KATHARINE'S

All this time our old friends were not idle. They couldn't be, with every other girl at St. Katharine's talking about those banquets and describing them till their mouths watered. Janet Trelawney told everybody they were like the feasts of Lucullus that we read about in history. The day after the last banquet Mabel Blossom and Maudie Joyce and Mabel Muriel Murphy came to me together and apologized again for what they did to my play. I accepted their apology politely. Then I changed the subject and talked about the weather. Mabel Blossom said the food at the convent table was nourishing but monotonous, and I



said I didn't remember much about it, because I hadn't eaten any of it lately.

The girls mentioned the Epsilon Sigma in an offhand way, and I preserved a calm silence. Finally Mabel Blossom spoke up again in trembling tones, and asked whether I wouldn't let bygones be bygones. While she was speaking Maudie Joyce burst into tears and said they had treated my play dreadfully, and that they never could forgive themselves, and they had never been so unhappy in their lives, and she didn't care a fig for my old banquets or my club, but she did love me and always would, and wouldn't I please forgive her and be natural again. She said it all just like that, without stopping, and she kept wiping her eyes till her handkerchief was a little wet ball. Mabel Muriel Murphy was crying, too, by this time, and Mabel Blossom looked dreadfully cross, which with her is the sign of her deepest suffering.

I looked at my dear companions, and all of a sudden my icy heart melted as

if Maudie had taken it into her warm, friendly hands; and I kissed the girls and told them everything was all right, and I meant it. We had a beautiful afternoon together—it happened to be Saturday—and it was exactly like the dear old days. The nuns wouldn't let me see Kitty; she was too sick. I saw her the next afternoon, when she was a little better, and told her how I had forgiven the girls, and begged her to, and to let them come into the Epsilon Sigma. But Kitty wouldn't. She said she had suffered too much, and I guess she had. She said if she had to die I could call them around her death-bed for a last scene of forgiveness; but while there was any hope of life she wouldn't look at them. I knew how she felt. I had felt even worse the terrible day of the play.

Kitty was quite sick for almost a week, and when she came back to us I gave a banquet for her in my room. It wasn't a meeting of the Epsilon Sigma;



THE VERY NEXT DAY POOR KITTY WAS IN THE INFIRMARY AGAIN





DURING THE WHOLE EVENING THE GIRLS KEPT STARING AT KITTY

it was just a celebration of Kitty's recovery; so she let me ask Maudie Joyce and Mabel Blossom and Mabel Muriel Murphy; and I invited the Epsilon Sigma girls, too, for of course we would not desert those who had stood by us in our trouble. Kitty sat at my right, and during the whole evening the girls kept staring at Kitty and me, and then looking at one another with long, meaning glances. They were lovely to her, though, and Kitty forgave them before the banquet was over, and everything was as jolly as it could be. But every now and then the girls of our old set would begin to speak and then stop. I could see that they were dreadfully interested in something that they didn't dare to talk about, and Kitty saw it, too. We were curious about it, but of course we didn't ask any questions.

The next day Mabel Blossom came to my room and sat looking at me for five minutes without speaking. She does that sometimes, and usually it makes me nervous; but this time it didn't, for I saw there was loving admiration in her eyes. There isn't, always. I went on calmly clearing out my bureau drawers, without paying much attention to her, and at last she drew a deep breath and spoke.

"May Iverson," she said, in thrilling tones, "you really are a wonder! I never saw any one like you!"

Before I could ask why she had not discovered this long before, the door opened and Maudie Joyce and Mabel Muriel Murphy came in. They sat down and looked at me, exactly the way Mabel Blossom had looked. There was awe and also a touch of reverence in their gaze. I enjoyed it for a while, but at last I couldn't stand not knowing what it meant, so I asked them. They all began to talk at once, but Mabel Blossom's voice rose loud and clear above the other two, and finally they stopped.

"May Iverson," she began again, "you are a wonder." And she went on to say that in less than three weeks I alone had accomplished something the entire school had worked on and failed in. She told about Kitty James and how they had tried to reduce her weight and couldn't, and all the different methods they had used; and she said I had simply walked in and had a lovely time, and given Kitty a lovely time, and eight other girls a lovely time—and *done it*.

At first I couldn't quite understand, but of course I didn't show this; and pretty soon I began to see what they meant. Besides, I remembered the way Kitty had looked the day before. I put on a calm, superior expression, as if what I had done had been easy.

"But you don't know yet how many pounds she has lost," I told them, trying



to keep pride out of my voice. I didn't know myself, but they did, and they answered like a Greek chorus.

"Eight-e-e-n!" they said, and they drew the word out like molasses candy when you pull it. "We asked the infirmarians."

I will admit to the gentle reader that I nearly fell off my chair when I heard that. Eighteen pounds lost in less than three weeks! No wonder Kitty James had looked slender and willowy!

Then my chest swelled with satisfaction, and you can see for yourself that it had cause. To take Kitty James in hand, and to get eighteen pounds off her in three weeks by feeding her with everything she loved, was a brand-new idea, and it was all my own. I don't believe any one ever thought of it before. Of course, as I strive to be honest, even with myself, I will admit that I hadn't really

thought it out in detail. It was just instinct. But it got results, which is all one ought to ask of any idea. I told the girls there was more to the matter than they knew, which was true. I said the real name of the Epsilon Sigma was the Eating Society, which was true, too. Then I frowned as if I felt disappointed, and I sat thinking hard for a moment, and not one of them dared to speak. Finally I let my face clear. I felt another instinct stirring in me.

"Eighteen pounds is not enough," I said, firmly. "It's got to be twenty. I'll give the biggest banquet of all to-night, and invite you three girls and Kitty and the Epsilon Sigma. We'll eat all that's left of George Morgan's box. There's heaps. By to-morrow Kitty will lose the other two pounds."

And you'd better believe she did!

## Song

BY LOUIS V. LEDOUX

WHAT is the worth of singing?  
To what shall I liken song?  
A bird through the sunset winging;—  
And the night is dark and long.

Agleam are the golden pinions  
Glimpsed ere the sunset fade,  
Then lost in the dark dominions  
Of the slowly folding shade.

What is the worth of singing?  
Can I lighten the wide world-wrong  
With a leaf on the night wind winging,  
Or the sunset gleam of song?



# Socialism

BY H. G. WELLS

IN TWO PARTS

## I

THIS essay is essentially an exercise in restatement. It is an attempt on the part of its writer to rephrase his attitude to contemporary social changes.

In order to do so it is convenient to coin two expressions, and to employ them with a certain defined intention. They are, firstly, The Normal Social Life, and, secondly, The Great State. Throughout this essay these expressions will be used in accordance with the definitions presently to be given, and the fact that they are so used will be emphasized by the employment of capitals. It will be possible for any one to argue that what is here defined as the Normal Social Life is not the normal social life, and that the Great State is indeed no state at all. That will be an argument outside the range delimited by these definitions.

Now what is intended by the Normal Social Life here is a type of human association and employment, of extreme prevalence and antiquity, which appears to have been the lot of the enormous majority of human beings so far back as history or tradition or the vestiges of material that supply our conceptions of the neolithic period can carry us. It has never been the lot of all humanity at any time, to-day it is perhaps less predominant than it has ever been, yet even to-day it is probably the lot of the greater moiety of mankind.

Essentially this type of association presents a localized community, a community of which the greater proportion of the individuals are engaged more or less directly in the cultivation of the land. With this there is also associated the grazing or herding over wider or more restricted areas belonging either collectively or discretely to the community, of sheep, cattle, goats, or swine, and almost always the domestic fowl is a com-

mensal of man in this life. The cultivated land at least is usually assigned, temporarily or inalienably, as property to specific individuals, and the individuals are grouped in generally monogamic families of which the father is the head. Essentially the social unit is the Family, and even where, as in Mohammedan countries, there is no legal or customary restriction upon polygamy, monogamy still prevails as the ordinary way of living. Unmarried women are not esteemed, and children are desired. According to the dangers or securities of the region, the nature of the cultivation, and the temperament of the people, this community is scattered either widely in separate steadings or drawn together into villages. At one extreme, over large areas of thin pasture, this agricultural community may verge on the nomadic; at another, in proximity to consuming markets, it may present the concentration of intensive culture. There may be an adjacent wild, supplying wood, and perhaps controlled by a simple forestry. The law that holds this community together is largely traditional and customary, and almost always as its primordial bond there is some sort of temple and some sort of priest. Typically the temple is devoted to a local god or a localized saint, and its position indicates the central point of the locality, its assembly-place, and its market. Associated with the agriculture there are usually a few imperfectly specialized tradesmen, a smith, a garment-maker perhaps, a basket-maker or potter, who group about the church or temple. The community may maintain itself in a state of complete isolation, but more usually there are tracks or roads to the centers of adjacent communities, and a certain drift of travel, a certain trade in non-essential things. In the fundamentals of life this normal community is independent and



self-subsisting, and where it is not beginning to be modified by the novel forces of the new times it produces its own food and drink, its own clothing, and largely intermarries within its limits.

This in general terms is what is here intended by the phrase the Normal Social Life. It is still the substantial part of the rural life of all Europe and most of Asia and Africa, and it has been the life of the great majority of human beings for immemorial years. It is the root life. It rests upon the soil, and from that soil below and its reaction to the seasons and the moods of the sky overhead have grown most of the traditions, institutions, sentiments, beliefs, superstitions, and fundamental songs and stories of mankind.

But since the very dawn of history at least this Normal Social Life has never been the whole complete life of mankind. Quite apart from the marginal life of the savage hunter, there have been a number of forces and influences within men and women, and without, that have produced abnormal and surplus ways of living, supplemental, additional, and even antagonistic to this normal scheme.

And first as to the forces within men and women. Long as it has lasted, almost universal as it has been, the human being has never yet achieved a perfect adaptation to the needs of the Normal Social Life. He has attained nothing of that frictionless fitting to the needs of association one finds in the bee or the ant. Curiosity, deep stirrings to wander, the still more ancient inheritance of the hunter, a recurrent distaste for labor, and resentment against the necessary subjugations of family life, have always been a straining force within the agricultural community. The increase of population during periods of prosperity has led at the touch of bad seasons and adversity to the desperate reliefs of war and the invasion of alien localities. And the nomadic and adventurous spirit of man found reliefs and opportunities more particularly along the shores of great rivers and inland seas. Trade and travel began, at first only a trade in adventurous things, in metals and rare objects and luxuries and slaves. With trade came writing and money; the inventions of debt and rent, usury and tribute.

History finds already in its beginnings a thin network of trading and slaving flung over the world of the Normal Social Life, a network whose strands are the early roads, whose knots are the first towns and the first courts.

Indeed, all recorded history is in a sense the history of these surplus and supplemental activities of mankind. The Normal Social Life flowed on in its immemorial fashion, using no letters, needing no records, leaving no history. Then, a little minority, bulking disproportionately in the record, come the trader and sailor, the slave, the landlord and the tax-compeller, the townsman and the king.

All written history is the story of a minority and their peculiar and abnormal affairs. Save in so far as it notes great natural catastrophes and tells of the spreading or retrocession of human life through changes of climate and physical conditions, it resolves itself into an account of a series of attacks and modifications and supplements made by excessive and superfluous forces engendered within the community upon the Normal Social Life. The very invention of writing is a part of those modifying developments. The Normal Social Life is essentially illiterate and traditional. The Normal Social Life is as mute as the standing crops; it is as seasonal and cyclic as Nature herself, and reaches toward the future only an intimation of continual repetitions.

Now this human over-life may take either beneficent or maleficent or neutral aspects toward the general life of humanity. It may present itself as law and pacification, as a positive addition and superstructure to the Normal Social Life, as roads and markets and cities, as courts and unifying monarchies, as helpful and directing religious organizations, as literature and art and science and philosophy, reflecting back upon the individual in the Normal Social Life from which it arose a gilding and refreshment of new and wider interests and added pleasures and resources. One may define certain phases in the history of various countries when this was the state of affairs, when a country-side of prosperous communities with a healthy family life and a wide distribution of property, ani-



mated by roads and towns and unified by a generally intelligible religious belief, lived in a transitory but satisfactory harmony under a sympathetic government. I take it that this is the condition to which the minds of such original and vigorous reactionary thinkers as Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Mr. Hilaire Belloc, for example, turn, as being the most desirable state of mankind.

But the general effect of history is to present these phases as phases of exceptional good luck, and to show the surplus forces of humanity as on the whole antagonistic to any such equilibrium with the Normal Social Life. To open the book of history haphazard is, most commonly, to open it at a page where the surplus forces appear to be in more or less destructive conflict with the Normal Social Life. One opens at the depopulation of Italy by the aggressive great estates of the Roman Empire, at the impoverishment of the French peasantry by a too centralized monarchy before the Revolution, or at the huge degenerative growth of the great industrial towns of western Europe in the nineteenth century. Or again one opens at destructive wars. One sees these surplus forces over and above the Normal Social Life working toward unstable concentrations of population, to centralizations of government, to migrations and conflicts upon a large scale; one discovers the process developing into a phase of social fragmentation and destruction, and then, unless the whole country has been wasted down to its very soil, the Normal Social Life returns as the heath and furze and grass return after the burning of a common. But it never returns in precisely its old form. The surplus forces have always produced some traceable change, the rhythm is a little altered. As between the Gallic peasant before the Roman conquest, the peasant of the Gallic province, the Carlovingian peasant, the French peasant of the thirteenth, the seventeenth, and the twentieth centuries, there is, in spite of a general uniformity of life, of a common atmosphere of cows, hens, dung, toil, plowing, economy and domestic intimacy, an effect of accumulating generalizing influences and of wider relevancies. And the oscillations of empires and kingdoms, religious movements,

wars, invasions, settlements, leave upon the mind an impression that the surplus life of mankind, the less-localized life of mankind, that life of mankind which is not directly connected with the soil, but which has become more or less detached from and independent of it, is becoming proportionately more important in relation to the Normal Social Life. It is as if a different way of living was emerging from the Normal Social Life, and freeing itself from its traditions and limitations.

And this is more particularly the effect upon the mind of a review of the history of the past two hundred years. The little speculative activities of the alchemist and natural philosopher, the little economic experiments of the acquisitive and enterprising landed proprietor, favored by unprecedented periods of security and freedom, have passed into a new phase of extraordinary productivity. They have added preposterously and continue to add on a gigantic scale and without any evident limits to the continuation of their additions, to the resources of humanity. To the strength of horses and men and slaves has been added the power of machines and the possibility of economies that were once incredible. The Normal Social Life has been overshadowed as it has never been overshadowed before by the concentrations and achievements of the surplus life. Vast new possibilities open to the race; the traditional life of mankind, its traditional systems of association, are challenged and threatened, and all the social thought, all the political activity of our time, turns in reality upon the conflict of this ancient system whose essentials we have here defined and termed the Normal Social Life with the still vague and formless impulses that seem destined either to involve it and men in a final destruction or to replace it by some new and probably more elaborate method of human association.

Because there is the following difference between the action of the surplus forces as we see them to-day and as they appeared before the outbreak of physical science and mechanism. Then it seemed clearly necessary that whatever social and political organization developed, it must needs rest ultimately on the tiller



of the soil, the agricultural holding, and the Normal Social Life. But now even in agriculture huge wholesale methods have appeared. They are declared to be destructive, but it is quite conceivable that they may be made ultimately as recuperative as that small agriculture which has hitherto been the inevitable social basis. If that is so, then the new ways of living may not simply impose themselves in a growing proportion upon the Normal Social Life, but they may even oust it and replace it altogether. Or they may oust it and fail to replace it. In the newer countries the Normal Social Life does not appear to establish itself at all rapidly. No real peasantry appears in either America or Australia; and in the older countries, unless there is the most elaborate legislative and fiscal protection, the peasant population wanes before the large farm, the estate, and overseas production.

Now most of the political and social discussion of the last hundred years may be regarded and rephrased as an attempt to apprehend this defensive struggle of the Normal Social Life against waxing novelty and innovation, and to give a direction and guidance to all of us who participate. And it is very largely a matter of temperament and free choice still, just where we shall decide to place ourselves. Let us consider some of the key-words of contemporary thought, such as Liberalism, Individualism, Socialism, in the light of this broad generalization we have made, and then we shall find it easier to explain our intention in employing, as a second technicality, the phrase of The Great State as an opposite to The Normal Social Life which we have already defined.

## II

The Normal Social Life has been defined as one based on agriculture, traditional and essentially unchanging. It has needed no toleration and displayed no toleration for novelty and strangeness. Its beliefs have been of such a nature as to justify and sustain itself, and it has had an intrinsic hostility to any other beliefs. The god of its community has been a jealous god, even when he was only a tribal and local god. Only very occasionally in history until the coming

of the modern period do we find any human community relaxing from this ancient and more normal state of entire intolerance toward ideas or practices other than its own. When toleration and a receptive attitude toward alien ideas was manifested in the old world, it was at some trading center or political center; new ideas and new religions came by water along the trade routes. And such toleration as there was rarely extended to active teaching and propaganda. Even in liberal Athens the hemlock was in the last resort at the service of the ancient gods and the ancient morals against the skeptical critic.

But with the steady development of innovating forces in human affairs there has actually grown up a cult of receptivity, a readiness for new ideas, a faith in the probable truth of novelties. Liberalism is essentially anti-traditionalism; its tendency is to commit for trial any institution or belief that is brought before it. It is the accuser and antagonist of all the fixed and ancient values and imperatives and prohibitions of the Normal Social Life. And growing up in relation to liberalism and sustained by it is the great body of scientific knowledge, which professes at least to be absolutely undogmatic and perpetually on its trial and under assay and re-examination.

Now a very large part of the advanced thought of the past century is no more than the confused negation of the broad beliefs and institutions which have been the heritage and social basis of humanity for immemorial years. This is as true of the extremest Individualism as of the extremest Socialism. The former denies that element of legal and customary control which has always subdued the individual to the needs of the Normal Social Life, and the latter that qualified independence of distributed property which is the basis of family autonomy. Both are movements against the ancient life, and nothing is more absurd than the misrepresentation which presents either as a conservative force. They are two divergent schools with a common disposition to reject the old and turn toward the new. The Individualist professes a faith for which he has no rational evidence, that the mere abandonment of



traditions and controls must ultimately produce a new and beautiful social order; while the Socialist, with an equal liberalism, regards the outlook with a kind of hopeful dread and insists upon an elaborate legal readjustment, a new and untried scheme of social organization to replace the shattered and weakening Normal Social Life.

Both these movements, and indeed all movements that are not movements for the subjugation of innovation and the restoration of tradition, are vague in the prospect they contemplate. They produce no definite forecasts of the quality of the future toward which they so confidently indicate the way. But this is less true of modern Socialism than of its antithesis, and it becomes less and less true as Socialism, under an enormous torrent of criticism, slowly washes itself clean from the mass of partial statement, hasty misstatement, sheer error, and presumption that obscured its first emergence.

But it is well to be very clear upon one point at this stage, and that is that this present time is not a battle-ground between Individualism and Socialism; it is a battle-ground between the Normal Social Life on the one hand, and a complex of forces on the other, which seek a form of replacement and seem to partially find it in these and other doctrines.

Nearly all contemporary thinkers who are not too muddled to be assignable fall into one of three classes, of which the third we shall distinguish is the largest and most various and divergent. It will be convenient to say a little of each of these classes before proceeding to a more particular account of the third. Our analysis will cut across many accepted classifications, but there will be ample justification for this rearrangement. All of them may be dealt with quite justly as accepting the general account of the historical process which is here given.

Then, first, we must distinguish a series of writers and thinkers which one may call the Conservators.

These are people who really do consider the Normal Social Life as the only proper and desirable life for the great mass of humanity, and they are fully prepared to subordinate all exceptional and surplus lives to the moral standards

and limitations that arise naturally out of the Normal Social Life. They desire a state in which property is widely distributed, a community of independent families, protected by law and an intelligent democratic statecraft from the economic aggressions of large accumulations, and linked by a common religion. Their attitude to the forces of change is necessarily a hostile attitude. They are disposed to regard innovations in transit and machinery as undesirable, and even mischievous, disturbances of a wholesome equilibrium. They are at least unfriendly to any organization of scientific research, and scornful of the pretensions of science. Criticisms of the methods of logic, skepticism of the more widely diffused human beliefs, they would classify as insanity. Two able English writers, Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc, have given the clearest expression to this system of ideals, and stated an admirable case for it. They present a conception of vinous, loudly singing, earthy, toiling, custom-ruled, wholesome, and insanitary men; they are Pagan in the sense that their hearts are with the villagers and not with the townsmen, Christian in the spirit of the parish priest. There are no other Conservators so clear-headed and consistent. But their teaching is merely the logical expression of an enormous amount of conservative feeling. Vast multitudes of less lucid minds share their hostility to novelty and research, hate, dread, and are eager to despise science, and glow responsive to the warm, familiar expressions of primordial feelings and immemorial prejudices. The rural conservative, the liberal of the allotments and small-holdings type, Mr. Roosevelt—in his Western-farmer, philoprogenitive phase as distinguished from the phase of his more imperialistic moments—all present themselves as essentially Conservators, as seekers after and preservers of the Normal Social Life.

So, too, do Socialists of the William Morris type. The mind of William Morris was profoundly reactionary. He hated the whole trend of later nineteenth-century modernism with the hatred natural to a man of considerable scholarship and intense esthetic sensibilities. His mind turned, exactly as Mr. Belloc's turns, to the finished and enriched Nor-



mal Social Life of western Europe in the Middle Ages, but, unlike Mr. Belloc, he believed that given private ownership of land and the ordinary materials of life, there must necessarily be an aggregatory process, usury, expropriation, the development of an exploiting wealthy class. He believed profit was the devil. His *News from Nowhere* pictures a communism that amounted, in fact, to little more than a system of private ownership of farms and trades without money or any buying and selling, in an atmosphere of geniality, generosity, and mutual helpfulness. Mr. Belloc, with a harder grip upon the realities of life, would have the widest distribution of proprietorship, with an alert democratic government continually legislating against the Protean reappearances of usury and accumulation, and attacking, breaking up, and redistributing any large unanticipated bodies of wealth that appeared. But both men are equally set toward the Normal Social Life, and equally enemies of the New. The so-called "Socialist" land legislation of New Zealand, again, is a tentative toward the realization of the same school of ideas; great estates are to be automatically broken up, property is to be kept disseminated; a vast amount of political speaking and writing in America and throughout the world enforces one's impression of the wide spread and influence of Conservator ideals.

Of course it is inevitable that phases of prosperity for the Normal Social Life will lead to phases of over-population and scarcity, there will be occasional famines and occasional pestilences and plethoras of vitality leading to the blood-letting of war. I suppose Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc at least have the courage of their opinions, and are prepared to say that such things always have been and always must be; they are part of the jolly rhythms of the human lot under the sun, and are to be taken with the harvest-home and love-making and the peaceful ending of honored lives as an integral part of the unending drama of mankind.

### III

Now opposed to the Conservators are all those who do not regard contemporary humanity as a final thing, nor the Normal

Social Life as the inevitable basis of human continuity. They believe in secular change, in progress, in a future for our species differing continually more from its past. On the whole, they are prepared for the gradual disentanglement of men from the Normal Social Life altogether, and they look for new ways of living and new methods of human association with a certain adventurous hopefulness.

Now this second large class does not so much admit of subdivision into two as present a great variety of intermediaries between two extremes. I propose to give distinctive names to these extremes, with the very clear proviso that they are not antagonized, and that the great multitude of this second, anti-conservator class, this liberal, more novel class modern conditions has produced, falls between these extremes, and is neither completely one nor the other, but partaking in various degrees of both. On the one hand, then, we have that type of mind which is irritated by and distrustful of all collective proceedings, which is profoundly distrustful of churches and states, which is expressed essentially by Individualism. The Individualist appears to regard the extensive disintegrations of the Normal Social Life which is going on to-day with an extreme hopefulness. Whatever is ugly or harsh in modern industrialism or in the novel social development of our time he seems to consider as a necessary aspect of a process of selection and survival whose tendencies are, on the whole, inevitably satisfactory. The future welfare of man he believes in effect may be trusted to the spontaneous and planless activities of people of good-will, and nothing but State intervention can effectively impede its attainment. And curiously close to this extreme optimistic school in its moral quality and logical consequences, though contrasting widely in the sinister gloom of its spirit, is the socialism of Karl Marx. He declared the contemporary world to be a great process of financial aggrandizement and general expropriation, of increasing power for the few and of increasing hardship and misery for the many, a process that would go on until at last a crisis of unendurable tension would be reached and



the social revolution ensue. The world had, in fact, to be worse before it could hope to be better. He contemplated a continually exacerbated class war, with a millennium of extraordinary vagueness beyond as the reward of the victorious workers. His common quality with the Individualist lies in his repudiation of and antagonism to plans and arrangements, in his belief in the overriding power of quasi-natural Law. Their common influence is the discouragement of collective understandings upon the basis of the existing State. Both converge in practice upon *laissez faire*. I would therefore lump them together under the term of Planless Progressives, and I would contrast with them those types which believe supremely in systematized purpose.

The purposeful and systematic types, in common with the Individualist and Marxist, regard the Normal Social Life, for all the many thousands of years behind it, as a phase, and as a phase which is now passing, in human experience, and they are prepared for a future society that may be ultimately different right down to its essential relationships from the human past. But they also believe that the forces that have been assailing and disintegrating the Normal Social Life, which have been on the one hand producing great accumulations of wealth, private freedom, and ill-defined, irresponsible, and socially dangerous power, and on the other labor hordes, for the most part urban, without any property or outlook except continuous toil and anxiety, which in England have substituted a dischargeable agricultural laborer for the independent peasant almost completely, and in America seem to be arresting any general development of the Normal Social Life at all, are forces of wide and indefinite possibility that need to be controlled by a collective effort implying a collective design, deflected from merely injurious consequences, and organized for a new human welfare upon new lines. They agree with that class of thinking I have distinguished as the Conservators, in their recognition of vast contemporary disorders, and their denial of the essential beneficence of change. But while the former seem to regard all novelty and

innovation as a mere inundation to be met, banked back, defeated, and survived, these more hopeful and adventurous minds would rather regard contemporary change as amounting on the whole to the tumultuous and almost catastrophic opening up of possible new channels, the violent opportunity of vast, deep, new ways to great, unprecedented human ends, ends that are neither feared nor evaded.

Now while the Conservators are continually talking of the "eternal facts" of human life and human nature, and falling back upon a conception of permanence that is continually less true as our perspectives extend, these others are full of the conception of adaptation, of deliberate change in relationship and institution to meet changing needs. I would suggest for them, therefore, as opposed to the Conservators and contrasted with the Planless Progressives, the name of Constructors. They are the extreme right, as it were, while the Planless Progressives are the extreme left of Anti-Conservator thought.

I believe that these distinctions I have made cover practically every clear form of contemporary thinking, and are a better and more helpful classification than any now current. But of course nearly every individual nowadays is at least a little confused, and will be found to wobble in the course even of a brief discussion between one attitude and the other. This is a separation of opinions rather than of persons. And particularly that word Socialism has become so vague and incoherent that for a man to call himself a Socialist nowadays is to give no indication whatever whether he is a Conservator like William Morris, a Non-constructive like Karl Marx, or a Constructor of any of half a dozen different schools. On the whole, however, modern Socialism tends to fall toward the Constructive wing. So, too, do those various movements in England and Germany and France called, variously, Nationalist and Imperialist, and so do the American civic and social reformers. All these movements are agreed that the world is progressive toward a novel and unprecedented social order and needs guidance thither, however much they differ as to the form that order shall assume.



For the greater portion of a century Socialism has been before the world, and it is not perhaps premature to attempt a word or so of analysis of that great movement in the new terms we are here employing. The origins of the Socialist idea were complex and multifarious, never at any time has it succeeded in separating out a statement of itself that was at once simple, complete, and acceptable to any large proportion of those who call themselves Socialists. But always it has pointed to two or three definite things. The first of these is that unlimited freedoms of private property with increasing facilities of exchange, combination, and aggrandizement, become more and more dangerous to human liberty by the expropriation and reduction to private-wages slavery of larger and larger proportions of the population. Every school of Socialism states this in some more or less complete form, however divergent the remedial methods suggested by the different schools. And, next, every school of Socialism accepts the concentration of management and property as necessary, and declines to contemplate what is the typical Conservator remedy, its re-

fragmentation. Accordingly it sets up, not only against the large private owner but against owners generally, the idea of a public proprietor, the State, which shall hold in the collective interest. But where the earlier Socialisms stopped short and where to this day Socialism is vague, divided, and unprepared, is upon the psychological problems involved in that new and largely unprecedented form of proprietorship, and upon the still more subtle problems of its attainment. These are vast, and profoundly, widely, and multitudinously difficult problems, and it was natural and inevitable that the earlier Socialists in the first enthusiasm of their idea should minimize these difficulties, pretend in the fullness of their faith that partial answers to objections were complete answers, and display the common weaknesses of honest propaganda the whole world over. Socialism is now old enough to know better. Few modern Socialists present their faith as a complete panacea, and most are now setting to work in earnest upon these long-shirked preliminary problems of human interaction through which the vital problem of a collective head and brain can alone be approached.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## Guarded

BY RICHARD BURTON

ONCE, long ago, a little one of mine  
 Would take my hand and look into my face,  
 As if she magically might divine  
 My tempted heart, my imminent disgrace;

And by that hand-clasp and that wistful look  
 Would lead me safe into the better way,  
 Her faith so perfect that I could not brook  
 The thought of aught to waken her dismay.

That little one has vanished; o'er her head  
 Blow summer blooms, and on her stone you read  
 The simple story of the life she led,  
 Joyous in semblance, innocent in deed.

But even yet, across the dim of years—  
 How many!—comes in the old pleading guise,  
 To keep me clean from all that soils and sears,  
 The Christ-like candor of those early eyes.



# The Price

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON

AS Lester brought himself to speak of something which for days he had avoided, there stirred in his mind, half acknowledged, the realization that the subtlest and most unequivocal commentary we are wont to make upon those of our close acquaintance lies in the subjects which we hesitate to approach with them. He lingered over the breakfast-table, sorting from among the letters that had come by the early post the ones which he wished to take to his office. Margaret looked up from the enjoyment of contemplating an especially large and brilliant cherry, still held suspended between thumb and finger.

"Do you mean to make the reservations to-day, dearest?" she asked.

It removed all further possibility of delay, beyond the slight time gained by putting into his pocket the selected letters.

"Should you be very much disappointed if we were not to go?"

He could almost have wished that he had refrained from saying it. There had come upon her face an expression he shrank from seeing. It had hardened into lines of reproach, with a prompt and instant supposition that she was being thwarted, imposed upon.

"Should you really mind so much?" he repeated, nevertheless.

"I don't see how you can ask."

As he himself recognized the superfluity of doing so, he abstained from reply.

"What is it this time?" she inquired, in a tone of cold restraint. "Business again?"

He shook his head. "No—not that. At least—not *my* business." She waited. "It is yours," he added. Her look changed to one of non-comprehension, shadowed by slight uneasiness. "Mine?" she said.

He put the portfolio back into the inner pocket of his coat. "Have I lost any money?"

"Well," he led up to it, "in a way, yes. In the way one generally loses money if one happens to own improved real estate. There is always deterioration, you know. Buildings grow old-fashioned, they don't meet the proper requirements—as to safety and that sort of thing." She was evidently a trifle relieved. "I wonder," he propounded, "if you have ever seen that tenement of yours?" He referred, she knew, to a building her father had made over to her at the time of her marriage, the rent from which, together with the dividends upon a few shares of stock, represented her dowry and gave her a small income she might call her own.

"No," she answered. "I have never seen it."

"I wish that you had." He was looking at her reflectively. "I wish you would go down there with me in a day or two. You'd understand better. Ever since I've been looking after it for you there have been complaints from the tenants, perpetual demands for repairs of one sort or another. Sometimes I've refused, sometimes I've granted them. But the other day I thought I'd better run down and see what all the trouble was about. Do you know where it is, even?" She gave the names of the streets. "Yes," he assented. "But that doesn't imply much to you, I dare say. It's not exactly a delightful neighborhood. However, there are bound to be such in every large city until the world grows a little wiser, probably. There ought not, however, to be tenements in such a state of disrepair. Even the law's requirements aren't fulfilled—and those are slack enough."

He had not paused to reflect that he was passing criticism upon her father. And she herself did not take it so, or else she accepted as a matter of course that scrupulous right-dealing was not to have been expected in that quarter.



"Are they likely to make us trouble?"

He would rather not have had her put it in quite that way. "Who?" he said, a little shortly.

"The people who attend to those things—the authorities."

He caught himself frowning, and it was an effort to clear his brow. "I don't think they are." He tried to be gentle, to consider the allowances that were due. "It has to be pretty atrocious before the authorities get around taking notice."

"Well, then?" Her mind was clearly more at rest. "I don't see what we have to bother about." It was impatient, more than a little irritable.

"Just this, Margaret. There isn't the faintest question that we are morally under obligation to put that building in good shape. And to do it would take by far the larger part of what we had meant to spend for Europe this summer."

The blankness of her face could not but touch him. "I know, darling," he said; "I realize how much it would disappoint you. And it disappoints me, too. For several days I haven't been able to bring myself to tell you."

"I gave it all up for you once before," she reminded; and her lip was trembling.

"I know you did. And yet—this time it isn't for *me*. You see that?" She made a vexed gesture as if to refuse having thrust upon her a responsibility she did not feel.

"It may be very dreadful, but I'm afraid I'm not deeply concerned about sacrificing myself for the tenants." He was obliged to recognize that his meaning had been lost to her. "If they've managed this long, I suppose they can stand it for a while longer," she went on. "Those people are accustomed to living like that. They don't know anything else. If they thought it so bad, they would move. We can fix up the place next year."

"Or else we could put off the trip until next year," he suggested, wishing that he might abandon the matter, yet urged against it by a vivid recollection of what he had so lately seen.

"Next year there may be some other reason why we couldn't go." In the slight flushing of color and droop of the lashes he read her meaning; and he could not but feel that the potential cause of

other checks upon her pleasure would be no more welcome than this present one.

"You promised me faithfully that we should go this summer."

"And I have every intention of keeping my word," he answered, with a just perceptible hardness. "I merely thought that you yourself might change when I laid the facts before you."

She took another cherry and put it between her lips. He realized how charming she looked, the picture of delightful young womanhood that she made, across from him there, her elbows resting on the polished dark wood, her arms coming bare from out the laces. She was smiling, evidently reassured, since compulsion was not to be used upon her.

"Not in the very least," she asserted. "I was nice about it before—but this time I can't be disappointed at the last minute. By and by we'll be able to put the old building in order."

As he walked down the street and stood waiting for his car he was seeking to justify her. If he had made allowances all along, could he not continue to do so now? From the first he had seen much of what had shown itself a little more clearly to-day. But he had excused it as the result of circumstances, of conditions—believing it to be only a surface trait. And he had further maintained the conviction by appeal to the evidences of the flesh. She was not merely a very pretty woman. All the possibilities of what he hoped for in a wife were suggested—in the breadth of forehead, under the heavy, parted hair, in the large, wide-spaced eyes, in the generous modeling of her features, in the habitual sweet gravity of her look and tone. Those, he had assured himself, were not signs which could fail. They indicated permanent, primary things—things which in the long run must become active and manifest. It was only the accident of her up-bringing that was to blame for certain superficial characteristics which were not quite lovable, admirable. She had been too much petted, too much sheltered and humored by a far from discerning father and mother. But when she should be put to the test she would show the finer things of her nature. Had she not done so,





Drawn by T. K. Hanna

LESTER BROUGHT HIMSELF TO SPEAK OF SOMETHING WHICH FOR DAYS HE HAD AVOIDED

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit







indeed, by consenting to be his wife? From the worldly standpoint she might have married far better more than once. In taking him she had foregone a great deal which she had been trained to consider desirable. And it had necessitated withstanding no little opposition in her home.

Exactly because of this he had been all the more anxious to gratify her desires. So that, since she had been his wife, this was the first time he had put any obstacle in the way of a pleasure.

To be sure, he had cut short their wedding journey—as she had reminded him. But that had been understood beforehand. The condition of his affairs at the time had made it imperative that he should be soon at home. By way of compensation he had promised this few months in Europe. It was natural that she should cling to the plan. It meant something definitely desirable. On the other hand, the condition of her property, the discomforts and worse of the tenants, meant no reality. Her imagination did not compass it. Of all that side of life she had the vaguest ideas. “If they thought it so bad—they would move,” she had said. He could have smiled in sad compassion.

But because he preferred to think about it no longer he accepted the paper which was thrust upon him by a keen-faced, ill-clothed little newsboy, and went out to take the approaching car.

To Margaret, however, left alone and unoccupied to think over what had passed, the reflection that she had gained her point did not bring the satisfaction that it might have brought to a nature for which self-gratification was the one desirable thing. A vague, nervous discomfort was followed by rising resentment. It was not fair that she should thus be made to feel that her own pleasure was wronging others—making them suffer. There might have been some consideration of how uncomplainingly she had foregone it all that other time. And she would do it again—for her husband. But why should she make herself unhappy for a lot of people in the slums whom she had never seen, and who, after all, probably didn't think themselves badly off? Of course she had no intention of neglecting them altogether; but they

could surely wait a little longer. She had a right to the summer of idling in France and Italy—to her deferred wedding journey. If one were never to have any pleasures because somebody else had to be without, it would be a dull world enough.

Yet—how was she to be happy while she was conscious that her husband was displeased, dissatisfied with her? The trip was spoiled now—whether they went or stayed. Tears came hotly to her eyes as she fought to ignore the sense of a compulsion acting from within her own soul—something new, unfamiliar, and most unwelcome.

The misery and the conflict were not to be endured throughout the whole day alone within-doors. She dressed and went out, first to buy several things for the trip, and afterward to lunch with the girl who had been her maid of honor in the previous June. The latter was to be married soon, and was to start directly thereafter for a trip around the world. She asked if there was still the plan for Margaret's deferred wedding journey. And the answer was a “Yes, indeed,” for whose emphasis she was at some loss to account.

But the decision, irrevocable as it might be, failed to bring peace of mind. Once she had gone on her own way again, depression returned to weigh all the more heavily upon Margaret's soul. Nor was there anything to dispel it as she returned to her house and settled herself to rest and read while she waited for the maid to bring tea. The outlook into the future was dull and hopeless. It was impossible that things should remain as they were.

Then, abruptly, it occurred to her that she might be torturing herself quite needlessly. Perhaps her husband had not taken the whole affair so seriously as she. In masculine wise he might have brushed it aside as of no such profound consequence. Upon the impulse of the moment's desire to make sure, she went to the telephone and called for his office number.

It was the stenographer who answered. “Is this Mrs. Lester?” She recognized the voice. “Mr. Lester had to go out unexpectedly. Some one rang him up to say that a building was on fire—some



property of yours, I believe. He went down at once."

Beyond that her quick and anxious questionings elicited little. He had gone half an hour ago. They did not know when to expect him back.

She hung up the receiver and turned away. The building was on fire—he was down there. And he had said it was unsafe. Her ideas of what might occur at the scene of the conflagration were as vague as the greater part of those that had to do with the workaday, practical world about her. Several times, of course, she had seen fires, ones that had done no great damage. But she had only paid attention to the splendor of flames and smoke and to the handsome engine horses. So her imagination was free to conjure up visions of her husband rushing in to aid the firemen, risking his life that others might be saved. If he were to be hurt—killed—

It took possession of a mind already overwrought, and instantly she was almost beyond control of reason. All that presented itself clearly was a wish to be near him, to go down to the fire herself.

She sent the maid in haste for a cab; and before it came she was on the steps, waiting. The driver was moved from the stoical acceptance of circumstance fostered in his kind in so far as to look around at her curiously when she gave the address.

It was a smooth and silent progress down the street. They passed house after house, square after square. They came into the district where progress could be only a few yards at a time, with intervals of waiting for the movement of the serried mass ahead, or for a policeman's signaled permission. When her impatience became too great she asked if they could not go more quickly. At the next opportunity they turned to the right, gliding away with fewer interruptions. Directly they were on an avenue completely unfamiliar. Its length seemed limitless. Again she spoke to the man.

"Is it much farther?" she said, her voice high and nervous.

"We're a little over half-way," he told her, imperturbably.

She fell back and sat watching the register of the fare changing slowly be-

fore her eyes. It was oppressively quiet in this part of the city. A region of storehouses it seemed to be. She began to recall tales of women who had been taken away like this, who had disappeared, and had never been traced. The storehouses changed to what she supposed must be slums. Perhaps they were reaching the end at last.

Her fingers went to the door-handle as there reached her ears the chug-chug of engines and the sharp clang of a gong. In a minute they had stopped. The driver turned and spoke.

"It's as near as I can go," he said.

She stepped out to the sidewalk. They were upon the edge of a crowd that filled the street from side to side. The air was thick with smoke, darkening the sky of late afternoon. It poured from the roof and windows of a building in the distance. A tongue of flame licked out here and there, rolling up, falling back as a stream of water drove upon it. There were ladders in use. Down one of them a fireman was carrying something—some one.

A hand was laid upon her arm, and she turned, startled. "Was I to wait?" the driver asked.

"Oh!" she said. "I forgot. Yes—you had better wait."

"You're likely to get lost in the crowd and can't find me again," he suggested, with civil decision. "Maybe you'd better pay me now."

She took the money from her purse. "Don't go away," she begged.

Now that she was here she began to realize the futility, the foolishness of what she had done. There was no slightest chance that she would encounter her husband. And the crowd itself frightened her. They were a strange people, ill-clothed, unclean, for the most part speaking uncouth tongues. Those near by seemed to lose their interest in the fire as they watched her. In the moving and shifting she was being closed in, and she pushed back, stifled, afraid.

At the crowd's edge again, she found herself beside two women who were speaking in English. She brought herself to question them. They were ready with information. The fire had been burning nearly all the afternoon. It had started in one building and broken out in an-





*Drawn by T. K. Hanna*

IN HER EYES HE SAW THE LIGHT OF THE AWAITED DAWNING







other adjoining. Yes, a good many had been hurt. The ambulances had been there. A woman with a child in her arms had jumped from the roof. They said she had been killed. There had not been fire-escapes enough; that was the trouble. Everybody knew the building was dangerous.

It was asserted without bitterness, as a matter of fact that must be accepted among others less hard. But with an unintelligible, meaningless answer Margaret edged away, feeling faint and cold with horror, and afraid with a criminal's fear. She tried to efface herself, to escape notice, as she looked around for the cab. It had moved to a little distance down the street, and she went toward it, conscious of being observed and commented upon. There had been nothing more antagonistic than the coldly curious looks and silence as she passed, but she felt an intense relief when she was in the cab again—familiar bit of her world that it was, down here in the midst of this other so strange and inimical.

When she rang the bell of her own door it was after dark. The maid, coming hastily, anticipated her question, telling her that Mr. Lester had not returned.

The hour which followed seemed impossible to endure from minute to minute. Through the dull, aching sense that her life was quite ruined and must stretch on down the years, loveless and blighted with guilt, there pierced at every instant the sharp anxiety for her husband. What might have happened, that he had not, at the very least, telephoned to her? If he himself had been one of those carried away in an ambulance!

Then she heard the bell of the telephone, and before it had ceased to ring the receiver was at her ear. The voice was not Lester's, and she turned instantly faint with apprehension until she realized that it was some one speaking for him. He was on his way home, the man told her. Yes, he was safe, perfectly safe.

She was in the hallway as he opened the door; yet she stood off, uncertainly, looking into his tired and worn face, trying to read what it portended. Upon his own part, he gave her a questioning glance as he came forward. She felt his kiss to be cold and perfunctory, and despair surged blackly over her.

"I'm afraid you've been frightened," he was saying. "I tried to get you by telephone, but they said they couldn't find you. So I left a message. Did you get it?"

"Yes," she assented, lifelessly. There was a short pause filled with constraint. "I went to find you," she came out with what she had half meant to withhold. "I went down there."

"You went down there!" he repeated, incredulous. "To the fire? But why in the world did you do that?"

Her only answer was an uncontrollable burst of tears.

With his arm about her he led her into the room adjoining, and when she was soothed to quietness he explained the delay which he took to be the cause of her overwrought nerves. "I wanted to wait until after all danger was past—until I was sure nothing more was going to catch."

It did not, however, seem to be all that possessed her mind. "Were there many hurt?" she asked. It was reluctant, as if the utterance were again forced from her.

"I don't know—exactly," he answered. "I believe several were killed and injured. It was a bad business."

Her hands clinched upon his in a nervous contraction. He spoke no further reproach than the bare fact. But she could have felt it kinder if he had accused her unsparingly. Anything would have been less terrible than this distance he so quietly assumed to be between them. Yet that very order of fear which compels one to go toward some dreaded thing that may be lurking in the dark made her put one question more.

"And the woman with the child—the one who jumped?"

"They caught them in the nets. The poor thing was beside herself. If she had waited they could have taken her out. She didn't seem to be much the worse for the experience," he added. "I saw her standing on the steps of your building just before I left."

Momentarily he failed to account for the perplexity, the dazed bewilderment that his words produced. Then the truth suggested itself.

"Did you think it was your building that burned, Margaret?"

"They told me so at your office."



"To be sure they did," he assented, "because I thought so myself when I left. But you said you had been down there, and I had forgotten that you don't know the place when you see it. No," he set right the misconception. "It turned out to be a couple of tenements close by. For a good while, though, there was danger the flames would spread."

"It was not my property, then?" She spoke as if yet only half comprehending. "And the people—the people who were hurt—they were not my tenants?"

"No," he repeated. He was something at a loss to comprehend her manner of taking it. But he was too tired to make much effort at understanding. It had not occurred to him that she was interpreting the inertia of fatigue as indifference toward herself.

"I am sorry you were worried about it, dear," he said, as he settled back into his chair to smoke and rest. And he motioned that she should place a heap of cushions upon the floor, as she liked to do, sitting beside him. Absently she laid her hand on his knee, and he put his own over it, giving himself up to his weariness.

It was not wholly weariness of the flesh. The dissatisfaction of the morning, driven away for a time by crowding events, returned now, as something which was henceforth to be the accompaniment of his leisure, of all the moments whose occupation would not crowd it out. He felt unreality beneath this seeming close companionship. Was their life to become as that of all those others, the vast majority of husbands and wives for whom he had always entertained a half-contemptuous pity because they remained together in partial, makeshift relation? Yet now he understood better how they could adjust themselves to the compromise he could once have been so sure of scorning. Love was to be reckoned with—and marriage—apart from all the arguments of pure reason. And he loved her, and

she was his wife. He looked down at the dark head so near him, faith reasserting itself insistently.

He wondered if she were thinking of the fire and its results. What impression had it made upon her beyond the nervous excitement which had spent itself in tears? And then, as if in reply to the unexpressed question, she spoke.

"Dear—did you make the reservations to-day?"

A contraction seemed to go through all his frame, the manifestation of mental recoil. He compelled himself not to speak until he could let her feel only kindness. Then he answered measuredly: "No, I didn't, Margaret. I was just starting when I heard about the fire. But the first thing in the morning I will attend to it."

She moved now at length, looking up at him. In her eyes he saw so well the light of the awaited dawning, that he was scarcely aware of, scarcely needed, the slight movement refusing consent.

They fell again into silence as they continued to sit there together, his arm about her, drawing her a little nearer. He had forgotten his fatigue, forgotten almost everything save his contentment and hers.

Neither was conscious of how long it had been, when at length her voice came upon the stillness, less as sound than as the sensed passing of a thought.

"Even as it was—I have a responsibility—in a way." It was the tentative, appealing speech of a new, uncertain knowledge.

The effect was to bring before him, suddenly and terribly clear, the recollection of what had been paid that this knowledge should come, that this happiness of theirs might be. And there was vouchsafed to him also, after his need, new understanding. He was smiling a confidence which he felt within himself and could impart to her as he lifted her fingers to his lips.





# The Haunted Orchard

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

SPRING was once more in the world. As she sang to herself in the far-away woodlands her voice reached even the ears of the city, weary with the long winter. Daffodils flowered at the entrances to the Subway, furniture removing vans blocked the side streets, children clustered like blossoms on the doorsteps, the open cars were running, and the cry of the "cash clo'" man was once more heard in the land.

Yes, it was the spring, and the city dreamed wistfully of lilacs and the dewy piping of birds in gnarled old apple-trees, of dogwood lighting up with sudden silver the thickening woods, of water-plants unfolding their glossy scrolls in pools of morning freshness.

On Sunday mornings, the outbound trains were thronged with eager pilgrims, hastening out of the city, to behold once more the ancient marvel of the spring; and, on Sunday evenings, the railway termini were aflower with banners of blossom from rifled woodland and orchard carried in the hands of the returning pilgrims, whose eyes still shone with the spring magic, in whose ears still sang the fairy music.

And as I beheld these signs of the vernal equinox, I knew that I, too, must follow the music, forsake awhile the beautiful siren we call the city, and in the green silences meet once more my sweetheart Solitude.

As the train drew out of the Grand Central, I hummed to myself,

"I've a neater, sweeter maiden, in a greener, cleaner land"—

and so I said good-by to the city, and went forth with beating heart to meet the spring.

I had been told of an almost forgotten corner on the south coast of Connecticut, where the spring and I could live in an inviolate loneliness—a place uninhabited save by birds and blossoms, woods and

thick grass, and an occasional silent farmer, and pervaded by the breath and shimmer of the Sound.

Nor had rumor lied, for when the train set me down at my destination I stepped out into the most wonderful green hush, a leafy Sabbath silence, through which the very train, as it went farther on its way, seemed to steal as noiselessly as possible for fear of breaking the spell.

After a winter in the town, to be dropped thus suddenly into the intense quiet of the country-side makes an almost ghostly impression upon one, as of an enchanted silence, a silence that listens and watches but never speaks, finger on lip. There is a spectral quality about everything upon which the eye falls: the woods, like great green clouds, the wayside flowers, the still farm-houses half lost in orchard bloom—all seem to exist in a dream. Everything is so still, everything so supernaturally green. Nothing moves or talks, except the gentle susurrus of the spring wind swaying the young buds high up in the quiet sky, or a bird now and again, or a little brook singing softly to itself among the crowding rushes.

Though from the houses one notes here and there there are evidently human inhabitants of this green silence, none are to be seen. I have often wondered where the countryfolk hide themselves, as I have walked hour after hour, past farm and croft and lonely door-yards, and never caught sight of a human face. If you should want to ask the way, a farmer is as shy as a squirrel, and if you knock at a farm-house door, all is as silent as a rabbit-warren.

As I walked along in the enchanted stillness, I came at length to a quaint old farm-house—"old Colonial" in its architecture—embowered in white lilacs, and surrounded by an orchard of ancient apple-trees which cast a rich shade on the deep spring grass. The orchard had the



impressiveness of those old religious groves, dedicated to the strange worship of sylvan gods, gods to be found now only in Horace or Catullus, and in the hearts of young poets to whom the beautiful antique Latin is still dear.

The old house seemed already the abode of Solitude. As I lifted the latch of the white gate and walked across the forgotten grass, and up on to the veranda already festooned with wistaria, and looked into the windows, I saw Solitude sitting by an old piano, on which no composer later than Bach had ever been played.

In other words, the house was empty; and going round to the back, where old barns and stables leaned together as if falling asleep, I found a broken pane, and so climbed in and walked through the echoing rooms. The house was very lonely. Evidently no one had lived in it for a long time. Yet it was all ready for some occupant, for whom it seemed to be waiting. Quaint old four-poster bedsteads stood in three rooms—dimity curtains and spotless linen—old oak chests and mahogany presses; and, opening drawers in Chippendale sideboards, I came upon beautiful frail old silver and exquisite china that set me thinking of a beautiful grandmother of mine, made out of old lace and laughing wrinkles and mischievous old blue eyes.

There was one little room that particularly interested me, a tiny bedroom all white, and at the window the red roses were already in bud. But what caught my eye with peculiar sympathy was a small bookcase, in which were some twenty or thirty volumes, wearing the same forgotten expression—forgotten and yet cared for—which lay like a kind of memorial charm upon everything in the old house. Yes, everything seemed forgotten and yet everything, curiously—even religiously—remembered. I took out book after book from the shelves, once or twice flowers fell out from the pages—and I caught sight of a delicate handwriting here and there and frail markings. It was evidently the little intimate library of a young girl. What surprised me most was to find that quite half the books were in French—French poets and French romancers: a charming, very rare edition of Ronsard, a beautifully printed edition of Alfred de Musset,

and a copy of Théophile Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin*. How did these exotic books come to be there alone in a deserted New England farm-house?

This question was to be answered later in a strange way. Meanwhile I had fallen in love with the sad, old, silent place, and as I closed the white gate and was once more on the road, I looked about for some one who could tell me whether or not this house of ghosts might be rented for the summer by a comparatively living man.

I was referred to a fine old New England farm-house shining white through the trees a quarter of a mile away. There I met an ancient couple, a typical New England farmer and his wife; the old man, lean, chin-bearded, with keen gray eyes flickering occasionally with a shrewd humor, the old lady with a kindly old face of the withered-apple type and ruddy. They were evidently prosperous people, but their minds—for some reason I could not at the moment divine—seemed to be divided between their New England desire to drive a hard bargain and their disinclination to let the house at all.

Over and over again they spoke of the loneliness of the place. They feared I would find it very lonely. No one had lived in it for a long time, and so on. It seemed to me that afterwards I understood their curious hesitation, but at the moment I only regarded it as a part of the circuitous New England method of bargaining. At all events, the rent I offered finally overcame their disinclination, whatever its cause, and so I came into possession—for four months—of that silent old house, with the white lilacs, and the drowsy barns, and the old piano, and the strange orchard; and, as the summer came on, and the year changed its name from May to June, I used to lie under the apple-trees in the afternoons, dreamily reading some old book, and through half-sleepy eyelids watching the silken shimmer of the Sound.

I had lived in the old house for about a month, when one afternoon a strange thing happened to me. I remember the date well. It was the afternoon of Tuesday, June 13th. I was reading, or rather dipping here and there, in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. As I read, I



remember that a little unripe apple, with a petal or two of blossom still clinging to it, fell upon the old yellow page. Then I suppose I must have fallen into a dream, though it seemed to me that both my eyes and my ears were wide open, for I suddenly became aware of a beautiful young voice singing very softly somewhere among the leaves. The singing was very frail, almost imperceptible, as though it came out of the air. It came and went fitfully, like the elusive fragrance of sweetbrier—as though a girl was walking to and fro dreamily humming to herself in the still afternoon. Yet there was no one to be seen. The orchard had never seemed more lonely. And another fact that struck me as strange was that the words that floated to me out of the aerial music were French, half sad, half gay snatches of some long-dead singer of old France. I looked about for the origin of the sweet sounds, but in vain. Could it be the birds that were singing in French in this strange orchard? Presently the voice seemed to come quite close to me, so near that it might have been the voice of a dryad singing to me out of the tree against which I was leaning. And this time I distinctly caught the words of the sad little song:

*“Chante, rossignol, chante,  
Toi qui as le cœur gai;  
Tu as le cœur à rire,  
Moi, je l’ai-t-à pleurer.”*

But, though the voice was at my shoulder, I could see no one, and then the singing stopped with what sounded like a sob; and a moment or two later I seemed to hear a sound of sobbing far down the orchard. Then there followed silence, and I was left to ponder on the strange occurrence. Naturally, I decided that it was just a day-dream between sleeping and waking over the pages of an old book; yet when next day and the day after the invisible singer was in the orchard again, I could not be satisfied with such mere matter-of-fact explanation.

*“A la claire fontaine,”*

went the voice to and fro through the thick orchard boughs,

*“M’en allant promener,  
J’ai trouvé l’eau si belle*

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*Que je m’y suis baigné,  
Lui y a longtemps que je t’aime,  
Jamais je ne t’oublierai.”*

It was certainly uncanny to hear that voice going to and fro the orchard, there somewhere amid the bright sun-dazzled boughs—yet not a human creature to be seen—not another house even within half a mile. The most materialistic mind could hardly but conclude that here was something “not dreamed of in our philosophy.” It seemed to me that the only reasonable explanation was the entirely irrational one—that my orchard was haunted: haunted by some beautiful young spirit, with some sorrow of lost joy that would not let her sleep quietly in her grave.

And next day I had a curious confirmation of my theory. Once more I was lying under my favorite apple-tree, half reading and half watching the Sound, lulled into a dream by the whir of insects and the spices called up from the earth by the hot sun. As I bent over the page, I suddenly had the startling impression that some one was leaning over my shoulder and reading with me, and that a girl’s long hair was falling over me down on to the page. The book was the Ronsard I had found in the little bedroom. I turned, but again there was nothing there. Yet this time I knew that I had not been dreaming, and I cried out:

“Poor child! tell me of your grief—that I may help your sorrowing heart to rest.”

But, of course, there was no answer; yet that night I dreamed a strange dream. I thought I was in the orchard again in the afternoon and once again heard the strange singing—but this time, as I looked up, the singer was no longer invisible. Coming toward me was a young girl with wonderful blue eyes filled with tears and gold hair that fell to her waist. She wore a straight, white robe that might have been a shroud or a bridal dress. She appeared not to see me, though she came directly to the tree where I was sitting. And there she knelt and buried her face in the grass and sobbed as if her heart would break. Her long hair fell over her like a mantle, and in my dream I stroked it pityingly and murmured words of comfort for a sorrow I did not understand. . . . Then I woke suddenly as one does



from dreams. The moon was shining brightly into the room. Rising from my bed, I looked out into the orchard. It was almost as bright as day. I could plainly see the tree of which I had been dreaming, and then a fantastic notion possessed me. Slipping on my clothes, I went out into one of the old barns and found a spade. Then I went to the tree where I had seen the girl weeping in my dream and dug down at its foot.

I had dug little more than a foot when my spade struck upon some hard substance, and in a few more moments I had uncovered and exhumed a small box, which, on examination, proved to be one of those pretty old-fashioned Chippendale work-boxes used by our grandmothers to keep their thimbles and needles in, their reels of cotton and skeins of silk. After smoothing down the little grave in which I had found it, I carried the box into the house, and under the lamplight examined its contents.

Then at once I understood why that sad young spirit went to and fro the orchard singing those little French songs—for the treasure-trove I had found under the apple-tree, the buried treasure of an unquiet, suffering soul, proved to be a number of love-letters written mostly in French in a very picturesque hand—letters, too, written but some five or six years before. Perhaps I should not have read them—yet I read them with such reverence for the beautiful, impassioned love that animated them, and literally made them “smell sweet and blossom in the dust,” that I felt I had the sanction of the dead to make myself the confidant of their story. Among the letters were little songs, two of which I had heard the strange young voice singing in the orchard, and, of course, there were many withered flowers and such like remembrances of bygone rapture.

Not that night could I make out all the story, though it was not difficult to define its essential tragedy, and later on a gossip in the neighborhood and a headstone in the churchyard told me the rest.

The unquiet young soul that had sung so wistfully to and fro the orchard was my landlord's daughter. She was the only

child of her parents, a beautiful, wilful girl, exotically unlike those from whom she was sprung and among whom she lived with a disdainful air of exile. She was, as a child, a little creature of fairy fancies, and as she grew up it was plain to her father and mother that she had come from another world than theirs. To them she seemed like a child in an old fairy-tale strangely found on his hearth by some shepherd as he returns from the fields at evening—a little fairy girl swaddled in fine linen and dowered with a mysterious bag of gold.

Soon she developed delicate spiritual needs to which her simple parents were strangers. From long trauancies in the woods she would come home laden with mysterious flowers, and soon she came to ask for books and pictures and music, of which the poor souls that had given her birth had never heard. Finally she had her way, and went to study at a certain fashionable college; and there the brief romance of her life began. There she met a romantic young Frenchman who had read Ronsard to her and written her those picturesque letters I had found in the old mahogany work-box. And after a while the young Frenchman had gone back to France, and the letters had ceased. Month by month went by, and at length one day, as she sat wistful at the window, looking out at the foolish sunlit road, a message came. He was dead. That headstone in the village churchyard tells the rest. She was very young to die—scarcely nineteen years; and the dead who have died young, with all their hopes and dreams still like unfolded buds within their hearts, do not rest so quietly in the grave as those who have gone through the long day from morning until evening and are only too glad to sleep.

Next day I took the little box to a quiet corner of the orchard, and made a little pyre of fragrant boughs—for so I interpreted the wish of that young, unquiet spirit—and the beautiful words are now safe, taken up again into the aerial spaces from which they came.

But since then the birds sing no more little French songs in my old orchard.



# Mark Twain

SOME CHAPTERS FROM AN EXTRAORDINARY LIFE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

THIRD PAPER

MARK TWAIN tells us in *Life on the Mississippi* that he "ran away," vowing never to return until he could come home a pilot, shedding glory; but this is a literary statement. Coca and the Amazon had taken him to Cincinnati, and coca and the Amazon were still uppermost in his head when he engaged passage from Cincinnati to New Orleans on the *Paul Jones*, and so conferred immortality on that ancient little craft. He bade good-by to Cincinnati, put his traps aboard, the bell rang, the whistle blew, the gang-plank was hauled in, and he had set out on a voyage that was to continue not for a week or a fortnight, but for four years—four marvelous, sunlit years, the glory of which would color all that followed them.

In the Mississippi book the author conveys the impression of being then a boy of perhaps seventeen. Writing from that standpoint, he records incidents that were more or less inventions, or that happened to others. He was in reality more than twenty-one years old, for it was in April, 1857, that he went aboard the *Paul Jones*; and he was fairly familiar with steamboats and the general requirements of piloting. He had been brought up in a town that turned out pilots; he had heard the talk of their trade.

Horace Bixby, pilot of the *Paul Jones*, then a man of thirty-two—still living (1910) and at the wheel—was looking out over the bow, at the head of Island No. 35, when he heard a slow, pleasant voice say:

"Good morning."

Bixby was a clean-cut, direct, courteous man.

"Good morning, sir," he said, briskly, without looking around.

As a rule Mr. Bixby did not care for

visitors in the pilot-house. This one presently came up and stood a little behind him.

"How would you like a young man to learn the river?" he said.

The pilot glanced over his shoulder and saw a rather slender, loose-limbed young fellow with a fair, girlish complexion and a great tangle of auburn hair.

"I wouldn't like it. Cub pilots are more trouble than they're worth. A great deal more trouble than profit."

The applicant was not discouraged.

"I am a printer by trade," he went on, in his easy, deliberate way. "It doesn't agree with me. I thought I'd go to South America."

Bixby kept his eye on the river, but a note of interest crept into his voice.

"What makes you pull your words that way?" ("pulling" being the river term for drawling), he asked.

The young man had taken a seat on the visitors' bench.

"You'll have to ask my mother," he said, more slowly than ever. "She pulls hers, too."

Pilot Bixby woke up and laughed; he had a keen sense of humor, and the manner of the reply amused him.

"Come over and stand by the side of me," he said. "What is your name?"

The applicant told him, and the two stood looking at the sunlit water.

"Did you ever do any steering?" Bixby questioned.

"I have steered about everything on the river but a steamboat, I guess."

"Very well; take the wheel and see what you can do with a steamboat. Keep her as she is—toward that lower cottonwood snag."

Bixby had a sore foot and was glad of a little relief. He sat down on the bench and kept a careful eye on the course. By and by he said:



"There is just one way that I would take a young man to learn the river: that is, for money."

"What do you charge?"

"Five hundred dollars, and I to be at no expense whatever."

In those days pilots were allowed to carry a learner, or "cub," board free. Mr. Bixby meant that he was to be at no expense in port or for incidentals. His terms looked rather discouraging.

"I haven't got five hundred dollars in money," said Sam; "I've got a lot of Tennessee land worth twenty-five cents an acre; I'll give you two thousand acres of that."

Bixby dissented.

"No; I don't want any unimproved real estate. I have too much already."

The young man reflected upon the amount he could probably borrow of Pamela's husband without straining his credit.

"Well, then, I'll give you one hundred dollars cash and the rest when I earn it."

Something about this young man had won Horace Bixby's heart. His slow, pleasant speech, his unhurried, quiet manner with the wheel, his evident sincerity of purpose—these were externals, but beneath them the pilot felt something of that quality of mind or heart which later made the world love Mark Twain. The terms proposed were agreed upon. The deferred payments were to begin when the pupil had learned the river and was receiving pilot's wages.

At St. Louis Sam borrowed from his brother-in-law, Mr. Moffett, the funds necessary to make up his first payment, and so concluded his contract.

Horace Bixby was a "lightning" pilot, with a method of instruction as direct and forcible as it was effective. He was a small man, hot and quick-firing, though kindly, too, and gentle when he had blown off. After one rather pyrotechnic misunderstanding between them as to the manner of acquiring information, he said:

"My boy, you must get a little memorandum-book, and every time I tell you a thing put it down right away. There's only one way to be a pilot, and that is to get this entire river by heart. You have to know it just like A B C."

So Sam Clemens got the little book, and presently it "fairly bristled" with

the names of towns, points, bars, islands, bends, and reaches, but it made his heart ache to think that he had only half of the river set down; for, as the watches were four hours off and four hours on, there were long gaps in which he had slept.

The little note-book still exists—thin and faded, with black, waterproof covers—its neat, tiny, penciled notes telling the story of that first trip. Most of them are cryptographic abbreviations, not readily deciphered now. Here and there is an easier line:

"Meriwether's Bend.

" $\frac{1}{4}$  less 3\*—run shape of upper bar and go into the low place in willows about 200 [ft.] lower down than last year."

One simple little note out of hundreds far more complicated. It would take days for the average mind to remember even a single page of such statistics. And those long, four-hour gaps where he had been asleep—they are still there, and somehow, after more than fifty years, the old heartache is still in them. He got a new book, maybe, for the next trip, and laid this one away.

There is but one way to account for the fact that the man whom the world knew as Mark Twain—dreamy, unpractical, and indifferent to details—ever persisted in acquiring knowledge like that in the vast, the absolutely limitless quantity necessary to Mississippi piloting. It lies in the fact that he loved the river in its every mood and aspect and detail, and not only the river, but a steamboat; and still more, perhaps, the freedom of the pilot's life and its prestige. Wherever he has written of the river—and in one way or another he was always writing of it—we feel the claim of the old captivity and that it still holds him.

The demands of the Missouri River trade took Horace Bixby away from the Mississippi somewhat later, and he consigned his pupil, according to custom, to another pilot—it is not certain now to just which pilot, but probably to Zeb Leavenworth or Beck Jolly, of the *John J. Roe*. The *Roe* was a freight-boat, "as slow as an island and as comfortable

\* Depth of water—one quarter less than three fathoms.



as a farm." In fact, the *Roe* was owned and conducted by farmers, and Sam Clemens thought if John Quarles's farm could be set afloat it would greatly resemble that craft in the matter of good-fellowship, hospitality, and speed. It was said of her that up-stream she could even beat an island, though down-stream she could never quite overtake the current.

He had a heavenly time on the *John J. Roe*, and then came what seemed inferno by contrast. Bixby returned, made a trip or two, then left and transferred him again, this time to a man named Brown. Brown had a berth on the fine new steamer *Pennsylvania*, one of the handsomest boats on the river, and young Clemens had become a fine steersman, so it is not unlikely that both men at first were gratified by the arrangement.

But Brown was a fault-finding, tyrannical chief, ignorant, vulgar, and malicious. In the Mississippi book the author gives his first interview with Brown—also his last one. For good reasons these occasions were burned into his memory, and they may be accepted as substantially correct. Brown's first greeting was a surly question.

"Are you Horace Bigsby's cub?"

"Bixby" was usually pronounced "Bigsby" on the river, but Brown made it especially offensive, and followed it up with questions and comments and orders still more odious. His subordinate soon learned to detest him thoroughly. It was necessary, however, to maintain a respectful deportment—custom, discipline, even the law, required that—but it must have been a

hard winter and spring the young steersman put in during those early months of 1858, restraining himself from the gratification of slaying Brown. Time would bring revenge—a tragic revenge and at a fearful cost—but he could not



CAPTAIN HORACE BIXBY

From a Photograph taken in 1907

guess that, and he put in his spare time planning punishments of his own.

He had been on the river nearly a year now, and though universally liked and accounted a fine steersman, he was receiving no wages. There had been small need of money for a while, for he had no board to pay; but clothes wear out at last, and there were certain incidentals. The *Pennsylvania* made a round trip in about thirty-five days, with a day or two of idle time at either end. The young pilot found that he could get night employment, watching



freight on the New Orleans levee, and thus earn from two and a half to three dollars for each night's watch. Sometimes there would be two nights, and with a capital of five or six dollars he accounted himself rich.

Of course, life with Brown was not all sorrow. At either end of the trip there was respite and recreation. In St. Louis, at Pamela's, there was likely to be company; Hannibal friends, mostly—schoolmates—girls, of course. At New Orleans he visited friendly boats, especially the *John J. Roe*, where he was generously welcomed. One such visit on the *Roe* he never forgot. A young girl was among the boat's guests that trip—another Laura—fifteen, winning, delightful. They met, of course, and were mutually attracted; in the life of each it was one of those bright spots which are likely to come in youth; one of those sudden, brief periods of romance—love—call it what you will—the thing that leads to marriage if pursued.

"I was not four inches from that girl's elbow during our waking hours for the next three days."

Then came a sudden interruption: Zeb Leavenworth came flying aft shouting:

"The *Pennsylvania* is backing out."

A flutter of emotion; a fleeting good-by; a flight across the decks, a flying leap from romance back to reality, and it was all over. He never saw her again, never heard from her for forty-eight years, when both were sad and old.

In a letter dated March 9, 1858, we get the beginning of a tragic episode for which, though blameless, Samuel Clemens always held himself responsible.

"Henry was doing little or nothing

here [St. Louis], and I sent him to our clerk to work his way for a trip, measuring wood-piles, counting coal-boxes, and doing other clerkly duties, which he performed satisfactorily. He may go down with us again."

Henry Clemens was about twenty at this time, a handsome, attractive boy, of whom his brother was lavishly fond and proud. He did go on the next trip, and continued to go regularly after that, as third clerk. It was a bright spot in those hard days to have Henry along. The boys spent a good deal of their leisure with the other pilot, George Ealer, who "was as kind-hearted as Brown wasn't," and quoted Shakespeare and Goldsmith, and played the flute to

his fascinated and inspiring audience. These were things worth while. The young steersman could not guess that the shadow of a long sorrow was even then stretching across the path ahead.

The *Pennsylvania* sailed from St. Louis as usual and made a safe trip to New Orleans. A safe trip, but an eventful one; on it occurred that last interview with Brown, already mentioned. It is recorded in the Mississippi book, but cannot be omitted here. Somewhere down the river (it was in Eagle Bend) Henry appeared on the hurricane-deck to bring an order from the captain for a landing to be made a little lower down. Brown was somewhat deaf, but would never confess it. He may not have understood the order; at all events he gave no sign of having heard it, and went straight ahead. He disliked Henry, as he disliked everybody of finer grain than himself, and in any case was too arrogant to ask for a repetition. They were passing the landing, when Captain Klinefelter appeared on deck and called



PAMELA CLEMENS (MRS. MOFFETT)



to him to let the boat come around, adding:

"Didn't Henry tell you to land here?"

"No, sir."

Captain Klinefelter turned to Sam.

"Didn't you hear him?"

"Yes, sir."

Brown said:  
"Shut your mouth!  
You never heard  
anything of the  
kind!"

By and by Henry came into the pilot-house unaware of any trouble. Brown set upon him in his ugliest manner.

"Here, why didn't you tell me we had got to land at that plantation?" he demanded.

Henry was always polite, always gentle.

"I did tell you, Mr. Brown."

"It's a lie."

Sam Clemens could stand Brown's abuse of himself, but not of his brother, so when Brown suddenly seized Henry by the collar and struck him in the face, Sam was instantly upon Brown, with a heavy stool, and stretched him on the floor.\*

Brown swore that he would leave the boat at New Orleans if Sam Clemens remained on it, and Captain Klinefelter told Brown to go. Then, when another pilot could not be obtained to fill his place, the captain offered to let Clemens himself run the daylight watches, thus showing his confidence in the knowledge of the young steersman who had been only a little more than a year at the wheel. Clemens himself had less confidence, and advised the captain to keep Brown for the trip to St. Louis. He would follow up the river by another boat, and resume his place as steersman when Brown was gone.

\* In the Mississippi book the author says that Brown started for Henry with a lump of coal, but in a letter written at the time he relates it as above.

A foreboding would seem to have troubled him the night before the *Pennsylvania* sailed. Henry liked to join in the night-watches on the levee when he had finished his duties, and the brothers often walked the round chatting together. On this particular night the

elder spoke of disaster on the river. Finally he said:

"In case of accident, whatever you do, don't lose your head—the passengers will do that. Rush for the hurricane-deck and to the life-boat, and obey the mate's orders. When the boat is launched, help the women and children into it. Don't get in yourself. The river is only a mile wide. You can swim ashore easily enough."

It was good, manly advice, but it

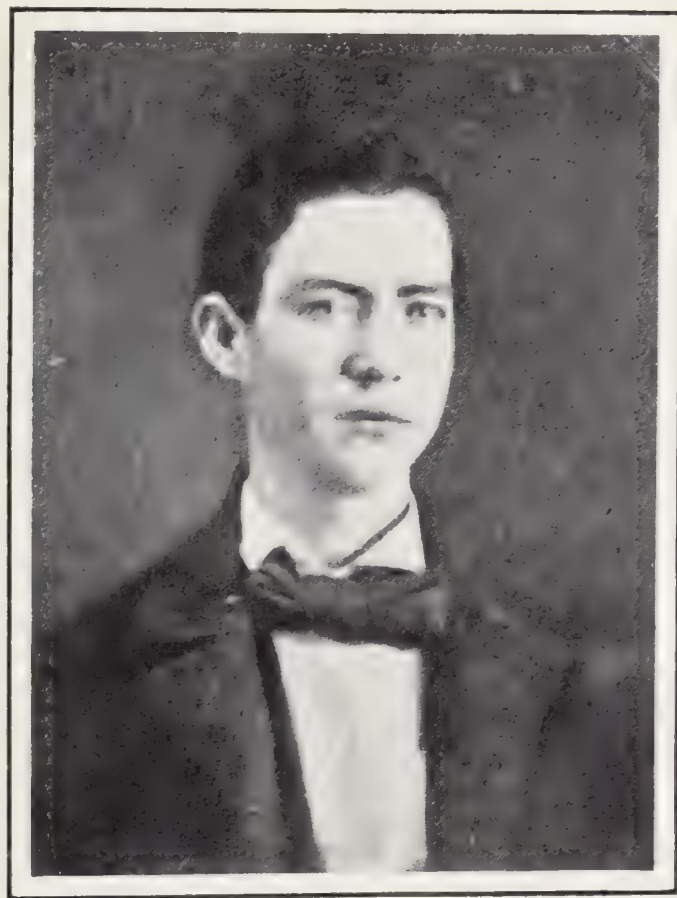
yielded a harvest of sorrow.

Captain Klinefelter obtained his steersman a pass on the *A. T. Lacey*, which left two days after the *Pennsylvania*. The *Lacey* touched at Greenville, Mississippi, and a voice from the landing shouted:

"The *Pennsylvania* is blown up just below Memphis, at Ship Island! One hundred and fifty lives lost!"

Nothing further could be learned there, but that evening, at Napoleon, a Memphis extra reported some of the particulars. Henry Clemens's name was mentioned as one of those who had escaped injury. Still farther up the river they got a later extra. Henry was again mentioned; this time as being scalded beyond recovery. By the time they reached Memphis they knew most of the details.

At six o'clock that warm, mid-June morning, while loading wood from a large flatboat sixty miles below Memphis, four out of eight of the *Pennsylvania's* boilers had suddenly exploded, with fearful results. All the forward



HENRY CLEMENS



end of the boat had been blown out. Many persons had been killed outright; many more had been scalded and crippled and would die. It was one of those hopeless, wholesale steamboat slaughters which for more than a generation had made the Mississippi a river of death and tears.

Samuel Clemens found his brother stretched upon a mattress on the floor of an improvised hospital—a public hall—surrounded by more than thirty others more or less desperately injured. He was told that Henry had inhaled steam and that his body was badly scalded. His case was considered hopeless.

Henry was one of those who had been blown into the river by the explosion. He had started to swim for the shore, only a few hundred yards away; but presently, feeling no pain and believing himself unhurt, he had turned back to assist in the rescue of the others. What he did after that could not be clearly learned.

His brother, hearing these things, was thrown into the deepest of agony and remorse. He held himself to blame for everything: for Henry's presence on the boat; for his advice concerning the safety of others; for his own absence, when he might have been there to help and protect the boy. He wanted to telegraph at once to his mother and sister to come, but the doctors persuaded him to wait—just why he never knew. He sent word of the disaster to Orion, who by this time had sold out in Keokuk and was in East Tennessee studying law; then he set himself to the all but hopeless task of trying to nurse Henry back to life.

But this was not to be. It would seem that Mark Twain's cup of remorse must always be overfull. The final draught that would embitter his years was added the sixth night after the accident—the night that Henry died. He could never bring himself to write about it in detail. He was never known to speak of it but twice.

Henry had rallied, and improved slowly. Dr. Peyton came around about eleven o'clock on the sixth night and made careful examination. He said:

"I believe he is out of danger and may get well. He is likely to be restless

during the night; the groans and fretting of the others will disturb him. If he cannot rest without it, tell the physician in charge to give him one-eighth of a grain of morphine."

The boy did wake during the night and was disturbed by the complaining of the other sufferers. His brother told the young medical student in charge what the doctor had said about the morphine. But morphine was a new drug then; the student hesitated, saying:

"I have no way of measuring. I don't know how much one-eighth of a grain would be."

Henry grew rapidly worse—more and more restless. His brother was half beside himself with the torture of it. He went to the medical student.

"If you have studied drugs," he said, "you ought to be able to judge an eighth of a grain of morphine."

The young man's courage was overruled. He yielded and labeled out, in the old-fashioned way, on the point of a knife-blade, what he believed to be the right amount. Henry took it and immediately sank into a heavy sleep. He died before morning. His chance of life had been infinitesimal, and his death was not necessarily due to the drug; but Samuel Clemens, unsparing in his self-blame, all his days carried the burden of it.

Orion arrived from Tennessee, and the brothers took their sorrowful burden to St. Louis, and subsequently to Hannibal, his old home.

From Hannibal the family returned to Pamela's home in St. Louis. There one night Orion heard his brother moaning and grieving and walking the floor of his room. By and by he came in to where Orion was. He could endure it no longer, he said—he "must tell somebody." Then he poured out all the story of that last tragic night. It has been set down here because it accounts for much in his after-life.

In many ways he never overcame the tragedy of Henry's death. He never really looked young again. Gray hairs had come, and they did not disappear. His face took on the serious, pathetic look which from that time it always had in repose. At twenty-three he looked thirty. At thirty he looked nearer forty.



After that the discrepancy in age and looks became less notable. In vigor, complexion, and temperament he was regarded in later life as young for his years, but never in looks.

The young pilot returned to the river as steersman for George Ealer, whom he loved, and in September of that year obtained a full license as Mississippi River pilot. Bixby had returned by this time, and they were again together—first on the *Crescent City*, later on a fine new boat called the *New Falls City*. Clemens was still a steersman when Bixby returned, but as soon as his license was granted (September 9, 1858) his old chief took him as full partner.

He was a pilot at last. In eighteen months he had packed away in his head all the multitude of volatile statistics and acquired that confidence and courage which made him one of the elect, a river sovereign. At twenty-three he had acquired a profession which surpassed all others for absolute sovereignty, and yielded an income equal to that then earned by the Vice-President of the United States. He could help his mother with a liberal hand, and he did. He helped Orion, too, with money and with advice. Orion was ten years his senior, but he was no longer head of the house of Clemens. His well-intentioned but unpersistent attempts had kept him lagging in the race of life, and he had dropped a long way behind.

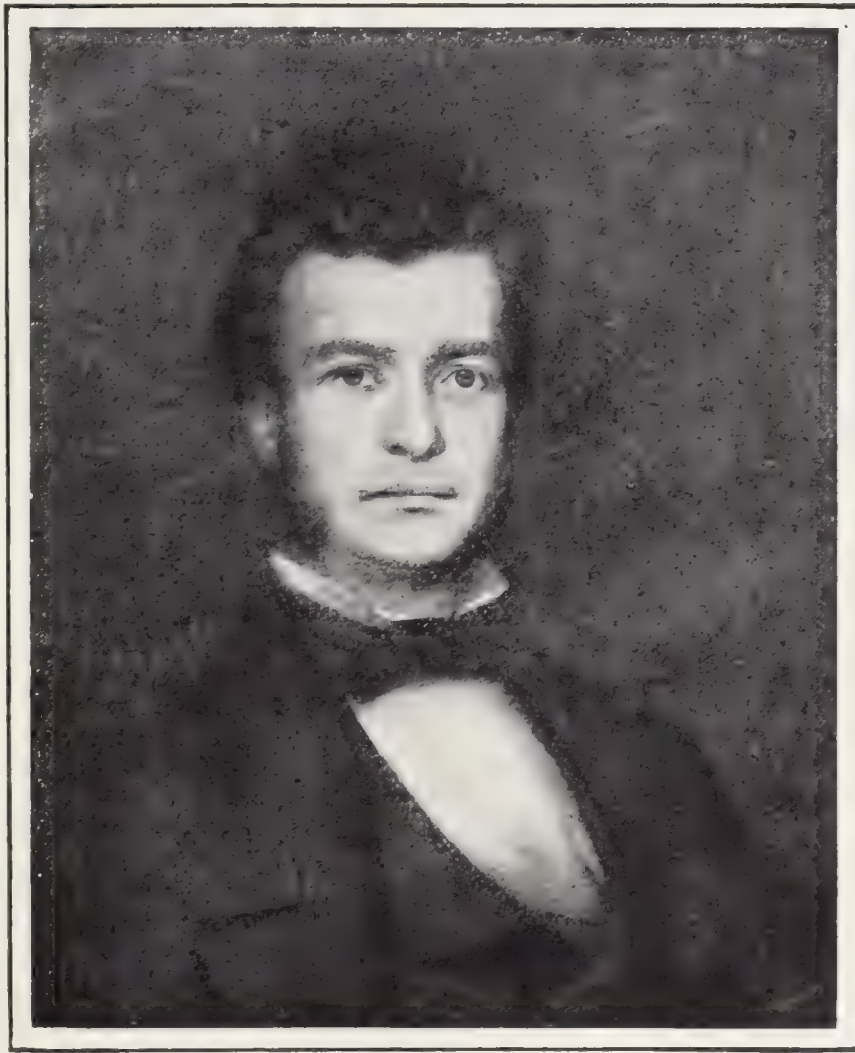
Orion and his wife had returned to

Keokuk by this time, waiting for something in the way of a business opportunity. His pilot brother wrote him more than once letters of encouragement and counsel. Here and there he refers to the tragedy of Henry's death and the shadow it had cast upon his life; but he was young, he was successful, his

spirits were naturally exuberant. In the exhilaration of youth and health and success, he finds vent at times in that natural human outlet, self-approval. He not only exhibits this weakness, but confesses it with characteristic freedom:

Putting all things together, I begin to think I am rather lucky than otherwise—a notion which I was slow to take up. The other night I

was about to "round to" for a storm, but concluded that I could find a smoother bank somewhere. I landed five miles below. The storm came—passed away and did not injure us. Coming up, day before yesterday, I looked at the spot I first chose, and half the trees on the bank were torn to shreds. We couldn't have lived five minutes in such a tornado. And I am also lucky in having a berth, while all the other young pilots are idle. This is the luckiest circumstance that ever befell me. Not on account of the wages—for that is a secondary consideration—but from the fact that the *City of Memphis* is the largest boat in the trade and the hardest to pilot, and consequently I can get a reputation on her, which is a thing I never could accomplish on a transient boat. I can "bank" in the neighborhood of \$100 a month on her, and that will satisfy me for the present (principally because the other youngsters



MARK TWAIN WHEN A PILOT  
From an Oil Portrait, 1858-9



are *sucking their fingers*). Bless me! what a pleasure there is in revenge!—and what vast respect Prosperity commands! Why, six months ago I could enter the “Rooms” and receive only the customary fraternal greeting; now they say, “Why, how *are* you, old fellow—when did you get in?”

And the young pilots who used to tell me, patronizingly, that I could never learn the river cannot keep from showing a little of their chagrin at seeing me so far ahead of them. Permit me to “blow my horn,” for I derive a *living* pleasure from these things, and I must confess that when I go to pay my dues I rather like to let the d—d rascals get a glimpse of a hundred-dollar bill peeping out from amongst notes of smaller dimensions whose face I do *not* exhibit! You will despise this egotism, but I tell you there is a “stern joy” in it.

And we may pardon his vanity. He could hardly fail to feel his glory, and revel in it and wear it as a halo, perhaps, a little now and then in the Association Rooms. In this day he is remembered as a figure there, though we

may believe, regardless of his own statement, that it was not entirely because of his success. As the boys of Hannibal had gathered around to listen when Sam Clemens began to speak, so we may believe that the pilots in the “Rooms” at St. Louis and New Orleans laid aside other things when he had an observation to make or a tale to tell. Few of his stories of those days are remembered now, and perhaps all could not be printed even if they could be recalled. Occasionally some of his droll yarns would get into the papers. He may have written them himself.

But if he published any work in those river days he did not acknowledge it later—with one exception. Nor was the exception intended for publication. It was a burlesque written for the amusement of his immediate friends. He has told the story himself more than once, but it belongs here for the reason that somewhere out of the general circumstance of it there originated a

pseudonym—one day to become the best known in the hemisphere—the name “Mark Twain.”

That terse, positive, peremptory, dynamic pen-name was first used by an old pilot named Isaiah Sellers, a sort of “oldest inhabitant” of the river, who made the other pilots weary with the scope and antiquity of his reminiscent knowledge. He contributed paragraphs of general information and Nestorian opinions to the New Orleans *Picayune*, and signed them “Mark Twain.” They were quaintly egotistical in tone, usually beginning, “My opinion, for the benefit of the citizens of New Orleans,” and reciting incidents and comparisons dating as far back as 1811.

Captain Sellers naturally was regarded as fair game by the young



WHERE MARK TWAIN LANDED IN CARSON CITY  
The Ormsby Hotel, now called the Park Hotel





THE FRAME SHOPS OF CARSON CITY

Practically unchanged since the days when Mark Twain loitered there

pilots, who amused themselves by imitating his manner and general attitude of speech. But Clemens went further: he wrote at considerable length a broadly burlesque imitation signed "Sergeant Fathom," with an introduction which referred to the said Fathom as "one of the oldest cub pilots on the river." The letter that followed related a perfectly impossible trip, supposed to have been made in 1763 by the steamer "the old first *Jubilee*," with a "Chinese captain and a Choctaw crew." It is a gem of its kind, and will bear reprint in full to-day.

The burlesque delighted Bart Bowen, who was Clemens's pilot partner on the *Edward J. Gay* at the time. He insisted on showing it to others, and finally upon printing it. Clemens was reluctant, but consented. It appeared in the New Orleans *True Delta* in 1859, and was widely and boisterously enjoyed.

It broke Captain Sellers's literary heart. He never contributed another paragraph. Mark Twain always regretted the whole matter deeply, and his own revival of the name was a sort of tribute to the old man he had thoughtlessly wounded. If Captain Sellers has knowledge of material matters now, he

is probably satisfied; for these things brought to him and to the name he had chosen what he could never himself have achieved—immortality.

Those who knew Samuel Clemens best in those days say that he was slender, well dressed—even dandified—given to patent-leathers, blue serge, white duck, and fancy-striped shirts. Old for his years, he heightened this appearance at times by wearing his beard in the atrocious mutton-chop fashion then popular, but becoming to no one, least of all to him. The pilots regarded him as a great reader—a student of history, travels, literature, and the sciences—a young man whom it was an education as well as an entertainment to know. When not at the wheel he was likely to be reading or telling yarns in the Association Rooms.

He began the study of French one day when he passed a school of languages where three tongues—French, German, and Italian—were taught, one in each of three rooms. The price was twenty-five dollars for one language, or three for fifty dollars. The student was provided with a set of cards for each room, and supposed to walk from one apartment to another, changing tongues



at each threshold. With his usual enthusiasm and prodigality the young pilot decided to take all three languages, but after the first two or three round trips concluded that for the present French would do. He did not return to the school, but kept his cards and bought text-books. He must have studied pretty faithfully when he was off watch and in port, for his river note-book contains a French exercise, all neatly written, and it is from the *Dialogues* of Voltaire.

This note-book is interesting for other things. The notes are no longer timid, hesitating memoranda, but vigorous records made with the dash of assurance that comes from confidence and knowledge and with the authority of one in supreme command.

The note-book contains no record of disasters. Horace Bixby, who should know, has declared:

"Sam Clemens never had an accident either as steersman or as a pilot, except once when he got aground for a few hours in the bagasse [cane] smoke, with no damage to anybody—though of course there was some good luck in that, too, for the best pilots do not escape trouble now and then."

A letter written at this time records a visit with Pamela to a picture-gallery in St. Louis, where was being exhibited Church's "Heart of the Andes." He describes the picture in detail and with vast enthusiasm.

"I have seen it several times," he concludes, "but it is always a new picture—totally new; you seem to see nothing the second time that you saw the first."

In another letter of this period we get a definite hint of the Mark Twain of later years. It was written to John T. Moore, a young clerk on the *John J. Roe*. This is a paragraph:

What a fool old Adam was. Had everything his own way; had succeeded in gaining the love of the best-looking girl in the neighborhood, but yet, unsatisfied with his conquest, he had to eat a miserable little apple. Ah, John, if you had been in his place you would not have eaten a mouthful of the apple—that is, if it had required any exertion. I have noticed that you shun exertion. There comes in the difference between us. I court exertion. I love work. Why, sir, when I have a piece of work to perform I go away to myself, sit down in

the shade, and muse over the coming enjoyment. Sometimes I am so industrious that I muse too long. . . .

The breaking-out of the Civil War, with the closing of the river, marks the end of Mark Twain's career as a pilot.

There had been plenty of war talk, but few of the pilots believed that war was really coming. Traveling that great commercial highway, the river, with intercourse both of North and South, they did not believe that any political differences would be allowed to interfere with the nation's trade, or would be settled otherwise than on the street corners, in the halls of legislation, and at the polls. True, several States, including Louisiana, had declared the Union a failure and seceded, but the majority of opinions were not clear as to how far a State had rights in such a matter, or as to what the real meaning of secession might be. Comparatively few believed it meant war. Samuel Clemens had no such belief. A letter from New Orleans, bearing the date of February 6, 1861, contains no mention of war, or of any special excitement in New Orleans.

Such things came soon enough: President Lincoln was inaugurated on the 4th of March, and six weeks later Fort Sumter was fired upon. Men began to speak out then and to take sides.

It was a momentous time in the Association Rooms. There were pilots who would go with the Union; there were others who would go with the Confederacy. Horace Bixby was one of the former, and in due time became chief of the Union River Service. Another pilot, named Montgomery (Samuel Clemens had once steered for him), declared for the South, and later commanded the Confederate Mississippi fleet. They were all good friends, and their discussions, though warm, were not always acrimonious; but they took sides.

A good many were not very clear as to their opinions. Living both North and South as they did, they saw various phases of the question and divided their sympathies. Some were of one conviction one day and of another the next. Samuel Clemens was of the less radical element. He knew there was a good deal to be said for either cause; furthermore,



he was not then bloodthirsty. A pilot-house, with its elevated position and transparency, seemed a poor place to be in when fighting was going on.

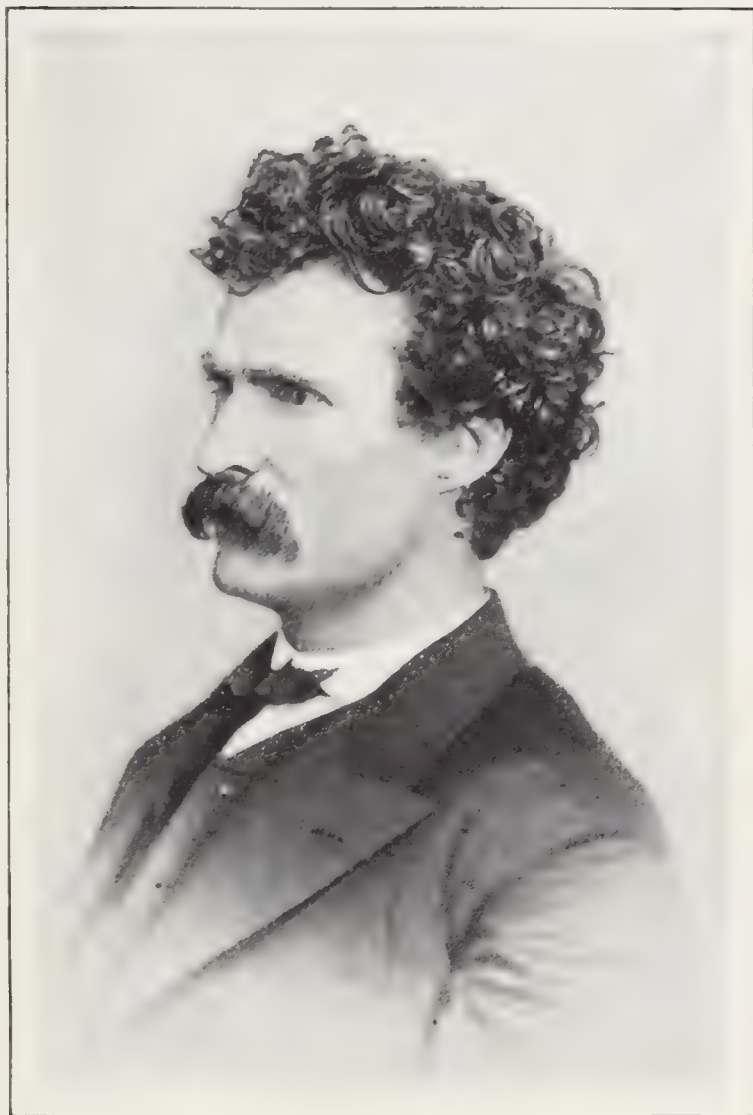
He did not realize it, but he had made his last trip as a pilot. It is rather curious that his final brief notebook entry should begin with his future *nom de plume* — a memorandum of soundings — “mark twain” — and should end with the words “no lead.”

He went up the river as a passenger, on a steamer named the *Uncle Sam*. Zeb Leavenworth was one of the pilots, and Sam Clemens usually stood watch with him. They heard war talk all the way and saw preparations, but they were not molested, though at Memphis they barely escaped the blockade. At Cairo, Illinois, they saw soldiers mustering and drilling—troops later commanded by Grant. The *Uncle Sam* came steaming up toward St. Louis, those on board congratulating themselves on having come through unscathed. They were not quite through, however. Abreast of Jefferson Barracks they suddenly heard the boom of a cannon and saw a whorl of smoke drifting in their direction. They did not realize that it was a signal—a thunderous *Halt!*—and kept straight on. Less than a minute later there was another boom, and a shell exploded directly in front of the pilot-house, breaking a lot of glass and destroying a good deal of the upper decoration. Zeb Leavenworth fell back into a corner with a yell.

“Good Lord Almighty, Sam!” he said, “what do they mean by that?”

Clemens stepped to the wheel and brought the boat around. “I guess they want us to wait a minute, Zeb,” he said.

They were examined and passed. It was the last steamboat to make the trip from New Orleans to St. Louis. Mark Twain’s pilot days were over.



MARK TWAIN  
After the Civil War

The inauguration of Abraham Lincoln brought Edward Bates into his Cabinet, and Bates was Orion Clemens’s friend. Orion applied for something, and got it. James W. Nye had been appointed Territorial Governor of Nevada, and Orion was made Territorial Secretary. You could strain a point and refer to the office as “Secretary of State,” which was an imposing title. Furthermore, the secretary would be Acting Governor in the Governor’s absence, and there would be various sub-

sidary honors. When Samuel Clemens arrived in Keokuk, Orion was in the first flush of his triumph, and needed only money to carry him to the scene of new endeavor. Sam had accumulated money out of his pilot salary. He agreed that if Orion would appoint him now as his (Orion’s) secretary, he would supply the funds for both overland passages, and they would start with no unnecessary delay for a country so new that all human beings, regardless of previous affiliations and convictions, were flung into the common fusing-pot and recast in the general mold of Pioneer.

The offer was a boon to Orion. He adored patronage and rank, and the money was vitally necessary. In the briefest possible time he had packed his belongings, which included a large un-



abridged dictionary, and the brothers were on their way to St. Louis for final leave-taking before setting out for the great, mysterious land of promise, the Pacific West. From St. Louis they took the boat for St. Joseph, Missouri, whence the overland stage started, and for six days "plodded" up the shallow, muddy, snaggy Missouri—a new experience for the pilot of the Father of Waters.

At St. Joseph they paid one hundred and fifty dollars apiece for their stage fare (with something extra for the dictionary), and on the 26th of July, 1861, set out on that long, delightful trip behind sixteen galloping horses—or mules—never stopping except for meals or to change teams, heading steadily into the sunset, following it from horizon to horizon over the billowy plains across the snow-clad Rockies, covering the seventeen hundred miles between St. Jo and Carson City (including a two-day halt in Salt Lake City) in nineteen glorious days. What an inspiration in such a trip! In *Roughing It* he tells it all, and says, "Even at this day it thrills me through and through to think of the life, the gladness, and the wild sense of freedom that used to make the blood dance in my face on those fine Overland mornings."

The nights, with the uneven mail-bags for a bed and the bounding dictionary for company, were less exhilarating, but then youth loves that sort of thing despite its inconvenience. And sometimes the clatter of the pony-rider swept by in the night, carrying letters at five dollars apiece and making the Overland trip in eight days: just a quick beat of hoofs in the distance—a dash, and a hail from the darkness—the beat of hoofs again—then only the rumble of the stage and the even, swinging gallop of the mules. Sometimes they got a glimpse of the pony-rider by day—a flash, as it were, as he sped by. And every morning brought new scenery, new phases of frontier life, including at last what was to them the strangest phase of all, Mormonism.

They spent two wonderful days at Salt Lake City, that mysterious and remote capital of the great American Monarchy which still flaunts its ancient creed and thrives. Frank Fuller, then Acting Governor in Utah, made it his business

to show them the city and the life there. Between Frank Fuller and Samuel Clemens a friendship developed in those two days which continued for a lifetime and resulted in at least one important advantage to the latter, as we shall see by and by. The Overland travelers set out refreshed from Salt Lake City, and with a new supply of delicacies—ham, eggs, and tobacco—things that make such a trip worth while. The author of *Roughing It* assures us of this:

Nothing helps scenery like ham and eggs. Ham and eggs, and after these a pipe—an old, rank, delicious pipe—ham and eggs and scenery, a "down-grade," a flying coach, a fragrant pipe, and a contented heart—these make happiness. It is what all the ages have struggled for.

It was a hot, dusty August 14th that the stage reached Carson City and drew up before the Ormsby Hotel. It was known that the Territorial Secretary was due to arrive, and something in the nature of a reception, with refreshments and frontier hospitality, had been planned. Governor Nye, formerly Police Commissioner in New York City, had arrived a short time before, and with his party of retainers ("heelers" we would call them now) had made an imposing entrance. Perhaps something of the sort was expected with the advent of the Secretary of State. Instead, the committee saw two wayworn individuals climb down from the stage, unkempt, unshorn—clothed in the roughest of frontier costume, the same they had put on at St. Jo—dusty, grimy, slouchy, and weather-beaten with long days of sun and storm and alkali-desert dust. It is not likely there were two more unprepossessing officials on the Pacific coast at that moment than the newly arrived Territorial Secretary and his brother. Somebody identified them, and the committee melted away; the half-formed plan of a banquet faded out and was not heard of again. Soap and water and fresh garments worked a transformation, but that first impression had been fatal to festivities of welcome.

Carson City, the capital of Nevada, was a "wooden town," with a population of two thousand souls. Its main street





THE OVERLAND BARNs IN CARSON CITY  
From which the stages set out on their long trips overland

consisted of a few blocks of small frame stores, some of which are still standing.

The Clemens brothers took lodging with a genial Irishwoman, Mrs. Murphy, a New York retainer of Governor Nye, who boarded the "Brigade," as the camp-followers were called.\*

Orion Clemens, anxious for laurels, established himself in the meager fashion which he thought the government would approve; and his brother, finding neither duties nor salary attached to his secondary position, devoted himself mainly to the study of human nature as exhibited under frontier conditions.

Within a brief time "Sam" Clemens (he was never known as otherwise than "Sam" among those pioneers) was about the most conspicuous figure on the Carson streets. His great bushy head of auburn hair, his piercing, twinkling eyes, his loose, lounging walk, his careless disorder of dress, drew the immediate attention even of strangers—made them turn to look a second time, and then inquire as to his identity.

He had quickly adapted himself to the frontier mode. Lately a river sovereign and dandy, in fancy percales and patent-

leathers, he had become the roughest of rough-clad pioneers, in rusty slouch hat, flannel shirt, coarse trousers slopping half in and half out of the heavy cow-skin boots. Always something of a barbarian, in love with the loose habit of unconvention, he went even further than most others and became a sort of paragon of disarray.

His friends contracted the mining mania; Bob Howland, the Governor's nephew, and "Raish" Phillips went down to Aurora and acquired "feet" in mining claims and wrote him enthusiastic letters. With Captain Nye, the Governor's brother, he visited them, and was presented with an interest which would enable him to contribute an assessment every now and then toward the development of the mine, but his enthusiasm still languished.

He was interested more in the native riches above ground than in those concealed under it. He had heard that the timber around Lake Bigler (Tahoe) promised vast wealth which could be had for the asking. The lake itself and the adjacent mountains were said to be beautiful beyond the dream of art. He decided to locate a timber claim on its shores.

\* The "Mrs. O'Flannigan" of *Roughing It*.



He made the trip afoot with a young Ohio lad, John Kinney, and the account of this trip, as set down in *Roughing It*, is one of the best things in the book. The lake proved all they had expected—*more* than they expected. It was a veritable habitation of the gods, with its delicious, winy atmosphere, its vast colonnades of pines, its measureless depths of water, so clear that to drift on it was like floating high aloft in mid-nothingness. They staked out a timber claim and made a semblance of fencing it, and of building a habitation, to comply with the law; but their chief employment was a complete abandonment to the quiet luxury of that dim solitude: wandering among the trees, lounging along the shore, or drifting on the transparent, insubstantial sea. They did not sleep in their house, he says.

"It never occurred to us, for one thing; and, besides, it was built to hold the ground, and that was enough. We did not wish to strain it."

They lived by their camp-fire on the borders of the lake, and one day—it was just at nightfall—it got away from them, fired the forest, and destroyed their fence and habitation. His picture of the superb night spectacle—the mighty mountain conflagration, reflected in the waters of the lake—is splendidly vivid, the work of the finished literary artisan. The reader may wish to compare it with this extract from a letter written to Pamela at the time:

The level ranks of flame were relieved at intervals by the standard-bearers, as we called the tall dead trees, wrapped in fire, and waving their blazing banners a hundred feet in the air. Then we could turn from the scene to the lake, and see every branch and leaf, and cataract of flame upon its banks, perfectly reflected, as in a gleaming, fiery mirror. The mighty roaring of the conflagration, together with our solitary and somewhat unsafe position (for there

was no one within six miles of us), rendered the scene very impressive.

This is good writing, too, but it lacks the choicer fancy and phrasing which would develop later. The fire ended their first excursion to Tahoe, but they made others and located other claims, claims in which the "folks at home"—Mr. Moffett, James Lampton, and others—were included. It was the same James Lampton who would one day serve as a model for Colonel Sellers. Evidently Samuel Clemens had a good opinion of his relative's business capacity in that earlier day. He writes:

This is just the country for Cousin Jim to live in. I don't believe it would take him six months to make \$100,000 here if he had \$3,000 to commence with. I suppose he can't leave his family, though.

The letter bears date of October 25th, and from it we gather that a certain interest in mining claims had by this time developed:

We have got about 1,650 feet of mining ground, and if it proves good, Mr. Moffett's name will go in, and if not I can get "feet" for him in the spring.

You see, Pamela, the trouble does not consist in getting mining ground—for there is plenty enough—but the money to work it with, after you get it.

He refers to Pamela's two little children, his niece Annie and Baby Sam,\* and promises to enter claims for them, timber claims, probably, for he was by no means sanguine yet concerning the mines. That was a long time ago. Tahoe land is sold by the lot now, to summer residents. Those claims would have been riches to-day, but they were all abandoned presently—forgotten in the delirium of the mines.

\* Samuel E. Moffett, in later life a well-known journalist and editor.

Mark Twain's two weeks' war experience, here omitted, has been humorously narrated by himself in "The Private History of a Campaign that Failed."

Mr. Paine will be glad to receive Mark Twain letters (or copies of them); also personal reminiscences (not hearsay). These may be sent care of Harper & Brothers.



# The Friend of the Family

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

THE village knew just exactly when she died; for it was Easter eve, and some good woman decorating the church, which was close to her house, passed with a bundle of lilies at ten minutes to three in the afternoon. The blinds were all brightly up then and the windows wide open. There was an air of brisk domestic living—since all her sons and daughters were staying in the place and dolefully awaiting the end. There was a tradesman's cart at the back entrance, and the butcher-boy whistled as he drove off.

But at ten minutes past three, when the decorator again passed, going back to fetch a forgotten pitcher of cold water for her lilies, all the blinds were down, and the old house made a cold patch on the hot April day. So the news spread, and the village was quickly made aware. They were saying in every house and over garden fences, standing there in the sunshine on this idle Saturday afternoon, that it was a merciful release—for her, anyway. As for the others, they must presently sweep up the crumbs of the doleful affair and then throw grief aside. Hers had been an anguished, long illness, ugly and most wearisome, and people, talking it over in the pitiful, neighborly way, wondered why some made such a hard exit and why some died sweetly in their sleep. They wondered, too, what her husband would do, now she was gone. For he had leaned on her completely. They wondered if he would make his home with one of his married sons or daughters, and, if so, which one would consent to have him. Or would he just stay on where he was?

He had brought her as a bride to that old house, which stood in the very shadow of the far older church, forty-three years ago. Here together they lived; bringing up their children and presenting an admirable picture of well-bred married life. For over forty years her career

had been, so far as the village and all the world knew, estimable, harmless, and quite uneventful. Now she was dead. And the village people would certainly miss her very bitterly. For she had been generous to the poor and tender to the sick. It was she who did everything, inside her house and out of it. As for her husband, no one ever referred to him upon important matters. He was a person of peevish health.

It was she who had been vigorous and capable and calm: she had not only made both ends meet, but had made a show of positive elegance upon an absurdly small income. People wondered how she did it, and they wondered also how it was that, with all her cares and occupations, she had managed to remain gracious and simple. She had escaped the reputation of a prig—that rock upon which so many good and clever women founder. She appeared, indeed, to have some silent, big strength behind her. Yet the whole story of her life nobody knew, not even her daughters.

Forty-three years ago she had, so to say, clicked shut her lips—and no key had been cunning enough to unlock them.

There were five daughters, and she had married every one of them wisely and well before they were twenty-five. They were all perfectly happy, so they said, and she believed them. If belief sometimes slipped, she slid respect in its place.

Her secret with each girl had been precisely the same. Each time a lover had appeared upon the maidenly horizon she had asked, with a motherly courage that is beautiful and rare: "Do you love his kisses because they are his, or because they are just kisses? Think this out, my darling; for bodily joy is the touchstone of the spirit. Of that I feel convinced." So far as she knew, they each pondered upon this, and with profit. As for her sons, when their time came, she did not trouble. Men must flounder



about and choose for themselves; for men were more headstrong and obtuse altogether!

Well, but to-day, this Easter eve, she lay dead, and the house was darkened. She was no longer staring numbly through her bedroom window, watching the spring. For many weeks, ever since the bleak winter, she had looked out of that window, from dawning until dusk. Only yesterday she had listened to the jovial blackbird and the little, mournful robin. And although she was old and dying, those two birds made her want to laugh and cry, for all her springs of feeling were quite fresh still—and this had made the sharpness of her perfectly silent suffering through forty years; and this it was which had supplied her strength.

She had listened to the birds, she had watched the growing flush of those tall elms that stood sentry at her gates. She saw a green veil half untwisted, something gauzy and half suggested. Those leaves, faintly uncurling—and she would not live to see them at their glorious full—made her old heart beat in a funny way. Yet she never said a word of it; for never had she been a woman to say things. Therefore the astonishing piece of advice which she had given, time after time, to five daughters had been all the more amazing. It showed an insight they had not credited her with, insight and intuition—for often she appeared merely stolid. She watched those two elms at her gate. She looked beyond the gate and saw the far-stretching common, with its brown and gray and purple patches, with its dim hints of chastened pink. These faint colorings reminded her of the gowns she had chosen and worn since she became an old woman. They were hanging upon hooks in that brown wardrobe by the wall now, and nevermore would she lift them off again. Then, staring still at the common, she loved the merry gambolings of tiny kids tethered near the grave old mother goats.

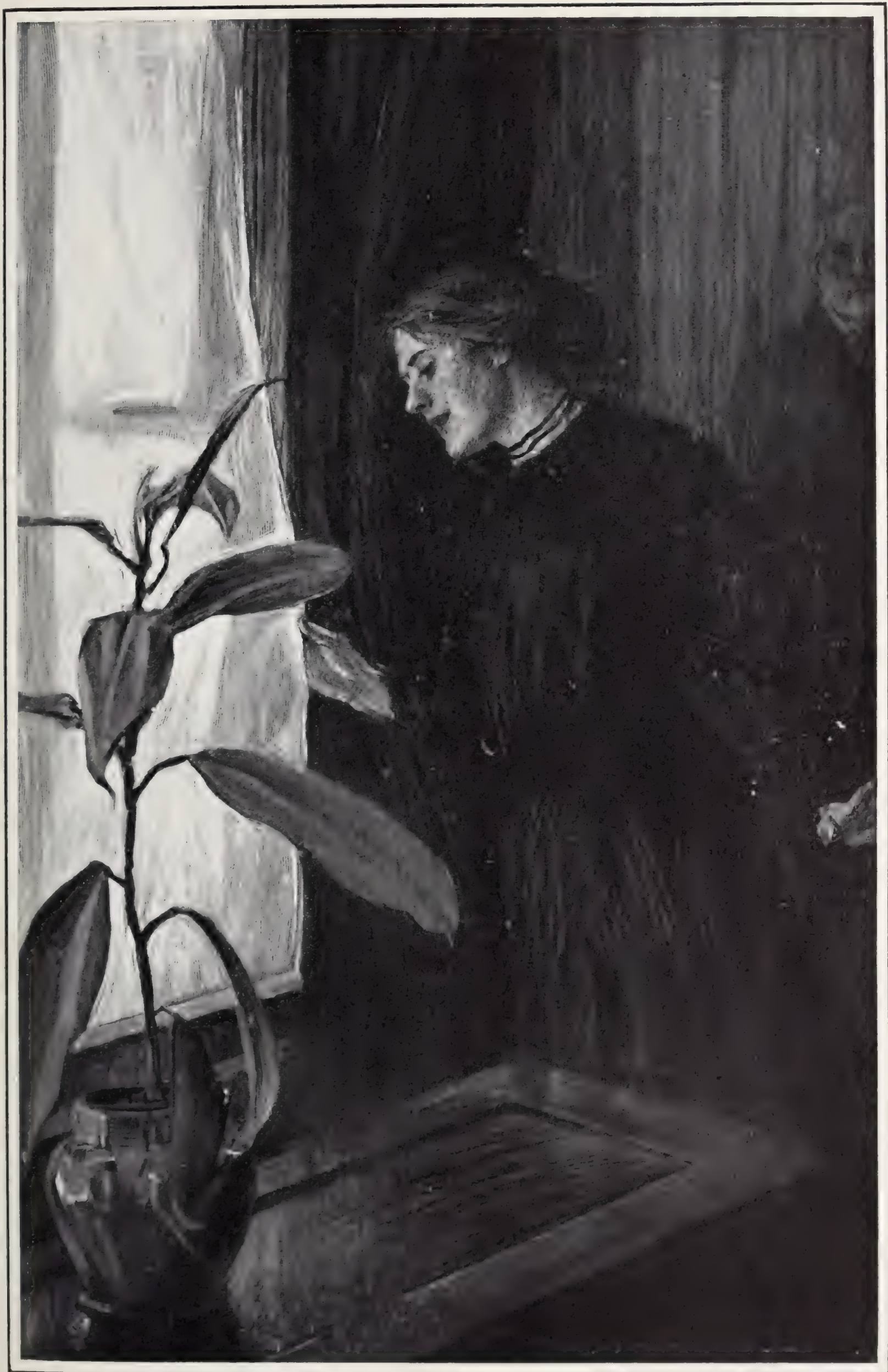
Far away on the edge of her world, looking through the window, was a hill, and upon it a clump of Scotch firs growing. You could tell the weather by those firs; for sometimes they were dense and menacing, and seemed to stride quite close to you, and sometimes they were

wrapped in lovely films of sunshine and warm airs. On that hill, when they were little, she had picnicked with her boys and girls. They had all of them been so merry, driving off in the overflowing pony-cart. She had been merry too, in her mother way—yet always there was a lost name lying at the very bottom of her heart. She had five daughters and three sons, and they had all been round her bed when the time came and she died. It was a rich ending to a rich life, so they felt, these stricken men and women. Weeping, they thought of that wife and mother mentioned in the Book of Proverbs. Her life had been of that order—wise and measured, calm and prolific.

The day before the funeral the eight children, some of them with their husbands or wives, were sitting with their father in his study at the back of the house, a large, quiet room, and luxurious. It had always been a family tradition that he must have quiet and comfort in the study, although just why nobody knew; for he only read novels and the newspaper. In the front of the house, which faced south, was a square hall, and opening from it on either side the dining-room and drawing-room. There was no drawing-room for living use just now; the mother had been put in her coffin and carried down there. The raftered old room was nothing but candles and a bank of white flowers. She lay, so it seemed, gracious and stately, quite virginal, in a field of lilies.

They were all of them sitting in that stunned, uncomfortable way of the bereaved; longing for to-morrow, yet dreading it to be over, since that would sever the last link. They did not speak much nor judge it discreet to show much sign of life at all. For one thing, they were afraid of the old widower. They would not for worlds hurt his feelings—and they felt such perfect strangers with him. They were sorry for him and tender for him, yet they could not possibly mix their sorrow with his. He had always been cold, and most unaccountably aloof. To him they owed only duty and the respectful expression of filial affection. Over their mother, to whom they owed everything, there had broken continually the caressing sea of their united love.





*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth,

ONE OF THE DAUGHTERS STOLE TO THE WINDOW AND LIFTED THE BLIND







One of the sons, the oldest one, who had not married, had written to her every day, wherever he was. They had laughed, the mother and son, calling it her love-letter.

They were all sitting in this manner of tombs when there came an imperious ring at the front door—ring and a double knocking. Altogether, it was a summons that sounded convulsive. They said to one another in shocked whispers and with dreary raisings of the eyebrow:

“Who on earth can that be?”

One of the daughters stole to the window and lifted the blind very cautiously.

“It is a man,” she told them, “an old man, and—yes, he is certainly a gentleman.”

“Come and sit down, Evelyn,” her father said, sternly. Thirty years ago he had said, in exactly the same voice and showing the same mien, “Go to bed, Evelyn.” She sat down at once, for he must not be distressed, to-day of all days—the poor, dear old martinet.

Then the parlor-maid came in and took a card up to him. He stared at it in a dazed fashion, and not one of his children essayed to speak.

“It is a family friend.” He remained standing up and twiddling the card; then, correcting himself, he added: “Did I say friend? I mean a man upon business.” He spoke very carefully, and they distrusted his mental state. Evidently he was confused and broken by his big bereavement, and that was only natural.

His three sons all stood up; they said, together, “Let me go.” But he, by his manner, sent them, so one might say, reeling back against the wall: he pinioned them there by the steady glare of his old, cold eyes. They had all learned very early, and early their mother had taught them, that he must not be opposed in any way; that is, if you wanted peace and quietness in the house. Yet they did not believe that he knew what he was talking about; nor that he knew, any more than they did, the manner of man who waited for him or the nature of his business.

Yet they let him go out of the room alone, and, as he went, the three tall sons sat down again looking foolish, and one said to another: “It can’t be the undertaker. He wouldn’t come back.”

The daughter who had seen said, scornfully: “Undertaker! He wasn’t at all that sort.”

They listened to their father as he went along the short passage leading, round a corner, to the front of the house. He walked ponderously, with a funny pad-pad. It was a step that indexed his character; for it expressed slowness and a certain massivity. Here was a man who would doggedly stand upon his rights. The sound of those imperious old feet, so well planted and so deliberate, died away. They heard them no more, nor did they hear any more that little, dry cough of his. He was gone round the corner, and the air of the room seemed to lift.

The visitor in the dining-room—family friend or man upon business?—stood up straight, with a hand doubled in a silly, clumsy way—in a theatrical way—upon the table. It was a stout old table and big, for this was the board of a generous family.

When the door opened, he turned round, and as the husband quietly shut the door, they stared at each other transfixed, and then, in a halting way, as if the words were out of working order through long disuse, they said each other’s names.

“Sit down,” said the husband, pointing to a chair.

They sat down, and they kept staring at each other—for in forty years men do change. And staring, each man’s eyes expressed self-congratulation, and each one was plainly saying within himself, “I don’t look as old as he does.”

They broke the oppressive silence at first not by speech, but by the widower’s snapping cough. The other man remembered it, and it seemed, that cough, to be younger, to be more intimate and friendly than the heavy old man, with the bleached, unhappy face, sitting in the chair opposite. “You’ve still got that cough?” he said—and then he nearly laughed, for it seemed such an inept thing to be saying.

“Yes. Forty-five years ago the doctors swore it would kill me. But it didn’t, you see.”

Again they looked at each other, very steadily, and at any moment either mouth might have stretched to a broad grin,



for this interview was horrible. Yet it was a meeting which one of them had rehearsed a hundred times, and at each time he had varied the mode.

"I saw it in the papers and I came down at once," he said. Receiving no answer to this, he added: "I have always hoped that in such a case you would have sent for me—first. But I suppose you didn't know where to find me."

"Of course I didn't know. And why on earth should I send for you?"

"I saw it in the paper," repeated the other man, in a voice of surly misery, "so I came."

The husband nodded. "Just like you to watch the papers. I knew you would. I suppose you've done it all these years?"

"Yes, always"—the voice was so touchingly simple; "I've seen when her children were born and when they got married. I was glad when she became a grandmother, yet it seemed so comic and so unreal. On those days"—his voice now was reckless and quite young—"when there was any notice concerning her, it was the only bit that the paper printed—for me; every other spot of it a perfect blank upon my soul." He crumpled up the table-cloth, then let its folds loose.

The husband listened and watched. His expression scornfully said, "What can you do with a fool like that?"

"The funeral is to-morrow," he said, bluntly. "You can't come. I won't have that. My dear fellow, to please me—don't. The children, grown up and married—what do you think they'd suppose? And then, if only for her sake—" He broke off, looking across the table helplessly.

"The funeral!" Now here was a laugh, and the first that these old walls had heard for weeks. "You don't think that I'd be there—a doting old fool in frock-coat—to throw a flower in upon her? Be easy, old man, about that."

He spoke affectionately, he seemed to reach out for friendliness. Yet when he said "old man" it sounded a gibe, for the widower looked so uncommonly old. He looked old and dazed. Getting up stiffly, he said, with reluctance, "You'd like to see her?"

"I must see her. I came here for that, and you can't, you won't refuse me."

So they both stood up.

"Why didn't you get married yourself?" asked her husband, testily. "What is the good of nursing this sort of thing? You might have got married and been happy. She was."

"No, she wasn't;" there was glorious certitude to the brusk, most brutal contradiction. "Neither was I. We were not made of supple stuff. But I married; just to steady myself and to see if a man could forget. Yet no man ever does. Call those who forget some slighter name; for they are not made in the image of God, who is Love. It was all a strain and a shadow, my married life."

"And your wife?"

"Dead, long ago. A good wife—and I think she was happy. She said so."

"Any children?"

"None. Will you take me in to her?"

"I'll take you in, but I can't leave you alone," said the other, with a very well-known air of prudence and grudging and caution.

"Alone? Why? I don't ask it. Come along."

So they opened the door and went, the two of them—one eager and the other slow—across the square, sunlit hall. It was a lovely day, and the ticking of that clock in the corner told of steady life and constant happiness; not of death and of the scented, cold air where she was lying—all oblivious to those two men outside and to the differing quality of their feet. Once she had thrilled, as she listened and identified. Death has neither pulse nor any passion.

Sun streamed into the house; yet it was a subtly shadowed place, and it spoke of penurious feeling. People had often wondered why; yet that old woman lying dead in there had known why. And the living man standing to-day a stranger outside her door—he knew. Also her children had known, and one by one, when their turn came, they had been glad to get married and go. It had been the somber influence of the husband which had shadowed the old house and made home a dead place, most unhappy.

The two old men were standing outside her door, and one of them was a stranger. Here she had lived as a wife



for over forty years, and here she had borne to another man eight children. He thought of this while he waited patiently for her husband to turn the handle of the door. The mystery of life and the appalling penance of it—yes, to do penance, when, so far as you knew, you had not sinned—froze his heart. Almost, he wished that he had not come; for the moment was too hard to bear.

“Be careful. There is a step down,” whispered the widower. The door swung back; they stepped down; the door closed softly, and once more, after forty years, and more than forty years, the three of them were together in one room—yet she lay quite uncaring.

He had noticed the house in every detail since the moment when he was admitted into it. And he marked it for what it was—an old farm, that had been added to and altered and in many ways spoiled. Yet nothing could take from the restful proportions of its low, large rooms, nor take from it the rich, traditional air of a pretty dwelling. It was burdened most sweetly with living and dying; with birth and youth and old age. It was a structure crammed to the very roof with a sense of the miraculous, and it was fragrant with secrets of the unsuspected sort; moreover, it was sad to death with the fertile human burden of its hundreds of years.

In this drawing-room where she so long had ruled there was that stunned sense of death. You felt it long before you saw her coffin, standing gaunt in the corner. The visitor for the present was searching eagerly about the room, and seeing anything but the coffin. He marked the many things that he remembered her by. He saw an array of costly china and saw a big pier-glass in a frame that was of gilded wood, with many twirls and twists and scrolls. This china and that glass had belonged to her mother long ago, and he recalled the house where she had lived as a girl. It was a stately old house on Clapham Common, standing in the middle of well-kept gardens and prosperous grounds.

When his wife died ten years ago—and why did he go just then?—he had made a pilgrimage to Clapham Common, looking for the house. He found only the site, and upon it stood five rows of

small, most deplorable villas. He had glared at them, with their bulging parlor windows in the front, and their wretched rows of flapping washing at the back. He had tried hard, and quite hopelessly, to fix the spot where once a big cedar-tree had stood. There had been a bench beneath it, and he wondered savagely whose particular fire that bench had fed when the time for burning came. Then he had turned away, leaving the squalor of those new streets.

He felt now, staring in a dazed, wild way around this country room, with a rafted ceiling and the charming bow-window, that for the rest of his life he would abhor the languid smell of lilies. They had banked them up by her dear feet. Every one had sent flowers; the room was full of them and faint with them. There was a little, low door over there in the corner opposite the door that you came in by. It was half hidden and heavily draped. Once this room had been the farm-house kitchen, and that door, blocked up for more than half a century, had led into the dairy. He did not know this, of course, nor would he have cared. All he knew was that the house appeared secret and twisting. There were unexpected doors, corners, and dark steps everywhere. The place wore a sly air of state secrets.

They had set her coffin on its trestles beside that draped door. Over there in the corner she was lying. He said, moving stealthily forward, whispering, yet sounding savage:

“Take off the lid.”

The husband at this moved forward also, and with strange docility. Yet before he touched the coffin he turned upon his companion with a regular show of teeth. It was a dog’s snarl; nothing less. It showed that some men—the men of this sort—have not traveled very far along the road to heaven—that place where Love is free to all, and very pure.

“When I married her,” he said, and his hand was now upon the lid, “nobody thought I would live to make old bones. They shook their heads at me, the confounded doctors, and they said so. Yet here”—he coughed; yet it might have been a laugh—“I am. When she was my wife and when the children came, I lived; perhaps to spite you both. If it



was that, then God forgive me; that is all I can say." His manner certainly seemed to laugh, all through its remorseful half-apology.

"Now you may look," he said, speaking more softly and uncovering her face. Speaking, he stood aside—yet slowly. By constitution he was retentive and slow.

The other man looked. They had lain her, rather quaintly, half upon her side. It was a careless attitude, and seemed to softly banter.

He looked—seeing quite an old woman. She had never sought to conceal her age or to patch up ravages; quite otherwise, she had often seemed to go out and meet Age half-way. She had been ever eager to show herself to the world as the woman that, to the world, she was—the excellent, methodical, good housekeeper, the practical woman, the benevolent, well-balanced old Christian. All of that and nothing, nothing more; no romance, no mystery, no sadness. She had trodden a bare road of naked sunlight. Her hair was gray—and there was not so much of it, either. Her eyes—how old those lids looked!

Yet the yearning spirit of the man who now viewed her was delicately picking away at that fretwork of Time upon her face, until at last he seemed to see it looking young again, and beautiful and tortured and brave, and sharp with mental agony. So she had looked on that last night beneath the cedar a week before her wedding day.

It was so incomparably comforting to see her again, and to notice about her loved body those little things which in forty years had come to be half forgotten. He had tried so desperately to keep Memory unsullied and quite fresh; yet some of the colors had faded.

He looked at her demurely folded hands. They had taken the rings off, and he was thankful for that. He saw again, and he hoarded forever, that funny dear thumb-nail—the half-moon of it was uneven. How could he have forgotten? And, seeing it so clearly, the more he stared at it the more he ached and burned and yearned to clutch that hand and kiss it, and so stir her into life, his darling. He would make her live; his love should raise her up. Then they would float away and be impalpable.

They would be together; no, they would be just one. They would be so happy out there, and so young, eternally, in the hazy April day; seen only by angels, serenaded by birds.

"You both came to me and begged me, a week before the wedding, and I wouldn't," said the husband, thoughtfully.

The other man said, stupidly, "No, you wouldn't." He couldn't take his eyes off that adorable thumb-nail; and it seemed sacrilege to speak.

"The ethics of our time, the time when we were all young, were so well-bred and balanced and beautiful," the husband said, succulently. "She kept faith with me nobly all through. Nowadays a girl would have—"

"Leave off, can't you, Richard? I don't want to philosophize. Let me look at her."

"She looks so young," the husband said—it seemed that he, at least, must talk; "twenty years younger than when she died."

"Young, young! What do you mean?"

"My dear fellow," returned the other, suddenly speaking with far more patience and sweetness than he usually showed, "just look at us!" He pointed sardonically to the big glass with the gilt frame, taking his companion in a friendly way by the shoulder and half twisting him. So they looked in the glass and saw themselves just as they were—two old men beside a dead old woman.

The husband smiled, in a sad and finished way. Life for him had been jog-trot and comfortable, and never once had he been jealous. Why be jealous when a woman is your wife and the estimable, placid mother of your eight children? Was she not his? He had been fretful always; but that was of the body. His soul sat sleek.

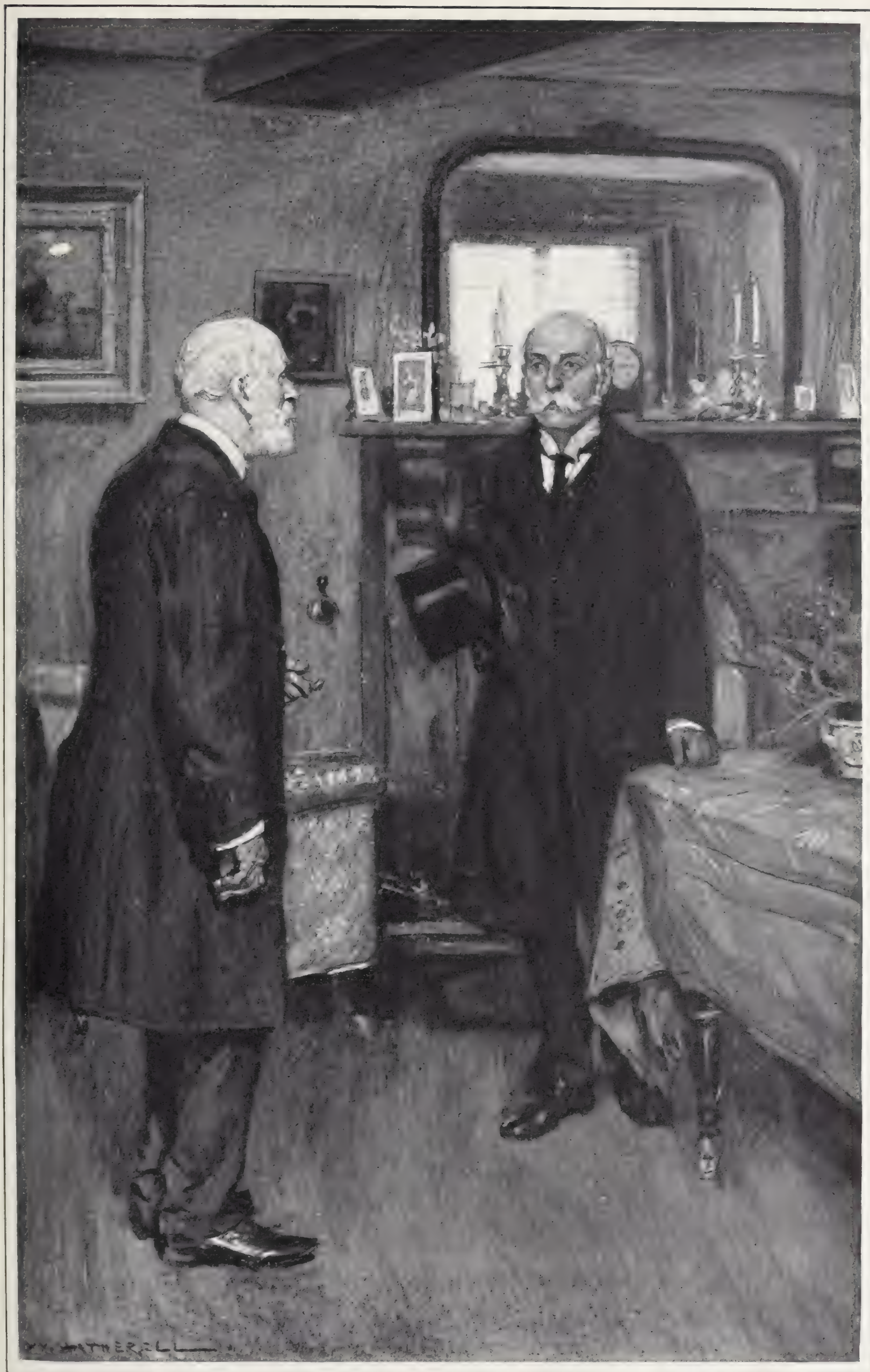
"She had a dreadful illness, painful and—and costly," he said. He gave his little cough; reflecting that the doctor's bill would be long.

"I wish you would let me look at her—and keep quiet."

"My dear fellow, you must go. I dare not let you stay long. There are my children to think of—married themselves."

"Yes, yes, I know." He nodded, yet

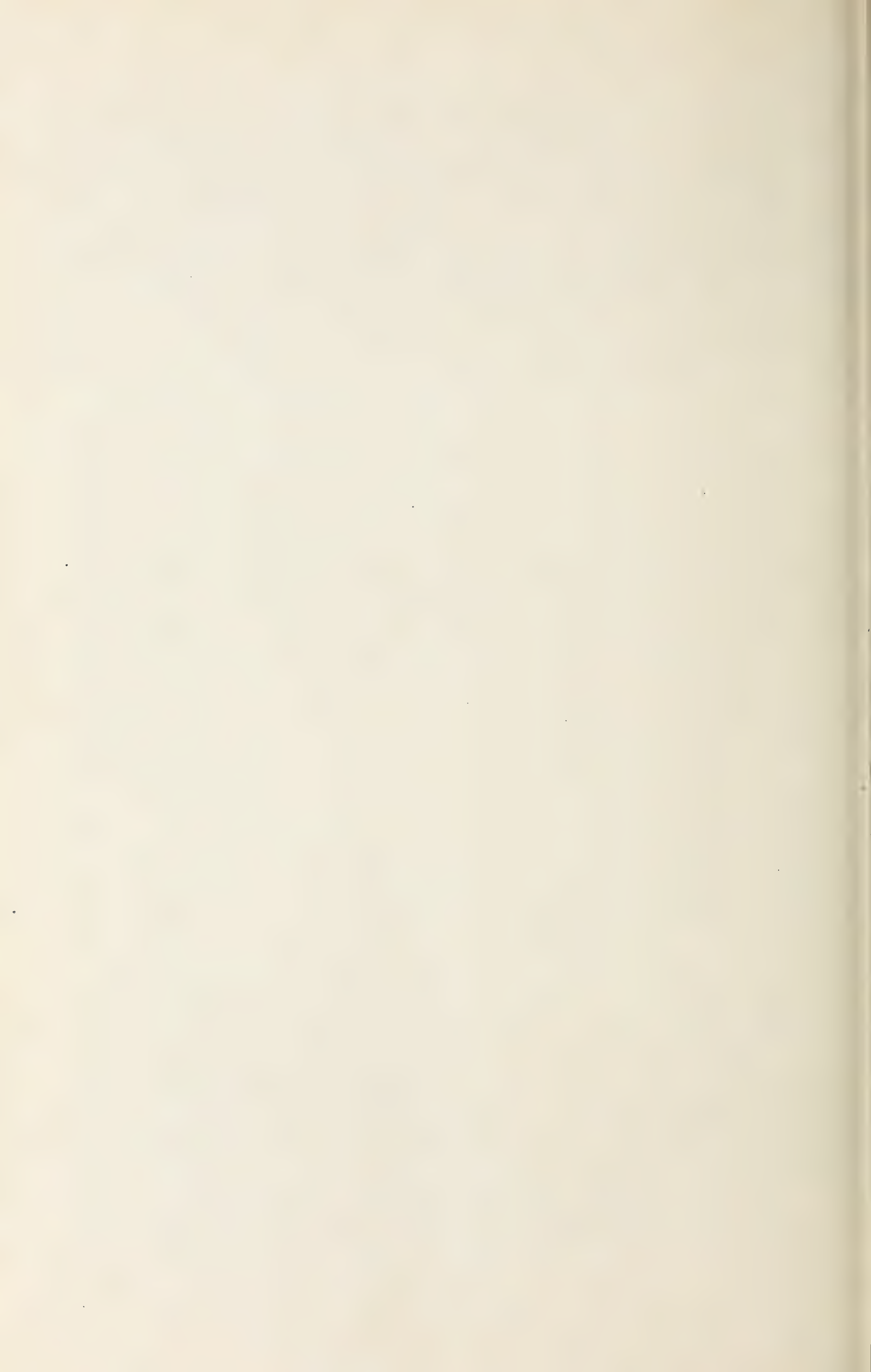




*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

IN A HALTING WAY THEY SPOKE EACH OTHER'S NAMES







he did not move or lift his eyes. Well, well, there she lay dead—the first of the three to go. He envied her.

“I wish, my dear,” so his heart was saying to hers, “that I could follow, and at once. Yet this parting at least”—and once more he looked into the big glass at the man grown old—“will be the shorter of the two by far.”

He envied her. How could one help that or want to help? He felt strongly, as all wise natures must feel, a sense of earthly exile. In simple truth, one is very glad to go home.

“I’ve heard it said,” her husband told him, “that people do change marvelously after death. She has. She looks so—so mischievous; so happy, bless her heart.”

He spoke with calm, traditional affection, and the tone of his voice, complacent and broken, gave the listener a most bitter sense of being shut out. He spoke steadily, for he had been very fond of her, and he had found her useful; yet he was always fonder of himself—and this kind of love is nothing at all! She had made him comfortable, she had taken all the distasteful things of life off his hands—finding it less trouble in the end to do them herself. Yet, queerly, she had always made him cross.

They both stood looking at her face, and one of them felt that the time for looking was nearing its last. In a few minutes he would be sent courteously, yet firmly, away from the house. Although her husband had not yet moved, yet, subtly, his hand—say the shadow of it!—inclined toward the coffin-lid. And in his hand all the time he had lightly held by its corner the fine and pretty handkerchief which had covered her face. In a second or so he who had the right would shutter away that dearly loved face. You yourself would see it no more until, with a start, you turned some little corner and found yourself in Paradise. Then you would take her completely to you, and there would be murmured words and little lovely laughings.

There was mirth upon her face now; a funny, quiet mirth—something secret and dignified. It was a very fine and happy face. She had evidently learned lots of things since the day before yesterday when she died.

Even the husband felt this in his fumbling way, and, before he found suitable words, the other man said it.

“She looks as if she’d pricked the bubble of the great big secret, and was playing with what she found inside.”

Then, quickly, he stole in his hand and touched her cold one. Withdrawing it, he turned sharply aside, saying, “I will let myself out. I would rather. Good-by.” He was up the step and out of the door in a blink of the eye—before a man naturally slow could move or say a single word.

He went away, out of the gloom and the fragrance, away from that smile upon her sweet, dead face, and into the square hall where the sun was full and where the clock ticked cheerfully. A door he had not noticed before was now open. It faced the house door, and evidently led to the rooms at the back. He heard the muffled sound of voices, and he felt certain, too, that people round the corner were listening with all their ears. Altogether, this old house of hers, so full of windings and turnings by the way, was most unfriendly to him. The men and women talking and listening round there at the back—and probably about him and for him—were unfriendly, too. The forty-odd years had been his enemies.

Her married life had been aloof, apart, estranged. Yet she had loved him, and never for a moment did he doubt it. He looked at that closed drawing-room door on his right, where inside she was lying so rigid, so uncaring, and looking so vaguely amused, and he knew that her heart had always been his. Softly and absurdly he said to the panel of the door before he turned away forever:

“Have I for a moment doubted that, my sweetheart?”

He remembered the pull of her arms and the tremble of her lips and the torture of her face at that last meeting. And he knew that she had acted nobly. She had lived loftily up to the ethics of her time. We must all essay at that.

She had loved him. She had suffered. Yet lying in there, with her new little joke upon her lips, she did not seem, to-day, to care. Yet why should she feel sad when the puzzle was over and the way made plain? As he went out of the house and into the air, as he



looked at the dusty high-road which he must presently pass along, he told himself that she was just simply waiting for him somewhere—and not so very far off, either. She was waiting in the place that should be their home, getting it ready, standing at the gate—doing for him all the sweet things which, as an earthly wife, she never could do.

He went out of the gate. He felt acutely in the small of his back that somewhere there was a secretly lifted corner to a drawn white blind, and that

he was being not only watched but criticized and commented upon by her children. Those men and women, her children, were unfriendly. He wondered if her five girls were in the least like her. And he thought—given a chance—that he could have made them love him. For how could they be strange with him when they were her children? Yet the very house hated him. To-morrow they would carry her out of it. He was glad; for then he would feel at last that she was wholly his.

## “Come Away, for Love is Dead”

BY MADISON CAWEIN

COME away, for Love is dead,  
And the hope we knew is banished;  
Gone the halo from his head,  
From his face the glory vanished:  
Come away, for Love is dead.

Fold the white hands on his breast;  
Part the bright hair, smooth it slowly:  
Come away, and let him rest  
In the place he long made holy:  
Fold the white hands on his breast.

Lay no rose upon his heart—  
All our roses, too, are perished:  
Say no word, but now depart—  
Nothing's left us here we cherished:  
Lay no rose upon his heart.

Kiss no more the locks of gold  
And the lips so silent sleeping;  
Let no tear fall as of old—  
What availeth kiss or weeping!  
Kiss no more the locks of gold.

Come away, and hope no more;  
Love is dead and life grown lonely:  
Joy's departed at the door;  
Memory remaineth only:  
Come away, and hope no more.

Now befalls the end of day;  
End of all; yea, we must sever:  
By this Cross beside the way  
Kneel and pray, then part forever:  
Now befalls the end of day.



# Maps and Map-Making

BY CYRUS C. ADAMS

IF we had before us a map of the world showing what is known of its surface forms and other geographical features, on a uniform scale so large that all essential detail should stand out for us to read, we might justly regard it as a monumental achievement, a blessing conferred upon us by modern civilization. It would give a true and clear picture of our earth as far as we have studied its aspects. With the hundreds of sheets drawn on the same map projection and scale, using the same system of colors and other symbols to express facts, it would be easy to compare every land surface with every other and to note all their similarities and contrasts. The map would be a short cut to accurate geographical information, made ready for the use of all peoples.

We shall have such a map before a great many years. The leading nations are co-operating to produce it. The work is advancing every day even in lands that are remote. In July this year plans were published in Germany showing that thirteen contiguous sheets of the map, on the scale and projection selected, have been made by European governments of parts of Russian and Chinese Turkestan, Persia, and Afghanistan; twenty-two sheets of parts of China, Korea, French Indo-China, and Japan; and eight sheets covering the Bahamas and the Greater Antilles. These are not the finished sheets, but are the basis upon which the rules adopted by the International Conference in London in November, 1909, as to coloration, the spelling of place names, and other details, will be expressed to make them strictly conform with all the other sheets in the great standard map of the world. France and Great Britain are mapping their African colonies on the required scale. Dr. Henry Gannett, Geographer of the United States Geological Survey, has prepared a number of these sheets, embracing parts

of our Eastern, Central, and Western States; and he was a prime mover in the convening of the London International Conference that at last placed the project upon a practical basis.

The idea of a standard map of the world was first proposed by Prof. Albrecht Penck at the International Geographical Congress, Bern, in 1891. He clearly showed the advantages that would result if the nations should co-operate in producing a world map on the comparatively large scale of one-millionth (1:1,000,000), or 15.8 statute miles to an inch. The project was heartily approved by this and later congresses, committees were appointed to promote the movement, and Great Britain, Germany, and France began to make maps on the required scale. Little practical progress, however, was made till after Dr. Gannett reported that our government could not publish the sheets he was preparing because no agreement had been reached as to the color scheme and other essential details. No general plan had been adopted for the uniform production of these map-sheets. He therefore presented, through Dr. Day, of Washington, a recommendation to the International Geographical Congress at Geneva, in 1908, to appoint a commission to work out a uniform plan for producing the map.

This plan was prepared by the Geneva Congress, and it was decided to submit it to a conference of the map-making nations, which was accordingly convened by the British government in London, in November, 1909. The conference was completely successful, its decisions were final, and the map-makers of all nations were at last in a position to co-operate in carrying out the plan.

This fortunate result involved mutual concessions, but the plan as perfected was heartily and unanimously adopted. Greenwich is to be the initial meridian. The metric scale for distances and for



altitudes above sea-level will be used, but nations not employing metric measurements may add in parentheses their equivalents in miles, feet, versts, and so on. The symbols adopted to represent rivers, rail and other roads, towns, etc., practically include all the conventions used by the United States Geological Survey on its topographic survey-sheets. The Latin alphabet alone will be used, and spellings are to be those of the official maps of each country. We shall see Roma, not Rome; Wien, not Vienna; and the rule will discourage the tendency of German map-makers to spell the name of our greatest city "Neu York." The spelling of Chinese place names will be that of the Imperial Post and Customs Service, whose maps and Yellow Books give both the Chinese characters and their equivalent in Latin type.

It was not easy to harmonize the various methods employed by different nations to show the forms of the earth's surface, such as mountains, valleys, hills, and plains. On our government survey-sheets horizontal lines, called contours, are advantageously used. Each line represents a definite elevation above sea-level; and according to the distances between the contours the map-reader may get a clear idea as to the angle of slope. On the one-millionth map these contours will be used, but they must be generalized, because the scale will be much smaller than those of topographical survey-sheets, and, while showing the general forms, much detail must be omitted; and to make the representation of surface forms all the clearer to the general public the contours will be reinforced by colors: shades of blue showing the depth of lakes and seas, three shades of green and one of buff showing the lower lands up to about one thousand feet, followed by tints of brown from light to dark up to heights of about ten thousand feet, and above this altitude violet and white will show the highest elevations of the world. Mr. Bailey Willis has recently indicated the coloration on the one-millionth sheets of the United States: tints of green and buff for the Atlantic slope and the Mississippi Valley, above which will rise the Appalachians in brown tones; brown tints for the high plains rising from the

Mississippi Valley to the Rockies; the violet symbol for high altitude, touching the top of the Western ranges with bands of color. The colors will crowd one another to the Pacific slope, indicating the rapid rise from the sea to mountain regions. It would take 2,642 of these sheets to cover the world on the one-millionth scale, but, as the oceans compose three-fourths of the earth's surface, it is probable that only those parts of the seas contiguous to the land or occupied by oceanic islands will be included in the map. The whole atlas is likely to embrace not over fifteen hundred sheets. It will be many times larger than any map of the world yet produced.

Dr. Gannett has sent us an outline map showing the progress made to September, 1911, with the sheets of the United States. The sheet covering Rhode Island, the eastern half of Massachusetts, the southern half of New Hampshire, and small parts of Connecticut and Maine was being engraved. The base maps were complete for Vermont, the remainder of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and the whole of North Carolina, Florida, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota. The sheets for New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, Mississippi, Montana, and Wyoming, and the southern half of Alabama were in various stages of completion. In other words, the work is far advanced or in progress in one-third of our area south of Canada. Doctor Gannett's sketch map shows that the United States will supply fifty-two sheets for the atlas, including the neighboring parts of Canada and Mexico and the bordering seas.

Eight of the great powers—Austria-Hungary, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Russia, Spain, and the United States—are now pledged to this standard map of the world by the unanimous conclusions of the London conference in which they participated. Other governments are coming into the scheme. In the past year Argentina, Brazil, Chile, and Venezuela have announced their intention to supply the sheets of their respective territories. Europe has this advantage over other nations, that her detailed surveys are nearly completed.



The data are now available, and the production of the one-millionth map of Europe means only a financial arrangement between the governments concerned and the scientific map-publishing houses. Some governments, however, will produce their sheets in their own map establishments. The Ordnance Survey of Great Britain is about to issue a number of the sheets. Progress will be slower in other parts of the world, because many of the "mother-maps," as the detailed survey-sheets are called, are yet to be produced. The one-millionth map, however, will not wait for the completion of the mother-maps. Prussia has already mapped eastern China on this scale; and Germany and Great Britain in Africa, Russia in Turkestan, and France in Africa and the Antilles have produced many sheets. Even the best sheets must be revised from time to time as new truth is learned, new towns and routes are located, and nature and man change the facts of geography. The great fact is that this project contemplates the production of a map for all peoples that will scientifically present the truth about the world's surface as far as it has been made known, clearly differentiating between what is known and what has not yet been adequately revealed. If the work in our country continues to be forwarded with the present energy, it is likely that the one-millionth sheets of the United States will be completed and published within the next decade.

A scale of 1:1,000,000 means simply that a line of any length on the map is equivalent to 1,000,000 times that length on the ground. In other words, one inch on the map represents nearly sixteen miles in nature. This scale is large enough for most purposes. On the fifty-two sheets of the United States, for example, which will doubtless be sold at bare cost, our people will have a map of the country several times larger than any they have ever seen. It will give a generalization of the forms of the mountains and valleys, high and low plains, the drainage systems, towns, hamlets, railroads, the more important common roads, etc.; also a good idea of the elevation of all land surfaces and the depths of the lakes and adjacent oceans. Any one who has a fair conception of the size

of our States may impose, for example, the sheet giving Texas upon the sheets showing France or the Belgian Congo, and he will at once have an approximate notion of the size of these far-away regions.

The value of the map to our people is likely to be more important than to those of a number of the leading nations, because we have not yet reached in our school geographies and in the output of our map-publishing houses the standards of map-making now maintained in most European and some other countries. But when the one-millionth map comes into our homes we shall find it a superior product which will accustom us to good maps, whose every line, dot, color, or other symbolism is meant to convey definite information. We shall learn to discriminate between such maps and those that are unworthy because they give so much misleading information. Not till we as a nation attain this ability to judge between a good and a poor map shall we be able to demand and to obtain the facilities for profitable map study that are enjoyed in the humblest homes of many countries.

Map-making is very old, and has been practised by the most primitive peoples for many ages. Rude scratches on many rocks in South America are now interpreted as maps. East Greenland natives carve maps out of wood; American Indians make map-sketches on birch and other barks; the Marshall Islanders charted the sailing routes along their coasts long before they knew of the white man; the desert nomad sketches maps in the sand to illustrate his wanderings, and nearly every primitive tribe to-day makes maps to show routes to hunting-grounds, animal paths, fisheries, fords, etc. They know as well as we do that maps are practically a human necessity; but we know further that a good map often places before our eyes an amount of accurate geographical information that might take many months to dig out of books. We may cite a map of Africa, now over twenty years old, the largest of that continent produced up to 1890. Hermann Habenicht, the compiler, ransacked the literature of African exploration to find what each traveler wrote about the nature of the regions along his



route; and the map showed these routes, and marked along them the forest, grassy, sandy, or tillable stretches, the water resources, native settlements, and much other information gleaned by pioneer explorers. The map was a time-saver for students, a fine epitome of some phases of the work done by many men over a long series of years. The leading geographers use the perfected map of to-day as much as they do books, and often more. Dr. Hermann Wagner, for example, has said that maps were his largest dependence in the production of his great *Lehrbuch der Geographie*.

But though map-making is very old, the kinds of maps most useful now have not very long been made. The atlases of a century ago did not contain a tithe of the information now expressed on atlas-sheets. Two generations ago the maps used in European schools gave little more than a few geographical outlines, such as coasts, political boundaries, rivers, and place names; sometimes a few scratches to represent mountains, but not always. It was only sixty-three years ago that Emil Sydow published in Germany the first edition of his school atlas, in which he introduced the revolutionary idea that school maps should tell children something more of geography than the positions of coasts, waters, towns, and boundaries. Maps should picture as well the mountains, valleys, and plains. Cartographic expression should be given to the land forms, and maps should help the teacher to show what the surface of the earth is really like.

This fundamental idea has ever since been steadily developing. Map symbolism has wonderfully grown, till it is to-day fully adequate for the graphic expression of a large variety of facts; and, best of all, the European map-makers, by their use of contours of elevation, hachures, colors, and light and shade effects, have so perfected methods of showing the diverse forms of the earth's surface that even on a small-scale map of the Swiss Alps, for example, we may see before us the wonderful complex of high mountains, deep valleys, snow-fields, and glaciers. We may see the birth-place of the Rhine, whose glacial brooklets issue from an ice mass high up on the slopes; the little lake perched far

above the valley in a small depression filled by the melting ice of the great Rhone glacier. These atlas-sheets are small, and nature is large; but the fine art of generalizing land forms has been so perfected by European cartographers that, though a great many details must be omitted, still the essentials of form are preserved, so that he who knows how to read maps may easily find the essential truth in the map picture.

The scientific map, so faithfully depicting the manifold aspects of the earth, has helped us to an interesting discovery. We know now that while the great object of geography is to describe the earth's surface, language alone is insufficient for this purpose. Only in the most general terms can speech draw a picture of the face of the earth. If we go into detail and try in words to give a complete description, the picture is vague and the mind cannot fully grasp it. The geographical description must always be associated with the map picture in order to impress upon the mind a clear and orderly idea of the various phases of the earth's surface.

Naturally, a fine map cannot give its greatest service to the man who does not know how to read it. Unfortunately map-reading is taught very little in our own schools; and the first-class map material that alone supplies the wide range of geographical facts, accurately and clearly expressed for the student's map study, is not often seen in our classrooms. The result is that as a nation we are not skilful map-readers. Several years ago our government topographic survey completed eight sheets, embracing most of the Catskill Mountain region. Here was an opportunity to use these map-sheets of a bit of our country embracing considerable variety of topographic form to show how finely all this information might be generalized on a map-sheet of ordinary atlas size. It would be an object-lesson to our people, most of whom seldom see the mother-maps produced by our Government Survey. It would show the hundred thousand or more summer sojourners who annually visit the Catskills how much and how varied is the information that can be truthfully and clearly expressed on a small-scale atlas-sheet.



The American Geographical Society decided to have such a map made by one of the most famous map-houses of Germany. It was sold at cost price, just to demonstrate what beautiful and useful maps we shall have of our own country when we are able ourselves to apply the perfected methods of the cartographic art to the production of good, true, small-scale maps, generalized from the large-scale sheets that our government supplies. It is one of the finest maps of any part of our country. But it has made little impression upon the thousands who use Catskill maps, because so many are accustomed to look to a map only for guidance as to the position of towns and the routes leading to them. Here is a map not limited by such meager detail, but showing not only what the tourist first asks for, but also the hills, valleys, and level stretches in correct proportions and forms. A little careful attention shows approximately the grade of the roads and helps the consultant to figure out how far he can drive and get back to dinner. But though every feature of this beautiful map picture is sharply legible and full of meaning to him who can read a good map, it is to many persons overcrowded and bewildering. It gives them something of the impression that most of us have if we look at a page of Burmese print. How can such a jumble of funny-looking characters mean anything? We cannot read them, that's all.

If we Americans had been taught in school to appreciate and read the best maps, we should not be content with picture maps illustrating theaters of war, as, for example, the map of the strait in which Admiral Togo defeated the Russian fleet, with every war-ship, according to the map scale, at least fifty miles long.

The statement above, that the Catskill map is based upon sheets of our topographic survey, illustrates the two great classes of maps. Topographic surveys originated in Europe, and were meant especially to serve military purposes. It is very important in military operations to know the forms of the land, for as hostile armies approach each other each commander seeks to establish his forces in the most advantageous position for

battle. So every important state in Europe organized topographic surveys, and methods were devised for surveying and establishing the elevation and forms of land surfaces. These methods, in time, were highly perfected, all governments use them to-day, and the resulting map-sheets give a close approximation to the actual forms of the earth's surface. We may thank this military impulse for serving so well the highest interests of geography, for these topographic sheets are now the basis of all our most accurate mapping. These detailed maps are, of course, on a large scale, and if well done they show as completely as possible the various features of the small area each includes.

It is different with the small or generalized maps such as the Catskill sheet, on which the great public chiefly depends. If they are maps of high quality they must be based upon the topographic-survey sheets as far as the territory they cover has been topographically mapped. It is interesting to note that while the basis of the generalized map is the topographic map, that of the topographic map is the ground itself. The greatest difficulties of scientific map-making lie in the generalization of these small or atlas sheets. When they show the whole world, or large parts of the earth, very little detail can be given; and in the making of all of these maps the decision of many questions, such as what to use and what to omit or how to generalize without sacrificing all characteristic essence, call for the highest qualities of scientific judgment and technical skill. This fine art of map generalization has been highly developed in most European countries, but as yet it has received little attention from our own map-makers.

Where no topographic surveys have been made the generalized map shows, in white, regions of which we have no knowledge. The delineation of partly known regions is controlled by critical use of all the available data. Accuracy in this case cannot be attained, but such knowledge as we have must be recorded; and it is even permissible to make some deductions as to the geographical features of the unknown if made by those whose theories are worth attention, and recorded on the map not as fact, but as tenta-



tive suggestion. Something of this sort has been done on the colored contour map of the United States published by our Geological Survey and showing various elevations of the surface. A large part of this great area has not yet been topographically surveyed, and many of the contours of elevation on the map are therefore tentative; but all considerations have been taken into account to fix the probable value of the contours, and very likely they are not far out of the way. The one-millionth map will doubtless contain more or less of this hypothetical work, which will be eliminated as our knowledge grows.

The effect of increased knowledge is usually to enlarge the scale of generalized maps. Twenty years ago all that was known of the geography of German East Africa might clearly be recorded on a small part of an average atlas-sheet. But hundreds of important geographical facts, such, for example, as the distribution of mineral locations, have since been discovered, with the result that no map of very small scale can now record the information at hand concerning this German colony.

Generalized maps of most European countries on a comparatively large scale are now common, and not a few of them are superb examples of map-making, in which scientific treatment of all geographical phenomena is combined with artistic presentation of the facts. Such maps are a source of great pleasure to the advanced student of geography. Thoroughly based on the principles of scientific cartography, they are works of art as well. One of the most conspicuous among them is Vogel's famous map of Germany in twenty-seven sheets. It cannot embrace all the detail of the topographic sheets, but every fact essential to most map-readers is there. Geographers always love to travel with a fine map in their hands, even when more or less familiar with the regions through which they are passing. The late Professor von Richthofen, of Berlin, said that he never made a railroad journey in Germany without Vogel's map before him. The Germans have devised a new railroad folder which is a delight to all who love to study good maps. It consists of sections of the Vogel map, showing the

country for a considerable distance on both sides of all the important routes of travel in Germany. Crossing a little stream, you can see at a glance where it rises, to what larger stream it is tributary, and whether it is likely to be of industrial importance. Passing through the mountains, you can tell what lies beyond the range of vision from the car-window. This is a pastime and also a pleasant way of increasing one's geographical knowledge.

The use of color on maps has now been reduced by the best map-makers to a logical system. Not very long ago we saw on our own maps of the United States each State differentiated from those around it by a covering of color. A tint along the boundaries would have answered every purpose and left opportunity to use colors throughout the sheet as part of the scheme of symbols. Many map colors are now copied directly from nature, and often those selected are particularly appropriate, as, for example, the common use of blues for rainfall maps, the deepening blues of the sea as depths increase, the deepening buffs and browns as the heights of the land augment, the yellow tints for arid and sandy regions, and greens largely used on maps dealing with plant geography. The map-makers of the leading nations are approaching one another more and more nearly in their use of map colors; and for public convenience it is hoped that some day we shall see a uniform system of colors in all map symbolism. Such questions as these are sometimes settled by scientific bodies, as was the case when the Geological Congress at Bologna, in 1881, selected the colors to be applied to the International Geological Map of Europe.

A lesson we have yet to learn at home is that a good map cannot be made in a hurry. Most orders received by our map-making houses are accompanied by demands to hasten the work. The fact is that, even if a map is drawn with the utmost deliberation, errors will creep in. There is no such thing as a perfect map. A wrong stroke of the brush or pen, the slightest carelessness, may vitiate the delineation of the fact to be expressed. What possibility is there that a careful, truthful map may be produced when the



demand from the map trade for high speed in performance is so pressing that craftsmen have actually been paid higher wages for manual dexterity than for competency to make a really good map? If many of our commercial map products are of low grade, it is due not only to poor technical and mechanical equipment, but also to the clamorous and incessant pressure of the man who wants the plates. The technical requirements of a good modern map are very great. In Germany a single map-sheet is often in course of preparation for many months. In the British Ordnance Survey the utmost that is expected of some of the workmen is the completion of a square inch of map-work in a day. None of the important map firms of Germany will accept a hurry order. The day is coming when our map-makers will not be compelled, at fever heat, to run a race against time.

The topographic survey-sheets of our Geological Survey and the charts of our Coast and Geodetic Survey are unexcelled by those of any other nation. In other words, we hold our own in the production of base or mother maps. But we fall short in the quality of our generalized or atlas maps. The making of such maps is the highest cartographic test, for they require the most talent and attainment. As the topographer makes his map-sketch in the field, he is producing nothing more than a reduced copy of the ground he is mapping. No imagination, no selection or discrimination is allowed. He has the object before him, and with the appliances and methods provided he must produce faithfully the facts of nature. But the man who makes a generalized map relies not merely on objective facts, but he must eliminate all the lesser facts and interpret the others in such a manner that in outline and aspect they will be true to nature, though stripped of many of their characteristics. The faculty of doing this in a superior manner is inborn. Cultivation alone will not give it.

But we have not advanced so far in the art of map generalization as to have raised and trained a body of art-cartographers who possess this talent. We have not provided the facilities for training young men for this cartographic

mission. The result is that nearly all of the European countries and even Japan are now producing better general atlases than are published in our country. It is not the fault of our few map houses that their products have not reached higher standards of excellence. Good maps cost more than poor ones; and as our system of geographical education has not, on the whole, familiarized students with high-grade maps, they lack appreciation, and there is little demand for them. In many European universities, students of geography are drilled both in the technical and the logical aspects of cartography; but our facilities are still inadequate for instruction in map logic and in the technical features of map production. Many of our maps are more pleasing in appearance than they were twenty years ago, but a map may be made more agreeable to the eye without adding to its scientific value; all our map students agree that in this greatest essential there is room for much improvement.

This situation will not last. Twenty-five years ago the standard of map-making in Great Britain was scarcely higher than it is in our country to-day. But in the course of years the influence of the geographical societies and of the universities in which chairs of Geography had been established brought about some public demand for better quality in maps; and this campaign of map criticism and of stimulation to raise the standard helped conspicuously to bring about a marked improvement in the map products of that kingdom.

An illustration may be given here of the fact that the demand for better maps is growing in our country. Two years ago one of our geographical societies formed a collection of many of the best wall maps and atlases used in several European countries. The collection has been loaned to about twenty universities, colleges, and normal schools, has traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and has engagements for a year to come. The question of map improvement is becoming a live one; and we may expect that the one-millionth map, illustrating, as it will, the best phases of the cartographic art, will be potential in its influence upon our general map production.



# The Musical Top

BY VALE DOWNIE

HIS name was Roger, and he was eight years old. He had very blue eyes, a miraculous complexion of rose and cream, and a shock of mud-colored hair. The important thing is, however, that he had no sense of humor, and when the old gentleman with the broad hat and the red muffler went down with a crash on the icy pavement, Roger failed to perceive the exquisite ludicrousness of the occurrence. Two newsboys and a half-dozen other bystanders were paralyzed with mirth. Not so Roger, who dropped his papers—he had sold none—gathered up the old gentleman's hat and cane, and gave him as much of a lift in arising painfully to his feet as could be expected of a very small boy.

The old gentleman, who did not seem to be much hurt, shook his stick at the convulsed spectators with a regrettable exhibition of temper; then turning to Roger, he said, gruffly, "Come along!"

When they had gone but a few blocks down the narrow, thronged street, Roger's companion, who had never ceased to mumble angrily, drew him into the doorway of a curious little toy-shop. Roger now had opportunity to observe that the old gentleman had a pair of disconcerting gray eyes (in the depths of which he might, perhaps, have detected a reassuring flicker of humor), and a pronounced stoop, which gave him the air of being perpetually engaged in examining into one's inmost and guilty soul.

"If I give you money," said he, sternly, "what will you do with it?"

"If you please, I'll give it to Sylvia," stammered Roger.

"To whom?" roared the old man.

"To Sylvia. Miss Sylvia Norwood. She buys the grub," Roger explained.

"Ah, I thought so," said the old man, raising his eyebrows and wagging his head in the most terrifying manner. "If I give you money you will squander it on grub. I'm glad you didn't try to lie

about it, at any rate, you disreputable little beggar. Well, you can wager I'm not going to give you money for any such purpose as that. Mistress Sylvia can waste her means upon meat and potatoes if she wants to, but not you or I."

As nobody had rushed to wait upon him in the shop, the old gentleman turned and rattled impatiently on the counter with his cane. Presently there came a little, parchment-faced old man with a black skull-cap, whose air of self-possession and unconcern betokened to Roger no adequate sense of his perilous situation. The old gentleman vaguely described his requirements.

"I haf a musigal top, from Nürnberg," said the proprietor. "Perhaps it might please your young frient."

"Bring it out! Bring it out!" cried the old man. He laid about him with his cane continually with appalling clatter.

The proprietor took down from a shelf behind him a wooden box about a foot square, out of which came a smaller leather-covered case, which was unlocked with a key.

Roger had never dreamed that this dull and matter-of-fact world might contain the top that was thereupon produced from the plush-lined case. Such a gorgeous creation of gilt and tinsel could only be supposed to exist in heaven or in those impossible countries inhabited by fairy folk, of which Sylvia had told him so many beautiful stories.

"Ah, that is something like a top," said the old gentleman, who had, in a measure at least, gotten rid of his ill humor.

"Dere is not much demand for disgrade of toy," sighed the proprietor. "It is somewhat expensive; it is a beauty—*nicht wahr?*—my little man. You shall hear it sing!"

He wound the cord slowly and with great care, pulled it with unexpected



spirit, and set the spinning top on the counter. The gaslight was reflected from bands of gold and silver, of purple and red and yellow and green and blue. The toy was surmounted by a glass ball containing flakes of tinsel, which scintillated like points of fire. But most wonderful of all was the melody which now came from the interior of that marvelous toy, softly at first, but gradually swelling to a full, clear tone that echoed in the farthest cluttered corners of the dim store-room. To such a stately little tune danced Cinderella at the court of the Fairy Prince; and such, no doubt, was the strange, seductive melody breathed from the hazel-bush by the Golden Singing Leaves of Prince Hatt Under the Earth.

Roger rested his elbows on the counter and held his breath. The top had "gone to sleep," and, without visible motion, it sang on and on as though it would never stop, played one little tune to the end and began another even more charming, finished that and a third before it finally toppled over into the outstretched hands of the old German. Roger breathed again and rubbed his eyes on the sleeve of his coat.

"How much?" inquired the old gentleman, in a softened tone.

"Twenty dollars," said the proprietor of the toy-shop.

Roger's knees turned to water and his heart was heavy within him.

"A wonderful top! An incomparable top!" mused the old gentleman, drawing a leather wallet from the inside pocket



ROGER RESTED HIS ELBOWS ON THE COUNTER AND HELD HIS BREATH

of his heavy, black overcoat, and producing a single bill, which he laid on the counter. Then the store-keeper placed the package in the boy's hands.

Roger, enchanted, murmured his thanks, but the old gentleman had immediately buried his nose in a red, morocco-bound note-book and paid

no attention. Presently he turned upon the proprietor, read off three addresses in widely separated parts of the city, and asked which was the nearest.

Followed a bitter complaint of the streets in Eastern cities. They were narrow and crooked and dirty, said he; and as for continuing more than ten paces in any particular direction, they observed the precepts of no engineering authority from Euclid to Trautwine. He anathematized the simple-minded early settlers, who, he protested, were responsible for this state of affairs, in that they permitted their lanes and avenues to be laid out by the scarcely less intelligent beasts of the field.



From this he passed quite naturally to an arraignment of human nature in general, not only as exhibited among our ancestors, but also among ourselves, in this presumably advanced age and generation. Having shown that human nature in the bulk was a despicable thing that should be thoroughly ashamed of itself, he particularized upon girls, beings who embodied all that was perverse and cantankerous in the race. They were all alike, said he, but there was one in particular who had cost him more good shoe-leather than he cared to contemplate. His fond hope and expectation was that he would some day have the opportunity of taking it out of her own hide.

There is nothing quite so atrocious as an inhuman old gentleman who desires to take shoe-leather out of girls' hides. If Roger and the old German had comprehended one-fourth of his harangue, they would have treated his views with the contempt they merited. So far from it, however, was Roger that he actually had a friendly feeling for the old rascal, on account, no doubt, of the top, and offered to take him within a block of one of the three addresses on his way home.

They left the toy-shop together, and in ten minutes turned into a narrow, dark street lined on either side with tall tenements. Roger pointed out a certain doorway, and explained that one climbed four flights of stairs to get to the rooms occupied by himself and Sylvia. Cannon Lane was a block farther, and that was the old gentleman's immediate destination.

At the moment of parting, Roger's friend seemed to be struck by a disturbing idea.

"I'll bet you anything you please that Aunt Sylvia doesn't like music," said he, portentously.

"She's not my aunt," replied Roger; "but I'll bet she *does* like music. She always opens the window, in summertime, when there's a hand-organ in the street."

The old gentleman seemed to be momentarily taken aback by Sylvia's taste.

"An occasional street-piano is no great affair," he rejoined, "but a perpetually playing musical top will, I greatly fear, sorely try her nerves. Don't you think so?"

"No," said Roger. "She lets me play my jew's-harp all the time, and she says it makes her headache better."

The old gentleman turned, grumbling something about queer old ladies, and took his way up the street, pounding his cane as he went.

Roger galloped up the stairs to the tiny attic rooms which were his and Sylvia's dwelling. As he pushed open the door Sylvia turned from the dingy dresser with a smile. It was a beautiful smile; and well it might be, for it was a product of consummate art and desperate, unflinching resolve. She had been at work on it since she heard his clambering tread on the second flight, several moments before. As he set the box on the rickety table, gasping excitedly, she laid her arm about his shoulders.

Sylvia was by way of being an artist. She had a quantity of the most entrancing colored pencils, and it was the joy of Roger to sit by the hour and watch her making pictures of castles, over which enormous silver moons sailed amid billows of gorgeous clouds. There was one of a little country church on a very cold winter night, with snow enough on its roof to put a sag in the Brooklyn Bridge, and snow piled almost to the eaves on all sides; a cheery, golden light shone forth from the tiny windows. There was another of a ship. They were all marvelously beautiful. This was not merely Roger's opinion; dealers in art frequently, or at least occasionally, bought them for as much as a dollar and a half apiece. The trouble was that there was a strange uncertainty about the demand. Even at that, a week rarely passed that Sylvia did not dispose of two or three pictures; at least this had been true until lately, when the market seemed to have been glutted with works of art. Sylvia had been so industrious that she seemed to have supplied nearly everybody in the world with a church or a castle or a ship.

A gentleman may be marked by the questions he does not ask. Roger did not inquire what success Sylvia had met with during the afternoon, upon her round of the various shops and dealers. Nor did Sylvia manifest an embarrassing curiosity as to whether Roger had sold his papers.





IT WAS HIS JOY TO SIT BY THE HOUR AND WATCH HER MAKING PICTURES

As she untied the twine about the package, Roger told her how he had met the disagreeable old gentleman with the red muffler.

It is a notorious fact that girls know nothing whatever about the actual business of spinning a top. They are all right for winding the string, which requires certain of the lesser virtues like patience and care; but when it comes to pulling the cord, the strength and swing of a man's right arm are indispensable.

The name of the first tune was "Cinderella's Little Dance," and Sylvia recognized it instantly. The second was obviously the "Song of the Singing Leaves"; but about the third there was

some discussion. It was at length decided this was probably the strange music by means of which the Scandinavian Sir Peter

"Played the bark from off the high trees  
And played little Kerstin back on his  
knees."

This was all very well, but it will doubtless appear to some that what was wanted was a tune to charm a beefsteak and some biscuits out of the thin air. So sordid a view of the case never occurred to Roger or Sylvia, who spent a joyous evening in fairyland.

That next day Sylvia, by great assiduity, sold a picture for one dollar and



thirty-five cents, while Roger's efforts in the newspaper business netted him another quarter. They fared sumptuously upon a portion of this sum, and turned the balance, all but a few cents, over to Mrs. Ricketts, who was becoming insistent in her demands for three weeks' arrears of room rent, at three dollars per week. This Mrs. Ricketts was the little rift within the lute that threatened by and by to render entirely mute the music of Roger's top. The days that followed would have been days of bliss but for her baleful attentions.

One day Roger surprised Sylvia with her head on her arms, beside the little table having a good cry. She brushed away her tears, smiled, and said she had a headache; but, unhappily for this explanation, Roger had met Mrs. Ricketts coming down from the third landing, whither she rarely ventured, being a large

woman, rather short of breath, and he strongly suspected that her visit was connected with the delinquent rent.

That night he lay awake for a long time—perhaps a quarter of an hour—thinking deeply, and at length came to a resolution which caused him to hug the top more tightly to his breast. The squeezing forced a couple of tears between his tightly shut eyelids, whence they fell upon the glass knob that contained the flakes of tinsel. Then he fell asleep.

The next afternoon, while Sylvia was out, he returned stealthily to the garret, put the musical top in its case, and hurried with it to the street. There was an old man by the name of Grummelstein who kept a small and curious shop nearby, and Roger had understood in a general way that he was very kind to people in financial straits. Sylvia, he happened to know, had made several visits to this



ROGER UNDERSTOOD THAT HE WAS VERY KIND TO PEOPLE IN FINANCIAL STRAITS



kind gentleman, and after each visit they had enjoyed a short period of affluence.

It was a dingy and forbidding little place. Behind the counter stood a whiskered old man with spectacles. In front of it, or upon it, lounged a tall, rather thin-faced, shabby young man, who smoked an enormous brier pipe.

Mr. Grummelstein was a man in whom the fountains of enthusiasm had been dried up, but the younger gentleman gave an exclamation of surprise as the top was drawn from the box. After a prolonged examination of the toy the proprietor spoke.

"I will gif you fife dollars," he grunted.

Roger swallowed the lump in his throat. The rent amounted to something over six.

The tall young man laughed and took the pipe out of his mouth.

"You are a philanthropist, Grummelstein, a prodigal and spendthrift benefactor of indigent youth. Look here, sonny, if Grummelstein offers five dollars, your top is easily worth ten. I'll give you that much myself. I need a top, anyhow."

"You must be feeling flush, ain't it?" sneered the proprietor.

"Thanks to your generosity, yes," replied the tall young man. "How about it, youngster?"

Roger was too much the business man to hesitate between two such offers. Besides, he rather liked the appearance of the tall young man, and much preferred to place his treasure in worthy hands. He nodded his head, and would have voiced his thanks, but the treacherous lump was watching its chance to slip into his throat again.

The tall young man drew a handful of money from his pocket and gave Roger a ten-dollar bill. Then he took possession of the top. "I suppose," he said, rather sadly, "that I'll be able to find out the way to spin it somehow. I don't really know much about tops."

Roger, on his way to the door, turned. "I could show you in five minutes," said he, though a little fearful that the stranger might repent of his bargain.

"I should be greatly obliged," said the stranger, diffidently. "Yet I don't like to ask you to come to my rooms—I live a couple of blocks away."

Roger said it would be no trouble, and they left the shop together.

Mr. Grame apologized for asking Roger to climb three flights of stairs. They entered a big, rather bare room that had a skylight and a curtain which divided it in the middle. There was a bed, a washstand, a bookcase made of a pine box, and a table littered with books, sketches, pipes, and tobacco. A number of street-car advertising cards adorned the walls. These were the work of Mr. Grame.

Roger's new friend proved to be a mine of wisdom.

"If a man keeps his eyes open," he was observing, "he can turn many a pretty penny. Only this morning I made a discovery which netted me—let's see—thirty-two dollars and fifty cents. Let me ask you to step to the window, sir. Now, do you see that tower in the distance?"

Roger observed the tower with a little difficulty.

"That is the tower of the Tribune Building, containing the biggest clock in the city. You can see the green dial, which is illuminated at night, and the hands of the clock, if you look closely. Now, I have looked out at this window a thousand times, I suppose, in the past six months; but, would you believe it? I never thought until to-day that this discovery meant money in my pocket."

Roger expressed his bewilderment.

"Why, don't you see," said Mr. Grame, "it puts a clock practically in my room. Do I need two timepieces? No! And yet I have had, until to-day, thirty-odd dollars tied up in a perfectly superfluous watch. Ah— Now you see."

Mr. Grame presently cleared his table, and they devoted the balance of the afternoon to spinning the top. All his fears to the contrary notwithstanding, he proved to be very proficient in winding the cord and pulling it to the best advantage. The top was made to spin longer and sing louder than it had ever done before. In spite of all, however, he manifested a strange lack of confidence in himself, and before he would permit Roger to depart he made him promise to return the following afternoon and assist him to master the finer points of manipulation.



The movements of a musical top cannot be kept under a bushel. Roger had to make a clean breast of it to Sylvia at once. She took the ten dollars without a word, and put it away in a drawer. Then she took the boy in her arms and kissed him, crying a little the while.

Roger was satisfied that there would be an entirely different tale to tell when the old gentleman with the red muffler found it out. This was exactly the sort of thing he had inveighed against so vehemently, and if he should discover that the musical top had been sold to pay rent, what a terrible rage he would be in! Nor was it beyond the reach of probability that he would actually learn the truth, and at no distant time, either; for he now passed the corner which was Roger's place of business every day, and never failed to stop and buy a paper from the boy. Obviously he suspected; he looked at Roger over his spectacles, as he waited for the exact change, in a manner which said plainly that he knew all and was merely biding his time.

After a time Roger's visits to his new friend's room suddenly ceased. A week went by, and Grame, worried, began to haunt the boy's accustomed beat, but without success.

One day, at the corner where the lad was usually to be found, Mr. Grame was accosted by a disgruntled old gentleman with a red muffler, who asked him if he had seen anything of a small boy who had blue eyes, a good deal of hair, and very little to speak of in the way of trousers. The old gentleman's manner was such as to imply that the artist had probably spirited Roger away and boiled him in oil.

Mr. Grame said sadly that he hadn't seen anything of him. The old gentleman made some ill-tempered remark about the graceless character of newsboys and went his way.

The next evening they met again at the same spot. This time the old gentleman was so bitter against newsboys and seemed to have such a lot to say in their disparagement that Mr. Grame considered it a pity to keep him standing out in the cold until he had finished, and invited him to come to his rooms, which were near-by. The stranger accepted the invitation. He informed his host that his name was Wintergold.

"That's a beautiful top!" said Mr. Wintergold, sharply. "Where did you get it?"

"It is the boy's," said Grame, and sorrowfully proceeded to a full account of the manner in which he had come into possession of it. The old gentleman nodded his head during the recital. Presently he told the story of the toy-shop.

"I thought the top would please him," he chuckled. "At his age I would have sold my immortal soul for such a toy!"

"And rightly so," philosophized Mr. Grame. "The world is full of immortal souls; but such tops are very rare."

Mr. Wintergold arose and took his hat. "You would oblige me by keeping a lookout for the little chap," he remarked. "Unfortunately I am leaving the city to-night myself." At the door he turned.

"I detest people who publish their personal troubles to the world," he said, with an air of pleading which sat strangely upon him. "But in my case publicity seems to be the only practicable means of reaching the goal. May I ask you, sir, if you have ever heard of a girl of my name, Alicia Wintergold?"

"I am sorry that I have not," said Grame.

"If you should ever meet with or hear of such a person, I beg you to telegraph me or my agent at the address which you will find upon this card. Her father, my nephew, was a lad of spirit, and cut every channel of intercourse between himself and the family, who would not receive his young bride. I have learned that both my nephew and his wife are dead; it is their daughter, a young woman by this time, of whom I am in search. I am leaving town to consult with an agent who thinks he has found trace of her."

"I shall be glad to give you any possible assistance in your quest," said Grame. "You have only to call on me."

"Thank you," said Mr. Wintergold. "I give you good-night."

Grame settled himself in his morris-chair with a pipe and a book. It was a cold night, and the wind rattled the window-sash in the casement, a little snow coming in on the sill. An hour later a knock on his door startled him out of a dream.

"A lady to see you, sir."

Grame got awkwardly out of the chair.





THE TOP WAS MADE TO SPIN LONGER AND SING LOUDER THAN IT HAD EVER DONE BEFORE

The janitor remained in the dark hallway, but the young lady ventured three or four feet into the room. The snow was melting on her hat and muff.

"Are you Mr. Grame?" she asked—"Roger's friend?"

"Why, yes, I suppose I—of course I am. Won't you be seated, please?"

"It isn't worth while," she said. "I am Miss Norwood. He has probably spoken of me."

"Yes," stammered Grame, "but—but I inferred that Miss Norwood was an older

woman. He has spoken of you many times."

"Then you will understand my errand. Roger got hurt about a week ago—a fall from a street-car—and he will have to stay in bed for a long time perhaps. I came to see if you wouldn't let me buy back the musical top."

Her eyes wandered timidly to the table, whose accustomed burden of miscellaneous articles were at the moment stacked about on the floor. The top lay on the table.



"Poor little fellow! That's why I couldn't find him at the corner," groaned the man.

"You'll sell me the top, won't you?" she pleaded.

"Well, I—I don't know," said Grame, running his fingers through his hair. "Of course—"

"Please," whispered the girl, coming a step nearer. "I have the money right here. Maybe it's not enough, but it's what he said you gave him—and if you knew how much it would help to amuse him—"

"I mean the *selling* part," said Grame, in sore confusion. "I wish you would let me give it to you. Why, we're great friends."

"I would rather pay," said the girl, timidly.

Mr. Grame considered. "Very well," said he. "Please wait a moment."

In two minutes he was ready for the street.

"Now listen," said he. "I am terribly sorry you are afraid of me, for you needn't be, and I'm going home with you."

Sylvia looked up. He was placing the top with extreme care in its case.

A man who loves singing tops cannot be entirely depraved.

"I don't believe I'm so very much afraid," she said.

Now, unless one has had experience in such matters, one is not likely to realize how easy it is to sink a lot of money in splints, shingles, plaster of Paris, gauze bandages, and beef-tea. The doctor who attended Roger was ever writing prescriptions for things which must be purchased with ready cash at the corner drug-store. It took a prodigious number of ships, castles, and churches to keep Sylvia's pot a-boiling. In the same connection it may be noted that in the days that followed a considerable acceleration in Mr. Grame's production of Silvercrest Ham advertising cards was remarked by the advertising agency which bought those works of art.

Sylvia in her street dress was very pretty; but Sylvia in a house-gown of filmy softness, bending over Roger's cot, was calculated to take instant possession of a world-weary masculine heart.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Grame, one day. "You have made me discontented; a dozen times a day I wish that I were a real artist."

"I'm sure it takes as much ability to paint good advertising cards as most of the so-called works of art one sees," soothed Sylvia.

"But I don't want to paint advertising cards," said Grame; "I want to paint you. I want to paint you giving Roger his beef-tea; also combing his hair; also cutting the bread for lunch, and as the Queen of Fairyland; also as the Toast of the Town, and as Phyllis the Shepherdess."

"But why do you want to paint *me*?"

"If you'll promise not to be frightened, I'll tell you."

"I'm not very much afraid of you—now."

"Well, it's because you are beautiful."

Roger, who was of course present, was surprised to note the effect of this simple statement of fact upon Sylvia. She did not seem to be exactly displeased; but she was evidently a wee bit scared, in spite of her brave pretensions, and a strange color came into her cheeks. Roger had often intimated to Sylvia that she was beautiful without frightening her in the least; he lay and pondered deeply upon this phenomenon.

Many weeks had gone by before anybody heard anything from the old gentleman with the red muffler. Roger was now able to get about, and this happy stage of affairs was being suitably celebrated by Sylvia, who gave a supper of oyster soup and cheese sandwiches in honor of the occasion. To this function had been invited a certain Mr. Grame, an artist. Scarcely had three steaming bowls of soup been set on the table when there came a monstrous clatter and thumping upon the third landing.

"Gen'lem'n to see Mistah Roger!" called the dusky housemaid from below, and left Mr. Wintergold to mount the dark attic stairs as best he could. The plan which seemed to appeal most favorably to the old gentleman was to batter the staircase down with his cane, until at length he reached the room.

Now sank Roger's spirit within him. He cast an appealing glance at Sylvia,





IT WAS A VERY JOLLY AND PLEASANT LITTLE PARTY

who turned to Grame, who did not seem greatly surprised to see the visitor.

"Miss Sylvia," said Grame, "you see before you the donor of Roger's musical top, and where we are going to put him, unless I get out on the roof, I cannot see."

Mr. Wintergold bowed. What little breath he had left after mounting the stairs was knocked out of him at sight of Miss Sylvia's youth. Then he gave Roger a sound rating for getting so badly hurt. He might have been killed. If he had, it was evident that the old gentleman with the red muffler—he still wore it—would have visited punishment upon him which for thoroughness and severity would have left nothing to be deplored.

Then another bowl of soup was set on the table—by this time it all had to be put back in the pan and reheated, of course—and Mr. Wintergold, divested of his big coat and red muffler, was given a place of honor opposite Roger.

It was a very jolly and pleasant little party. In fact, they were all so merry that nobody noticed a peculiar oversight on the part of Mr. Grame, who, in presenting Mr. Wintergold to Sylvia, had totally omitted to mention his name.

They were almost through with the soup before it occurred to the artist to inquire how the old man had fared on his quest. In a moment Mr. Wintergold's gaiety had dissolved, and with a sigh he admitted that his protracted expedition had been unsuccessful.

"But I have found a trace of my grandniece, which has given me a spark of encouragement," he added. "It is only a spark, and no doubt I am foolish to hope as I do. But to find something that has been hers, something she has held in her hands and labored upon, is, it seems to me, a bright omen."

Sylvia's wide, sympathetic eyes were fixed upon the old man's face.

"I have discovered that at one time the



girl supported herself by making pastel drawings," continued Mr. Wintergold. He paused and took from the inside pocket of his coat a small picture. "This is one of her productions, and, if you will examine it closely, in the lower left-hand corner you will find her signature. Part of it is very faint, but you can plainly discern the name, 'Wintergold.'"

With these words Mr. Wintergold laid upon the table a specimen of Sylvia's snow-covered church.

"That," observed Roger, "is just like the pictures Sylvia makes!"

"Why, that picture is one that I painted—long ago," Sylvia said, uncomprehendingly. "My father was a Wintergold, although he later took my mother's name, Norwood; and I have used it often to sign my work. Can it be that this gentleman is—is seeking me?"

Mr. Wintergold turned slowly and rose. The little table shook beneath the weight of his hand.

"If you are the daughter of Dick Wintergold, my girl, I implore you to tell me so."

"That was my father's name."

The old man took Sylvia's hand between his own.

"I knew I should find you; I never doubted—never. In every city of half the world have I sought you, Sylvia. Now I have found you—many times I scarcely hoped, yet I have found you." For answer Sylvia cried a little; then brushed away her tears and smiled.

Roger was torn between joy and apprehension. Mr. Wintergold had as yet made no effort to abstract any shoe-leather from Sylvia's hide; but of course the penalty might simply have been deferred. Somehow Roger could scarcely bring himself to believe that the old gentleman, for all his threats, would ever want to take anything out of anybody's hide.

It developed that Mr. Wintergold was sadly in need of a family, being entirely alone in the world; while nobody could dispute the proposition that Sylvia and Roger needed an uncle. There was a

ranch in southern California, and it was planned that Roger should abandon his newspaper business in the East in favor of the management of a small herd of ponies in the West. Mr. Wintergold thought that the climate might suit Sylvia, who was not above ponies herself, as she admitted.

Mr. Grame, who of course was not included in these arrangements, was endeavoring manfully to put himself in a kindly frame of mind toward Mr. Wintergold. Sylvia, a poor pastel artist, was within his reach; but Sylvia, heiress, was as little to be held as a sweet but fading dream.

Of one thing he was resolved, that not the slightest intimation of his feelings toward her should escape him, lest her happiness should be tinged with regret for the aching void she would leave in his existence. Grame was wonderfully ignorant about some things. Everybody knows that girls really enjoy leaving aching voids, thus fulfilling their appointed destiny.

It was midnight when the last farewells were spoken. Roger went to pilot Mr. Wintergold down the dark, narrow stairs, leaving Grame, at the moment of parting, alone with Sylvia.

She gave him her hand, and said she hoped she would see him soon again. She thanked him for his numerous kindnesses to her and Roger, and spoke of many things which they had planned to do. She was, she said, in love with Uncle Dick already.

Grame heard not a word. He was endeavoring to grasp the fact that, although he had made no effort to retain it, she had left her hand in his.

"I was thinking," explained he, apologetically, "that I would like to paint you also as the Rose of the Rancho—if I were a real artist."

"Would you come to California to do it?"

"I'd come to you in Kamchatka, and you know it."

"That is a promise," said the girl, softly.





HOWARD PYLE

ILLUSTRATOR

1853—1911

*SOME NOTABLE EXAMPLES  
OF HIS WORK  
FROM  
HARPER'S MAGAZINE*



HOWARD PYLE was distinguished by marked individual peculiarities from all the other artists of his time. Indeed, for any so peculiar type of genius we must revert to William Blake. Pyle was most like Blake in this—that in the representation of life and things he caught native aspects and meanings. He had no interest in the institutional fabric of our civilization, or of any other. Of Quaker parentage and an enthusiastic disciple of Swedenborg, it was natural that he should listen to the inner voice and reject the traditions of men and the authority of the schools—also that he should seek the inward and spiritual meanings of all things. Yet, without being at all picaresque, he often chose to portray the elemental passions of our human nature.

It was not with Pyle the love of the tragedy which grows out of evil passions that prompted him. He reverted to the elements of tragedy rather than to its scheme, allured by what was native in it, haunting, and antique. Comedy has always been concerned with the contemporaneous. Pyle, in his quaint and antique humor, would have nothing of this contemporaneity, and he was quite as averse from contemporary adventure. The boldly rough aspects of our pioneer Western life did not tempt him. His saunterings were confined to the Atlantic seaboard and the West Indies, in search of old romance, of peculiar people, and of the haunts of pirates. Europe, whether in the Cromwellian era or in the remoter period of chivalry, was sufficiently disclosed to him and for his purpose in the annals of history. His imagination filled out the scene and supplied the temper and atmosphere of the story. For it was always the story he demanded, in all its spiritual meanings as interpreted in the terms of our fallible but heroically striving human nature—but yet the story in its concrete and clearly projected embodiment.

We are glad that at the last, and after he had disclosed the possibilities of his peculiar genius, he had sixteen months of Europe, and that he had this aftermath of his life in Italy. But, for the kind of work which gave him a distinction wholly his own, he had no need of the actual European scene. It was different with Abbey, who, with a more purely esthetic sense of form and detail, felt that he must fulfil himself wholly within the precinct of art itself.

Pyle, on the other hand, was first of all and always an illustrator. Because he was transcendently that, he was something more than that, especially in his sense and handling of color and in the spirit which animated and informed his creations. He never failed to give his meaning in the picture itself, whether illustration or mural painting; but he delighted in correlating his meanings by means of the written story, which was always virile, significant, and charmingly antique and idiomatic.

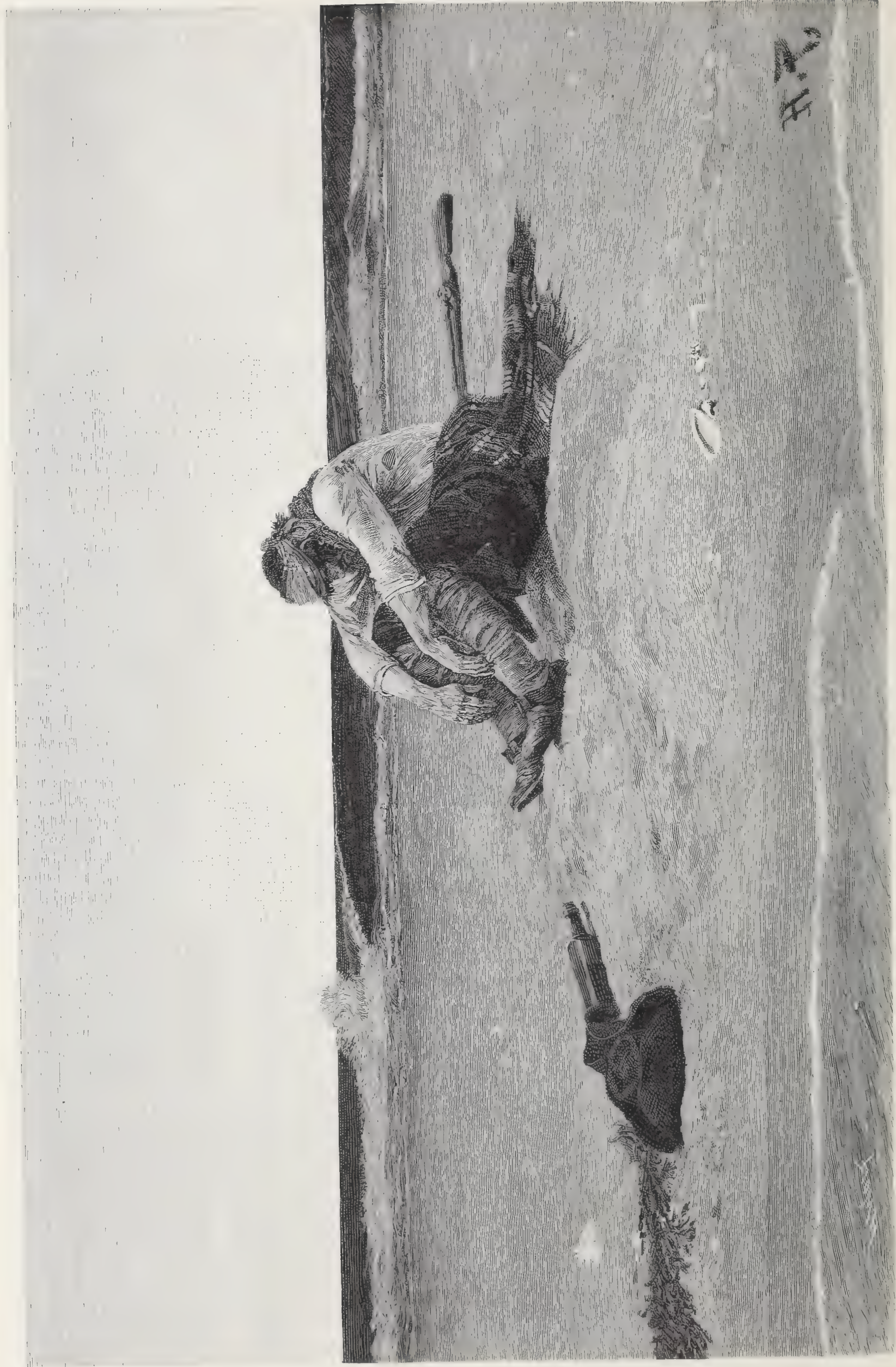
His work as author and artist was, for us all, and a good part of it especially for youth, a fresh revival of the Romantic. But, though it occupied the field of wonder, it had no Rossetti-like transfiguration and exaltation, no vagueness. Without any loss of the wonder, his meanings were plain. We shall not see his like again.





CAPTURE OF THE GALLEON  
Engraved on Wood by Putnam  
1887





MAROONED  
Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf





IN THE OLD RALEIGH TAVERN

1896





IN WASHINGTON'S DAY

EVEN SIR WILLIAM BERKELEY, THE REDOUBTABLE CAVALIER GOVERNOR, SAW HE MUST YIELD





LEAVING MOUNT VERNON FOR THE CONGRESS OF THE COLONIES

1896





GOOD FOR THE SOUL—"OLD CHESTER TALES"

1898





VIEWING THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

1901



# With the Dyaks of Borneo

BY MARY BLAIR BEEBE

THE beat of many paddles was driving our seventy-foot canoe against the swirling rapids of the Mujong River. We were in Sarawak, in the heart of Borneo, where the eyes of a white woman had never before looked upon the shining bronze waters. Thus I felt something like "stout Cortez when, with eagle eye, he gazed on the Pacific." Others might come after me, but I was the first.

As I idly watched the green-clad banks slip by in obedience to the energetic throb of the blades, I musingly relived the events of the past few days: the landing at Kuching—Sarawak's little capital—and the journey ninety miles up the Rejang River to Sibü. This is the second town in size and importance, although its white population consists of but four men and one woman, and its native inhabitants are not more than sufficient in number to make a very modest village.

The little river steamer had tarried for the night at Sibü, and the feminine member of the white population and I, having made friends in the rapid fashion which isolation makes possible, sat together on the river pier. We were in a world of sunset afterglow; rose and gold, celestial blue, clear pale green, and deep violet and sapphire glorified all the marvelous tropic heaven and were softened in the glimmering reflection at our feet.

From beneath the shadow of overhanging trees a dugout canoe glided into the peace of the water, drifting so quietly with the current that scarcely a ripple stirred the molten wonder of the sky. A solitary figure stood, perfectly poised, in the frail bark—a Bornean Dyak, with the lithe perfection of proportion and the rich coloring which were later to become so familiar to us. Skilfully he

cast his fish-net like a great fan over the water; and then night fell like a curtain, hiding from us our lonely fisherman and our city of the sky. There is no pleasant *entr'acte* in the tropics. Night is always "waiting in the wings" for day to depart. The tree beneath which we sat was all at once sparkling with fireflies, like a Christmas-tree with living candles.

We began to talk, my companion and I. She told me I was the second white stranger who had visited Sibü in ten years. In reply to her questioning I explained that my husband's mission was to study the Bornean pheasants in their native haunts, and that we planned to go to Fort Kapit—as far as the river steamer would take us—and then to go on into the distant interior by canoe. The brilliant night revealed horror on my new friend's face. To leave the Fort! To go into the interior! Nothing would induce her to do it. Did I know the danger into which I was going! Did I not know that the Dyaks were head-hunters, and that we were going into the country of the Sea-Dyaks, most savage of all the peoples of Borneo! And had I not heard that a white man had recently been shot by one of these Dyaks, who had sworn their revenge would be to take a white head!

There was much more to the same purpose, with lurid descriptions of Dyak cruelty and of all sorts of disease.

In spite of saying over and over to myself that where Rajah Brooke and his English Residents said it was safe to go I knew it *was* safe; still I may now confess what at the time I would not admit even to myself—that all sorts of indescribably miserable horrors began to haunt me.

But now we were in the jungle far beyond the Rajah's last little outpost, Fort



Kapit, with its garrison of twenty Indian Sepoys under the charge of a young English Resident. This jungle with its labyrinth of intersecting rivers was the land of the dread Sea-Dyaks, of whom such blood-curdling tales were told me; and our crew of fourteen men was chiefly made up of these very Dyaks.

The sudden scrunch of the canoe on gravel put an end to reminiscence. From the house at the top of the bank a group of Dyaks were calling to us that we must not go on, for a man lay dead at the next house farther up-stream, where we had intended tying up for the night. They therefore invited us to anchor at their landing and to come up to visit them after we had had supper.

The dark night had already fallen, when, like chickens going to roost, we climbed the steep notched pole that serves as front steps to a Dyak house, and found ourselves in a long gallery. On one side a row of doors opened upon this gallery, each door, as we learned later, leading to a room occupied by a separate family. From end to end of the gallery a row

of lights on the floor glimmered and danced; these lights were of a native resin, which burned with a penetrating, incense-like odor, supposed to keep away mosquitoes.

The chief and his family met us at the entrance and led us over a shaky, open floor of split bamboo to the center of the gallery opposite the chief's door, which was the official reception-hall of the communal Dyak house, where the precious human-head collection of the head-hunters was always kept. As we took our places on the clean, white mats which had been spread for us, the flickering light showed at least a dozen of these ghastly trophies hanging directly above us. Immediately a huge circle formed about us. From first one door and then another, and from the shadows of the gallery, beautiful bronze figures like shining, polished statues, great and small, moved with the noiseless tread of the savage, and came and squatted about us, until our circle grew, ring upon ring like the section of some giant tree. Every eye was fixed upon us in curious,



A DYAK WAR-DANCE



fascinated gaze, and every tongue was busily discussing us in the deep, guttural language of which we did not then understand a word.

One by one the young girls of the house came to greet me. Kneeling beside me, they gently pressed one of my hands and at the same time put an egg into the other. I knew the heart of "Cookie" would rejoice, for we were eggless, but most of all was I touched by their kindly courtesy and delighted with the pretty picture they made—so soft, so round, and so young, with necklaces of silver coins shining against their smooth, brown skin, and broad girdles of sparkling brass wires holding in place the briefest of red and blue native-woven skirts. The girls then put before us all the paraphernalia of betel-nut chewing and a bowl of native-grown tobacco, which they proceeded to roll into plantain-leaf cigarettes. We chose the lesser of the two evils and accepted one of the

sepoy, who was one of our crew; Matélly then converted the Hindustani into Dyak; and the answer traveled back to us by the same circuitous route. Fortunately the Dyak has all the quick intuition of the untutored savage, which seems somehow always to become dulled in civilized peoples, so that we gradually found it possible to express a great deal by gesture and pantomime.

One of our boat crew, a tall, lean old Dyak, pushed his way through the crowd and sat close beside me, and for the rest of our stay in Dyak-land he was always my shadow, and as courtly in his solicitude about me as an old Virginia gentleman.

Meanwhile the circle of which we were the center had become so vast and so closely gathered about us that we could scarcely move. Somewhere, far away, there was the faint aromatic fragrance of the burning resin lights, but omnipresent was the pungent odor of the

Dyak *en masse*. An overwhelming realization of alien primitive man, of the elemental vitality of exotic savagery, possessed me. For an instant the veil was lifted between the present and the far-distant past, and I felt the life of the savage throbbing in my own veins, with all its superstition, its cruelty, its fitful emotionality.

For our entertainment some of the men struck up the mournful, monotonous music of the native reed flutes, and two little boys strutted in, dressed



OUR INTERPRETING QUARTET

cigarettes. It was difficult to explain graciously that we should have been happier without either betel or tobacco, for our interpreting was in this wise: we spoke in English to Hodgart, our Eurasian taxidermist, who translated into Hindustani to Matélly, an Indian

in all the war regalia of a grown-up Dyak. Never was anything more stately and serious than the bearing of these children. The instinct for war is born in them, and from boyhood they are taught to revere and practise it as they do nothing else. Taking from the chil-



dren the war-coat of bear-skin and hornbill feathers and the cap of red-and-gold beadwork, with its long, ocellated wing plumes of the argus pheasant, the chief of our crew began to dance.

A rooster among the rafters overhead stirred and crowed sleepily. The wail of the music rose and fell. The tattooed, coppery body of the dancer took a hundred difficult and graceful poses, the spots of light on the hornbill feathers of his coat dancing before my eyes until all my being was concentrated on his swaying, sinuous figure. The great circle of people ceased to exist for me. Nothing seemed to have any reality save the dancer, the sobbing music, and the heavy, alien odor. The spirit of the savage, which a few moments before I had been realizing so keenly, was now embodied in music and dance. Above my head—I did not need to look up to see them; I could *feel* their presence—hung the dry and blackened human heads, one of which stared vacantly down upon us through white, wooden eyes that had been placed in its sockets.

The dancer now sank almost to the ground, his body leaning so far back that the long argus feathers of the cap swept the floor. With an almost imperceptible movement he picked up his wooden shield and drew his long, gleaming knife from the carved sheath at his side. Circling on one foot, the other drawn up above the knee, he spun round and round—faster and faster—until, with a resounding blow of knife upon shield and then a straight outward thrust, he sank to the floor.

Surely it was a deadly battle with an unseen adversary, and the dancer had just parried a fatal blow and given the decisive thrust. Rising, he circled like a great bird with outstretched wings, and the bird was a bird of prey, circling about a victim for whom there was no escape. The dancing figure whirled and swayed, drawing near and retreating, sinking low to the earth, only to rise again with a clash of sword and shield.

I felt a strange drowsiness creeping over me. What was it about which the dancer hovered, whose shape was so illusive that I knew not whether it lay desperately wounded, with knife and shield fallen useless beside it, or whether

it stood bound to a post? But always its eyes were fixed upon the moving figure, and always the white feather spots danced and the monotonous wail of the music was unceasing. I had a weird sense of feeling all that the shadow figure might



TYPICAL DYAK MEN

have felt. Always it seemed motionless, stunned, fascinated, with a vague gratitude for the hypnotic dance that was to make the dread end so much easier; the dance which dulled every sense, even the hope that the knife was sharp and the dancer skilful! And then its face seemed suddenly to grow black and shrunken—even as that of the heads hanging over me. The dancer sank for the last time to the floor. The music ceased.

A wretched Dyak cur yelped as his master pulled him back from the circle of people, and we were all crying: "*Bagus! Budas najak!*" in applause of the emotionally and physically exhausted dancer. Only the grim heads above me remained a reality of my strange fantasy to make me wonder how large a part



hypnotism may play in what seems to us a horrible, savage practice—the head-hunting of the Dyaks. Indeed, I was told later that a Dyak is quite mad for days after taking a head. I realized the infinite tact and wisdom with which the two white Rajahs of Sarawak—Sir James and Sir Charles Brooke—have striven to abolish the practice of head-hunting, the greatest passion of the Dyak, having its roots in his courtship and in his idea of immortality and filial affection.

A Dyak legend tells that “the daughter of their great ancestor, who resides in heaven near the evening star, refused to marry until her betrothed brought her a gift worthy her acceptance. The man went into the jungle and killed a deer, which he presented to her, but the fair lady turned away in disdain. He went again and returned with a *mias* (orang-utan), the great monkey who haunts the forests, but this present was not more to her taste. Then in a fit of despair the lover went abroad and killed the first man he met, and, throwing the victim’s head at her feet, exclaimed at the cruelty she had made him guilty of, but to his surprise she smiled, and said that now he had discovered the only gift worthy of herself.” And to this day a Dyak girl will often refuse to marry a man who has not taken at least one head. Still more binding upon the Dyak is the obligation to furnish a fresh head to attend the spirit of any dead member of his family. The feathers of the horn-bill—the insignia of war—have come to be worn only by one who has taken a head, and the large circle of mother-of-pearl which holds in place the feather war-coat is emblematic of immortality, since it is of this material that the spirit must construct the boat that is to take it into the next world.

Leaving the Dyak house to return to our canoe, after the dancing was over, I was gently helped down the pole entrance and the slippery bank by the martial old chief himself. This evening of our introduction to the Dyaks was typical of all our life among them; we received universal courtesy and hospitality which could not be excelled in any land.

Life in the open air is the surest proof against insomnia; so, in spite of our won-

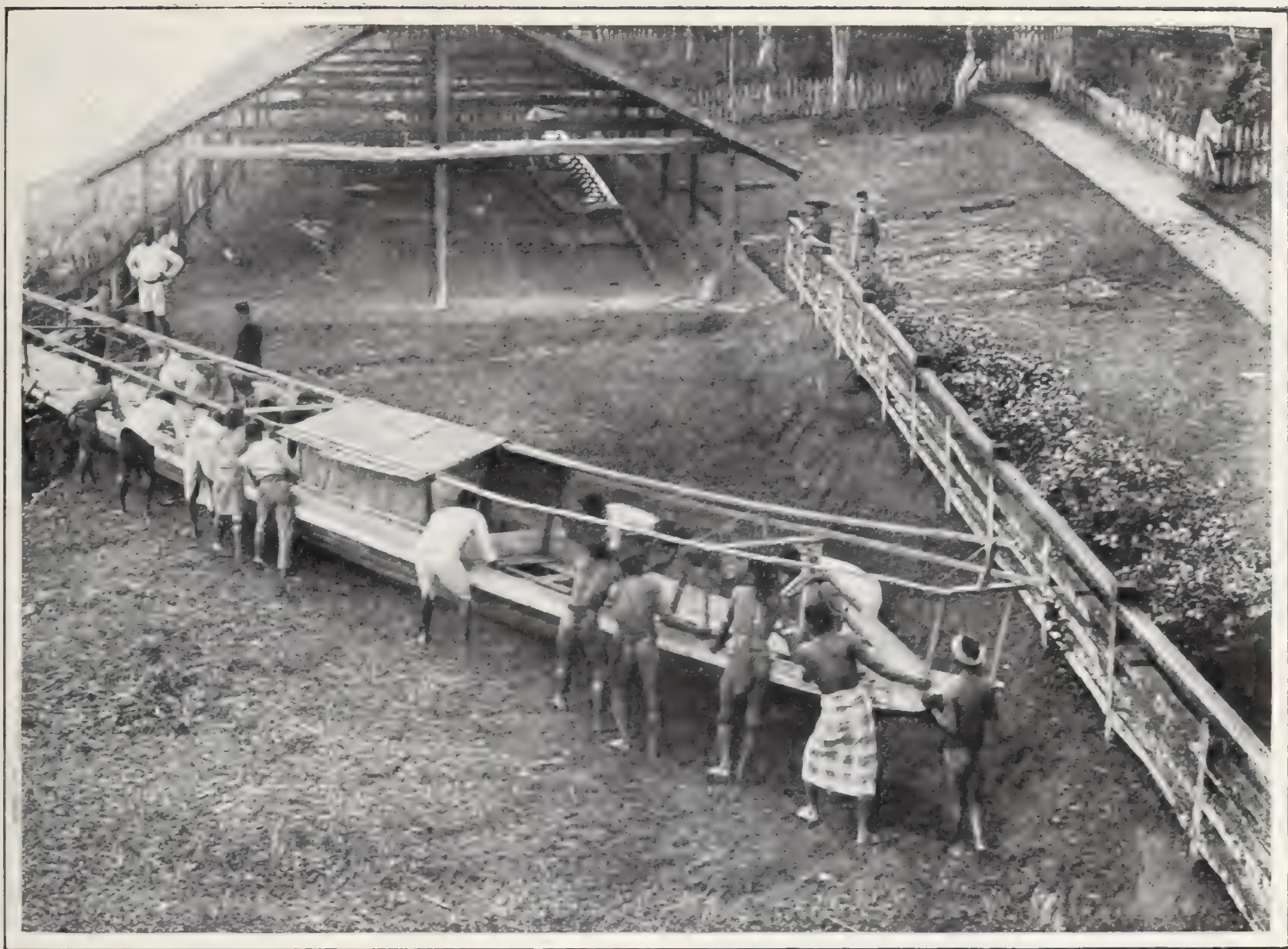
derful and fascinating evening, we slept the dreamless sleep of the wilderness, knowing nothing until, in the early dawn, the splash of paddles told us that we were off again up river, always up river, in search of jungle where might be found the pheasants. Hours of paddling with occasional halts to prepare a meal made up the sum of our days.

The Mujong River here flows between low ranges of hills. In some places the tree growth was down to the water’s edge; in many others the jungle had been cut away from the river-banks, straight up to the ridge of the hills. Here some Dyak tribe had grown rice and bananas for a few years and then wandered on, after the manner of Dyaks—up or down stream, or perhaps to some other river, led by their birds of omen. Their big, deserted houses were falling into ruins, the dense second growth of the tropics rapidly obliterating all trace of human habitation. It was exceedingly difficult to find a good camping-spot with accessible jungle; one place was too rocky to tie up the canoe, while another was too far from promising jungle. Finally we settled upon a spot near the house of a chief named Sajut, who assured us that pheasants were to be found there. Having unpacked everything, we went happily to bed, eager to begin work next day.

At midnight we were suddenly waked by a terrific clap of thunder, followed by rain in such torrents as only the tropics know. It beat like hail on the palm-thatched covering of our canoe. Groping about to find a light, everything we touched was wet. Gusts of rain put out the lanterns as fast as they were lit, so that we had only W——’s electric flashlight to guide us, and he was wanted in a dozen places at once. We had to shout to one another to be heard above the tumult of the storm.

The river had risen so rapidly that the provisions, which in the afternoon we had stored so carefully on the bank, twelve feet above the water, were now being washed away. Occasional flashes of brilliant lightning showed some of the men rescuing floating boxes, pots, and pans; others madly bailing out our two small canoes, which were sinking as fast as they could; while still others were





LAUNCHING OUR CANOE

shoulder-deep in water, working to prevent the big canoe from settling on rocks and submerged trees. Cries in Dyak, Malay, and Hindustani, and the splashing of the men in the water, rose above the storm. What things were left of those which had been stored on shore were hurried dripping wet into the canoe, where W—— and I scrambled about shifting precious cameras and boxes of plates from wet places to dry ones.

Morning found us very damp and sleepy-eyed, with the problem before us of making a permanent camp. We all agreed that we might as well stay where we were. It was at least fairly safe for the boat and as near good jungle as we could hope to find; but as I looked at the bank I thought, "It will take a week to make a camp here," a slippery mud bank for a landing-place, and a dense, tangled mass of tropic vegetation for a camping-site.

Nevertheless, overboard went our Dyaks, wading through the sticky mud above their knees. To watch a camp evolve from that chaotic bit of jungle was like seeing a fairy wand transform

a pumpkin and mice into a coach and four. The Dyak knows the possibilities of the jungle as well as a carpenter knows his tool-box: certain kinds of bark make pliable and strong cord with which to bind together floors and roofs of split bamboo or straight little sapling trunks. Stronger saplings driven into the ground make the uprights, while banana or palm leaves, securely woven together, will keep out enough rain to satisfy a Dyak. Thus like magic our rough little shelters went up, so that we were able to have tiffin on land beneath our own banana roof.

We had now gone up river as far as was possible in our large canoe. All along the way we had, *via* our interpreting quartet, offered a reward to the Dyaks for any pheasants which they might find in their traps—a Dyak always has his traps set. Particularly did we want that rare prize, the white-tailed wattled pheasant.

The next night at dusk a Malay trader floated down river, bringing a dead female argus pheasant, the worse for time and hot sun, and also bringing news: a chief, located a day's paddle up the river.



was reported to have sent out his men to set traps for pheasants for us; some had already come in, and there was no one to skin them; witness the long-dead argus which the trader had with him.

This news demanded a conclave of the



OUR TAXIDERMIST BRINGING IN THE RARE  
WHITE-TAILED WATTLED PHEASANT

powers that were. Our canoe could go no farther; we must therefore divide our forces. The question was, who was to go and who was to stay? The most essential part of the interpreting combination—Hodgart and Matélly—must go; three of the crew would be needed to paddle. W——, of course, wanted to go, but it was difficult to decide whether he would accomplish more by going on or by staying where he was. Finally he decided to go, and I was to be taken along if there was room in the boat.

I lay awake planning the least possible amount of food and outfit we could get along with, and thinking what a gamble it was—this pursuit of pheasants! We had come these many miles, and the chances were even that there would be no birds to reward us. We were con-

stantly having to make these decisions of vital importance upon the slimmest and most contradictory evidence, and with so vast a territory to cover in a given time. Now, for example, the chief Sajut, near whose house we were camped, was assuring us that there were more birds here than up river; while on the other hand was the rumor of pheasants trapped up river, with the material evidence of the dead argus.

The night brought another terrible rain, and morning found the river a foaming torrent. It was promptly settled that I was to be left behind, Matélly being quite firm on that point, saying that with the river in its present dangerous condition he didn't want the responsibility of a "Memsahib" on his mind.

Therefore, with practically no luggage, the men set forth in a small and untrustworthy canoe, W—— with his camera wrapped in his waterproof and safe on his knees. The angry river rushed along, carrying with it branches, trunks, and even great uprooted trees. Against this turbulent current the little canoe battled slowly, and was beaten back over and over again, only to make a still more strenuous effort to go forward. Watching anxiously until it reached the bend of the river, I saw it turn back. Now headed down-stream, it was borne so swiftly on the current that the paddlers with difficulty steered clear of the dangerous rocks and floating trees. The little craft was full of water and reached us just in time. Another moment and it would have gone down, despite the rapid bailing. Having found it impossible to go on with so heavy a load, W—— was returning with the plan that he and I should get another canoe and a crew and start up river early the next morning.

Now that Hodgart and Matélly were gone, we had only our own scanty stock of Malay and Cookie's equally limited English to depend on. Ever after the day he had told a Dyak that we were going to make him *presents*, when what we had really wanted was to offer to buy from him any *pheasants* he might trap, we regarded Cookie's interpreting as an uncertain quantity. It was with such an interpreter as this, however, that I set forth that afternoon to call upon the



chief Sajut to solicit another canoe and men.

As according to Dyak etiquette we must not at once mention the object of our visit, we sat Eastern fashion upon mats, while I endeavored to manufacture polite conversation in the baby-talk English intelligible to my medium—Cookie—upon whom I had to depend to pass it on in Dyak.

Meantime I had time to study a Dyak house, shorn of the glamour of twinkling lights and minor strains of music. The Dyaks live in great communal houses containing from ten to sixty families, or "doors," the Dyak chief proudly boasting, "I am the chief of sixty doors"—or whatever the number may be. The plan is always like that of the first house we visited, a building supported on poles, ten or twenty feet above the ground, and consisting of a long gallery out of which rooms open. The whole house is constructed on a large scale, after the fashion of our little camp shelters—palm and banana leaves, bamboo and tree trunks, tied securely together.

As we sat tactfully working up to the vital matter of the desired canoe, the usual throng of people surrounded us, while a horde of half-starved dogs made a close inspection of the strange guest. With the women, as always, there was a common ground on which we could meet. Possessing the most abbreviated of wardrobes themselves, they took an absorbing interest in the complexity of my simple camping clothes, marveling at how they were put on, at the wonderful hairpins which held up my hair, and at the ticking of my wrist watch, although they had no idea that it served any more useful purpose than that of a fascinating ornament. My teeth they pronounced "no better than dog's teeth," since they were not,

like theirs, filed and blackened, with bits of brass driven into them. They shook their heads sorrowfully over my ears. According to their ideas, I must have had disgraceful parents to have thus neglected the proper beautification of a child. I was called upon to admire their ears as contrasted with mine, their lobes having been stretched until they often reached to the shoulders. We saw this process of ornamentation in all its stages; the ears of the little children in which the small opening was kept distended by a fern stalk; the older children in whose ears the bit of fern had been replaced by round pieces of wood the size of a silver dollar; and finally the finished product—the greatly distended lobe of the adult, weighted with a great brass ear-ring.

At last we came to the object of our visit to Sajut—a canoe and men to take us up river.

Sajut shook his wrinkled old head and looked at the river tumbling so madly at the foot of the bank.

"Canoe perhaps might give, but no men."

"Why not men?" I demanded.

Much talk followed, but no answer came to me through Cookie, beyond the brief:

"Men busy make paddy."

"But Tuan pay men well—whatever asking," was my anxious reply.



AT WORK IN ONE OF OUR JUNGLE HUTS



"Tuan pay birds, too. More easy get birds than go up river."

That was true; we had cornered our own labor market. Cookie protested long and loud, and Sajut called together all the young men of his house, promising to put the matter before them. Every one talked at once—the old chief and his stalwart, tattooed young men, the married women with babies of all ages balanced on their hips, and Cookie—unceasingly Cookie—while I sat helplessly by, patiently asking from time to time, "What are they saying? What are they saying?" a refrain to which no one paid the smallest attention. Finally Cookie interpreted:

"What Tuan paying?"

"Whatever they want," I said, desperately, knowing how important it was for W—— to reach as soon as possible the best field for his work.

The price rose from one to three Straits dollars a day. Sajut chewed and spat betel-nut, staining the bamboo flooring that deep vermilion by which one may always track the betel-nut-chewer. As he sat there, putting in now and then a guttural word, I thought how hideously pitiful is savage old age, bereft of the accumulated culture which makes gracious the full years of Western civilization.

At last with another look at the river they all said with finality:

"River too big, too strong. No can go."

So irate was Cookie that he could scarcely translate their answer.

As we cautiously picked our way to the river, down the notched poles, more slippery than ever now with their coating of wet mud, Cookie's verdict was:

"Big man no good. No proper chief."

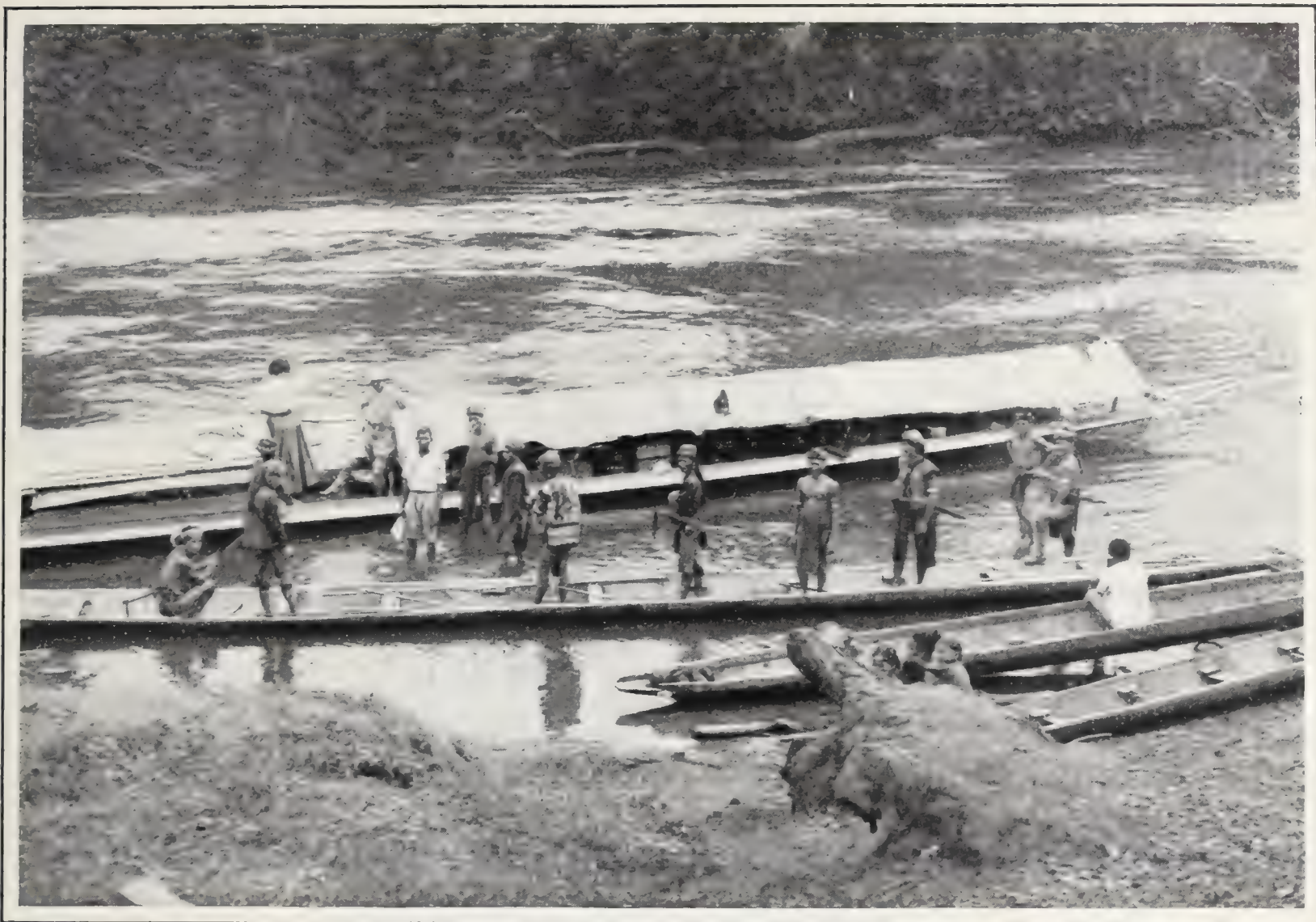
During our visit the river had risen still higher, and it was with difficulty that we got into our canoe. Poling up river to camp, we passed a canoe whose paddler called out to us that a big argus pheasant had been brought to the Tuan with a tail that reached across the river, and that Tuan was paying one hundred dollars for it. With all due allowance for poetic license, Cookie and I excitedly paddled home as fast as we could against the current, to see what had really happened. We found W——

already hard at work studying the new specimen before making a skin of it. It was really a splendid bird, a good beginning for our work, although its reported size and price proved at least one Dyak to be gifted with an Oriental imagination. Thus for once had the Fates taken from us the responsibility of a decision, and all had worked together for good. The jungle about us yielded amazingly satisfactory results during the next few weeks, rewarding W—— for his unceasing and exhausting explorations beyond his wildest hopes, and making him long for forty-eight-hour days and for as many months as we had days to give to the pheasants of Borneo.

Our row of huts looked down upon our canoe moored at the foot of the bank, lying like a huge centipede along the brown waters of the Mujong River. This was our home—a native war-canoe by night, and by day a group of palm-thatched shelters at the crest of the river-bank. The canoe was adapted for swiftly transporting eighty armed men. Being thus built for speed rather than for comfort, our canoe left much to be desired as a storehouse for all the paraphernalia of a scientific expedition in search of pheasants, and as a sleeping-apartment for ourselves and our Dyak crew and servants. I do not yet understand how we managed it, how, among all the boxes of outfit, our party of twenty found sufficient free space in which to lie down. Certain it is that when we had all retired there was not left even the theatrical "standing room only"; for, although seventy feet long, the canoe was not more than four feet in width at its widest part. On a framework three feet above the flooring of the boat were tied overlapping mats of interwoven palm leaves, as a protection against the nightly torrents of rain, and in the section of the boat which I called my bedroom this palm matting hung down at the sides, so that it was somewhat more private than the rest of the boat.

Our little row of jungle shanties—called *lankos* by the native Dyaks—we likened to a village street. At one end hung the daily washing, and that we





OUR DYAKS STARTING ON AN EXCURSION

called the laundry; while at the other end our cages of animals and birds made up a "zoo." Next to the laundry the Dyaks had put up a shelter for themselves, and that I called the "Hotel Dyak," since there all the many inquisitive visitors from passing canoes came and lingered, to squat smoking and jabbering with a guttural twanging as of many banjo-strings, while the flames leaped about a great pot of boiling rice. Later the rice would be dipped from the pot with a flat piece of wood as a spoon, and served on the thick leaves of some jungle tree. Frequently, however, a Dyak preferred his large, flat straw hat as a plate instead of the leaf. After the meal he would rinse it in the river and serenely restore it to its vocation as a hat. Of course the only eating utensils were the ten fingers, and when one wanted a drink it was a simple matter to run down to the river and, wading in, dip up the water in one of the leaf plates.

Next door to the Dyak inn was the domain of our own cook, with its more elaborate array of pots and kettles and its shiny aluminum folding camp oven, with Cookie himself squatting anxiously

before his cooking-pots brewing our meals and bringing into life a vanishing flame, both eyes screwed up by the obstinate smoke of wet jungle wood.

Then came our dining-room shelter, an ambitious building indeed, boasting a flooring of split bamboo raised a foot above the ground. This raised floor served as both table and chairs; for we sat around the edge of it, with our plates set out beside us, while Cookie served us in the universal squat position of the Orient, hopping about on our improvised table like some great, clumsy bird. Our little Dyak boy, Din-din, stood by to remove and change plates and dishes. If, in the interest of conversation, one neglected for a moment his plate, the soft, brown fingers of Din-din would quietly remove it, using Dyak reasoning that surely no one would stop to talk until he had had all he wanted to eat, desultory table-talk being a thing quite unknown among savages.

Next to our dining-room was the largest of all our huts, combining laboratory, writing-room, museum, photographer's shop, and doctor's office all in one; there we did all our work and kept our speci-



mens, and there every day came many sick savages begging to be treated, taxing to the utmost our slender store of medicines.

Always in camp the day began early, with the bulbuls pouring out their hearts in a flood of gurgling, tumultuous rhapsody. No matter how early I was astir, I would find W—— already hard at work, for he must crowd the study of months into these few weeks.

As soon as I was dressed I would call Din-din to come down and help me carry up the paraphernalia for the day's work—the cameras, flower-presses, etc. Since it had not been possible to anchor our boat directly alongside the bank, on the first day, in order to reach the shore, we had had to wade knee-deep in sticky mud.

After that our Dyaks had constructed for us a wonderful viaduct, of a series of single-notched poles, laid end to end and supported above the water in the crotches of small saplings, which they had driven like piles into the soft mud.

Down this insecure, aerial viaduct Din-din would come tripping as lightly as a squirrel runs along a swaying branch. After the little dialogue of, "Good-morning, Din-din," and, "Good-morn-ing, Mem," which I had taught him and which he went through in elaborately careful syllables in his high, childish voice, we would mount our frail stairway, laden with the outfit of the day.

Breakfast was delightful in the cool of early morning, before the sun had peeped over the tree-tops at the summit of the opposite bank. Cookie had prepared oatmeal, dried fruit, and tinned milk, cocoa, biscuit, and, rarely, eggs, which were extremely difficult to procure, and which so often disappointingly proved to be what Cookie called "no proper eggs."

Breakfast over, we all set about our daily tasks, W—— at once going to his writing and his preparation of specimens, that he might as soon as possible get away into the jungle. Meanwhile Cookie and I talked over the day's menu, trying to achieve variety from our tinned supplies, and beseeching all passing Dyaks

to let us have chickens and eggs. The stay-at-home world is curious about the practical details of jungle life; for I am often asked, "What in the world do you get to eat in those savage countries?" In a few words, therefore, the preparations for our wilderness menu in Borneo was as follows:

We had been surprised to find in the little Chinese shops of Kuching a supply of California tinned



THE MOST ADORABLE OF PETS—A BABY SUN-BEAR

fruit—peaches, pears, apples, and grapes—which, as we were to travel by boat and not by horse and mule back, we were able to include in our menu. I had in addition the usual tongue, corned beef, cheese, cocoa, jam, butter, biscuit, milk, and sausages—all in tins; golden syrup, vermicelli and sago for puddings, a very satisfactory French brand of dried fruit, rice, porridge, and lemonade and soda in bottles. From the natives I could purchase occasional chickens and eggs, while the jungle supplied pheasants and ferns, the latter recommended to us by our Dyaks, and very delicious when boiled and seasoned with salt, pepper, and butter.

Housekeeping over, the next duty was to put out to dry all the bird and animal skins, by night kept from moisture in a tin box, and every morning taken out to air, and replaced in the box as soon as the dampness of evening began to fall.

Then came the care of the inmates of our little zoo, which was composed of



any live creatures which a passing Dyak had caught in his traps and had brought in to us to sell, the rumor having gone forth that we were willing to buy any animals which they happened to trap. After the flowers in my press had been changed to fresh blotting-paper and properly labeled, I was free to go into the jungle with W—— or to remain as keeper of the camp, if his plan was to make so long and arduous a trip that I should be a hindrance.

With the climbing of the sun over the opposite ridge, the fresh coolness of the Borneo night and early morning was replaced by the steaming heat of the day. Pestiferous swarms of tiny sand-flies appeared to imprint stinging, scarlet spots on every exposed part of our heated bodies. At this hour Din-din and I were always busy moving the cages of the birds and animals into shady places and replenishing their bamboo food and drinking cups, which were continually being upset by the tipping of the unsteady cages, woven by the Dyaks from the rotang of the jungle.

Now that we were settled in camp, our boat crew of fourteen restless Dyaks found time hang heavy on their hands. Every day Cookie had some sensation to report from the Dyak quarters: "Rice all finished; Dyaks ask where can get more." We were more than fifty miles from a store of any description, and I pictured fourteen hungry Dyaks demanding to return to the Fort. It was useless now to reproach them for not having brought a sufficient supply, their wages having been supposed to cover their food. Reproaches would not solve the present problem. When with worried lines on my brow I asked Cookie what could be done, I found that, as usual, the Dyaks had something up their sleeves, or would have had, had they possessed sleeves. Their idea was to go up river to a house some miles beyond and buy rice. The whole scheme at once became plain—the nomadic Dyak nature wanted the day's excursion!

On another occasion Cookie was sent to me in great excitement; the chief Sajut was very angry, for our men had invaded his little farm-plot and helped themselves to sugar-cane. Cookie's eyes were wide with the calamity that had

befallen us, for Sajut had actually fined our men three plates, and punishment could go no further than inflicting a fine of so serious a nature as three of these wonderful articles of modern manufacture! In this quarrel we refused to have any part. If our men had been guilty, they must pay the fine themselves like honest men.

Every day many canoes anchored at the foot of the bank, while their owners came up to our camp to inspect us; often these strangers brought in some animal or bird to sell to us, and almost always they brought also some patient to be doctored. Cookie gravely disapproved of our purchase of what he considered good-for-nothing jungle beasts. I think he thought certain financial ruin faced us, and that there was no one but himself to save us. I had become so familiar with Dyak that I could understand his comments on the worthlessness of everything they brought in, and hear him offering half what we had said we were willing to give.

We had been told that it was useless to take money with us into the far interior, and we had consequently left all but a few dollars at Fort Kapit. Now we found that the Chinese and Malay traders, plying up and down river in small department-store canoes, stocked with the salt so essential to the Dyaks, with the dogs so important in their wild-boar-hunting, with knives and beads and the expensive and ornamental luxury-plates, had introduced the use of money to the Dyak.

Having no knowledge of the value of money beyond the fact that it was a very desirable thing to possess, the Dyaks smilingly demanded great sums for every pheasant or animal brought in. Cookie and I soon discovered that it was futile to argue with them as to the price. That only aroused a spirit of antagonism. The simplest way was to give them in shining coins just what we were willing to pay, assuming such an air of finality and generosity that the Dyak generally accepted our terms and went off quite delighted with his bargain. But we found ourselves rapidly becoming bankrupt, and as the specimens brought in were of great scientific value, we decided to send one of our Malay men down to



the Fort in a light canoe to bring us the money which we had left there. He was accordingly summoned, and through Cookie we gave our orders. The usual objections were raised—"Big water too strong—take much days—no proper boat. How much dollar Marster wanting?"

W——, impatient at the objections, exclaimed: "Tell him that is none of his business. What I want him to do is to go and bring back what is given him." That speech went back through Cookie to the Malay, and the meek reply was that the Malay could lend "Marster" one hundred or two hundred dollars, and thus save the difficult journey back to Kapit! We "remained amazed," as the Spanish say. That red sarong-clad, half-naked Malay boatman lend us as much as fifty or one hundred dollars gold! The thing was incredible! His only luggage had been the roll of matting on which he slept and the red sarong (as the waist-cloth of the Malay is called) which he wore. Nevertheless he poured one hundred silver dollars into my lap, for which I duly made out a formal receipt in the name of "Umar the Malay," in which I agreed to pay the sum, plus one dollar interest, upon our return to Kapit. To this Umar affixed his mark, writing being an unknown art to him.

Tied in a bit of cloth, these men carry with them all their wealth; and from his paddling and occasional bit of trading, Umar had saved Sarawak money to the value of one hundred gold dollars. We had scarcely noticed Umar before; he was merely one of the few Malays in our crew; but from that moment on Umar bore an entirely different manner toward us. He made bold to essay a joke now and then in Malay simple enough for us to understand. He now took part in the bargaining with the Dyaks, where before Cookie, W——, and I had been supreme; and, by virtue of his new relation to us, he asked next morning for a gift of tea and sugar, and asked with the assured manner of one who would, of course, not be refused! Shylock, Shylock! Your spirit lies dormant even in a Sarawak Malay!

Almost every day up river the boats of moving Dyaks passed, their canoes laden with all their possessions. Besides their knives, ornaments, looms, water-

jugs, and cooking-pots, they owned nothing of value, except the ancient Chinese jars for which a Dyak woman will sometimes pay as much as one thousand dollars gold! An absolute savage as a collector of antiques seems an anomaly, but such they are; and it is not the color nor the shape, but the great age of the jar for which they are willing to pay their all! Surmounting everything were the live stock—pigs, dogs, and chickens. The whole house was moving, and every one was working at the arduous task of paddling and steering—every one save the very old and the very young, who were in the bow incessantly beating tom-toms.

I think of the Mujong River, and the ceaseless beat of tom-toms throbs in my ears, and I see again the passing boats and the families wandering up the rivers, in search of a lucky spot where they may found a new house. They have deserted their old home perhaps because of an unwonted number of deaths, or of some bird of ill-omen, or Dyak restlessness, or it may be that their plot of cleared land is exhausted and they are moving on to a richer soil; or more often are they retreating before encroaching civilization, in the form of the thrifty Chinaman. Untamable, wild creatures, like the pheasants, they flee always into the lonely mountains of the interior, there to hold their own for a time, and then to flee again before pursuing civilization; until at last these splendid savages, in company with the pheasants, will, we fear, join the great army of extinct creations. Thus always do they move up river, and always the tom-toms are beaten with a dull, monotonous thud. I ask Cookie the meaning of this eternal beating of tom-toms, and his answer is, "Foolish Dyaks wanting to frighten some little bird, you call sunbird." "But why?" I question, and learn that the bright little sunbird is a bird of ill-omen; and should one fly across their way, the Dyaks must turn back or go on indefinitely, until some bird of good-omen appears to counteract the evil of the sunbird.

Absurd, says Cookie, as if every one did not know that only the moon must be consulted about building a house, there being but three "proper" days in the



month when one may safely found a house!

Our Borneo zoo boasted rare and interesting creatures. We had every species of the pheasants of Borneo, including the rarest of them all—the white-tailed wattled, which, like the blood pheasant of the Himalayas, was here our special quest; exquisite little wood partridges, brilliant, rainbow-hued pittas, and cuckoos. Many of them lived to take the long sea journey to New York; but of those that died, each death was a tragedy. Our one comfort was that, in any case, they would all have been eaten by the Dyaks, while from us they received unfailing care, with the reward that some yet live and thrive in the new land to which we shipped them. Nevertheless, every death was a grief; even the Dyaks, not often kind to animals, took the keenest interest in our zoo, and begged us never to let a light be carried near the cages at night, for they firmly believe that if the argus pheasant “sees the light” it will die.

Some of the most interesting of our captive mammals were: a leopard; rare zebra civet cats (so called from their zebra-like stripes); tupaias, or tree-shrews; moon-rats; mouse-deer; the singular *trichys*—an Old World porcupine, looking like a giant spiny rat with a long, bare tail; and a Malay porcupine, which was very tame and spent its time shaking its quills tormentingly at our dear little Bornean sun-bear. This little bear was the most adorable of pets. At the age of four weeks, and with the great height of six inches, he would fearlessly box with a six-foot man, with all the ferocious pugnacity of a grown-up bear.

Many of W——’s long days of exploration in the jungle were in search of the dancing-place of the wonderful argus pheasant, where generations of the male argus birds have kept cleared a bit of jungle, some five yards in diameter. Here the male argus comes to display before the modestly attired and admiring female his gorgeous masculine beauties—the wonderful wing feathers in which countless gleaming balls seem to revolve, until it is all marvelous enough to turn the head of any plain little hen-pheasant and charm her into being the proud wife of so glorious a creature. She does not

stop to reason that it is purely a case of fine feathers, nor does she know that her skeleton and his, as they hang drying about our camp, are more alike than she would ever suppose from the vast difference in their plumage.

In the center of this dainty dancing-ground the natives often drive a piece of split bamboo, with its characteristic razor-like edges. Along comes the male argus, hurrying up the path which he has made to lead to his ball-room, with his heart full of the joy of mere physical existence and of the bliss of dancing before his lady. He pauses suddenly at seeing his dancing-place defiled by the piece of bamboo, and at once goes to work to remove it. In his struggle with the offending bamboo the poor argus executes himself, cutting his own throat with the sharp edge of the bamboo. The dismayed little hen-pheasant scuttles stealthily away into the forest; the superb ball-and-socket feathers go to decorate the cap of some Dyak, and the body to satisfy his perennial hunger.

Sometimes W—— went alone on his quest, and sometimes he was guided by wee Dyak boys, armed with tiny blowpipes, in which they used little balls of clay as ammunition, their prey being the small birds frequenting the lower planes of the forest growth—the plankton of the jungle. We came occasionally upon these diminutive Nimrods in the jungle, their supply of clay stuck to the lower end of the blowpipe, one ball in the pipe ready to shoot, and another pellet stuck behind an ear in case a second shot should be necessary; while about their waists was strung the day’s bag—bulbuls and other small birds. A perfect picture they made of infant savagery!

Often we had made vain attempts to trap, for a scientist friend interested in mice, some of the countless wood-mice which every night we heard scurrying about among the leaves. Repeatedly we heard a snap, and W—— would hurry to the trap at once, to find it sprung, but with no sign of life except the huge black fire-ants which so often made us dance with pain on our way down to the boat after nightfall. It was some time before we could realize that these great ants were actually springing our traps! So vast were their numbers that



they always reached the traps before the mice got there.

Finally, weary with the long day's work, we would pick our way down to the canoe over the slippery log bridge. The Southern Cross hanging above us recalled many a silver night in South America. The heavy tropic night closed in about us, enveloping us like a garment—warm, moist, and fragrant.

On the opposite bank sudden, leaping flames shone out lurid against the gloom of the jungle. About the fire squatted a circle of Dyaks, who had stopped on their way up river to prepare their evening meal. They had arrived after darkness had fallen, and knew nothing of the strange white creatures who were camped just across the river from them. We were looking upon a picture of unconscious, untouched savagery, illumined by a fire kindled from the rapid revolving of one piece of dry wood in a groove made in another, until in the bits of sawdust was generated a smouldering spark. Rough hands then anxiously encircled it, protecting it from the night wind, while others added to it splinters of dry wood until the wavering flamelet became a flaring blaze.

In time the fire died away. Our Dyaks slept, disturbing the uncertain equilibrium of the canoe as they moved restlessly in their slumber. The Moham-medan Malay, Umar, upon the bank, intoned his prayer, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet"; but at length he, too, came to rest, impatient expletives from the stern revealing that he had climbed over a couple of Dyaks to reach his place, while intermittent snores soon proclaimed the fact that Umar also slept.

The brilliant moon rose, now almost a perfect circle, and into the calm of the luminous night came a voice, a song like unto nothing which we had ever before heard. It was the song of the turbulent river on its way to the sea.

A canoe, steered by a solitary Dyak, was dropping down-stream. His paddle guided his craft back and forth across the gleaming silver surface of the river—now avoiding a dangerous rock, now taking advantage of a clear stretch of rapid current. And his song was the liquid music of the river—the river hurrying down, always down to the sea.

Fainter and fainter the song came to us as this solitary singer of the night dropped down-stream. In the great silence that followed, sleep at last came to us, and we slept until we were aroused by the nightly tempest—sheets of rain, blinding flashes of lightning, crashes of thunder. Our good Dyaks were standing shoulder-deep in the water, steering the canoe clear of the danger of submerged and floating trees, collision with which would mean the instant destruction of our boat. We sleepily examined our valuables to see if any new leak had sprung, moving our goods like the little ants inhabiting the hold of our canoe, which, when flood threatened them, hastened up, carrying their eggs and their babies to the safety of our dry sleeping-place, to return them next day to their home in the hold, after the crew had bailed out the water. So did we, too, constantly transfer our possessions from the wet to the dry spots.

At the height of the storm a canoe passed. Some Dyaks were on their way home from a bacchanalian feast. That we knew from the wild cries, the unsteady flourishing of flaming torches, and the uncertain guidance of their canoe. In the bow stood a man, lit up by the torches of his companions. For an instant he was as clear-cut a figure as by day. We could distinguish the hornbill feathers in his cap, the tattooing and the ornaments on his body, and the canoe had passed.

We drew our waterproofs up over us, and in the coolness of the storm we slept.

Such were our nights on the Mujong River.





# The Doll Lady

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

MINNIE, sitting in the arbor, walled in and roofed over by closely set grape-leaves through which only a dim green light of day filtered, taking dainty stitches on the hem of a muslin gown for herself, a charming muslin pattern with delicate little flowers scattered as on a summer field, heard every word. She could not help it. She could not make her presence known without causing a most unpleasant shock of embarrassment both to herself and others. She had not had time to escape, because the remark came like an explosive, and she did not even get a whiff of the cigar smoke until afterward.

"Marry Minnie!" proclaimed the masculine voice. "Marry Minnie, Wilbur! Why don't you propose that I marry a doll and be done with it?"

In reply came a voice which Minnie loathed. It was the voice of a man, but it had an almost feminine softness of tone. "My dear fellow," said that voice, "Minnie is not such a doll as you think."

"Looks like one, acts like one," returned the other voice, which was manly, although full of unproven authority. That was the voice of the Rev. Edward Yale, the young minister who boarded with Minnie's widowed mother and her widowed sister, Mrs. Emma Prior; not in any sense with Minnie. Minnie never had any voice in household arrangements. She was much younger than her sister Emma, and she had been the child of her mother's more than middle age. She had been a petted darling of her old father, who had died the year before, and for whom she was just leaving off mourning. She was always the petted darling of her mother and sister, but being a petted darling sometimes involves a slight underestimation, even unconscious contempt. Petting implies superiority; being petted may imply inferiority, although a beloved and graceful inferiority.

Minnie continued to listen. She

stopped sewing. "She is not at all," said the unpleasant voice, which belonged to Wilbur Bates. She and Wilbur had been schoolmates, and he had always, she supposed, been in love with her, and she had certainly never been in love with him, had been more and more repelled as they grew older. Now his defense of her was hateful as his expressions of distaste could never have been. She knew just the expression of Wilbur's face as he spoke—his long, blond face, with its thin, much-curved mouth and his narrowing blue eyes. "Minnie has a great deal of character," said Wilbur. "I have known her all my life, and I am sure of it."

"It is well concealed, then," said Edward Yale. He certainly spoke as no gentleman should have spoken regarding a woman who, whatever her faults of character, had always treated him well.

"All strong character is apt to be well concealed," replied Wilbur Bates. The two had stopped just beside Minnie's arbor, and were seated, smoking, on the stone wall which separated the garden from the adjoining estate.

"I rather take issue with you regarding that," said Edward Yale.

"I say, I am sure."

Edward made no reply. A stronger whiff of cigar smoke penetrated the arbor.

"I have never," continued Edward Yale in a crescendo of authority, "known a really strong character which was not indicated in some way by the face."

"You can never be quite sure what soft pink curves and dimples conceal," replied Wilbur.

Now Edward Yale laughed a pleasant, arrogant, boyish laugh. "In dolls they usually conceal sawdust," said he.

Minnie turned pale. That was too much. It was even unchristian for a minister of the gospel to assume that any human being was stuffed with sawdust. She sat still, almost rigid. The young minister spoke of something else, but



Wilbur persistently brought the conversation back to herself. Then she knew that Wilbur knew she was within hearing and compelled to listen to his praises and the other man's disdain.

Minnie did not take another stitch. Her heart beat like a trapped thing, but her wrath served as a stimulus. Her soft, curved cheeks bloomed again. Minnie had a temper which sustained her and which, although unholy, was a resource.

She sat perfectly still. She reasoned that the two men could not talk forever, sitting there on the stone wall. She knew that Mr. Yale could not have finished his sermon, although it was Saturday afternoon. He had procrastinating habits. As for Wilbur, who was a man of leisure and wealth, he could remain if he chose, but she was sure that he would leave when Mr. Yale did. He would not choose that Minnie should know that he had been conducting this discussion for her benefit.

At last Edward Yale said, rising, "This will not finish my to-morrow's sermon," and Wilbur, also rising, returned: "Well, Yale, you had better think over what I have said. There is nothing like a wife and a settled home for a man of your profession. Then you can make sure that all the unmarried females of your flock are intent upon spiritual benefits when they listen to your discourses."

"The whole idea is a shame," said the other, hotly, and Minnie, in spite of her anger, liked him for the rejoinder.

She waited until there had been ample time for the minister to gain his study and until she had heard the trot, trot of Wilbur's horse recede entirely; Wilbur never drove, but rode a fine, high-headed animal of price and blood. Then she folded her work with a final air and put her sewing utensils in her little silk bag and returned to the house by a path which was invisible from the study.

Minnie's father had been a minister, and young Yale used the old study. When Minnie entered the house, her sister, Emma Prior, was writing a letter on an old-fashioned writing-desk, and her mother was peacefully reading a book from the village library. It was, Minnie considered, a stupid book, full of sweet platitudes, but her mother, who was some-

what of a sweet platitude herself, enjoyed such. Mrs. Abbot was always spoken of as a dear old lady, and she looked worthy of her reputation as she smiled serenely at Minnie. "It is a fine day, isn't it?" said she.

"Very fine, mother," replied Minnie.

Emma, who had a long, nervous, but rather pretty face, glanced up from her letter. It was a duty letter written twice every year to a cousin out in Ohio whom she had never seen. Emma had many small duties with which she filled in the chinks of the larger ones. She was a very busy woman, and she was writing a most conscientious letter, with lines beneath the paper, that she might avoid optimistic upward slants and pessimistic downward ones. There was a nice pen-wiper on the desk, a blotting-pad, and a small dictionary. "Will you please look at the kitchen clock and tell me the time, Minnie?" said she. "I think this clock is not quite right."

Minnie disappeared. Emma's pen moved smoothly again, filling in the slight chink.

"It is ten minutes of five, sister," replied Minnie, returning. Her mother smiled happily at something in her book.

"What is Maria doing?"

"She is sitting beside the window."

"It is time to put the biscuits in the oven, and they must be ready, but she will not do it unless I tell her to," said Emma, rising.

"I will tell her, dear," said Minnie.

"You!" repeated Emma in a tone of loving contempt, as if she were addressing a pet animal. "You know Maria would not put the biscuits in for you, dear."

"I could put them in myself," replied Minnie, with a slight note of rebellion in her voice which caused both her mother and sister to stare at her. "You!" said Emma again. Mrs. Abbot laughed pleasantly and turned her eyes again upon her book. Emma wiped her pen carefully upon the inside of the pen-wiper and left the room. Minnie also left by another door and ran up-stairs.

She went into her own room and closed the door. Then she sat down in a little rocking-chair which had survived her childhood, leaned her elbows on the open window-sill, and stared out into the green,





*Painting by Howard E. Smith*

"WHY DON'T YOU PROPOSE THAT I MARRY A DOLL AND BE DONE WITH IT?"







overlapping spread of a cherry-tree. This was a favorite occupation of hers, or, rather, a favorite lack of occupation, for she was not only idle as to her body, but not consciously mentally active. She sat brooding over nothing as far as she knew, but always afterward came action. As she sat there the girl belied the young minister's description of her. She did not look in the least like a doll, in spite of the rounded figure in the little rocking-chair and the dimpled face resting in a cup of dimpled hands. Her eyes, staring into the glossy bosses of the cherry-tree, looked black instead of blue, and were set in reflective and reminiscent hollows. Her curved mouth was a straight line. She saw and did not see the cherry branches stirred now and then by a seeking robin, although the cherries were long since gone. She heard and did not hear her sister Emma and Maria moving about below preparing the evening meal to the accompaniment of tinkling china and silver.

Presently she rose and went to the glass which surmounted her old-fashioned mahogany bureau and looked at herself. Her look was severe. She told herself, angrily, that there was no semblance of a doll in that face. Then she tipped the glass and surveyed her figure, and she felt cold. Minnie's lack of height had always been a sore affliction to her. She was much below the average height, and her little body was absolutely void of angularity. If she bent her elbows even, one got the curve of a crescent moon instead of a triangle between waist and hips. Her whole form was undoubtedly on the plan of a doll's, and no corset could remedy that—Minnie had secretly tried it. Now she bent her whole energy to the work of discovering other means. She wore a white, embroidered blouse, with her black skirt belted with black ribbon with a dull jet buckle. Minnie recognized that her costume decreased her height. Then came action. There was a scant half-hour before supper. She was thankful that biscuits were to be baked, and the fire must have got low, for she could smell smoke from the kitchen chimney.

Minnie owned one dress which with a slight alteration would meet her new taste, but that was her very best. She

could not wear that. She got an old black silk blouse out of her little dimity-covered shirt-waist box, snipped the sleeves to the elbow, cut out the collar, sewed with long stitches patches made from the snipped sleeves over worn places. Then she got out of her top bureau drawer a long, black veil, cut it in two, sewed the two lengths together, leaving holes for the arms, hollowed the neck, basted a bit of flat, black trimming around that, slipped it over her head, and began pinning skilfully with small black mourning-pins. The girl displayed, suddenly awakened, the first of all feminine talents, the talent of dress impelled to life by sheer vanity of sex. She pinned in marvelous fashion those soft folds of veiling. She draped her arms, she draped her waist, and girded herself with a black silk cord. The result was rather surprising. She had, apparently, gained in height. What were, in fact, her own curves seemed the flutter and fluff of the veil. She also looked much older. She pulled her crisply curling yellow hair straight back from the forehead in the center and fastened it securely. The result was a sweetly curved triangle of strength and womanliness.

Then she heard her sister call, and went down-stairs to the supper-table. Edward Yale stood there politely waiting until all the ladies were seated before he took his own chair. Minnie sat down. Her sister regarded her in a puzzled fashion. She resolved that she would ask her after supper what she was wearing. Meantime she poured the tea from the ancient silver pot and dispensed cream and sugar from its associates. Mrs. Abbot sat serenely opposite the minister, ate genteelly, and now and then made one of her obvious remarks. She said of the clear primrose-yellow sunset visible from the dining-room windows, "It is indeed a beautiful sunset." She said of a breath of roses which came in from the open, "The roses are very sweet." She said of a gust of warm air, "It is warmer." She said, hearing the whining snarl of a mosquito in the room, "There is a mosquito."

Everybody nodded assent or spoke assentingly to these remarks. Mrs. Abbot had never in her whole life received even a covert snub. She did not know the meaning of one, and yet she had gently



wearied everybody with whom she had had to do. Mrs. Abbot did not notice Minnie's altered appearance. When she had once seen a person, she had seen her forever. Minnie could never make any new impression upon the placid imperturbability of Mrs. Abbot's mind. As for the minister, Minnie, watching furtively, suspected that he did not see her at all. Then her wrath grew, the righteous wrath of a really strong nature belittled and driven into petty ways to assert itself.

Because the minister did not look at her, Minnie stayed away from the preparatory lecture in the church vestry that evening. The next Sunday was that of the administering of the communion, and there was always a preparatory lecture. Directly after supper Edward Yale hurried to his study. Minnie knew that he was horribly pressed for time with regard to his sermon. "He had better have been writing that than talking about me to Wilbur Bates," she thought, indignantly, sitting in her room in the little rocking-chair as she had sat before.

As she sat there the soft, summer twilight fell like a veil. The fragrance of the garden intensified by the dew drifted against her face. She heard the katydids and a whippoorwill singing to the accompaniment of a little river whose silvery rush she could just hear. Then came the rather discordant peal of the church-bell, and out of the yard passed three figures in black—her mother, her sister, and the minister. Then, scurrying to be in time, came another figure around the house corner, that of Maria, the servant-girl, also a church member in good and regular standing and intent upon being prepared for the solemn rite of the morrow.

Minnie realized that she was alone in the house, and felt a little thrill of dismay. She did not like being alone in the house, nor alone anywhere. After a while she could not endure the vacant house longer, and went down-stairs and out in the front yard. She stood in the gravel walk between the rows of shrubs, and started at a long light flung across them. The minister had left the study lamp burning.

Minnie went into the house to extinguish the lamp. When she entered the small, square room, lined with books, she shivered before a bitter-sweet mem-

ory. She had spent many hours with her old father in this room, and she resented its being occupied by another. Her father had never underrated her. He had a knowledge that she had an imbibing intelligence. In this very room he had taught her Latin and a smattering of Hebrew. Minnie pulled down the curtains; then she saw the minister's sermon on the table, one sheet in the shiny black typewriter. Edward Yale composed sermons on the typewriter, and some people considered it sacrilegious.

Minnie eyed the typewriter. It was a very innocent curiosity which impelled her, in spite of her wrath against the minister; an innocent curiosity and also an unconfessed anxiety lest the sermon should not be finished in time.

Minnie examined the sermon. That is, she looked at the number of the page on the typewriter. She saw at once that it was not more than half written. Minnie puckered her mouth, but she did not whistle. She could not. She could only manage that premonitory pucker. "Goodness! he will have to sit up half the night to finish it," she thought.

She regarded the sermon, her chin dipped, intensifying her dimples; a peculiar tiny gleam like a bird's came into her eyes. The sermon was very neatly arranged. Edward Yale was an orderly man. The sheets of paper lay exactly placed, their edges meeting. Minnie could use the typewriter. She looked at the sheet thereon. It contained very little.

Minnie read: "We have now to remember carefully what has been before said, in order that the succeeding passages may be clearly understood. Sequence is a fundamental law of all human undertakings, as it may be of divine methods. It is 'first the seed, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.' The law of creation may well set the pace for our poor, little, futile efforts at performing our petty tasks. Therefore, I beg you, before I proceed, to consider well what has gone before."

Minnie shook her head. That paragraph was not good. It was a mere hiatus. It was a begging for time. The church-bell had begun to ring, and the minister had played that off upon the machine simply with a view to so much



space covered. He, however, would allow it to remain. Edward Yale had a trick of writing these hiatus paragraphs. It was due, no doubt, to his habit of procrastination and working under pressure. While his idea momentarily failed him he wrote like that, instead of stopping to consider, as many would have done. "What," thought Minnie, "has come before?"

She took up the topmost sheet of neatly typewritten manuscript. She glanced over it, and the queer, bird-like gleam was more pronounced in her blue eyes. Here also haste was evident, although not in the neatness of the page nor the accuracy of the work. But the minister had left space enough for a very long paragraph before laying the sheet aside and inserting another in the typewriter. Minnie stood, her head on one side. Then she laughed—a rather uncanny laugh, taking into consideration the laughter. Minnie did not look capable of that sort of laugh. She glanced around quickly, then she removed the sheet of paper from the typewriter, took up the sheet preceding, with its blank space at the foot, inserted it carefully, and sat down and wrote. She did not hesitate. The machine ticked as rapidly as with the minister. The text of the sermon was, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." The last words of the paragraph which the minister had written upon that page were a repetition of the text.

Minnie was very clever. She also repeated the text, adding emphasis to emphasis and doing away with any immediate and violent transition which might have caused quick suspicion and alarm in the mind of the minister. Then she also repeated in a slightly different fashion an allusion which the minister had made earlier in the sermon to the double-faced shield and the dispute over the color, and the proving that each of the disputants was right.

"Let us not forget that double-faced shield," typed Minnie, "the shield which has been one of the valuable object-lessons of humanity. Let us remember and understand that it is always possible for our wrong to be another's right, and be merciful and charitable, and humble our minds to a readiness of conviction as to our own mistakes. Who can even say, and be

certain that he speaks the fundamental truth, that those gods of the heathen which were overthrown by the law and the prophets had not for their worshippers some meaning of good which we have never grasped? Are we fit judges even of Baal? Judge not, that ye be not judged." Minnie, with her head on one side, considered. There was space for a line more, but she felt that, on the whole, she had written enough. She read it over. She did not see how the minister, once fairly launched upon her work by means of the deceptive mind slide of the text repetition, could avoid reading the whole. She did not know, but she could imagine the result. There were some very orthodox members in Edward Yale's church, even for this day and generation.

Minnie removed the sheet from the machine and inserted the other with its hiatus paragraph at the top. Then she stood trembling a little. She thought about undoing her work, copying over what Yale had written on the preceding page and omitting her emendation. She began to be frightened and conscience-stricken. Consequences began to multiply in her imagination.

Then she heard the scrape of a foot on the gravel walk outside, and she was possessed by a mad impulse of concealment. Aside from the matter of the sermon, she must not be caught in the minister's study. There had been plenty of talk already; she was such a beautiful girl and so much admired, and the minister was so young. It was fortunate that Minnie's brain worked rapidly. In one dart she was across the room and in the closet.

In the closet hung the minister's overcoats and hats, stood his umbrella. His two suit-cases were stacked neatly one on the other. Minnie was on the suit-cases and enveloped in the folds of the minister's winter overcoat before the front door opened. The bell had rung sharply twice first, and she had had plenty of time. She was beautifully concealed. She was thankful then for the minister's procrastinating habits, otherwise that coat would have been stored away in camphor and moth-balls by her careful sister. Yale had been intending to send it to a tailor for repairs, and had neglected to do so. Only that very morning Minnie had



heard Emma remark to her mother, "That overcoat of Mr. Yale's will be eaten up by moths if he doesn't get it off before long, but I don't like to say anything." "Moths were never in that closet in your father's time," Mrs. Abbot had returned, giving Minnie the impression that the odor of sanctity might drive away moths.

Now Minnie got the odor of stale tobacco, which she loved, although the love puzzled her. It was rather well known that the minister smoked an occasional cigar out-of-doors, and many thought it unbecoming his profession. It was Wilbur Bates who, when he called on Yale, made a business of stripping the tell-tale bands of costliness from the minister's cigars and saying much about the cheapness of the brands which did not bear them. Yale was commonly credited with smoking two three-cent cigars per day, and, inasmuch as they would not buy two postage-stamps for the use of foreign missionaries, he was condoned. Minnie heard the talk among the women, and she knew that three-cent cigars had not the odor of the minister's, but she said nothing. As for the minister, he did not know of his reputation for cheap cigars, or an explanation from the pulpit might have ensued. Yale was nothing if not a hero of frankness. He only smoked out-of-doors, because he knew that the study of the former minister might be considered as desecrated if he smoked there. It involved much self-denial, and he often wondered if his sermons might not have been improved had he smoked while writing. He had been an inveterate smoker in college. Strangely enough, tonight for the very first time he had absently lit a cigar upon returning to his study after supper. He had almost immediately extinguished it, but Minnie had noticed the faint, fresh odor of tobacco in the room. That, however, was now lost in the stale odor with which the coat was permeated of the cigars which the young man had smoked.

When Minnie heard the front door being opened, a sudden pang of fear, aside from the mere fear of being found in the study, seized her. For the first time she thought of the possibility of a burglar. He might be in quest of this very coat, and, if so, what of her sheltered in its

folds? Then she heard a snatch of song in a very good tenor, and knew it was Wilbur Bates. He was in the habit of first ringing the bell, and then, if nobody answered, walking in and entering the study. He and Yale were very intimate. Minnie was always puzzled by this intimacy, but it was largely an intellectual affair. Bates was a thoroughly educated, much-traveled man, and a rather subtle thinker. There was not another his equal in those respects in the town. Yale, therefore, had found him congenial, although neither man pretended to have any deep regard for the other. Bates's covert good-nature with regard to the belted cigars showed in reality some affection that the minister did not suspect. "Why, in the name of common sense, if I may ask, can you find any amusement in pulling those adornments off my cigars?" he had asked once.

"Hate them," had been Bates's laconic reply. "Always pull them off on principle. Savor of snobbery—want to be looked upon as brother to the bootblack and all that sort of thing."

"It strikes me I have seen a bootblack before now smoking a belted cigar," Yale had returned, with a puzzled look.

"Then that particular bootblack should have been tempted to pick up a bomb," replied Bates. "The hauteur of the poor is more abominable than that of the rich, for it is not even the real thing. It is veneered, gilded." Then he had continued stripping the cigars and replacing them carefully in their box.

Now as Minnie stood concealed in the coat, in a measure relieved, because it was hardly rational that Bates would investigate the minister's closet, he entered the study still singing. The words of the song from some opera were in Italian, and Minnie could not understand them. What she did understand was, she would be a prisoner in the coat while the man remained, and he might easily wait until the meeting was over, and he might easily stay for a long while afterward. It would not make the slightest difference to him that he was delaying a sermon. Bates was absolutely without consideration for his friends' pursuits. He was selfish to the core, although he had, when it did not interfere with his own pleasure, a good-natured readiness to serve them.



Minnie in the closet heard Wilbur aimlessly strolling about the room in a way he had before sitting down. He was a restless man, although he spoke slowly and gave an impression of calmness. Minnie knew him to be idly scrutinizing the books on the walls. She knew with a guilty conviction that, much as she disliked him, she was entirely safe, as far as he was concerned, from the discovery of her tampering with the sermon. She knew Wilbur Bates would no more even glance at a written line of his friend's study table than he would murder him. She was not sure that, under strong provocation, he would not prefer the murder to the subtler offense. After a while Wilbur sat down and smoked. Now and then he removed his cigar and went on with his Italian song.

Minnie was having a rather dreadful experience. For one thing, it was very warm in the closet in the folds of that heavy winter coat. It was almost smothering. Minnie thought of Ginevra and her smothered demise in the chest, although the cases were not at all parallel, except that she also might be found smothered. Then, irrelevantly, Minnie thought, as she had done many times before, with what irony she had been named Minnie. If she had been named Ginevra, even her dimples might have assumed importance, and the minister might not have spoken so cruelly as he had done that afternoon. Minnie in itself was a doll-name. That in combination with her appearance was fatal. If she had been named Margaret, for instance, she felt that she might have in time tiptoed up to the level of her name, but Minnie dragged her down. However, now it made little difference. She was having a horrible time, and her conscience began to torment her. She would have given—what would she not have given? to undo what she had done! If only Wilbur Bates had not come, she knew very well that by now that page of the sermon would have been copied on the type-machine, her interpolated words omitted, and the former page destroyed. She was horribly sorry. She knew what would probably happen. The poor minister, led on so artfully by deluding words, could no more help reading what she had written than he could have helped

stumbling into a pit. She had dug a pit for him, and she loved his very old coat, his coat reeking with stale tobacco.

She had some grievance. The minister had fallen from a high place in her faith when he had said those things about her. She did not mind the marrying part. Minnie colored with a red of shame besides the red of heat. He had never spoken to her about marrying, and Minnie was one of the maids who deem it a sacrilege done themselves to ponder upon such a matter with regard to any particular man before he has offered himself. It was not that. But he had spoken disparagingly of her; he had called her a doll with a doll character, and that he had no right to do. For the minister had, after all, not been insensible to Minnie's wonderfully perfect beauty and her charm, and he had looked with eyes which betrayed him, and he had said things which were naught in themselves, but his tones had been much, and he had pretended to be a good friend of hers, and this was traitorous to friendship. Besides, he had done her an indignity. He had refused in marriage to another man her whom he had not asked. He had assumed that she would be his for the asking. Even now resentment raged in her heart, but above it arose her sorrow and regret that she had done what she had done. Nothing could ever excuse that. And there sat Wilbur Bates. She made up her mind to remain just where she was until the minister returned, until Wilbur left, until the minister finished his sermon and retired for the night. Then she would steal out, and with soft taps at the machine she would undo the evil she had done.

However, the girl's fright made her illogical. She did not reckon the obvious results of such a course. She stood there, sweltering with heat, not daring to move, but feeling safe from discovery, when she heard Wilbur rise and approach the closet. Her mind, always a very quick one, leaped to his purpose. The minister kept his cigars in the closet. Wilbur was coming for them in order to strip them of their labels.

Wilbur opened the closet door. Minnie held her breath. He fumbled. His fumbling hands actually touched her feet, but, strangely enough, he did not ap-



parently realize it. He was intent upon cigar-boxes and not looking for a girl's feet, and Wilbur Bates's mind moved in straight lines when he had any definite end in view. He had thought the cigar-boxes might be where the suit-cases were. When he touched Minnie's feet he simply remarked, "Damn!" Then he lit a match and explored the closet shelf at its farthest end, where the boxes were neatly piled. Wilbur took them down and went out, leaving the lighted match on the floor. Minnie peered out of the coat and watched that match. She was obliged to. It was close to an inflammable duck suit of the minister's, and it was not her policy to be burned alive.

Wilbur had left the closet door open. Minnie reflected that men always left doors open, always threw lighted matches on floors. She reflected that women were superior, then that she loved the minister, though not in the way to induce her to marry him, partly because he had led her to love him in ancient ways and partly because he had injured her and she had injured him. The match went out. Minnie softly drew her eyes under the dark, tobacco-scented smother of the coat. Her hearing seemed preternatural. She could hear Wilbur stripping the gay little bands from the cigars and replacing them in the boxes. She wondered if he would finish before the minister returned and himself replace the boxes in the closet, or if it would fall to the minister's lot. She hoped Wilbur would replace them. He had failed to discover her once and might fail again, but Mr. Yale might be keener.

The time went on. Minnie heard the clock on the study shelf tick. It struck the half-hour, then, after what seemed ages, the hour. Then Minnie waited for the return of the minister, her mother, her sister, and also Maria. The church was near. They would come soon. Wilbur had not finished his work. The agony of waiting for one thing would soon be over, at all events. She would hear the front door flung open, the voices, the footsteps, then Edward Yale would enter the study and—she thought unreasoningly in a sudden panic—might rush at once to the closet and discover her. She did not stop to consider how very unlikely it was that he should be seized

with a desire to inspect his winter coat upon this soft June night. Everything seemed horribly possible.

The front door opened; she heard the steps, the voices. Then Edward Yale entered the study.

"Hullo, Yale!" remarked Wilbur Bates.

"Good-evening, Bates," returned the minister, in a voice whose dismay he endeavored vainly to conceal. The other man laughed easily with a queer mixture of malice and good-nature. Wilbur Bates was a tormentor from the cradle. Teasing was to him the condiment, the essential one, of all life.

"I call that a pretty welcome," said he, "a mighty cordial welcome for a man who comes in and spends his precious time doing what might be called fancy work for a friend."

"Oh, gammon!" replied the minister. "I am always glad to see you, but you know what the trouble is."

"Your confounded sermon," said Bates, coolly.

"Yes, just that. Saturday night and not half done."

"Read an old one."

"That I will not do."

"You flatter yourself that a man or a woman in all your congregation would remember, O thou puffed up one!"

"I flatter myself with nothing. I dare say you are right and nobody would recall a word of a sermon I preached six months ago. I'm not sure that I could myself, but I am here to write new sermons, not palm off old ones."

"Lord, what an inconvenience it must be!" said Bates, going on with his work.

"What is an inconvenience?"

"A conscience. Why don't you dump it, as Christian did his in the *Pilgrim's Progress*?"

"It was not his conscience, but his sins, which made his heavy burden," said the minister, a trifle didactically.

"Rot! The sins would not have weighed a feather if it had not been for the conscience. When he dumped the sins, he dumped the conscience and walked off, like the cock of the walk, drums beating and plumes flying. Did you never learn that, man? That was the conscience that Christian was bent double under, not the sins."



"I can't argue, Bates. I must finish my sermon."

"Come on, then." Bates got up and took another chair, leaving the one before the type-machine vacant. "Sit thyself and play off the law and the gospel."

Then Minnie heard the tick of the machine, and she could picture to herself the poor minister, with a worried face, striving to write a sermon under such difficulties. Wilbur Bates had the decency to refrain from his humming song while Yale continued with his work. Neither of the men spoke. Minnie was suffering tortures from standing so long in one position. She began to fear lest overwrought muscles and nerves should give way and she go down with a crash. After a while Bates finished his work and moved upon the closet with his cigar-boxes. Minnie held her breath while he stacked the boxes on the shelf and retired.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, with a sniff.

"What is the matter?" asked the minister, absently.

"What a dandy you are, Yale!"

"Don't know what you mean."

"You hang little dinky bags of violet sachet in your closet, I'll swear you do."

"Rot!"

"You do. I am going to close the door."

When the door was closed Minnie sank down in a little heap of weak collapse upon the suit-cases.

"Mice in your closet, too," she heard Wilbur state.

"Very likely. Don't care if there are. My best clothes are up-stairs," returned the minister, rather irascibly. Bates eyed him with malicious enjoyment, and yet his glance was kindly. Minnie, huddled upon the suit-cases, knowing that if the door were opened suddenly she would certainly be discovered, waited.

Then that which ordinary logic should have taught her happened. There was an outcry, a dismayed outcry in the house, and the study door was flung open after a sharp knock. Of course, Minnie had been missed by her mother and sister and Maria, and it was after ten o'clock at night. Minnie heard the sharp, staccato notes of alarm. She heard the minister and Wilbur Bates respond. She heard questions, answers, wild surmises. This surpassed all which she had imagined. There was no way out of the difficulty.

She had not thought of her mother and sister and Maria, and the inevitability of their missing her.

She heard Emma's sharp explanatory words: "Came very near not knowing that she was gone. I happened to hear distant thunder—and Minnie is so apt to have all her windows wide open—and she has new curtains—and I thought they would be ruined, so I hurried into her room and—"

"The bed had not been slept in," stated Maria.

"There was no one at all there," came in her mother's mild tones of wonder, as if she had been surprised at not finding a large crowd.

Minnie's head swam. For one second she thought desperately of giving up this miserable ship, of disclosing herself. Then the thought of the utter impossibility of such a course kept her huddled stiff and still.

"We will go and search the house and grounds and rouse the village if necessary," rang out suddenly in the minister's voice, and Minnie heard a note of anxiety in it. Then there was a rush of feet and silence except for vague, distant calls. Minnie could think of nothing better than to slip out of the closet and fly up-stairs. When they should find her at last she did not know whether she would be obliged to lie or not. She never had lied, but the possibility of the necessity of such a course occurred to her.

She waited until she could not hear a sound, then she slid stiffly down from the suit-cases, opened the closet door softly, and emerged, and there stood Wilbur Bates. He had just re-entered the room and had closed the door behind him. He turned as white as she when he saw her. "So I was not mistaken," he said, in a hoarse whisper. Minnie regarded him in a sort of fascinated way. Her little, beautiful face was woefully scared and piteous, so scared and piteous that it was almost terrible to behold. The panic-stricken soul completely dominated all the soft flush of rose and gold and blue, the sweet curves and dimples. The girl stood naked as to her inner self before the man who loved her in his own way. He moved toward her and patted her shrinking shoulder. "Don't be frightened," he whispered, "I'll find a way out."



Then the quick compassion faded from his face, which became menacing and stern. "What," he demanded, in such a loud voice that Minnie glanced apprehensively at the windows—"what were you doing in that closet, hiding in Edward Yale's closet?—*you!*" There was infamous suspicion and horror in his look and voice. Minnie told. She kept nothing back. She repeated what she had interpolated in the sermon, and Wilbur took up the page and read it with a grin. "You know I overheard this afternoon," said Minnie.

"What a girl you are!" said Wilbur. He bent with silent laughter. "Lord," said he, "that poor fellow will be certain to read it; he will think it witchcraft, and the congregation will think it heresy."

"No, he will not read it," said Minnie.

"What do you mean?"

"I shall tell him."

Wilbur took her by the shoulders. "Do you realize what he will think of you?"

Minnie nodded. Her blue eyes looked black, her face was so pale.

"You know, of course, that he is head over ears in love with you." Minnie gasped. "Didn't you know it? Well, I will tell you, because what you have done proves conclusively that you have no love for him."

"But he said—"

Wilbur laughed. "That was nothing. I led him on. I was profaning his holy of holies, and he threw all his old boots in front of it to stop me. You can think yourself lucky that he said nothing worse. You women don't understand a man like Yale. Neither do I, entirely, for that matter. But I wanted him to say things which you would hear and which would not be flattering, and I had my way. I am, I presume," stated Wilbur, with a queer, critical air, as if he stood before some spiritual looking-glass, "not altogether what poets term the soul of honor. I will grant that I do think Yale has been in some doubt about the expediency of marrying you; whether you are not too much of a beauty and a petted darling to make what is popularly called 'a suitable minister's wife.' Yale has an enormous appreciation of the demands of his profession. However, he is

in love with you and—" Wilbur started. "You, too!" he cried.

"I am in love with nobody," stated Minnie. But she was too late to conceal the flash of heavenly joy at the revelation of love.

Wilbur was silent for a moment. His curved lips were white. When he spoke it was very slowly, as if he had to make an effort not to stammer. "You know perfectly well," said he, "that, whatever his sentiments have been, they would undergo a change the minute he knew of this. You know that—when he knows—"

Minnie nodded.

"Well, it is like this, then: if he knows, he will put you out of his mind and heart. If he does not know and marries you, such a secret would be like a deadly poison between husband and wife, especially when the husband was Yale and the wife you."

Minnie nodded. She tried to moisten her lips.

"In any light, everything is over, then," said Wilbur. "Here is my proposition: You do not tell Yale, and I will not. Nobody will ever know. If he does read what you wrote" (Wilbur grinned)—"I know what people are—it will go in one ear and out of the other. He may puzzle over it awhile, but it will amount to nothing. You keep quiet, and I will. I have a plan to shield you. There is not much time. And—you must promise not to definitely refuse me for two years. I know you don't love me, but the years are alchemists. Promise, Minnie, quick! I hear them coming."

Minnie heard, too. A horrible panic seized her. To be found here with Wilbur Bates! To have him tell the truth! And how many might come? There might be more than her mother and sister, Maria and the minister. She looked helplessly at Wilbur. He caught her arm, forced her out of the room into the hall to the stairs. "Run for your life," he whispered. "Go into your room and lie down. Leave the door open and you can hear what I tell them. Then you can close it. Nobody will disturb you."

Minnie obeyed. She fled up the stairs and into her room and flung herself on her bed, where she lay panting. She heard Wilbur's voice as through running water.



Wilbur had invention. It was a clever tale which he told. It would require, later on, certain precautions to establish it upon a lasting basis, but it was clever. "She is in her own room," said Wilbur, finally. "She seemed quiet. I would advise nobody, not even her mother, to disturb her to-night. I have never seen any human being in such a panic of terror." Wilbur had been telling a tale of Minnie coming home from the house of one of her girl friends down a lonesome side street, of a following man, of a *détour*, a mad scamper to the shelter of some thick undergrowth until she encountered Wilbur. "She seemed quiet at last," Wilbur went on. "When we passed my house I made her stop, and my house-keeper gave her a glass of port and a quieting powder which she herself takes for insomnia. She will sleep if not disturbed."

Minnie rose and closed her door softly. Then the house became very still. After a few minutes, however, her door was opened by degrees and a head thrust in. "She is there," proclaimed Maria quite audibly, evidently to Minnie's mother and sister. There were warning hushes, and the door was closed again.

Minnie lay waiting. She had no doubt whatever of what she was to do. She had not the shadow of a doubt. She was not going to remain silent with regard to what she had done. She was going to destroy not only love, but the merest respect for herself in Edward Yale's heart. She thought with hot scorn of Wilbur Bates guarding her secret and waiting for her possible yielding to his suit. She was going to tell the truth. There was absolutely no struggle whatever in her mind, which was fixed in its purpose. She only waited until she was sure that her mother, sister, and Maria were in their rooms. She knew that the poor minister would have to remain in his study writing his sadly interrupted sermon.

Finally she rose and stole down-stairs. She dared not knock at the study door, and was relieved to find it slightly ajar, with a long glimmer of light marking its length. She pushed the door gently open. The minister did not hear her. He sat with his side face to her, and he looked very young, very tired and disheartened.

The minister was young, and he had a boyish air which caused him to seem younger than he was. Minnie entered and closed the door softly behind her. Then he saw her.

He started up, looking fairly frightened, and tried to speak, but Minnie interrupted him. She told in a low, mechanical voice, as if she were repeating a lesson, her whole pitiful, absurd little story, but she did omit her eavesdropping in the arbor. That involved too much. She simply said, "You had vexed me about something, and I took that awful way to get even."

To her astonishment, the young man looked relieved. "Goodness!" he exclaimed, like the veriest boy. "You do take a load off my mind. I have been reading that sentence over, and I had an uncle who was crazy, and I wondered if anything were going wrong with me."

Minnie stared. The tears welled up in her blue eyes. She felt as if she had brought her feet down with a horrible jolt upon nothing at all. "I am sorry," she almost sobbed.

Edward Yale looked at her: little, dimpled, feminine thing, weak and strong, harmonies and discords, altogether darling and the beloved of his soul. Then he took her in his arms. "I nearly went mad when I thought you were lost, that something dreadful had happened to you," he said.

"Why?"

"Because I love you. Haven't you known it all along?"

"Then why did you say what you did to Wilbur this afternoon?"

"He did not tell!"

"No, I heard. I was in the arbor. I could not help hearing."

Edward Yale hesitated. He colored. Then he spoke out like a man and called himself names. "I was a coward and a cad to speak so to Bates," he said. "But—well, I will not excuse myself. I was a coward and a cad, but I loved you; only— You shall have the whole truth. You deserve it. I loved you—who could help it?—but I did have doubts, even if you would so honor me, as to whether you would prove just the best wife for me in view of my—sacred calling. You are so very beautiful and you have always been so petted and—"



"Made such a doll of," said Minnie, piteously, looking up at him. "I know that very well, Mr. Yale."

"Will you marry me?" asked the minister.

"I am afraid I am not best for you. What I did shows that you were right. I am just a doll."

"What you did shows you are not a doll—coming down here and telling me the truth. Will you be my wife?"

"If you are sure—"

"No doll ever tells the truth," said the minister. "She cannot, because she is just a pretty little lie herself. Will you?"

"If you are sure.—Poor Wilbur!"

"Oh, he told me. He is going around the world. He said he would get over it, and he will. He hates being unhappy."

"When did he tell you?"

"Ran in here before he went home. Told me he was off to-morrow, and said good-by and told me how you had refused him. He gave a queer reason, though, for going."

"What?"

"He said he was going not because you had refused him, but because he had found out that my doll was a woman. Said he was hit harder than Pygmalion. Now, sweetheart, run up-stairs to bed."

"You will not get your sermon done!" said Minnie after a little. She looked ruefully at the manuscript on the table.

"Of course not, dear. It is Sunday now, and I can't write sermons on Sunday."

"What will you do?"

"Preach an old sermon to a new tune," said the minister.

## "Huge Cloudy Symbols"

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

SOMETIMES it seems to me that I have seen  
 Two giant shapes, who, seated at their ease,  
 Gaze face to face, while, stretching wide between,  
 The earth is laid a plaything on their knees.  
 Over its checkered surface to and fro,  
 Beneath their shadowy fingers in the game  
 We helpless human beings come and go,  
 Knowing not whither, nor yet whence we came,  
 Each moving blindly his appointed way  
 Till without warning from the sunlight swept;  
 Nor will their hands the mystic players stay  
 For all our prayers, or tears in anguish wept.  
 And this I mark, however Life begins  
 The game, yet in the end Death always wins.





CLIFF-DWELLINGS IN THE CAÑON DE LOS FRIJOLES

# American Archæology

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

Department of Geography, Yale University

IF any man, aside from the archæologist, should have correct ideas as to American archæology, it should be either the intelligent settler who actually lives among the ruins of pre-historic villages or the magazine-writer who attempts to inform the public. How scanty is the knowledge of either I discovered in New Mexico in the spring of 1911. Down in the southern part of the State I started one morning for a three days' drive through various ruins of which I had heard vague reports. My driver, a wide-awake settler from Texas, evidently thought me somewhat weak-minded to insist on driving off into the trackless desert just because some one had reported potsherds scattered on the ground.

"There's nothing there," he pro-

tested, "nothing but just a few little bits of pottery, not so big as my hand. I've saw it all time and again. I don't want to take you out there and then have you tell me that you've wasted your time. There's pottery like that everywhere, just places where Indians used to camp."

I told him that I understood all that, but we would go on. As we drove I found how little he, like ninety-nine out of one hundred of his fellows, had observed of the interesting sights of his daily life. When I asked whether the pottery was painted he was at a loss how to answer. "Well, now, I can't rightly say. It seems like one time when my wife and I were driving out here we did pick up some fancy pieces, kind of black and white, but I disremember. I didn't take notice, and we threw them all away."



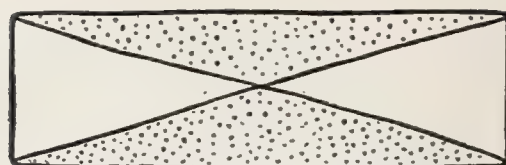


FIG. 1—CONVENTIONAL INDIAN DESIGNS

Next I asked about the location of the pottery. "I don't see any here. I thought you said it was scattered everywhere. And yesterday, when I was up in the mountains, I could not find a bit, although I searched carefully. Is there any over yonder in the flat?"

My questions set him to thinking, and at once he began to find interest in the lives of his ancient predecessors. "You're right. The pottery isn't found everywhere. Now that I think of it, I've never saw any in the mountains or out in the adobe flats. It's always in the fine sand two or three miles from the foot of the mountains. Yes, sir, around these Jarilla Mountains it's always that-a-way, just a little way from the hills in the sand between the gravel and the adobe. Now why do you suppose that is?"

When we reached the first ruin, which at first sight appeared to be nothing but a barren waste of sand and scraggly bushes, I at once found a potsherd bearing a sym-

metrical design in black on a white ground. The settler soon found another, and as we held them side by side for comparison, he made a discovery. "Look; they're different. Ain't they pretty! Now I never took notice before how neat them patterns is. Here's another. And look at this red one with a brown pattern. Say, those old fellows must have spent a heap of time thinking up how to do their painting."

The significance of the designs on our bits of pottery was far greater than the settler realized. As every one knows, artistic peculiarities, such as peculiar methods of ornamenting clothing and dwellings, or special patterns for use upon pottery, are among the surest means of establishing the relationship of races, or the development of civilization, and are of great value for that purpose even where written records are available. Among races like those of ancient America, whose language is lost and who knew no form of writing, they become of double importance. Few save the student of the science of art, however, realize the wonderful way in which it is possible to trace the workings of the human mind by means of the stages through which some simple design has passed. For instance, who would say for a moment that the two conventional designs shown in Fig. 1 had anything to do with birds? Yet Mr. Kenneth M. Chapman, curator and artist of the Archæological Museum of New Mexico, assures us that such is the case. At first one is inclined to scoff at such a statement, but when the proof is presented skepticism quickly changes to belief. From potsherd after potsherd derived from ruins in all parts of the plateau region of northern New Mexico Mr. Chapman has patiently gathered innumerable designs, and has classified them as only an artist can. Thus he has obtained several series of from ten to thirty or forty stages each, which

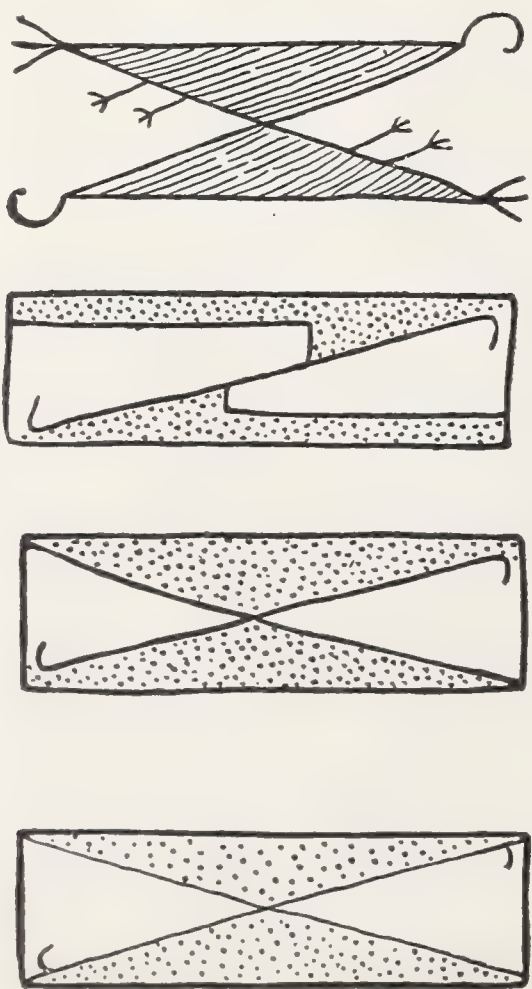


FIG. 2—EVOLUTION OF AN INDIAN DESIGN



show how the ancient Americans drew from nature at first, but little by little departed from the original models until finally the extreme of conventionality was the rule. The first artist, the great master, perhaps, who first conceived the idea of ornamenting pottery with something more than mere lines, looked at the birds around him and to the best of his ability drew what he saw, crudely, no doubt, but with unmistakable character. When others, the disciples or the imitators of the master, began to draw, they failed to turn back to nature. It was far easier to copy the drawings of another than to work out the lines for themselves. Each copy lost something of originality and force.

On this and the opposite page are a few samples taken from two of Mr. Chapman's long series. Perhaps the original design was copied a hundred or a thousand times before it was transformed from the first to the second type of either series, but little by little a change took place. The two series appear to illustrate two diverse modes of development. In the first case a design resembling a Greek scroll was developed from some unknown origin, probably as an ornament for baskets long before pottery came into use. Later it was transferred to pottery, and the new conditions drew attention to its bird-like form. Thereupon it was regarded as a bird, and was used not only as a scroll, but independently. In some instances, although not commonly, wings were added; but, oddly enough, feet seem almost always to have been omitted, perhaps in tacit and quite unwitting recognition of the fact that the creature was not really a bird.

In the other case development followed different lines. Some genuine artist at first conceived the idea of drawing two birds together, one upright and the other reversed—a simple design, in truth, and yet original. Conventionality could scarcely go further than in the final result—an oblong divided by diagonals into four triangles, the upper and lower of which are shaded. Yet even in this extreme the original design was still remembered, as is naively witnessed by the work of one unimaginative follower of tradition. At first he drew a simple oblong with diagonals and shading, but with nothing

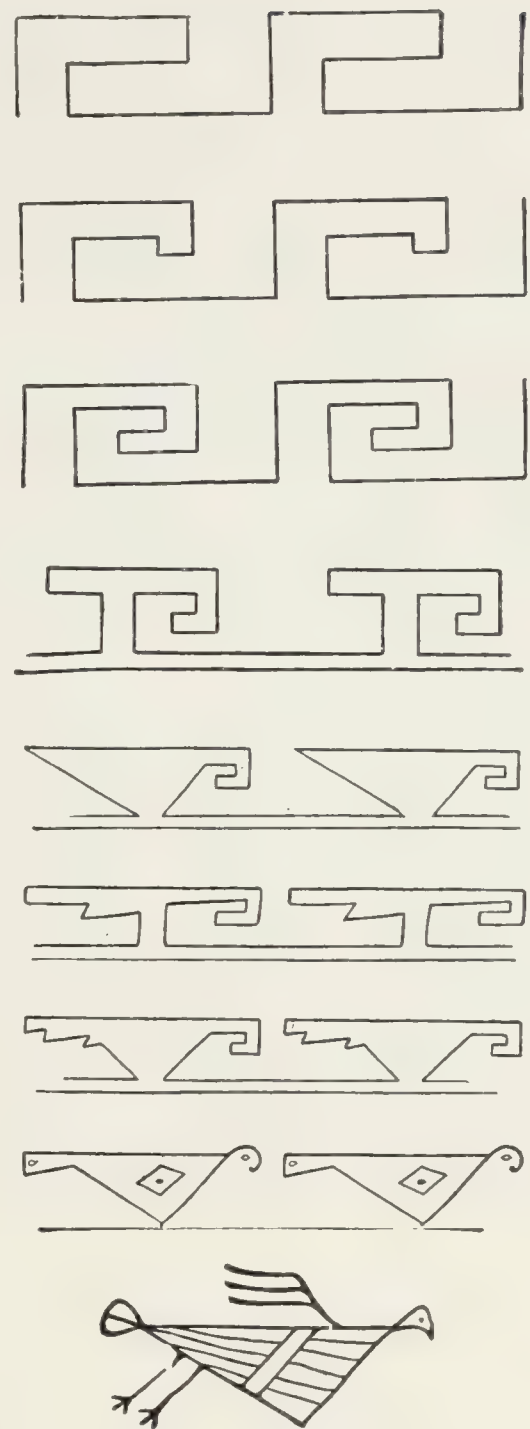


FIG. 3—EVOLUTION OF AN INDIAN DESIGN

to suggest a bird. Then he felt that something was wrong. Probably he did not know that he had drawn two birds, but he remembered that the drawings on other people's pots were different from his, and so, not daring to depart by a hair's-breadth from tradition, he added the two little crooks which are all that remain of the birds' heads and beaks.

Such studies as those of Mr. Chapman are not of value only or chiefly to the artist. They belong to all who are interested in the study of the development of the human mind. How often, in Europe and Asia, we have had exactly what we seem to find here in early America—a period of sudden initiative and individuality followed by a slow sinking into hidebound conventionality. We know practically nothing of the character of the primitive Americans of the Southwest. Yet we are probably not far wrong in assuming that the course of



their development in religion, manners, and morals was not unlike their development in art. First came the days of invention and progress, and then the deadening process of continually copying the old, the worship of outward forms, the imperious demand of public opinion that all men do as their fathers had done, and with that the cessation of progress and invention, and the final decay preceding extinction.

Esthetic questions are only part of the problems which confront the student of archæology in America, or anywhere else for that matter. As the settler and the writer examined numerous little piles of fragmentary stones, I maintained that they were fireplaces, but my companion did not think they could be. Thereupon I kicked one of the heaps, which led him to another discovery.

"Just look how red that earth is. Why, it's been burned, and here's a lot of charcoal. I reckon you're right, after all. Those people must have lived here a long time to burn the soil so deep. And see how thick the pottery is. Looks like the Indians must have had a big fight and smashed all their crockery-ware."

As we tramped among the thorny mesquite-bushes, just putting out their pale-green leaves, we saw that each village had distinct limits. Some were thickly populated in the center and less so at the edges; while others consisted of scattered groups of houses with isolated dwellings in the interspaces. The observation of this fact, together with the evidences of long occupation, led to a discussion of two of the most vital of archæological problems, the questions of how numerous the ancient people were, and how they managed to make a living. The settler felt at home with this last problem, for had he not long struggled to support himself and his family in this barren land?

"This here's mighty good soil, the best around here. It only needs water to raise all-fired good crops. You see, it's all soft loam covered with sand, and it holds the water just fine. It's like those principles of dry farming we were talking about. This here sand dries off after a shower pretty fast on top, but just as soon as the upper part is dry

it makes a fine dust that holds the moisture in like a blanket. That's why they put their villages just here. Sure those old folks knew what they were doing. Hohokam, did you call them? Queer name. Means unknown or perished, does it, in the talk of them Pimas? I guess it fits them pretty well. But, sure, I never supposed there was anything interesting in these old potteries."

After visiting three ancient villages we drove on in silence, winding in and out with exasperating slowness among sage-brush, yuccas, and thorny mesquites buried to the tips in sand. Then we climbed a long slope of barren gravel to the naked mountains.

I was busily writing in my note-book, a process which always awakens curiosity in my companions. The settler had watched just how I held my fingers to write in spite of the jolting of the wagon, and had ascertained the type of facts which I was setting down, but now he was thinking to good purpose. At last he broke the silence. "Look here; I've been figuring on that there. I can't see how them Hohokams lived. Those ruins weren't camps. They were lived in long, and those people must have had something to drink. And they must have eat, too. You say they didn't have no wells because they couldn't dig without iron tools, and that's sure reasonable. But there ain't no water in these mountains, except once in about ten years in Water Cañon, and that ain't enough. What we use is piped twenty miles by the railroad. There ain't much to eat here, either. You say they didn't have no cattle, and there's nothing to hunt except a few jack-rabbits, and there can't much else live here. They might have eat mesquite-beans some years. My horses last year when it got so dry stopped eating everything else when the beans come in, and they just got hog-fat. Queer how them mesquites seems to grow better dry years than wet. Another thing them people could have eat was the blooms of this yere soapweed—*yucca*, was it, you called it? We call it soapweed because the Mexicans take the root and use it to wash clothes with. But, land! they couldn't live no time on that, although cattle like it fine—it's full of sap, and they can





CLIFF-DWELLINGS AT PUYE

go days and days without drinking while it's in bud. Mr. Peck, over here six mile on that cattle-ranch, is a truthful man, and if he says it's so, it must be so. Why, when he comes to town he'll go into the saloon and take one drink, maybe beer, and then you just can't make him touch another. He says that one time he wanted to catch a steer. He and the boys watched the corral day-times for twenty-six days and shut it up nights so nothing couldn't have possibly went in, and that steer never come for water till the twenty-sixth day. He couldn't have got water nowhere else, because there ain't none in the whole country. That steer had just been eating soapweed, and it gave him all the water he wanted. Still them Hohokam can't have used it much, for it don't last long, and 'tain't very tasty or satisfying. I'm thinking they must have had grain of some kind. There ain't no other reason why we should see all them metate stones lying around. Any one can find them by the dozen if he looks near the pottery. I reckon those people must have

raised corn or something, and that's why they settled on good land. But there sure must have been more rain them days, for nobody can't raise nothing now."

The settler's conclusions were nothing new, but they demonstrate how interesting American archæology is, even to the man without education. They show also how a first-hand knowledge of the traces of ancient civilization at once brings one face to face with the two fundamental problems which have already been stated: How long were the ruins of the Southwest inhabited? and, How dense was the population in ancient times? Some of the best archæologists have strongly insisted that appearances are deceitful. The hundreds, and indeed thousands, of sites of ancient villages in Colorado, the Texan Panhandle, Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona, as well as in similar parts of northern Mexico, were not all inhabited at one time, so they tell us. Most represent mere temporary stopping-places where migratory bands of a people supposed to have been the ancestors of the Indians settled for a





LOOKING UP THE CAÑON DE LOS FRIJOLES

few years and then moved on. At the outside limit, so say these archæologists, the entire population never amounted to more than a few score thousands, whose civilization was of the lowest and most insignificant type. Other students, fewer in number than the orthodox school, hold that the majority of the ruins were all occupied at the same time and for century after century. They say that the population of the arid Southwest must have amounted to many hundred thousands—decidedly more in all probability than the country supports to-day. Furthermore, if this were so, although the type of civilization may have been most primitive compared with ours, yet it was by no means so low as that of the modern Indians. It must have been of the same grade as that of early Babylonia, Egypt, Palestine, or Greece before the art of writing was invented. People who could dwell peacefully for centuries in large, permanent communities, and could build great communal houses and long systems of canals, were by no means untutored savages. Civil order and submission to the will of the majority must have been

as well developed among them as among us. Such a view leads one to believe that, if only we could trace it, the history of the primitive Americans would prove quite as interesting, and to us possibly more interesting, than that of the early Oriental peoples to whom our scholars devote so much time and our millionaires so much money.

How little the world knows of our interesting archæological problems is illustrated not merely by the experience of the uneducated settler, but by my own surprise at what I saw in northern New Mexico. At the quaint old town of Santa Fé, scarcely more than a big Mexican village in spite of its well-known name, I spent a few days as a guest at the museum which has lately been established by the Archæological Institute of America. Even the archæologists themselves have been slow to realize that American archæology is as interesting and as full of problems as is that of any other country. Years ago, in 1881, they established a School of Archæology at Athens for the study of antiquities and for the training of Americans who propose to devote them-



selves to that branch of learning. A few years later, in 1895, a second school was founded at Rome for similar purposes; and then, in 1900, another at Jerusalem. Not until all these were prosperously at work did it seem good to the archæologists to undertake anything of the same sort in their own country. Finally, however, in 1907, a museum was established in Santa Fé, and a school of American archæology was founded. Each year the school, under the direction of Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, holds a summer session at some group of ruins in northern New Mexico. Part of those who attend devote themselves to a general study of the problems connected with the life of the ancient Americans, and part to actual excavation. The museum is housed in the historic Governor's Palace, built three centuries ago by the invading Spaniards, held by the Pueblo Indians during the rebellion of 1680 to 1692, and occupied in later days by both Mexican and American governors. There in the low adobe structure whose long colonnade of slender columns faces the lazy Mexican plaza, General Lew Wallace devoted some of the hours of his governorship

to writing the closing chapters of *Ben-Hur*. Such a building is an ideal place in which to become filled with the spirit of early America. After a few days there with Mr. Chapman and his bird designs, I was well prepared to go out under his expert guidance and visit some of the ruins excavated by the school.

Leaving the stiff shade-trees of the grassy plaza, we passed through the cramped streets of Santa Fé between adobe walls to the station of the narrow-gauge railroad. After a short ascent the little engine manfully held us back down a long, sinuous hill of gravel covered with peculiarly symmetrical and yet greatly stunted juniper-trees. Once we thought ourselves about to enter a fine gorge where dark sheets of lava capped pink and brown clays and gravels, but the train shied across a slight divide and down another long hill of gravel to the desert valley of the Rio Grande. There, after a twenty-mile ride, we left the train at the lumber-piles of the villageless station of Buckman, and took our places in the farm-wagon of genial Judge Abbott for a drive of sixteen miles to his se-



PICTOGRAPHS DRAWN ON THE FRONT OF A CAVE



cluded home in the forest. We crossed to the west side of the muddy river by a shaky bridge, held in place by a long wire rope tied from its center to a deep-set post far up-stream—like a pair of old suspenders fastened in the back with a string. Down in the barren valley at an altitude of 5,500 feet the vegetation consisted of yuccas, sage, cacti, and other desert forms, but it changed rapidly as we ascended. A long climb of a thousand feet took us steeply up over variegated layers of volcanic tuff of pale pink, yellow, or brilliant orange shades, interspersed with the darker blue-black basaltic lava flows, and capped by other layers of tuff forming red-brick columnar cliffs. At the top the volcanic deposits form the broad, level Pajaritan (Pähäri'tan) plateau, deeply cut by numerous cañons. There we found a beautiful region covered with forests of juniper and piñon at first, and of fine yellow pine at higher elevations. It was delightful to drive slowly along, sometimes on the

well as the lowland, is too dry for cultivation except by means of irrigation.

Midway of our ride we came upon the first cliff-dwellings. In Asia I had seen hundreds of caves built by man for his habitation, some, such as those of Phrygia, having houses added in front of them; but somehow these seemed different and more interesting, for they were American, the first that I had seen of our famous cliff-dwellings. The cliffs of this region, formed of soft volcanic tuff, are full of natural caves varying from the size of an egg to that of a house, but these are easily distinguishable from the more symmetrical excavations made by man. Furthermore, the artificial caves are usually associated with ruined walls of roughly squared stones built up in front of them so as to form rooms, many of which are still visible. No need to dwell on this, for it is familiar to every one. Few people, however, realize how interesting such simple dwellings become when one actually

travels among them, not seeing those especially prepared for exhibition, but coming upon them unexpectedly in the wilderness and feeling the spirit of discovery steal over him and fill him. All that afternoon, as we drove through the pine woods, we watched eagerly not only for caves, but still more for the little mounds which here and there proclaim the location of ancient houses separated from the main villages. He whose eyes have not been opened may pass a hundred ruins and



THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE ANCIENTS AT CHACO CAÑON

level, again dropping into the hollow at the head of a cañon, and then climbing a slope once more to the upland, where we could look out east or west at great snowy mountains. Yet in spite of the beauty and the trees, we saw no sign of habitation, for all the great plateau, as

not see one of them, for they are merely heaps of stones, but he misses half the joy of such a ride.

Until we actually counted, we had no idea of the abundance of these ancient habitations. In the space of seven miles we saw houses within sight of the road



in forty-nine different places; and inasmuch as several houses were often clustered in one group, the total number of dwellings was sixty-seven. Mere farm-houses they were, but some had from eight to twenty rooms, and must have been inhabited by more than one family, so that in our seven-mile drive through the open, park-like forest of the plateau we found within sight of the road the dwellings of no less than one hundred families. It would be a populous farming region even in the more thickly settled portions of New York or New Jersey where one could find a hundred families on seven miles of road. Yet to-day no one lives on the plateau, for, in spite of the splendid trees, even the hardy bean and corn crops fail to mature during dry seasons like that of 1910.

These scattered little ruins, almost unnoted even by the archæologist, present one of the most interesting problems of American archæology. The potsherds found in them are of a different type from those of the larger villages or of the majority of the cave-dwellings immediately around them. The pottery of the farms, as Mr. Chapman pointed out, is almost wholly a fine-grained ware painted white and adorned with geometrical designs in black. In the other ruins, however, only a little of this is found, while the commonest kinds are a coarser white ware with more abundant curves in the designs, and a wholly different type of red ware adorned with black figures painted with a species of glaze. These differences in the pottery, coupled with other evidence, such as the manifestly greater age of the isolated ruins, show that here we have to do with two occupations as distinct from each other as are the modern American and Spanish occupations. The first in-

habitants spread far more widely than their successors; they were an eminently peaceful folk, not forced to live in protected spots or to build forts and to keep watch and ward at all times. For a long period before the advent of the enemy which finally displaced them, their lives were free and comfortable in their



A CORNER OF THE RUINS OF PUYE BEFORE EXCAVATION

high forest homes. How or why they vanished, or whence they came and whither they went no man can tell, but perchance we shall learn the story little by little. It will not be wholly a story of peace and monotony, but of stirring action, raids, plunder, repeated invasions, great distress, and the final displacement of an old civilization by a new.

This change of races, this supplanting of one race by another, happened more than once. Formerly the cliff-dwellers were supposed to have been of the same race as the modern Indians, but now we know that this is not true. Possibly—nay, probably—the modern Pueblo is related to the second or village-building type of ancient inhabitants, but not closely. The bones of the dead, exhumed after centuries, tell something of the tale. The modern Pueblo Indian is brachycephalic, his head is relatively broad, as any one can tell by looking at his face. Some, however, are dolicho-



cephalic, with long heads, but these are in a minority. The present Indians are clearly of a mixed race. Their predecessors, on the contrary, were of a pure race, predominantly long-headed, like ourselves. Therefore we infer that they were conquered by invading broad-heads, and that finally the invading broad-heads and as many of the long-heads as had neither fled nor perished became amalgamated into a single race. Perhaps the ancient farmers, the medieval village-dwellers, and the modern Pueblo Indians were not the only races which have passed across the stage of history in the prehistoric days of America. The faint glimmerings that we have of the relation of race to race suffice to show that when Greece and Rome were great, or when our ancestors were swarming out of the East and North into western Europe, events in America were equally complicated. Archæology alone can throw light on these events, but the task is far from easy.

Debating such problems as this, we finished our drive through the woods. At six o'clock, when the sunset chill of early April had impelled Mr. Chapman and myself to walk, we came to a sudden terminus of the road at the top of a high cliff. Evidently no wagon ever went down into the bottom of the Cañon de los Frijoles, the Bean Cañon, nearly five hundred feet below us. Unhitching the horses, we turned them toward the head of the steep, winding trail which zigzags down the face of the cliffs, and shouldering our light baggage, we followed them. We had not gone far when I uttered an involuntary exclamation of delight. I knew that we were to visit one of the most interesting ruins of the Pajaritan Plateau, but I had no idea of finding it in so picturesque a cañon. I had still less expectation of suddenly seeing far below us on a small, level space at the base of the precipice a structure which at first sight suggested a Roman amphitheater. It was the village of Tuyoni, excavated by the School of American Archæology in 1908, 1909, 1910, and 1911. The plan is most symmetrical, a circle slightly flattened on the north side, and containing from five to eight tiers of rooms arranged like the seats of a theater. Across the flattened end where the stage would be

expected, a line of rooms contains the remnants of three circular chambers or kivas, designed for religious ceremonies.

The Cañon de los Frijoles contains not only the main ruined village of Tuyoni and several smaller ones, but also many caves and cliff-dwellings. Doubtless the caves were at first the chief homes of the aborigines; but as time went on and a higher state of culture was reached, the excavations were used chiefly as storerooms, and the main life of the households was in rooms of stone plastered with mud. Often a house consisted of three tiers of rooms in front of a cave; and in many cases the rooms were built one on top of another to a height of three stories. Most of the rooms, like those of all the primitive people of the Southwest, were entered through the roof. The small size of the rooms, six feet by ten on an average, is surprising. The reason, however, is clear. On the high Pajaritan Plateau the temperature often falls to ten degrees below zero. The relatively dense population must quickly have used up all the dead wood for many miles around, and it was no easy task for a primitive people, unsupplied with metal tools, to cut fire-wood sufficient for anything more than the necessities of cooking. Farther south, or at lower altitudes, the rooms were larger, for there it was easy to keep warm. The low temperature does not appear to have diminished the number of inhabitants. Frijoles Cañon alone, within a distance of not over a mile and a half up and down its narrow bottom, probably had a population of fully two thousand, according to the estimates of Dr. Hewitt, for the number of rooms, including the village amphitheater, the caves, and the cliff-dwellings, apparently amounted to about three thousand.

In considering the civilization of the earliest Americans we are apt to under-rate their ability and progress because they achieved so much less than our own ancestors in Asia and Europe. We must remember, however, that the ability of a people is measured not merely by the things which it achieves, but by the opportunities which it possesses and the difficulties which it overcomes.



Through some happy accident our forebears not only chanced upon the discovery of iron, but dwelt in a land where the cattle were capable of being domesticated and used as beasts of burden such as the fierce buffalo could never become. There, too, the wild plants included those extremely useful species, wheat, barley, and rice, much more widely adaptable and useful than the corn and beans of America.

Consider for a moment what iron means to us. Where should we be if every scrap of metal should suddenly be taken away? Suppose, too, that we had no cattle, no sheep, no horses, and no domestic animals of any sort except the dog. How long would it be before we should be naked, and should be fighting for the veriest rags to keep out the cold airs of winter? How we should fight for every scrap of food, like veritable beasts! The strong, the sly, or the crafty would survive; the rest would miserably perish. Our vaunted culture would vanish into thin air before the inexorable primitive needs of food and shelter. We should scour the mountains for flint, we should bruise our hands in clumsy attempts to chip stones into tools, and we should be filled with delight when we found a stick of wood well shaped for killing rabbits.

Yet in the past how much the first Americans accomplished! Without iron or any other metal they hewed caves and images from the softer rocks, or broke hard sandstone into symmetrical blocks



"THE THREE SISTERS," AT PUYE

for the construction of dwelling-houses. They felled large trees and made them into beams, they cut pathways in the face of the cliffs, built houses of many stories, tilled the land, and did all manner of household tasks, such as grinding grain, weaving cloth, and making pottery. They raised their structures to a height of three or even five stories without the help of a single implement which we would call a tool, and after a thousand, or perchance two thousand, years some of their walls still stand. Crude as their achievement was, it was, if anything, greater than ours, for they lived in the dawn of civilization. Who can say how the history of the world might have been altered had some accident disclosed the use of iron to America as well as to Asia?



# Gunner Criswell

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

ON an afternoon in late September, 1910, a shifting crowd, sometimes numbering a few score, sometimes a few hundred, stared at a massive monument on the battle-field of Gettysburg. The monument was not yet finished, sundry statues were lacking, and the ground about it was trampled and bare. But the main edifice was complete, the plates, on which were cast the names of all the soldiers from Pennsylvania who had fought in the Civil War, were in place, and near at hand the platform, erected for the dedicatory services on the morrow, was being draped with flags.

The shifting crowd was part of the great army of veterans and their friends who had begun to gather for the dedication; these had come early to seek out their names, fixed firmly in enduring bronze on the great monument. Among them were two old men. The name of one was Criswell; he had been a gunner in Battery B, and was now blind. The explosion which had paralyzed the optic nerve had not disfigured him; his smooth-shaven face in its frame of thick, white hair was unmarred, and with his erect carriage and his strong frame he was extraordinarily handsome. The name of his friend, bearded, untidy, loquacious, was Carolus Depew.

Gettysburg opens wide not only its hospitable arms, but its heart, to the old soldier. Even now, after forty-seven years, the shadow of war is not yet fled away, the roaring of the guns of battle is not stilled. The old soldier finds himself appreciated, admired, cared for, beyond a merely adequate return for the money he brings into the town. Here he can talk of the battle with the proprietor of the hotel at which he stays, with the college professor, with the urchin on the street. Any citizen will leave his work to help find a certain house where wounds were dressed, or where women gave out bread, fresh and

hot from the oven; or a certain well, from which life-saving, delicious drinks were quaffed. When there are great excursions or dedications such as this, the town is decorated, there is waving of flags, there are bursts of song.

No stretching of hospitable arms could shelter the vast crowd which gathered upon this occasion. The boarding-houses which accommodated ten guests during the ordinary summer traffic now took thirty, the hotels set up as many cot-beds as their halls would hold, the students of the college and the theological seminary shared their rooms or gave them up entirely, in faculty houses every room was filled, and all church doors were thrown wide. Yet many men—and old men—spent the night upon the street.

Gunner Criswell wondered often whether many lives ran like his, up and up to a sharp peak of happiness, then plunged down, down to inexpressible misery. As a boy he had been intensely happy, eager, ambitious, alive to all the glory of the world. He had married the girl whom he loved, and had afterward enlisted, scorning any fears that he might not return. On the second day of July, 1863, on his twenty-third birthday, he had lost his sight in an explosion on the battle-field of Gettysburg; on the same day his young wife had died in their far-away corner of the State, leaving a helpless baby to a blind and sick father.

To-day the daughter was middle-aged, the father old. They lived together on their little farm in Greene County, Ellen managing the farm and doing much of the work, Gunner Criswell making baskets. War had taken his sight, his wife, all his prospects for life; it had left him, he said, Ellen, and the fresh, clear mountain air, a strong pair of hands, and his own soul. Life had settled at last to a quiet level of peace. He had learned to read the raised language



of the blind, but he could not afford many books. He was poor; owing to an irregularity in his enlistment the government had not given him a pension, nor had any one taken the trouble to have the matter straightened out. The community was small and scattered, few persons knew him, and no Congressman needed his vote in that solidly Republican district. Nor was he entirely certain that the giving of pensions to those who could work was not a form of pauperization. He, for instance, had been pretty well handicapped, yet he had got on. He said to himself often that when one went to war one offered everything. If there was in his heart any faint, lingering bitterness because his country had done nothing for him, who had given her so much, he checked it sternly.

And, besides, he said often to himself with amusement, he had Carolus Depew!

It was Carolus who had told him, one evening in July, about the Pennsylvania monument. Carolus had served in a different regiment, without injury and with a thousand brave adventures. He was talking about them now.

"I'm going! I'm going back to that place. I could find it. I know where I knocked that feller down with the butt of my gun when my ammunition give out. I know exactly where I stood when the captain said, 'Give 'em hell, Carolus!' The captain and me, we was pretty intimate."

The blind man smiled, his busy hands going on with

their unending work. When he smiled, his face was indescribably beautiful; one's heart ached for the woman who fifty years ago had had to die and leave him.

"Ellen!" he called.

Ellen appeared in the doorway, in her short, unbecoming gingham dress. She had inherited none of her father's beauty, and the freshness of her youth was gone. She looked at her father kindly enough, but her voice was harsh. Ellen's life, too, had suffered from war.

"Ellen, Carolus wants me to go with him to Gettysburg in September. A great monument is to be dedicated, and Carolus says our names are to be on it. May I go?"



"I KNOW WHERE I KNOCKED THAT FELLER DOWN WITH THE BUTT OF MY GUN!"



Ellen turned swiftly away. Sometimes her father's cheerfulness nearly broke her heart.

"I guess you can go if you want to."

"Thank you, Ellen."

"I've reckoned it all out," said Carolus. "We can do it for twenty dollars. We ought to get transportation. Somebody

ought to make a present to the veterans, the government ought to, or the trusts, or the railroads."

"Where will we stay?" asked Gunner Criswell. His hands trembled suddenly and he laid down the stiff reeds.

"They'll have places. I bet they'll skin us for board, though. The minute I get there I'm going straight to that monument to hunt for my name. They'll have us all arranged by regiments and companies. I'll find yours for you."

The hand of the blind man opened and closed. He could find his own name, thank Heaven! he could touch it, could press his palm upon it, know that it was there, feel it in his own soul — Adam Criswell. His calm vanished, his passive philosophy melted in the heat of old desires relit, desire for fame, for power, for life. He was excited, discontented, happy yet unhappy. Such an experience would crown his life, it would be all the more wonderful because it had never been dreamed of. That night he could not sleep. He saw his name, Adam Criswell, written where it would stand for generations to come. From that time on he counted the days, almost the hours, until he should start for Gettysburg.

Carolus Depew was a selfish person, for all his apparent devotion to his



HE WISHED HIMSELF BACK IN HIS OWN PLACE,  
WITH HIS WORK AND HIS PEACE OF MIND





THE WAR CHANGED SUDDENLY FROM A THING OF STATISTICS TO WHAT IT ACTUALLY WAS

friend. He had found the monument, and he had impatiently hunted for the place of Gunner Criswell's Battery B, had guided his hand to the raised letters, and then had left him alone.

"I've found it!" he shouted, a moment later. "'Carolus Depew, Corporal,' big as life. 'Carolus Depew, Corporal'! What do you think of that, say! It 'll be here in a hundred years, 'Carolus Depew, Corporal'!"

Then Carolus wandered a little farther along the line of tablets and round to the other side of the great monument. Gunner Criswell called to him lightly, as though measuring the distance he had gone. When Carolus did not answer, Gunner Criswell spoke to a boy who had offered him souvenir postal

cards. It was like him to take his joy quietly, intensely.

"Will you read the names of this battery for me?" he asked.

The boy sprang as though he had received a command. It was not only the man's blindness which won men and women and children; his blindness was seldom apparent; it was his air of power and strength.

The boy read the list slowly and distinctly, and then refused the nickel which Criswell offered him. In a moment Carolus returned, still thrilled by his own greatness, as excited as a child.

"We must hunt a place to stay now," he said. "This is a grand spot. There's monuments as far as the eye can reach.



Come on. Ain't you glad to walk with 'Carolus Depew, Corporal'?"

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when Carolus left Gunner Criswell on a doorstep in Gettysburg and went in search for rooms. At a quarter to six the blind man still sat on the same spot. He was seventy years old and he was tired, and the cold step chilled him through. He did not dare to move; it seemed to him that thousands of persons passed and repassed. If he went away, Carolus could not find him. And where should he go? He felt tired and hungry and worn and old; his great experience of the afternoon neither warmed nor fed him; he wished himself back in his own place with his work and his peace of mind and Ellen.

Then, suddenly, he realized that some one was speaking to him. The voice was a woman's, low-pitched, a little imperious, the voice of one not accustomed to be kept waiting.

"Will you please move and let me ring this door-bell?"

Gunner Criswell sprang to his feet. He did not like to acknowledge his infirmity; it seemed always like bidding for sympathy. But now the words rushed from him, words than which there are none more heartrending.

"Madam, forgive me! I am blind."

A perceptible interval passed before the woman answered. Once Gunner Criswell thought she had gone away.

Instead she was staring at him, her heart throbbing. She laid her hand on his arm.

"Why do you sit here on the steps? Have you no place to stay?"

Gunner Criswell told her about Carolus.

"You must come to my house," she invited.

Gunner Criswell explained that he could not leave his friend. "He would be worried if he couldn't find me. He"—Gunner Criswell turned his head, then he smiled—"he is coming now. I can hear him."

Protesting, scolding, Carolus came down the street. He was with several other veterans, and all were complaining bitterly about the lack of accommodations. The lady looked at Carolus's untidiness, then back at the blind man.

"I can take you both," she said. "My

name is Mrs. James, and I live on the college campus. Anybody can direct you. You tell the maid I sent you."

Mrs. James's house was large, and in it the two old men found a wide, comfortable bed, distinguished and delightful company, and a heart-warming dinner. There were five other guests, who like themselves had neglected to engage rooms beforehand—a famous general of the Civil War and four lesser officers. Professor James made them all welcome, and the two small boys made it plain that this was the greatest occasion of their lives. The dinner-table was arranged in a way which Carolus Depew had never seen; it was lit by candles and decked with the best of the asters from Mrs. James's garden. The officers wore their uniforms, Mrs. James her prettiest dress. Carolus appreciated all the magnificence, but he insisted to the blind man that it was only their due. It was paying a debt which society owed the veteran.

"This professor didn't fight," said Carolus. "Why shouldn't he do this for us? They oughtn't to charge us a cent. But I bet they will."

Gunner Criswell, refreshed and restored, was wholly grateful. He listened to the pleasant talk, he heard with infinite pleasure the lovely voice of his hostess, he felt beside him the fresh, young body of his hostess's little son. Even the touch of the silver and china pleased him. His wife had brought from her home a few plates as delicate, a few spoons as heavy, and they had had long since to be sold.

Carolus helped the blind man constantly during the meal; he guided his hand to the bread-plate and gave him portions of food, all of which was entirely unnecessary. The blind man was much more deft than Carolus, and the maid was careful and interested and kind. All the guests except the general watched the blind man with admiration. The general talked busily and constantly at the other end of the table; it was not to be expected that he should notice a private soldier.

It was the general who had first proposed inscribing the names of all the soldiers on the great monument; the monument, though he was not a member of the building committee, was his dear-





*Drawn by C. E. Chambers*

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

HE STOOD WHERE LINCOLN HAD STOOD IN THE FALL OF '63







est enterprise. Since the war the general had become a statistician; he was interested in lists and tabulations, he enjoyed making due return for value received, he liked to provide pensions, to place old soldiers comfortably in Soldiers' Homes. The war was long past; his memory had begun to grow dim; to his mind the lives of the soldiers would be completed, rounded, by this tribute, as his own would be by the statue of himself which should some day rise upon this field. It was he who had compiled the lists for this last and greatest roster; about it he talked constantly.

Presently, as the guests finished their coffee, one of the lesser officers asked the man next him a question about a charge, and then Professor James asked another, and the war changed suddenly from a thing of statistics and lists and pensions to what it actually was, a thing of horror, of infinite sacrifice, of heroism. Men drilled and marched and fought and suffered and prayed and were slain. The faces of the *raconteurs* glowed, the eager voices of the questioners trembled. Once one of the officers made an effort to draw Gunner Criswell into speech, but Gunner Criswell was shy. He sat with his arm around the little boy, the candle-light shining on his beautiful face, listening with his whole soul. With Carolus it was different. Carolus had several times to be firmly interrupted.

In the morning Mrs. James took the blind man for a drive. The air was as fresh and clear as the air of his own mountains; the little boy sat on a stool between his feet and rested his shoulder against his knee. Mrs. James knew the field thoroughly; she made as plain as possible its topography, the main lines, the great charges, the open fields between the two ridges, the mighty rocks of Devil's Den, the almost impenetrable thickets. To Gunner Criswell, Gettysburg had been a little smoke-o'erlaid town seen faintly at the end of a long march, its recollection dimmed afterward by terrible physical pain. He realized now for the first time the great territory which the battle-lines inclosed, he understood the titanic grandeur of the event of which he had been a part, he breathed in also the present and enduring peace. He touched the old muzzle-loading can-

non; the little boy guided his hand to the tiny tombstones in the long lines of graves of the unknown; he stood where Lincoln had stood, weary, heart-sick, despairing, yet hopeful, in the fall of '63.

Then, strangely for him, Gunner Criswell began to talk. Something within him seemed to have broken, hidden springs of feeling seemed to well up in his heart. It was the talk of a man at peace with himself, reconciled, happy, conscious of his own value, sure of his place in the scheme of things. He talked as he had never talked in his life—of his youth, of his hopes, of his wife, of Ellen. It was almost more than Mrs. James could endure.

"It is coming back here that makes you feel like this," she said, brokenly. "You realize how tremendous it was, and you know that you did your part and that you haven't been forgotten, that you were important in a great cause."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Gunner Criswell, in his old-fashioned way. "It is that exactly."

Mrs. James had little respect for rank as such. The great general, the four lesser officers, her husband, her two boys, and herself were to drive to the dedication that afternoon and to have seats on the platform, and thither she took Private Criswell. Carolus Depew was not sorry to be relieved of the care of the blind man; he had found some old comrades and was crazy with excitement.

"It is a good thing that she invited you," said Carolus, "because we are going to march, just like we used to, and you couldn't very well."

The dedication exercises were not long. To the blind man there was the singing which stirred his heart, there was the cool air in his face, there was the touch of the little boy's hand, there was Mrs. James's voice in explanation or description.

"There is the Governor!" cried Mrs. James. "He will pass right beside you. There is the Secretary of War. You can hear him talking to the Governor if you listen carefully. That deep voice is his. *Can you hear?*"

"Oh yes," answered the blind man, happily.

He heard the speeches, he heard the music, he could tell by the wild shouting



when the great enveloping flag drifted to the ground and the monument stood wholly unveiled; he could feel presently the vast crowd beginning to depart. He stood quietly while the great general near him laughed and talked, receiving the congratulations of great men, presenting the great men to Mrs. James; he heard other bursts of cheering, other songs. He was infinitely happy.

Then suddenly he felt a strange hand on his arm. The general was close to him, was speaking to him; there was a silence all about them. The general turned him a little as he spoke toward the great bronze tablets with their record of the brave.

"You were in the army?" asked the general.

"Yes, sir."

"In what regiment?"

"I was in Battery B, sir."

"Then," said the general, "let us find your name."

Mrs. James came forward to the blind man's side. The general wished to make visible, actual, the rewarding of the soldier, and she was passionately thankful that it was upon this man that the general's eye had fallen.

But Gunner Criswell, to her astonishment, held back. Then he said an extraordinary thing for one who hesitated always to make his infirmity plain, and for one who could read the raised letters, who had read them, here on this very spot. He said again those three words, only a little less dreadful than the other three terrible words, "I am dead."

"Oh, sir," he cried, "I cannot read! I am blind!"

The general flung his arm across the blind man's shoulder. He was a tall man also, and magnificently made. It gave one a thrill to see them stand together.

"I will read for you."

"But, sir—" Still Gunner Criswell hung back, his hand clutching the little boy's, his beautiful, sightless eyes turned toward Mrs. James, as though he would have given anything to save her, to save any of them, pain. "It is not a question of reward, sir. I would endure it all again, gladly—everything. I don't count it, sir. But do not look for my name. It is chance, accident. It might have happened to any one, sir. It is not your fault. But my name has been omitted."

## One Knocks at the Portal

BY CHARLES F. MARPLE

ONE knocks at the portal:  
"Is any one there?"

It sounds like a mortal;"

"Sister, beware!"

"Who knocks at our portal?"

See the lamps flare!

Be ye gods, be ye mortal?"

"Sister, take care!"

"Go open the portal!"

"Sister, I swear

Who knocks is not mortal;

Get us to prayer!"

Flies open the portal;

"Sister, you stare!"

"'Tis Death, grim immortal,

That beckons me there!"



## Editor's Easy Chair

AMONG the rather many letters which have come to us from the witnesses of our difference of opinion with a certain militant bishop, some months ago, on the matter of war as a moral agency, there is one which has peculiarly interested us. The writer seems to think some sort of politeness is due us because he is not quite in agreement with us (as if we were not hardened to that so much as to like it!), and he makes us what amends he can by saying at once that he is not quite in agreement with the bishop, either. He explains that he does not necessarily agree with the bishop in all things because he does not agree with us in everything. But he holds that "strife seems an inevitable condition of existence, for better or worse," and it seems to him that peace congresses and arbitration treaties deal with symptoms rather than causes. "War," he says, "is a question of greed. . . . An overcrowded, struggling nation needs more territory and will have it, and it is unreasonable to expect it to melt away as emigrants, forsaking their allegiance, traditions, and customs. The Japanese would not do this, and the Germans will not. As to private war," he goes on, "there is something to be said: dueling at least taught men good manners and preserved the purity of private life. Suing a man for money is hardly a remedy for some outrages. At all events," he thinks, we will admit that "in an absolutely peaceful world of Tolstoyan non-resistance there would be little room for heroism."

In much of this it seems to us that we have the direct ultimation of the bishop's reasoning; and, in fact, there is no argument that will hold against his disciple's logic that if a large war may be right a little one cannot be wrong. At the same time we do not suppose that the bishop would agree with all our correspondent's conclusions; and we should like, if we might make so bold, to im-

agine them met for the discussion of certain points in his letter and not altogether at one in regard to them. We should like to fancy them beginning at the end, for instance, and the bishop making his follower observe that what he calls "Tolstoyan non-resistance" was no more and no other than the meek behavior under wrong inculcated by the Saviour of Men. He could remind our correspondent that it was Jesus Christ who originally taught that if a man smote you on one cheek you should turn to him the other; and that if the practice of this precept was impossible in the case of armies—the notion of a hundred thousand men turning the other cheek was, in fact, absurd, was grotesque—still it must be remembered that the precept was probably not laid down by the Founder of our faith in irony, and certainly was not originally the notion of a Russian novelist.

He might point out to our correspondent that the doctrine of non-resistance was not Tolstoy's even at second-hand. He could allege the instance of a very large body of Christians, formed nearly three hundred years ago, and calling themselves Friends, but known to the world by their nickname of Quakers, whose life was based upon that doctrine. The martyrs in all ages, he could observe, were non-resistants both in precept and practice, and most of those holy men and women who suffered pain and death in the several persecutions suffered meekly, and with no thought of resisting evil. In our own time and place, when the abhorrence of slavery animated the early abolitionists to their long struggle for the freedom of the negroes, their joy was to endure physical violence without returning it. At least they would not give blow for blow, though one who had felt the lash of their keen sarcasm, their cutting assault in words, could say of them,

"The moral bully, though he never swears,  
Nor kicks intruders down his entry stairs;



Though meekness plants his backward-sloping hat,  
And non-resistance ties his white cravat,"

was still of like make with the fiercest of those who fight with fist and sword and gun.

In fact, it is very difficult not to retort somehow, not to render evil for evil in word if not in act; and Tolstoy himself, to whom our correspondent attributes the notion of non-resistance, continued verbally militant to the last. It was Christ who enforced this ideal in precept and in practice, in word as well as in act, and after Him the Christian martyrs.

It must therefore be called Christian rather than Tolstoyan; and the bishop might say that the very fact of its impossibility in the case of armies made it all the more the duty of individuals to practise it; but we do not know that he would go so far. Private war, however, we feel pretty sure he would connote, had been abolished in civilized countries because it was a public nuisance, and we think he would probably add that dueling, which was a survival from private war, was contrary to the laws of every nation, even of those where it was tolerated by public opinion. If he asked his too logical, but not quite reasonable, disciple to be a little more specific about those "outrages" which money was hardly a "remedy" for, and if he understood that he meant the wounds of a husband's honor, he might demand of our correspondent the proof that homicide was a better cure than a jury's verdict of damages. He might inquire why, if it were, women were not encouraged to fight duels with the women who had wronged them, in those countries where men fought duels for like reasons. A bishop who was in the habit of addressing miserable sinners without distinction of sex would be justified in holding that what was dishonorable to a man could not be otherwise to a woman; that in "some outrages" their guilt was equal; and that if a man was entitled to the satisfaction of a gentleman, a woman was entitled to the satisfaction of a lady in a parallel case. We do not assume that the bishop would take this ground; in supposing his controversy with our correspondent we are anxious not to com-

mit him to sentiments he might disclaim. But it is not beyond the probabilities to imagine him asking whether the American method of murder, with the hope of acquittal under the "unwritten law," was really more healing than the English plan of damages in the case of "some outrages."

As for good manners, were they more general, he might certainly doubt, in France and Germany than in England? If the bishop had lately been abroad, he must more than doubt; he must declare that general experience is to the contrary. He must say that in England all ranks and classes were now of a gentleness so little comparatively used in France and Germany as to seem almost unknown there. Yet the duel was honored in France and Germany and laughed at in England, while in America, where murder had been so generally substituted, good manners were no more valued than in France or Germany.

We should ourselves take the bishop's view, if it was his view, in this matter; we should share his misgivings as to private war, and as to either the duel or our less formal habit of shooting on sight, with consequent danger to the bystander. We believe none of these things teaches good manners, or preserves the purity of private life. We are afraid, in fact, that our correspondent has been dazzled by a romantic ideal, a chivalric survival. The duel was not the only bright spot in the Dark Ages which obscured for so long

"The glory that was Greece  
And the grandeur that was Rome."

To this glory, to this grandeur, the duel was unknown, and when its ray from the pistol's flash or the rapier's gleam was shed upon the medieval nations there were other things which perhaps illumined the lives of men quite as much. The bishop could very fitly remind him, for instance, that there were, throughout that time, devoted men and women keeping alight the lamps of learning and charity in convent and cloister, and, in the humble labors of the plow and the loom, teaching civilization to the barbarized peoples. Besides, the bishop could add, there were always martyrs to the truth and the faith who were fairly



heroic without the discipline of the duel; and, we might ourselves observe, to supply any deficiency in the bishop's argument, even without the ennobling influences of war. We think we should have the bishop with us in our idea that in our time there were devotees of science who gave up their lives as bravely as any who ever died on the field of battle or at the point of the duelist's pistol. What is the matter, we should like to ask on our joint behalf, with the firemen who, every day and night, somewhere in our combustible country, risk their lives and limbs, not to slay or to mutilate others, but to save them from horrible deaths?

If we should hardly have the bishop with us in this inquiry, still, being heated by controversy and sure of our ground, we should push on, and demand what was the matter with those physicians who eagerly respond to the call of humanity, and hurry to the scene of any epidemic, however infectious, at risks which the soldier never takes? If you came to heroism, what about those scientists who incur the risks of cancer in their experiments with radium? What about those investigators who, for the sake of humanity, dwell amidst cultures from which the deadly germ or the insidious microbe may penetrate some weak point in their systems, with as venomous effect as the cobra or the rattlesnake? The names of such men may not be written on the bronze or marble of monuments; these we still erect mainly to the heroes who direct battles well beyond the reach of bullets, or, if they fall in the fight, fall with tens of thousands of enlisted men who are there often by no choice of their own, compulsory heroes at fifteen or twenty-five dollars a month. But if our correspondent will not admit that the self-devoted physicians and scientists are heroic, perhaps he will allow that the women nurses who stand by the beds of pestilence with these fearless men, as little mindful of their own lives as they, have some slight touch of the heroic in their response to the call of duty. They may be mistaken in it, but surely they are brave in it. Not all the praise for courage is due to the husbands who avenge their honor and come out guiltless of murder under the unwritten law.

In such examples as we have noted

we find suggestion of the heroism which there would still be ample room for "in an absolutely peaceful world of Tolstoyan non-resistance" or Christ-like turning of the other cheek. The bishop himself must own the source of Tolstoy's teaching, but we suppose we could not have him with us, as against our correspondent, if it came to the question of war on the national scale—

"War with a thousand battles and shaking a hundred thrones."

We do not forget that, whatever he may think of private war or of dueling, he regards public war as tending, both in the combatants and in the non-combatants (who are always so immensely the majority in "the big wars that make ambition virtue"), to the cure of the maladies bred in them by peace. We have understood from him that such war tends to make them pure and honest, it "ennobles statesmen," and, a much more difficult matter, it ennobles women. He could not agree with our correspondent, therefore, that "war is a question of greed," for if it is that sort of thing, how can it be so beneficent in its results, mending morals, and perhaps manners?

We do not know that he would even agree that it is unreasonable to expect an "overcrowded, struggling nation to melt away as emigrants," for this, he might well urge, is the ideal of some high casuists for the ills of peace. Although "the Japanese would not do this, and the Germans will not," the bishop must be given his pause in the praise of war if he once admitted that it was a "question of greed." He must at least wish to distinguish, to say that the Japanese in having got their Corea, and the Germans in reaching out for more and more territory everywhere, were not altogether within their rights, however unquestionably within their might. "Unreasonable?" he may be imagined asking, and saying he did not know about that. If war was to be preserved as a moral tonic and a purifying influence in civic life, we could not be too careful in guarding its source from contaminating motives. No, greed as the sole motive for war certainly would not do. If the Japanese and the Germans as their motive for expansion could prove (as we



hope we can in the case of the Philippines) that they are actuated by a pure and unselfish patriotism, very well; any war they make, with whatever butchery, may be overruled by righteousness and blest to their victims. Otherwise, the bishop might say, they had better reduce their bulk by the Antipon of emigration, so highly commended by some of the faculty, though stigmatized by our correspondent as "melting away."


We fear, however, that our correspondent could hold his own against the bishop in the case of most modern wars. Business, it has been frankly recognized by some business men who have analyzed its nature, is war, and certainly war, its motives if not its methods, is business in our commercial age. The war, for example, against the South African republics which England brought to such a happy conclusion in their destruction not many years ago, was strictly a business enterprise, and was clearly "a question of greed." The English wanted the gold-mines and the diamond-fields of the Boers, and they set about getting them with no more concealment than if they were carrying the rights of man to the Cubans and the Filipinos. We ourselves in our crusade against Spain had possibly an eye to the uninterrupted production of sugar, and perhaps the hope of something profitable in the way of hemp, and if our enterprise from a business point of view has not turned out such a brilliant success as that of the English, still our war with Spain was not devoid of greed. In fact, it would be hard to point to any war since our Civil War which has been actuated by any other ideal. Greed, business, has been at the bottom of them all. They may have reformed, chastened, purified the non-

combatants, and even the combatants on both sides, but it is not yet history how they have done so. Upon the whole, peace seems not such a bad thing, though in saying this we are sensible that we may be uniting our imaginary controversialists against us. In non-essentials, such as private war or dueling, they may differ, but in the essential of the big wars, the wars of greed, of business, of expansion, which are so mysteriously blest to the souls of the survivors and outsiders, they are as one man.

Yet we believe, in spite of them both, that if people are ever to profit by the sweet uses of hostility it must be in the peace which inevitably follows war. During war, nations cannot even expand; they can only "melt away" by the Antipon of bloodshed, which seems as efficacious as emigration. As soon as they get down to business in the piping times of peace they put on weight. They begin to experience "that sense of fullness," and another war of expansion becomes inevitable. It seems to be a vicious circle, in which mankind must revolve as long as war is applied remedially. But peace is at least a palliative, and we cannot help thinking, with fit submission to our controversialists, that it is best to try it as long as possible. When it does not seem to work, when we become so tight in the girth that we cannot bear it any longer, or when we feel ourselves so honeycombed by graft, by vice, by incivism of every sort, that we have no health in us, let us see what slaughter can do for us. But not till then; and let us always remember that in war the wrong side often wins, just as in dueling the conclusion is scarcely fair if, as usually happens, the worse man is the better shot or the cunninger of fence.







## Editor's Study

ASKED by Crito how he wished his friends to bury him, Socrates replied, "In any way you like—if you can catch me." This conviction of the soul's independence of the body—as a musical harmony is independent of the instrument used for its expression—which pervades the *Phædo*, was slowly reached in the course of intellectual development. The idea of some kind of body as necessary to the soul, hereafter as well as here, has indeed never been given up in any form of faith, ancient or modern. It would never have occurred to the primitive man to ask whether it was this earthly body or some other. While equally it would never have occurred to him to doubt the persistence beyond the present life of both soul and body, he never thought of them apart, or of life itself as separate from the earth. He distinguished between light and darkness only, not between the seen and the unseen. Darkness for him had not extended its domain to Hades. He had not even a mythology.

With the awakening of the creative faculty—that is, of the creatively projective imagination—the history of the human soul, as conscious of itself, begins; this consciousness involving the sense of distinctions not hitherto recognized: between the soul and the body, between humanity and divinity, and between a seen and an unseen world.

In a recent Study we drew attention to the specialized senses of seeing and hearing, as distinct from the general, or fundamental, physiological sensibility, and the part these senses have played in man's psychical development—as indeed the indispensable condition of such development. It is only through these two senses that we are cognizant of distance, and, through that recognition of the possibility of remote contacts, are helped to emphasize our own separateness from the world. The novel partnership accentuates the partition.

Other animals than man have vision and hearing. On the sensitive surfaces of animals in the lowest evolutionary scale and on those of the leaves of plants lenses are formed under the stimulus of light. But only in man do the senses of hearing and seeing lead to imaginative speculation and art—to anything not directly suggested in the physiological organism. He alone explores the whole visible universe, consciously measuring it in the terms of his own reason and imagination, and seeking to find his place in the universal scheme. He alone considers himself as at the same time belonging by reason of his destiny to two worlds, the visible and the invisible. The one he knows and masters to the full extent of his capacities and powers, the other is an inscrutable mystery; but his soul, that elusive something beyond his grasp—that something in Socrates which his friends could not catch—is a part of that mystery, which must be one with that which lies beyond the visible and intellectually apprehensible external world. He alone has that wonder and curiosity which are the ground of science, and which ultimately, as in our time, demand its largest service for psychical adventure and discovery. It is the eternal quest for the only secret worth knowing. All other achievement fades into nothingness and futility, as the world also slips from our mortal grasp and vision, disclosing only

"Fallings from us, vanishings,  
Blank misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds unrealized."

What is the secret of that harmony which pre-exists and survives its unstable lodgments in the tents of art, which passes from symbol to symbol of human faith, and dwells successively in the grand but fugitive metaphors which one race-civilization after another has lifted up on this shifty-tempered planet? That secret cannot be shut in any formula;



it is psychical and only open to psychical intuition. We appeal to science for some clue to such an intuition, because science has no fixed traditions or symbols and seeks only disclosures; not to that kind of science which follows the narrow lines of close specialization, but to that which, in open-minded speculation, involves creative, and even poetic, imagination. This order of imagination, excluding fancy as well as opinion, yields suggestions which transcend the limitations of the fine arts and even of music, and, holding to reality, the more surely realizes the psychical implications of the physical universe. It is the servant of the soul.

The proper function of science is, not to explain the universe, but to see it. In its main tendency hitherto, even in evolutionary research, whatever its professions to candidness, science has been explicative, and, as the explication has usually been of the psychical in terms of the physical, the tendency has been toward a mechanical theory of the universe—excluding the idea of creation—or at the best, as in monism, a conceptionalistic theory. This monism, as represented by Haeckel, regards the soul as merely a function of the brain, sharing its mortal dissolution; as if the harmony were a production of its instrument, and perished therewith.

By way of contrast to this assumption let us note the attitude of a really open-minded physiologist, Prof. John S. Macdonald, who in his address at the last meeting of the British Association created a sensation by suggestively leading up to a hypothesis implying the absolutely independent existence of something which he dared to call the soul. His suggestion took this course:

He held it as probable that all the individual structures of the nervous system, including the brain, had just so much difference from one another, in size, shape, and function, as was the outcome of that measure of physical experience to which each of them had been subjected, and that the physiological function of each was of the simplest kind. The magnificent utility of the whole system, wherein the individual units had such a simplicity, was due to the physically developed peculiarity of

their arrangement in relation to one another and to the receptive surfaces and motor organs of the body. He then proceeded to the consideration of certain physical mechanisms found in the body, external to the central nervous system—mechanisms placed, so to speak, upon the front of the system so that they were capable rather of affecting it than of being affected by it, and this to such a degree that they must be supposed as rather assisting in the development of the central nervous system than as being assisted to their development by it. There were, for instances, the lens system in the eyeball and the sound-conducting and resonant system in the ear.

In dealing with the central nervous system the suggestion had been made that it had been developed by just such conditions as were transmitted through it in its adult form. In the course of evolution the eyeball was formed by light. Either an external agency cognizant of the special arrangements of matter in reflecting, refracting, and absorbing light, or light itself, had formed and developed to such a state of development this purely optical mechanism. In the same way it might be said that sound formed the sound-conducting and resonant portions of the ear, and that even, behind these, parts of the central nervous system had been developed by physical effects transmitted from the ear through this keyboard, sound being thus transformed into nervous impulses.

But if such was the development in the case of these two physical mechanisms during the course of the evolution which led up to man, what occurred in the individual development? Admitting the possibility that sound might approach the embryo and that fluid friction was responsible for effects observed in the case of the ear, obviously light was excluded, yet, in its absence, the eyeball was developed into a very perfect optical instrument. What physical force might be considered as a substitute for light in this process? Since the retina was a portion of the central nervous system generally characterized by the undoubted possession of electrically charged surfaces, it might be assumed as probable that, in the absence of light, orderly electrical force was en-



gaged in the formation of the external optical mechanism. Indeed, light was probably transformed into electrical energy in the construction of the retina itself. Thus here we have an instrument formed by some set of physical conditions from which light was absent, to be used, after a certain abruptly occurring date, by light, a force that had up to this time had no access to it and yet found it most beautifully formed for its special use.

Mind in man was associated with the brain. But phenomena incident to sleep and deep anesthesia familiarized us with the fact that the mind is not always necessarily associated with the brain, but only with it when it is in a certain condition. There was no scientific evidence to support or rebut the statement that the brain was possibly affected by influences other than those which reached it by the definite paths proceeding from the sense organs and from the different receptive surfaces of the body. It was still possible that the brain was an instrument traversed, as freely as the ear by sound, by an unknown influence which found resonance within it.

Possibly, indeed, the mind was a complex of such resonances; music for which the brain was no more than the instrument, individual because the music of a single harp, rational because of the orderly structure of the harp. Consider such a possibility, and the analogy which he had prepared in dealing with the eyeball was seen to have some meaning, inasmuch as an instrument shaped in the embryo by a certain set of conditions might in due course of time become the play of some new influence which had taken no immediate part in fashioning it. He would not dwell upon the point behind this statement except to say that he found it difficult to refrain from using the word "soul."

The above abstract of the address, as reported by a London correspondent in the *New York Sun*, introduces us to a novel and interesting hypothesis, which, it must be understood, is only tentatively propounded by Professor Macdonald. As definitely as Haeckel he shuts the door against the survival of the in-

dividual consciousness, while giving the psychical world supremacy over and through the physical. The distinctive feature of this hypothesis is the idea that the body is for the soul, which reclaims it when it has reached the point of fitness for such reclamation. But there is nothing which distinguishes the soul as human or as separate, in this life or hereafter, from the universal mind. Indeed, Weismann's far-reaching distinction between germ-plasm and the somatic (or body) cells yields, by implication, a hypothesis more attractive, one that at least maintains in its integrity the stream of humanity and the persistence of human destiny as long as there is any humanity, whatever may be the fate of the individual.

Instead of fixing upon a single point of meeting between the psychical and the physical—a point at which the psychical reclaims the physical—it would seem more reasonable to claim partnership between these at every point, with the hope that this partnership is indissoluble. If we wait upon the scientific imagination it may yet be possible for us to reach a clear intuition of the psychical implications of the whole physical world.

In particular we may await the results of that psychical research which, beginning late in the last century, seems now to be proceeding on sound experimental lines, as Professor Macdonald admitted, in response to inquiries put to him after his address. "We must look to it," he added, "for results and guidance."

We turn therefore with interest from his suggestive discourse to Prof. Theodore Flournoy's *Spiritism and Psychology*—probably the most important book on this subject since Frederic Myers's *Human Personality*. Professor Flournoy, like Sidgwick and Myers and William James, has been not merely tolerant of psychical research—using that term in its limited and special sense, as an inquiry in relation to evidences of the survival of individual souls after death—but an eager promoter of such research. Yet the sympathetic attitude of all these philosophers has never precluded their critical judgment of psychical phenomena.

Of all these men, Professor Flournoy



is perhaps the most cautiously, though not captiously, critical—sometimes, it would seem, too critical to suit his faithful editor, translator, and annotator, Mr. Hereward Carrington, to whom every reader of the book is deeply indebted not only for his luminous introduction, but for his judicious abridgment of the original text.

Of course the work is largely a consideration of mediumistic phenomena, since it is mainly through these that psychical research has progressed; and the author is at his best both in his appreciation and in his criticism of such phenomena as those manifested by Mrs. Piper and Eusapia Palladino.

The judgment reached by Professor Flournoy after many years of patient and ardent investigation, while it does not deny spiritism, or the possibility of its future substantiation, yet holds it unproven by the phenomena hitherto in evidence. There is in these phenomena, he claims, nothing which may not be explained by reference to the mediums themselves or their associates. Mediumship utilizes "the resources of the subconscious, the emotional complexes, latent memories, instinctive tendencies, ordinarily suppressed, etc., for the various rôles it plays." The phenomena of telepathy and telekinesis he credits, but classes them as supernormal, and attributes them to powers of the soul itself not manifested in ordinary and normal conditions. These powers, however novel in their disclosure, are not new but old powers, belonging to that inferior stage of psychical evolution a relapse to which is a distinctive phase of mediumship. Psychical research therefore resolves itself into a study of the soul itself, with especial reference to "subliminal" imagination.

Professor Flournoy insists that "we must not confound *spiritism*, which is a pretended explanation of certain *facts* by the intervention of spirits of the dead, with *spiritualism*, which is a religio-philosophical belief, opposed to materialism and based on the principle and value of individual consciousness."

Of course convincing evidence of spiritism would lead to something more than a belief, establishing beyond the

fact of individual consciousness the fact also of its survival after death. But even so, if established through communications as banal as those pretended to have been made hitherto, the fact itself would lose its attractiveness, and "give us pause." There is at least some measure of dignity in the unbroken silence. We bow with worshipful respect before the incommunicable mystery and hold as sublime the faith of those who have not heard—that faith which is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen.

We derive more comfort from the reasonableness which infers from the psychically wonderful the wonder of powers inherent in the soul itself than from the proposition advanced by Professor Macdonald, according to which the psychically wonderful is to be attributed to a universal soul reclaiming the highly organized body. It is possible that we may learn much concerning the normal faculties and capacities of the soul through a study of the so-called supernormal, as we have had fresh light thrown upon sanity from a study of the abnormal. Through the state of trance, through the dissociation of things in the mental constitution usually and developmentally associated, we almost have a glimpse of the soul freed from the limitations of its embodiment, but also without the advantages of those limitations. Almost we seem to see it entering into that region where there is nothing but ideation, nothing but telepathy, etc. In so far as it is in this estate, it resumes it, by virtue of its partial disintegration, from some lower stage of evolution. But it is neither wholly in nor wholly out of the body, having neither the value of complete integration nor that of complete disintegration, for the purposes of clairvoyance. The phenomena realized are yet remarkable, and the suggestions derived from them are of considerable import.

But instead of looking backward evolutionally we are more reasonably looking forward, and seeking from science, brought to bear upon ever more and more advanced states of living experience, the disclosure of new variations of psychical faculty and sensibility.



## Editor's Drawer

# The Frivolous Side

A MONOLOGUE

BY BEATRICE HERFORD

**H**ALLO! may I come up?

Oh you dear thing, I am so glad to see you, it seems perfect ages—

You dear darling thing you, it is perfectly great to have you back. Do I? Well you look perfectly sweet.

Now I want to know about everything. When did you get in? I was crazy to come and meet you, I should have of course if I hadn't been away. Oh how awful, when we had a lovely voyage, perfectly fine. But I want you to tell me about yours. I do wish we could have come back together, what fun we had going over, shall you ever forget it?

My dear I was so afraid we should have to come back on that same steamer I didn't know what to do. I should have died if I'd seen that doctor again. My dear do you remember the night before we landed and we were looking at the sunset and he said—[laughs]—I think he knew then we got up that joke on him. Well, if I'd come on that steamer I should have simply stayed in my stateroom all the way over, that's all.

But we had a perfectly lovely doctor coming back, he was simply great. Some of the girls on the steamer pretended they didn't like him. You see he was more attentive to me than any one else and I thought he was very nice—yes, naturally.

But he was awfully nice, don't you know, he'd have the cook make candy for me, and he gave me one of his buttons for a hat-pin and he got up a dance on deck the last night, and what do you think? Mamma said it was too damp and wouldn't let me go up, as if a doctor, of all people, would run the risk of any one getting cold. She was awfully snubby to him. The purser told us that Doctor Holt, that was his name, Cecil Holt—yes, isn't it lovely?—belonged to a very nice family, his father is a clergyman, of course that's not swell at all, but it's perfectly respectable.

And he was so nice when I didn't feel well. Oh no, I wasn't a bit seasick. I think I got cold, I just felt like lying still—I guess I was lazy—no, it wasn't anything like seasickness. And he'd come and sit by me and we'd have those long talks, he told me the last night that it was the pleasantest voyage he'd ever had. Mamma says he prob-

ably says that to some girl every voyage, but I don't believe it; don't you know he had those dark serious eyes.

Oh, thanks, that's just what I was pining for, some candy. Oh, my dear, where did you get those Gibson pillow-shams? Aren't they simply great?—do you know I saw Gibson one day in London, at least I'm sure it was, because he was just like the pictures of him and he was walking with a regular Gibson girl. I wanted to follow them terribly, but Mamma wouldn't, and I never saw them again.

How long were you in London? Two weeks—why you must have seen everything. Yes, Westminster's lovely. Oh, you got your buckle, didn't you? Liberty's? Yes, it's a beauty. Isn't London perfectly great? Well, I should think so, I simply adore the tops of those busses. Poor Mamma was



"HE WAS WALKING WITH A REGULAR GIBSON GIRL"





awfully afraid to go up, it was perfectly killing. I'd make her go first and then I'd go behind to encourage her and sort of boost her up, and then she'd get half-way up sometimes and want to come down, and I'd get laughing so I could hardly move; well it was worth the price of admission to see Mamma mounting one of those omnibuses. And one day who do you think we met up there? You remember that fat man that sat at our table going over on the steamer? Yes, that one. Well one day Mamma was climbing up and she simply landed right on top of him, yes, he was on the omnibus. No! she didn't remember him, and after she got her balance and a seat and came to, he began to talk to her and she thought he was awfully rude—no, she didn't remember him. No, I was in a seat up in front and there sat Mamma looking ready to murder him. I was making faces at her as hard as I could, he was saying something about it being as bad as the day they had the racks on, and other pleasant allusions to the voyage. Oh, it was perfectly rich! I don't remember now how it did end, I think he got off or else we got off, wasn't it killing?

I think London is great. Oh no, of course it isn't in it with Paris. Did you go to the Military Tournament? Oh really? How mean! It's fine. Mamma didn't like it, but as I told her, how could she tell if she liked it, she was shutting her eyes or holding her hands over her ears the whole time, I thought it was simply great.

Where? Oh, yes, we went there, yes the National Gallery. Whose? Rembrandt? Well, I don't remember it, but of course I saw it if it's there. I just rushed Mamma through that gallery, she'd got an idea we ought to do some solid sight every day before we went shopping. I told her I thought we could see sights enough in the stores. My dear, we saw a woman one day, well, she was the limit. She was awfully old anyway, I guess she was thirty, well, she

"I DIDN'T WANT TO GO TO THE GALLERY THAT DAY"

had on a sailor hat, and a white muslin dress and a fur boa and a gold chain and locket and open-work stockings and slippers and a bunch of flowers pinned somewhere up here. I didn't want to go to the gallery a bit that day anyway, because I'd seen a perfectly lovely hat on Regent Street that I wanted awfully, and I was so afraid it would be gone. You know if you see a pretty hat in England you want to seize it, not knowing when you'll see another.

I'd rather go to a gallery alone anyway. What I like to do is to watch those people copying the pictures. I think their copies are often lots prettier than the originals. But just as I get interested Mamma comes and drags me way off across the room to look at some old thing she says I ought to see. I think the best way, if you really want to do the thing properly, is to start at the door and go right round and look up and down till you get round, and then you know you've seen everything, and you get through much quicker. But Mamma goes first to one thing over here, and then she'll go across there, and then back away and stand looking for about five minutes, with her head on one side, till I get so nervous I'm ready to fly. You see she studied art one winter before she was married, so she really knows all about pictures. The Woman's Club have asked her to write a paper comparing all the galleries in Eu-



rope and I should think she could do it. I guess I couldn't, but it isn't because I haven't seen the things.

Yes, I got the hat all right, why, it's this one I've got on, but of course my hair doesn't look nice now. Don't they shampoo it finely over there? What's that place in Bond Street? Yes, Truffets, I did that and St. Paul's one afternoon, yes, it's awfully impressive, but sometimes they don't dry it enough. But I want to hear what you did after you left London? I've been talking a blue streak, I want to hear what you did— Why, of course you went to Paris, isn't it simply heavenly? Why that's where we stayed, what was the number of your room? Oh, can't you remember? Perhaps we had the same room. What waiter did you have? No, ours had dark hair, he was awfully sweet. Oh, I just love Paris, don't you? Did you get lots of dresses? I want to see them some day when I'm not in a hurry. Were yours finished in time? We were so afraid ours wouldn't come in time for the steamer—those Paris dressmakers have no more idea of telling the truth than—the only way is to tell them you are going a week before you really are, and then they don't believe you.

Where? The Louvre? Yes, I guess we went there every day. Oh the picture one. Oh yes, that Louvre, yes, we went there, and we went to the Salon. I had an awfully good time there because we saw some people we met in London, a Miss Otis and her brother, he's a Harvard fellow and he's awfully nice. I think that's the best part of traveling in Europe, you keep meeting people you came over with, or some one you

know, all the time. Now the day we went to see that old cathedral, what is it? Don't you know—it's awfully celebrated—yes, Notre Dame. Well, I didn't want to go a bit, yes, it's beautiful of course, well, just as I went in the door, don't you know it's sort of dark where you go in, well, what do you think? I ran right into Carrie Spencer. I said, 'Why, Carrie Spencer, where did you come from? I never was so surprised in my life, I thought I should die laughing. It was the greatest luck, she was just the person I wanted to see. Don't you remember she promised to send me the address of that lace-handkerchief place? Well, she never did, so I said Carrie Spencer come right back into this cathedral and give me that address and I wrote it down. Did you go there?—it's a little place on the Rue de Something, I got the last one they had like hers, a perfect beaut, so I guess I sha'n't forget Notre Dame in a hurry. Yes, we spent ever so long in there. I think the nicest part about those cathedrals are those cunning little chapels down each side, aren't they dear?

Did you go to Napoleon's tomb? Isn't it? I think it's the most stunning thing in Paris. I love anything with lots of gold like that. Give me Napoleon's tomb every time! I wanted to stay all the rest of the time in Paris, but of course we had to do as many places as we could in the time we had.

Well, I must go, haven't you done something to this room? Wasn't the bureau over there? Well! I never knew such cheek, where did you get this picture? Why my dear it never belonged to you at all and



"NOW IT'S NO GOOD TO ANY ONE!"



I know just how you got it. There! Ha! ha! ha! now you've given yourself away, look out, you'll tear your sleeve. Oh, you want it terribly, don't you? Well, you won't get it, take care, you'll tear it. There now! what did you want to do that for? Now it's no good to any one. Oh, I don't care, I'd rather have the one I have in the golf suit in the rhinestone frame any day, I didn't want it, only I didn't want you to have it. No, I'm not mad at all. Well, I must go, why I was going anyway. That hasn't anything to do with it. I'm not mad at all, only I think it was rather mean of you to take that picture and then act that way about it. Well who's mad now?

All right, we aren't either of us mad, kiss me good-by—there now, we're all right. Oh say, are you going to the Rices' to-morrow night? Well I wasn't, but I will if you will. All right, well I must go, good-by dear. I think that waist of yours is lovely. Oh, what are you going to wear to-morrow night? Yes, that will be fine, just the thing. I thought I'd wear a pink thing. Oh, no, it's one I had before I went to Europe. You didn't see it, you don't think I'm going to waste one of my new things on the Rices, well I guess not much.

Why, I should wear what you said, the lavender, it's awfully becoming to you. Well what would you wear if you didn't? Why, that's so, of course I'd wear that. Well wear the other then, wear both. I must go, good-by darling.

Oh! do tell me, does this coat look perfectly terrible? No, no one said it did, but I had a sort of feeling it did, you don't think it does? Well I'm glad—good-by. What do you say? If you ask me if I'm mad again I shall be, good-by dear.

Gracious, I forgot the thing I specially wanted to ask you. Would you wear your hair this way to-morrow night or on the top? Well I think it looks like all creation on the top. I don't know if I'll go anyway. Oh yes, I'll go. Well I must fly. There was something I wanted to say. Oh, yes, when shall I see you again? Say, why can't you come back to lunch with me now? Well, that's great, only get on your things quick. Then I can show you my dresses and we'll have time for a good talk. Here, I'll fasten your veil, is that too tight? Well say when it is. Well this is simply great, come on, you're all right, your pin shows under your belt, now it's all right—come on I've simply got to go.

## When Things are Asleep

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

WHEN I wake up in bed at night  
The house looks very queer;  
The hall lamp makes a sleepy light  
An' ever'thing seems near.  
The chairs an' things are all asleep  
In such a weary way,  
As if they'd like to fall a-heap  
But simply have to stay.

The chairs look tired as tired can be,  
Their backs all seem to ache;  
The one that plays the games with me  
Looks as if it would break.  
The bureau sleeps as calm an' still—  
I almost hear it snore;  
The rug spreads out an' tries to fill  
The bare place on the floor.

The window curtains sag 'way down  
An' hardly even sway—  
They're tired from showin' all the town  
How straight they are all day.  
The pictures will not look at me  
For all their eyes are closed,  
Except my papa's one—an' he  
Looks like he only dozed.

My clo'es are sprawled out on a chair  
As quiet as can be—  
They're tired from runnin' ever'where  
All through the day with me.  
An' ever'thing's asleep, except  
The clock out in the hall.  
It ticks away as if it kept  
Awake to call us all.



### Taking No Chances

A YOUTHFUL attorney from New England, who hung out his shingle in a North Dakota town, was for a time hard put to make a living there. He was continually exercising his wits to the utmost to see that "nothing got away from him."

One morning, as he sat in his office waiting the coming of a man who had promised to pay a certain fee, there came a summons for him to go to court. Before departing, he placed this notice on his office door:

"Out for an hour. Will be back soon. Been gone thirty-five minutes already."

### Not Nice of Sammy

A WELL-KNOWN educator tells of a school of advanced ideas in Boston, wherein no pupil is ever punished in any way, the individuality of every child being held too sacred for repression.

One day, it appears, soon after her entrance into this school, one little girl came home with a face wet with tears and her mouth covered with blood.

The mother was greatly alarmed, and, taking the child into her arms, asked what had happened.

The story of what had happened was sobbed out to the sympathetic mother. One Sammy Parker, it seemed, had struck the little girl and knocked out a couple of teeth.

When the unfortunate youngster had been restored to equanimity, her father, who had, in the mean time, put in an appearance, naturally enough wanted to know how the teacher had dealt with Sammy.

"She didn't do anything."

"Well, what did she say?"

"She called Sammy to her desk and said, 'Samuel, don't you know that was very anti-social?'"

### More Completely So

AMONG those in a train leaving New York one afternoon for a Northern suburb were a man and his wife, who were overheard discussing various ways and means of getting out of debt.



HE. "Are you fond of art or music?"

SHE. "Oh! passionately. I've put a lot of those puzzle pictures together, and I know the names of nearly all our pianola records."

The husband had taken from his pocket a considerable number of papers; and as he did so he observed fretfully to his wife:

"I am completely in the dark as to how these bills are to be paid."

"Harry," said his spouse, as she indicated with her finger a highly tinted bill, "you will be even more in the dark if you don't pay this one—it's the gas bill."

### A Question of Color

THE following story of a Wellesley Junior would tend to show that the sweet unreasonableness of the feminine mind is not wholly done away with by higher education.

This Junior filled a prescription for a tonic sometime during the spring semester. The medicine came in dainty little pills of a delicate apple-green shade. When the first supply was exhausted the young lady tripped back to the druggist and, taking out the last dose, which she had carefully rolled up in tissue paper, held it out to the astonished clerk and said, sweetly, "Will you please match this pill?"





*"Look, mother, kitty is dead."  
 "Run away, Ethel, I'm very busy."  
 "But, mother, she's awfully dead!"*

#### What He Wanted

A DISHEVELED man rushed into the police station one afternoon and shouted for vengeance.

"I was hit by an automobile about five minutes ago, and the number of the car was 4,265," he sputtered. "I can prove that he was exceeding the speed limit, and I want him stopped."

"You want a warrant for his arrest?"

"Warrant! I should say not! What good would a warrant do me at the rate he was going. What I really want is extradition papers."

#### Another Question

THE teacher had given them a poser that day. In the grammar lesson the question had come up as to whether a hen sets or sits. Telling the children to find out the next day, the teacher had dismissed the question until later. The children asked their parents, they discussed it pro and con, and the whole neighborhood was interested. Then some one put the question to Uncle "Billy" Lawson.

"Well," ventured the old gentleman, "that question ain't bothered me much so far. What has always been queer to me is, when a hen cackles, has she laid or lied."

#### Literal

"WHAT is it," asked the teacher, "that binds us together and makes us better than we are by nature?"

"Corsets, sir," piped a wise little girl of eight.

#### Overtime

THE local church had been without a pastor for some time, and a committee had been sent to hear a near-by minister preach with the intention of calling him to that pastorate, provided the report of the committee should be favorable. Two of the committee had reported their impressions, and the third, an old rail-roader, was called upon. "Well, brethren and sisters, I ain't much to say. The sermon pleased me mightily, and there ain't many "Bible-beaters" as has got anything on him. Just one thing I disapproved of, and that was, that though his thoughts was fine, brethren, his terminal facilities was awful poor."

#### A New Commandment

EVIDENTLY the local bank had been party to an embarrassing incident, for, over the cashier's wicket, in fresh black letters, hung the following, "Honor thy Father and thy Mother, but not a Stranger's Check."



THE NEW MAID. "Now ain't that too bad, mum? I'm just a couple o' sizes too large for this flat."





## The First Male

### Testing the Saw

MR. A——, who was planning to build an outdoor sleeping-porch at the back of his house, had an expensive new saw sent home from a hardware store. He left his office early the next afternoon, with the intention of getting the porch well under way before dinner; and as he was very much interested in doing the work himself, he donned a pair of overalls and went at it in good spirits. An hour or so later he came tramping angrily into the house, his face dark with exasperation, and flung himself down in disgust.

"That new saw I bought isn't worth five cents," he stormed. "Why, the thing wouldn't cut butter!"

His small son Tommy looked up in wide-eyed surprise.

"Oh yes, it would, daddy," he said, earnestly; "why, Ted and I sawed a whole brick in two with it, just this morning!"

### One Way Round

THERE is an aged ducky who has a stand outside one of the Washington markets, where he disposes of the produce that he brings from Virginia several times a week. Not long ago he delivered a pair of dressed chickens to one of his customers. She was

in the kitchen when the chickens were brought in, and, womanlike, shivered a bit when she saw the headless fowls.

"I should think you'd never have the heart to cut off the heads of those innocent chickens," she exclaimed, involuntarily.

"I does hate to do it, ma'am," said the ducky, "but I manages to git around it in a way."

"How?"

"I chops de chickens off de heads."

### A Unique Verdict

A WHEELING, West Virginia, lawyer says that he has heard many queer verdicts in his time, but that the quaintest of these was that brought in not long ago by a jury of mountaineers in a sparsely settled part of that State.

This was the first case for the majority of the jury, and they sat for hours arguing and disputing over it in the bare little room at the rear of the court-room. At last they straggled back to their places, and the foreman, a lean, gaunt fellow with a superlatively solemn expression, voiced the general opinion:

"The jury don't think that he done it, for we allow he wa'n't there; but we think he would have done it ef he'd had the chanst."





## Too Many Interests at Steak

# O'er City Roofs

BY E. MARRINER

### THE SUN

O'ER city roofs the morning breaks,  
And far away I see the sun.  
I wonder where he could have been  
All the long hours since night begun.

From my low cot I see his face  
Just as he comes up in the sky;  
I guess he's glad it's day again,  
The darkness gone and morning nigh.

He must feel happy just to know  
I love to see his face so bright  
Each day, when he comes back again,  
After the long hours of the night.

And nurse, she tells me, "that he sees  
All little sick boys, just like me,  
In cities and the country, too,  
And some, perhaps, upon the sea.

"And that far off he sees the fields,  
And running brooks where fishes swim,  
And mother sheep, with wooly lambs,  
And birds that hop from limb to limb."

How nice it must be high up there  
Where you can see so many things—  
The boys and girls in every land,  
Ships on the sea with sails like wings.

"And some day," nurse says, "if I'm good  
I will be well again and strong,  
And run and jump, like other boys,  
Out in the country all day long."

### THE MOON

Sometimes at night I see the moon  
Sailing above me in the sky;  
And all around I see the stars,—  
To count each one I often try.

The moon seems to be right above  
The roof where every night I sleep,  
But sometimes it is nearly lost  
In clouds that look like big white sheep.

And nurse, she says: "The moon looks down  
On city and on country, too,  
And sees the boys and girls asleep  
Far, far away." Of course it's true.

"And far away it sees the birds  
All with their heads beneath their wings."  
(A bird gets tired, I s'pose, like me,  
When all the day he sings and sings.)

"And in some fields, where it shines down.  
The little lambs are all asleep  
In the cool grass, by running brooks,  
Each guarded by the mother sheep."

I wonder on some summer night,  
When the moon looks so big and round,  
What it would do if suddenly  
The sun came up without a sound!

How I would love to be a moon,  
So round and big and very bright,  
Just staying right up in the sky  
All through the lovely summer night.



# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## The Street Called Straight

A NOVEL

By the Author of "The Inner Shrine"

### CHAPTER V

GUION awoke in a chill, gray light, to find himself covered with a rug, and his daughter, wrapped in a white dressing-gown, bending over him. Over her shoulder peered the scared face of a maid. His first sensation was that he was cold, his first act to pull the rug more closely about him. His struggle back to waking consciousness was the more confused because of the familiar surroundings of the library.

"Oh, papa, what's the matter?"

He threw the coverlet from him and dragged himself to a sitting posture.

"What time is it?" he asked, rubbing his eyes. "I must have dropped off to sleep. Is dinner ready?"

"It's half-past six in the morning, papa dear. Katie found you here when she came in to dust the room. The window was wide open and all these things strewn about the floor. She put the rug on you and came to wake me. What is it? What's happened? Let me send for the doctor."

With his elbow on his knee, he rested his forehead on his hand. The incidents of the night came back to him. Olivia seated herself on the couch beside him, an arm across his shoulder.

"I'm cold," was all he said.

"Katie, go and mix something hot—some whiskey or brandy and hot water—anything! And you, papa dear, go to bed. I'll call Reynolds and he'll help you."

"I'm cold," he said again.

Rising, he crawled to the mirror into which he had looked last night, shuddering at sight of his own face. The mere fact that he was still in his evening clothes, the white waistcoat wrinkled and the cravat awry, shocked him inexpressibly.

"I'm cold," he said, for the third time.

But when he had bathed, dressed, and begun his breakfast, the chill left him. He regained the mastery of his thoughts and the understanding of his position. A certain exaltation of suffering which had upheld him during the previous night failed him, however, now, leaving nothing but a sense of flat, commonplace misery. Thrown into relief by the daylight, the facts were more relentless—not easier of acceptance.

As he drank his coffee and tried to eat, he could feel his daughter watching him from the other end of the table. Now and then he screened himself from her gaze by pretending to skim the morning paper. Once he was startled. Reflected in the glass of a picture hanging on the opposite wall he caught the image of a man in a uniform, who mounted the steps and rang the door-bell.

"Who's that?" he asked, sharply. He dared not turn round to see.

"It's only the postman, dear. Who else should it be?"

"Yes; of course." He breathed again.



"You mustn't mind me, dear. I'm nervous. I'm—I'm not very well."

"I see you're not, papa. I saw it last night. I knew something was wrong."

"There's something—very wrong."

"What is it? Tell me."

Leaning on the table, with clasped hands uplifted, the loose white lace sleeves falling away from her slender wrists, she looked at him pleadingly.

"We've—that is, I've—lost a great deal of money."

"Oh!" The sound was just above her breath. Then, after long silence, she asked, "Is it really much?"

He waited before replying, seeking, for the last time, some mitigation of what he had to tell her.

"It's all we have."

"Oh!" It was the same sound as before, just audible—a sound with a little surprise in it, a hint of something awed, but without dismay.

He forced himself to take a few sips of coffee and crumble a bit of toast.

"I don't mind, papa. If that's what's troubling you so much, don't let it any longer. Worse things have happened than that." He gulped down more coffee, not because he wanted it, but to counteract the rising in his throat. "Shall we have to lose Tory Hill?" she asked, after another silence.

He nodded an affirmative, with his head down.

"Then you mean me to understand what you said just now—quite literally. We've lost all we have."

"When everything is settled," he explained, with an effort, "we shall have nothing at all. It will be worse than that, since I sha'n't be able to pay all I owe."

"Yes; that is worse," she assented, quietly.

Another silence was broken by his saying, hoarsely:

"You'll get married—"

"That will have to be—reconsidered."

"Do you mean—on your part?"

"I suppose I mean—on everybody's part."

"Do you think he would want to—you must excuse the crudity of the question—do you think he would want to back out?"

"I don't know that I could answer

that. It isn't quite to the point. Backing out, as you call it, wouldn't be the process—whatever happened—"

He interrupted her nervously. "If this should fall through, dear, you must write to your Aunt Vic. You must eat humble pie. You were too toplofty with her as it was. She'll take you."

"Take me, papa? Why shouldn't I stay with you? I'd much rather."

He tried to explain. It was clearly the moment for doing it.

"I don't think you understand, dear, how entirely everything has gone to smash. I shall probably—I may say, certainly—I shall have to—to go—"

"I do understand that. But it often happens—especially in this country—that things go to smash, and then the people begin again. There was Lulu Sentner's father. They lost everything they had—and she and her sisters did dressmaking. But he borrowed money—and started in from the beginning—and now they're very well off once more. It's the kind of thing one hears of constantly—in this country."

"You couldn't hear of it in my case, dear, because—well, because I've done all that. I've begun again—and begun again. I've used up all my credit—all my chances. The things I counted on didn't come off. You know that that happens sometimes, don't you?—without any one being to blame at all?"

She nodded. "I think I've heard so."

"And now," he went on, eager that she should begin to see what he was leading her up to—"and now I couldn't borrow a thousand dollars in all Boston, unless it was from some one who gave it to me as a charity. I've borrowed from every one—every penny for which I could offer security—and I owe—I owe hundreds of thousands. Do you see now how bad it is?"

"I do see how bad it is, papa. I admit it's worse than I thought. But all the same I know that when people have high reputations other people trust them and help them through. Banks do it, don't they? Isn't that partly what they're for? It was the New York bankers who helped Lulu Sentner's father. They stood behind him. She told me so. I'm positive that with your name they'd do as much for you. You take a gloomy





*Drawn by Orson Lowell*

THE INCIDENTS OF THE NIGHT CAME BACK TO HIM







outlook because you're ill. But there's no one in Boston—no one in New England—more esteemed or trusted. When one can say, 'All is lost save honor,' then, relatively speaking, there's very little lost at all."

He got up from the table and went to his room. After these words it was physically impossible for him to tell her anything more. He had thought of a means which might bring the fact home to her through the day by a process of suggestion. Packing a small bag with toilet articles and other necessities, he left it in a conspicuous place.

"I want Reynolds to give it to my messenger in case I send for it," he explained to her, when he had descended to the dining-room again.

She was still sitting where he left her, at the head of the table, pale, pensive, but not otherwise disturbed.

"Does that mean that you're not coming home to-night?"

"I—I don't know. Things may happen to—to prevent me."

"Where should you go?—to New York?"

"No; not to New York."

He half hoped she would press the question, but when she spoke it was only to say:

"I hope you'll try to come home, because I'm sure you're not well. Of course I understand it, now I know you've had so much to upset you. But I wish you'd see Dr. Scott. And, papa," she added, rising, "don't have me on your mind—please don't. I'm quite capable of facing the world without money. You mayn't believe it, but I am. I could do it somehow. I'm like you. I've a great deal of self-reliance and a great deal of something else—I don't quite know what—that has never been taxed or called on. It may be pride, but it isn't only pride. Whatever it is, I'm strong enough to bear a lot of trouble. I don't want you to think of me at all in any way that will worry you."

She was making it so hard for him that he kissed her hastily and went away. Her further enlightenment was one more detail that he must leave, as he had left so much else, to Fate or God to take care of. For the present he himself had all he could attend to.

Half-way to the gate he turned, to take what might prove his last look at the old house. It stood on the summit of a low, rounded hill, on the site made historic as the country residence of Governor Rodney. Governor Rodney's "Mansion" having been sacked in the Revolution by his fellow-townsmen, the neighborhood fell for a time into disrepute under the contemptuous nickname of Tory Hill. On the restoration of order the property passed by purchase to the Guions, in whose hands, with a continuity not customary in America, it had remained. The present house, built by Andrew Guion on the foundations of the Rodney Mansion in the early nineteenth century, was old enough according to New England standards to be venerable, and though most of the ground originally about it had long ago been sold off in building-lots, enough remained to give an impression of ample outdoor space.

Against the blue of the October morning sky the house, with its dignified Georgian lines, was not without a certain stateliness—rectangular, three-storied, mellow, with buff walls, buff chimneys, white doorways, white casements, white verandas, a white balustrade around the top, and a white urn at each of the four corners. Where, as over the verandas, there was a bit of inclined roof, russet-red tiles gave a warmer touch of color. From the borders of the lawn, edged with a line of shrubs, the town of Waverton, merging into Cambridge, just now a stretch of crimson - and - orange woodland where gables, spires, and towers peeped above the trees, sloped gently to the ribbon of the Charles. Far away, and dim in the morning haze, the roofed and steepled crest of Beacon Hill rose in successive ridges, to cast up from its highest point the gilded dome of the State House as culmination to the skyline. Guion looked long and hard, first at the house, then at the prospect. He walked on only when he remembered that he must reserve his forces for the day's possibilities, that he must not drain himself of emotion in advance. If what he expected were to come to pass, the first essential to his playing the man at all would lie in his keeping cool.



So, on reaching his office, he brought all his knowledge of the world into play, to appear without undue self-consciousness before his stenographer, his bookkeepers, and his clerks. The ordeal was the more severe because of his belief that they were conversant with the state of his affairs. At least they knew enough to be sorry for him—of that he was sure; though there was nothing on this particular morning to display the sympathy, unless it was the stenographer's smile as he passed her in the anteroom, and the three small yellow chrysanthemums she had placed in a glass on his desk. In the nods of greeting between him and the men there was, or there seemed to be, a studied effort to show nothing at all.

Once safely in his own room, he shut the door with a sense of relief in the seclusion. It crossed his mind that he should feel something of the same sort when locked in the privacy of his cell, after the hideous publicity of the trial. From habit as well as from anxiety he went straight to a mirror and surveyed himself again. Decidedly he had changed since yesterday. It was not so much that he was older or more careworn—he was different. Perhaps he was ill. He felt well enough, except for being tired, desperately tired, but that could be accounted for by the way in which he had spent the night. He noticed chiefly the ashy tint of his skin, the dullness of his eyes, and—notwithstanding the fact that his clothes were of his usual fastidiousness—a curious effect of being badly dressed more startling to him than pain. He carefully brushed his beard and twisted his long mustache into its usual upward, French-looking curve, so as to regain as much as possible the air of his old self, before seating himself at his desk to look over his correspondence. There was a pile of letters, which he finally put aside without opening any of them.

What was the use? He could do nothing. He had come to the end. He had exhausted all the possibilities of the situation. Besides, his spirit was broken. He could feel it. Something had snapped last night within him that would never be whole, never even be mended, again. It was not only the material resources under his control that he had overtaxed,

but the spring of energy within himself, leaving him no more power of resilience.

An hour passed in this condition of dull suspense, when he was startled by the tinkle of his desk telephone. It was with some effort that he leaned forward to answer the call. Not that he was afraid—now; he only shrank from the necessity of doing anything.

"Mr. Davenant would like to see you," came the voice of the stenographer from the anteroom.

There was nothing to reply but, "Ask Mr. Davenant to come in." He uttered the words mechanically. He had not thought of Davenant since he talked with Olivia on the stairs, a conversation that now seemed a curiously long time ago.

"I hope I'm not disturbing you, Mr. Guion," the visitor said, apologetically, with a glance at the letters on the desk.

"Not at all, my dear fellow," Guion said, cordially, from force of habit, offering his hand without rising from the revolving chair. "Sit down. Have a cigar. It's rather a sharp morning for the time of year."

The use of the conventional phrases of welcome helped him to emerge somewhat from his state of apathy. Davenant declined the cigar, but seated himself near the desk, in one of the round-backed office chairs. Not being a man easily embarrassed by silences, he did not begin to speak at once, and during the minute his hesitation lasted Guion bethought him of Olivia's remark, "That sort of Saxon-giant type is always good-looking." Davenant *was* good-looking, in a clear-skinned, clear-eyed way. Everything about him spoke of straightforwardness and strength, tempered perhaps by the boyish quality inseparable from fair hair, a clean, healthily ruddy complexion, and a direct, blue glance that rested on men and things with a kind of pensive wondering. All the same, the heavy-browed face on a big, tense neck had a frowning, perhaps a lowering, expression that reminded Guion of a young bull about to charge. The lips beneath the fair mustache might be too tightly and too severely compressed, but the smile into which they broke was the franker and the more engaging because of the unexpected light. If there was any physical awkwardness about him, it was that natural to a man



of his height; but this difficulty was overcome by his simplicity. It was characteristic of Guion to notice, even at such a time as this, that Davenant was carefully and correctly dressed, like a man respectful of social usages.

"I came in to see you, Mr. Guion," he began, apparently with some hesitation, "about what we were talking of last night."

Guion pulled himself together. His handsome eyebrows arched themselves, and he half smiled.

"Last night? What *were* we talking of?"

"We weren't talking of it, exactly. You only told us."

"Only told you—what?" The necessity to do a little fencing brought some of his old powers into play.

"That you wanted to borrow half a million dollars. I've come in to—to lend you that sum—if you'll take it."

For a few seconds Guion sat rigidly still, looking at his man. The import and bearing of the words were too much for him to grasp at once. All his mind was prepared to deal with on the spur of the moment was the fact of this offer, ignoring its application and its consequences as things which for the moment lay outside his range of thought.

As far as he was able to reflect, it was to assume that there was more here than met the eye. Davenant was too practised as a player of "the game" to pay a big price for a broken potsherd, unless he was tolerably sure in advance that within the potsherd or under it there lay more than its value. It was not easy to surmise the form of the treasure nor the spot where it was hidden, but that it was there, in kind satisfactory to Davenant himself, Guion had no doubt. It was his part, therefore, to be astute and wary—not to lose the chance of selling, and yet not to allow himself to be overreached. If Davenant was playing a deep game, he must play a deeper. He was sorry his head ached and that he felt in such poor trim for making the effort. "I must look sharp," he said to himself; "and yet I must be square and courteous. That's the line for me to take." He tried to get some inspiration for the spurt in telling himself that in spite of everything he was still a man

of business. When at last he began to speak, it was with something of the feeling of the broken-down prize-fighter, dragging himself bleeding and breathless into the ring for the last round with a young and still unspent opponent.

"I didn't suppose you were in—in a position—to do that."

"I am." Davenant nodded with some emphasis.

"Did you think that that was what I meant when I—I opened my heart to you last night?"

"No. I know it wasn't. My offer is inspired by nothing but what I feel."

"Good!" It was some minutes before Guion spoke again. "If I remember rightly," he observed then, "I said I would sell my soul for half a million dollars. I didn't say I wanted to borrow that amount."

"You may put it in any way you like," Davenant smiled. "I've come with the offer of the money. I want you to have it. The terms on which you'd take it don't matter to me."

"But they do to me. Don't you see? I'd borrow the money if I could. I couldn't accept it in any other way. And I can't borrow it. I couldn't pay the interest on it if I did. I've exhausted my credit. I can't borrow any more."

"You can borrow what I'm willing to lend, can't you?"

"No; because Tory Hill is mortgaged for all it will stand. I've nothing else to offer as collateral—"

"I'm not asking for collateral. I'm ready to hand you over the money on any terms you like or on no terms at all."

"Do you mean that you'd be willing to—to—to *give* it to me?"

"I mean, sir," he explained, reddening a little, "that I want you to have the money to *use*—now. We could talk about the conditions afterward and call them what you please. If I understood you correctly last night, you're in a tight place—a confoundedly tight place—"

"I am; but—don't be offended!—it seems to me you'd put me in a tighter."

"How's that?"

"It's a little difficult to explain." He leaned forward, with one of his nervous, jerky movements, and fingered the glass containing the chrysanthemums, but without taking his eyes from Dave-



nant. So far he was quite satisfied with himself. "You see, it's this way. I've done wrong—very wrong. We needn't go into that, because you know it as well as I. But I'm willing to pay the penalty. That is, I'm *ready* to pay the penalty. I've made up my mind to it. I've had to, of course. But if I accepted your offer, you'd be paying it—not I."

"Well, why shouldn't I? I've paid other people's debts before now, once or twice, when I didn't want to. Why shouldn't I pay yours, when I should like the job?"

Davenant attempted, by taking something like a jovial tone, to carry the thing off lightly.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't do it; there's only a reason why I shouldn't let you."

"I don't see why you shouldn't let me. It mayn't be just what you'd like, but it's surely better than—than what you wouldn't like at all."

Taking in the significance of these words, Guion colored—not with the healthy young flush that came so readily to Davenant's face, but in dabbled, hectic spots. His hand trembled, too, so that some of the water from the vase he was holding spilled over on the desk. It was probably this small accident, making him forget the importance of his rôle, that caused him to jump up nervously and begin pacing about the room.

Davenant noticed then what he had not yet had time to observe, the change that had taken place in Guion in less than twenty hours. It could not be defined as looking older, or haggard, or ill. It could hardly be said to be a difference in complexion, or feature, or anything outward. As far as Davenant was able to judge, it was probably due, not to the loss of self-respect, but to the loss of the pretense at self-respect; it was due to that desolation of the personality that comes when the soul has no more reason to keep up its defenses against the world outside it, when the Beautiful Gate is battered down and the Veil of the Temple rent, while the Holy of Holies lies open for any eye to rifle. It was probably because this was so that Guion, on coming back to his seat, began at once to be more explanatory than there was any need for.

"I haven't tried to thank you for your kind suggestion, but we'll come to that when I see more clearly just what—you want."

"I've told you that. I'm not asking for anything else."

"So far you haven't asked for anything at all; but I don't imagine you'll be content with that. In any case," he hurried on, as Davenant seemed about to speak, "I don't want you to be under any misapprehension about the affair. There's nothing extenuating in it whatever—that is, nothing but the intention to 'put it back' that goes with practically every instance of"—he hesitated long—"every instance of embezzlement," he finished, bravely. "It began this way—"

"I don't want to know how it began," Davenant said, hastily. "I'm satisfied with knowing the situation as it is."

"But I want to tell you. In proportion as I'm open with you I shall expect you to be frank with me."

"I don't promise to be frank with you."

"Anyhow, I mean to set you the example."

He went on to speak rapidly, feverishly, with that half-hysterical impulse toward confession from the signs of which Davenant had shrunk on the previous evening. As Guion himself had forewarned, there was nothing new or unusual in the tale. The situations were entirely the conventional ones in the drama of this kind of unfaithfulness. The only element to make it appealing, an element forcibly present to Davenant's protective instincts, was the contrast between what Guion had been and what he was to-day.

"And so," Guion concluded, "I don't see how I could accept this money from you. Any honorable man—that is," he corrected, in some confusion, "any *sane* man would tell you as much."

"I've already considered what the sane man and the honorable man would tell me. I guess I can let them stick to their opinion so long as I have my own."

"And what is your opinion? Do you mind telling me? You understand that what you're proposing is immoral, don't you?"

"Yes, in a way."



Guion frowned. He had hoped for some pretense at contradiction.

"I didn't know whether you'd thought of that."

"Oh yes, I've thought of it. That is, I see what you mean."

"It's compounding a felony, and outwitting the ends of justice, and—"

"I guess I'll do it just the same. It doesn't seem to be my special job to look after the ends of justice; and as for compounding a felony—well, it'll be something new."

Guion made a show of looking at him sharply. The effort, or the pretended effort, to see through Davenant's game disguised for the moment his sense of humiliation at this prompt acceptance of his own statement of the case.

"All the same," he observed, trying to take a detached, judicial tone, "your offer is so amazing that I presume you wouldn't make it unless you had some unusual reason."

"I don't know that I have. In fact, I know I haven't."

"Well, whatever its nature, I should like to know what it is."

"Is that necessary?"

"Doesn't it strike you that it would be—in order? If I were to let you do this for me you'd be rendering me an extraordinary service. We're both men of business, men of the world; and we know that something for nothing is not according to Hoyle."

Davenant looked at him pensively. "That is, you want to know what I should be pulling off for myself?"

"That's about it."

"I don't see why that should worry you. If you get the money—"

"If I get the money I put myself in your power."

"What of that? Isn't it just as well to be in my power as in the power of other people?"

Again Guion winced inwardly, but kept his self-control. He was not yet accustomed to doing without the formulas of respect from those whom he considered his inferiors.

"Possibly," he said, not caring to conceal a certain irritation, "but even so I should like to know—in case I *were* in your power—what you'd expect of me."

"I can answer that question right

away. I shouldn't expect anything at all."

"Then you leave me more in the dark than ever."

Davenant still eyed him pensively. "Do I understand you to be suspicious of my motives?"

"Suspicious might not be the right word. Suppose we said curious."

Davenant reflected. Perhaps it was his mastery of the situation that gave him unconsciously a rock-like air of nonchalance. When he spoke it was with a little smile, which Guion took to be one of condescension. Condescension in the circumstances was synonymous with insolence.

"Well, sir, suppose I allowed you to remain curious? What then?"

They were the wrong words. It was the wrong manner. Guion looked up with a start. His next words were uttered in the blind instinct of the haughty-headed gentleman, who thinks highly of himself, to save the moment's dignity.

"In that case I think we must call the bargain off."

Davenant shot out of his seat. He, too, was not without a current of hot blood.

"All right, sir. It's for you to decide. Only, I'm sorry. Good-by." He held out his hand, which Guion, who was now leaning forward, toying with the pens and pencils on the desk, affected not to see. A certain lack of ease that often came over him at moments of leave-taking or greeting kept Davenant on the spot. "I hoped," he stammered, "that I might have been of some use to you—and that Miss Guion—"

Guion looked up sharply. "Has *she* got anything to do with it?"

"Nothing," Davenant said, quickly, "nothing whatever."

"I didn't see how she *could* have—" Guion was going on, when Davenant interrupted.

"She has nothing to do with it whatever," he repeated. "I was only going to say that I hoped she might have got through her wedding without hearing anything about all this—all this fuss."

In uttering the last words he had moved toward the door. His hand was on the knob and he was about to make some repetition of his farewells when



Guion spoke again. He was leaning once more over the desk, his fingers playing nervously with the pens and pencils. He made no further effort to keep up his rôle of keen-sighted man of business. His head was bent, so that Davenant could scarcely see his face, and, when he spoke, his words were muffled and sullen.

"Half a million would be too much. Four hundred and fifty thousand would cover everything."

"That would be all the same to me," Davenant said, in a matter-of-fact tone.

But he turned back to the desk and took his seat again.

## CHAPTER VI

HAVING watched through the window her father pass down the avenue on his way to town, Miss Guion reseated herself mechanically in her place at the breakfast-table in order to think. Not that her thought could be active or coherent as yet; but a certain absorption of the facts was possible by the simple process of sitting still and letting them sink in. As the minutes went by, it became with her a matter of sensation rather than of mental effort—of odd, dream-like sensation, in which all the protecting walls and clearly defined boundary-lines of life and conduct appeared to be melting away, leaving an immeasurable outlook on vacancy. To pass abruptly from the command of means, dignity, and consideration, out into a state in which she could claim nothing at all, was not unlike what she had often supposed it might be to go from the pomp and circumstance of earth as a disembodied spirit into space. The analogy was rendered the more exact by her sense, stunned and yet conscious, of the survival of her own personality amid what seemed a universal wreckage. This persistence of the ego in conditions so vast and vague and empty as to be almost no conditions at all was the one point on which she could concentrate her faculties.

It was, too, the one point on which she could form an articulated thought. She was Olivia Guion still! In this slipping of the world from beneath her feet she got a certain assurance from the affirmation of her identity. She was still

that character, compounded of many elements, which recognized as its most active energies insistence of will and tenacity of pride. She could still call these resources to her aid to render her indestructible. Sitting slightly crouched, her hands clasped about her knees, her face drawn and momentarily older, her lips set, her eyes tracing absently the arabesques chased on the coffee-urn, she was inwardly urging her spirit to the buoyancy that cannot sink, to the vitality that rides on chaos. She was not actively or consciously doing this; in the strictest sense she was not doing it at all; it was doing itself, obscurely and spontaneously, by the operation of subliminal forces of which she knew almost nothing, and to which her personality bore no more than the relation of a mountain range to unrecordable volcanic fusions deep down in the earth.

When, after long withdrawal within herself, she changed her position, sighed, and glanced about her, she had a curious feeling of having traveled far, of looking back on the old familiar things from a long way off. The richly wrought silver, the cheerful Minton, the splendidly toned mahogany, the Goya etchings on the walls, things of no great value, but long ago acquired, treasured, loved, had suddenly become useless and irrelevant. She had not lost Tory Hill so much as passed beyond it, out into a condition where nothing that preceded it could count, and in which, so far as she was concerned, existence would have to be a new creation, called afresh out of that which was without form and void.

She experienced the same sensation, if it *was* a sensation; when, a half-hour later, she found herself roaming dreamily rather than restlessly about the house. She was not anticipating her farewell to it; it had only ceased to be a background, to have a meaning; it was like the scenery, painted and set, after the play is done. She herself had been removed elsewhere, projected into a sphere where the signs and seasons were so different from anything she had ever known as to afford no indications; where day did not necessarily induce light, nor night darkness, nor past experience knowledge. In the confounding of the perceptive powers and the reeling of the





*Drawn by Orson Lowell*

"I'VE DONE WRONG, BUT I'M WILLING TO PAY THE PENALTY"







judgment which the new circumstances produced she clung to her capacity to survive and dominate like a staggered man to a stanchion.

In the mean time she was not positively suffering, either from shock or sorrow. From her personal point of view the loss of money was not of itself an overpowering calamity. It might entail the disruption of lifelong habits, but she was young enough not to be afraid of that. In spite of a way of living that might be said to have given her the best of everything, she had always known that her father's income was a small one for his position in the world. As a family they had been in the habit of associating, on both sides of the Atlantic, with people whose revenues were twice and thrice and ten times their own. The obligation to keep the pace set by their equals had been recognized as a domestic hardship ever since she could remember; though it was a mitigating circumstance that in one way or another the money had always been found. Guion, Maxwell & Guion was a well which, while often threatening to run dry, had never failed to respond to a sufficiently energetic pumping. She had known the thought, however, fugitive, speculative, not dwelt upon as a real possibility, that a day might come when it would do so no more.

It was a thought that went as quickly as it came, its only importance being that it never caused her a shudder. If it sometimes brought matter for reflection, it was in showing her to herself in a light in which, she was tolerably sure, she never appeared to anybody else—as the true child of the line of frugal forebears, of sea-scouring men and cheese-paring women, who during nearly two hundred years of thrift had put penny to penny to save the Guion competence. Standing in the cheerful "Colonial" hall which their stinting of themselves had made it possible to build, and which was furnished chiefly with the objects—a settle, a pair of cupboards, a Copley portrait, a few chairs, some old decorative pottery—they had lived with, it afforded one more steadying element for her bewilderment to grasp at, to feel herself their daughter.

There was, indeed, in the very type of her beauty a hint of a carefully cal-

culated, unwasteful adaptation of means to ends quite in the spirit of their sparing ways. It was a beauty achieved by nature apparently with the surest, and yet with the slightest, expenditure of energy, a beauty of poise, of line, of delicacy, of reserve; with nothing of the superfluous, and little even of color, beyond a gleam of chrysoprase in fine, gray eyes, and a coppery, metallic luster in hair that otherwise would have passed as chestnut brown. It was a beauty that came as much from repose in inaction as from grace in movement, but of which a noticeable trait was that it required no more to produce it in the way of effort than in that of artifice. Through the transparent whiteness of the skin the blue of each clearly articulated vein and the rose of each hurrying flush counted for its utmost in the general economy of values.

It was in keeping with this restraint that in all her ways, her manners, her dress, her speech, her pride, there should be a meticulous simplicity. It was not the simplicity of the hedge-row any more than of the hothouse; it was rather that of some classic flower, lavender or crown-imperial, growing from an ancient stock in some dignified, long-tended garden. It was thus a simplicity closely allied to sturdiness—the inner sturdiness not inconsistent with an outward semblance of fragility—the tenacity of strength by which the lavender scents the summer and the crown-imperial adorns the spring after the severest snows.

It was doubtless this vitality, drawn from deep down in her native soil, that braced her now to simply holding fast, intuitively and almost blindly, till the first force of the shock should have so spent itself that the normal working of the faculties might begin again. It was the something of which she had just spoken to her father, the something that might be pride but that was not wholly pride, which had never been taxed nor called on. She could not have defined it in a more positive degree, but even now, when all was confusion and disintegration, she was conscious of its being there, an untouched treasure of resource.

In what it supplied her with, however, there was no answer to the question that



had been silently making itself urgent from the first word of her father's revelations: What was to happen with regard to her wedding? It took the practical form of dealing with the mere outward paraphernalia—the service, the bridesmaids, the guests, the feast. Would it be reasonable, would it be decent, to carry out rich and elaborate plans in a ruined house? Further than that she dared not inquire, though she knew very well there was still a greater question to be met. When, during the course of the morning, Drusilla Fane came to see her, Olivia broached it timidly, though the conversation brought her little in the way of help.

Knowing all she knew through the gossip of servants, Drusilla felt the necessity of being on her guard. She accepted Olivia's information that her father had met with losses as so much news, and gave utterance to sentiments of sympathy and encouragement. Beyond that she could not go. She was obliged to cast her condolences in the form of bald generalities, since she could make but a limited use of the name of Rupert Ashley as a source of comfort. More clearly than any one in their little group she could see what marriage with Olivia in her new conditions—the horrible, tragic conditions that would arise if Peter could do nothing—would mean for him. She weighed her words, therefore, with exactness, measuring the little more and the little less as in an apothecary's balances.

"You see," Olivia said, trying to sound her friend's ideas, "from one point of view I scarcely know him."

"You know him well enough to be in love with him." Drusilla felt that that committed her to nothing.

"That doesn't imply much—not necessarily, that is. You can be in love with people and scarcely know them at all. And it often happens that if you knew them better you wouldn't be in love with them."

"And you know him well enough to be sure that he'll want to do everything right."

"Oh yes; I'm quite sure of that. I'm only uncertain that—everything right—would satisfy me."

Drusilla reflected. "I see what you

mean. And, of course, you want to do—everything right—yourself."

Olivia glanced up obliquely under her lashes.

"I see what *you* mean, too."

"You mustn't see too much." Drusilla spoke hastily. She waited in some anxiety to see just what significance Olivia had taken from her words; but when the latter spoke it was to pass on to another point.

"You see, he didn't want to marry an American, in the first place."

"Well, no one forced him into that. That's one thing he did with his eyes open, at any rate."

"His doing it was a sort of—concession."

Drusilla looked at her with big, indignant eyes.

"Concession to what, for pity's sake?"

"Concession to his own heart, I suppose." Olivia smiled faintly. "You see, all other things being equal, he would have preferred to marry one of his own countrywomen."

"It's six of one and half a dozen of the other. If he'd married one of his own countrywomen the other things wouldn't have been equal. So there you are."

"But the other things aren't equal now. Don't you see? They're changed."

"*You're* not changed." Drusilla felt these words to be dangerous. It was a relief to her that Olivia should contradict them promptly.

"Oh yes, I am. I'm changed—in value. With papa's troubles there's a depreciation in everything we are."

Drusilla repeated these words to her father and mother at table when she went home to luncheon. "If she feels like that now," she commented, "what *will* she say when she knows all?—if she ever has to know it."

"But she hasn't changed," Mrs. Temple argued. "It doesn't make any difference in *her*."

Drusilla shook her head. "Yes, it does, mother dear. You don't know anything about it."

"I know enough about it," Mrs. Temple declared, with some asperity, "to see that she will be the same Olivia Guion after her father has gone to prison as she was in the days of her happiness. If



there's any change, it will be to make her a better and nobler character. She's just the type to be perfected through suffering."

"Y-y-es," Drusilla admitted, her head inclined to one side. "That might be quite true in one way; but it wouldn't help Rupert Ashley to keep his place in the Sussex Rangers."

"Do you mean to say they'd make him give it up?"

"They wouldn't make him, mother dear. He'd only have to."

"Well, I never did! If that's the British army—"

"The British army is a very complicated institution. It fills a lot of different functions, and it's a lot of different things. It's one thing from the point of view of the regiment, and another from that of the War Office. It's one thing on the official side, and another on the military, and another on the social. You can't decide anything about it in an abstract, off-hand way. Rupert Ashley might be a capital officer, and every one might say he'd done the honorable thing in standing by Olivia; and yet he'd find it impossible to go on as colonel of the Rangers when his father-in-law was in penal servitude. There it is in a nutshell. You can't argue about it, because that's the way it is."

Out of the day's events Olivia extracted just one hint that she considered useful. In the letter which she proceeded to write Rupert Ashley as soon as she was alone, a letter that would meet him on his arrival in New York, she gave a statement of such facts as had come to her knowledge, but abstained from comments of her own and from suggestions.

"We have asked some three hundred people to the church for the 28th. Many of them will not be in town, as the season is still so early; but I think it wisest to withdraw all invitations without consulting you further. This will leave us free to do as we think best after you arrive. We can then talk over everything—from the beginning."

With the hint thus conveyed she felt her letter to be fitly worded. By the time she had slipped down the driveway to the box at the gate and posted

it with her own hands her father had returned.

She had ordered tea in the little oval sitting-room they used when quite alone, and told the maid to say she was not receiving if anybody called. She knew her father would be tired, but she hoped that if they were undisturbed he would talk to her of his affairs. There was so much in them that was mysterious to her. Notwithstanding her partial recovery from the shock of the morning, she still felt herself transported to a world in which the needs were new to her, and the chain of cause and effect had a bewildering inconsequence. For this reason it seemed to her quite in the order of things—the curiously inverted order now established, in which one thing was as likely as another—that her father should stretch himself in a comfortable arm-chair and say nothing at all till after he had finished his second cup of tea. Even then he might not have spoken if her own patience had held out.

"So you didn't go away, after all," she felt it safe to observe.

"No, I didn't."

"Sha'n't you *have* to go?"

There was an instant's hesitation.

"Perhaps not. In fact, I may almost definitely say—*not*. I should like another cup of tea."

"That makes three, papa. Won't it keep you awake?"

"Nothing will keep me awake to-night."

The tone caused her to look at him more closely as she took the cup he handed back to her. She noticed that his eyes glittered, and that in either cheek, above the line of the beard, there was a hectic spot. She adjusted the spirit-lamp, and, lifting the cover of the kettle, looked inside.

"Has anything happened?" she asked, doing her best to give the question a casual intonation.

"A great deal has happened." He allowed that statement to sink in before continuing. "I think"—he paused long—"I think I'm going to get the money."

She held herself well in hand, though at the words the old familiar landmarks of her former world seemed to rise again, rosily, mistily, like the walls of Troy



to the sound of Apollo's lute. She looked into the kettle again to see if the water was yet boiling, taking longer than necessary to peer into the quiet depth.

"I'm so glad." She spoke as if he had told her he had shaken hands with an old friend. "I thought you would."

"Ah, but you never thought of anything like this."

"I knew it would be something pretty good. With your name, there wasn't the slightest doubt of it."

Had he been a wise man he would have let it go at that. He was not, however, a wise man. The shallow, brimming reservoir of his nature was of the kind that spills over at a splash.

"The most extraordinary thing has happened," he went on. "A man came to my office to-day and offered to lend me—no, not to lend—practically to *give* me—enough money to pull me through."

She held a lump of sugar poised above his cup with the sugar-tongs. Her astonishment was so great that she kept it there. The walls of the city which just now had seemed to be rising magically faded away again, leaving the same unbounded vacancy into which she had been looking out all day.

"What do you mean by—practically to give you?"

"The man said lend. But my name is good for even more than you supposed, since he knows, and I know, that I can offer him no security."

"How can he tell, then, that you'll ever pay it back?"

"He can't tell. That's just it."

"And can you tell?" She let the lump of sugar fall with a circle of tiny eddies into the cup of tea.

"I can tell—up to a point." His tone indicated some abatement of enthusiasm.

"Up to what point?"

"Up to the point that I'll pay it back—if I can. That's all he asks. As a matter of fact, he doesn't seem to care."

She handed him his cup. "Isn't that a very queer way to lend money?"

"Of course it's queer. That's why I'm telling you. That's what makes it so remarkable, such a—tribute—to me. I dare say that sounds fatuous, but—"

"It doesn't sound fatuous so much as—"

"So much as what?"

The distress gathering in her eyes prepared him for her next words before she uttered them.

"Papa, I shouldn't think you'd take it."

He stared at her dully. Her perspicacity disconcerted him. He had expected to bolster up the ruins of his honor by her delighted acquiescence. He had not known till now how much he had been counting on the justification of her relief. It was a proof, however, of the degree to which his own initiative had failed him that he cowered before her judgment, with little or no protest.

"I haven't said I'd take it—positively."

"Naturally. Of course you haven't."

He dabbled the spoon uneasily in his tea, looking downcast. "I don't quite see," he objected, trying to rally his pluck, "why it should be—naturally."

"Oh, don't you? To me it's self-evident. We may have lost money, but we're still not recipients of alms."

"This wasn't alms. It was four hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

She was plainly awe-struck. "That's a great deal; but I supposed it would be something large. And yet the magnitude of the sum only makes it the more impossible to accept."

"Y-es; of course; if you look at it in that way." He put back his cup on the table untasted.

"Surely it's the only way to look at it? Aren't you going to drink your tea?"

"No, I think not. I've had enough. I've—I've had enough of everything."

He sank back wearily into the depths of his arm-chair. The glitter had passed from his eyes; he looked ill. He had clearly not enough courage to make a stand for what he wanted. She could see how cruelly he was disappointed. After all, he might have accepted the money and told her nothing about it! He had taken her into his confidence because of that need of expansion that had often led him to "give away" what a more crafty man would have kept to himself. She was profiting by his indiscretion to make what was already so hard for him still harder. Sipping her tea slowly, she turned the subject over and over in her mind, seeking some ground on which to agree with him.

She did this the more conscientiously,



since she had often reproached herself with a fixity of principle that might with some show of reason be called too inflexible. Between right and wrong other people, especially the people of her world, were able to see an infinitude of shadings she had never been able to distinguish. She half accepted the criticism often made of her in Paris and London that her Puritan inheritance had given an inartistic rigidity to her moral prospect. It inclined her to see the paths of life as ruled and numbered like the checker-board plan of an American city, instead of twisting and winding, quaintly and picturesquely, with roundabout evasions and astonishing short-cuts, amusing to explore, whether for the finding or the losing of the way, as in any of the capitals long trodden by the feet of men. Between the straight, broad avenues of conduct, well lighted and well defined, there lay apparently whole regions of byways, in which those who could not easily do right could wander vaguely, without precisely doing wrong, following a line that might be termed permissible. Into this tortuous maze her spirit now tried to penetrate, as occasionally, to visit some historic monument, she had plunged into the slums of a medieval town.

It was an exercise that brought her nothing but a feeling of bewilderment. Having no sense of locality for this kind of labyrinth, she could only turn round and round confusedly. All she could do, when from the drooping of her father's lids she feared he was falling off to sleep, leaving the question unsettled, was to say, helplessly:

"I suppose you'll be sorry now for having told me."

He lifted his long lashes, that were like a girl's, and looked at her. The minutes that had passed had altered his expression. There was again a sparkle of resolve, perhaps of relief, in his glance. Without changing his position, he spoke drowsily, and yet reassuringly, like a man with a large and easy grasp of the situation. She was not sure whether it was a renewal of confidence on his part or a bit of acting.

"No, dear, no. I wanted to get your point of view. It's always interesting to me. I see your objections, of course.

I may say that I even shared some of them—till—"

She allowed him a minute in which to resume, but, as he kept silence, she ventured to ask:

"Does that mean that you don't share them now?"

"I see what there is to be said—all round. It isn't to be expected, dear, that you—as a woman—not used to business—"

"Oh, but I didn't understand that this *was* business. That's just the point. To borrow money might be business—to borrow it on security, you know, or whatever else is the usual way; but not to take it—as a present."

He jerked himself up into a forward posture. When he replied to her, it was with didactic, explanatory irritation.

"When I said that, I was legitimately using language that might be called exaggerated. Hyperbole is, I believe, the term grammarians use for it. I didn't expect you, dear, to take me up so literally. It isn't like you. You generally have more imagination. As a matter of fact, Davenant's offer was that of a loan—"

"Oh! So it was—that man?"

"Yes; it was he. He expressly spoke of it as *a loan*. I myself interpreted it as a gift, simply to emphasize its extraordinary generosity. I thought you'd appreciate that. Do you see?"

"Perfectly, papa; and it's the extraordinary generosity that seems to me just what makes it impossible. Why should Mr. Davenant be generous to us? What does he expect to gain?"

"I had that out with him. He said he didn't expect to gain anything."

"And you believed him?"

"Partly; though I suppose he has something up his sleeve. It wasn't my policy to question him too closely about that. It's not altogether my first concern. I need the money."

"But you don't need the money—in that way, papa?"

"I need it in any way. If Davenant will let me have it, especially on such terms, I've no choice but to take it."

"Oh, don't, papa. I'm sure it isn't right. I—I don't like him."

"Pff! What's that got to do with it? This is business."



"No, papa. It's not business. It's a great deal more—or a great deal less—I don't know which."

"You don't know anything about it at all, dear. You may take that from me. This is a man's affair. You really *must* leave it to me to deal with it." Once more he fell back into the depth of his arm-chair and closed his eyes. "If you don't mind, I think I should like a little nap. What have you got so especially against Davenant, anyhow?"

"I've nothing against him—except that I've never liked him."

"What do you know about him? When did you ever see him?"

"I haven't seen him for years, not since Drusilla used to bring him to dances, when we were young girls. She didn't like it particularly, but she had to do it because he was her father's ward and had gone to live with them. He was uncouth, aggressive. Wasn't he a foundling, or a street Arab, or something like that? He certainly seemed so. He wasn't a bit civilized. And once he—he said something—he almost insulted me. You wouldn't take his money now, papa?"

There was no answer. He breathed gently. She spoke more forcibly.

"Papa, you wouldn't let a stranger pay your debts?"

He continued to breathe gently, his eyes closed, the long black lashes curling on his cheek.

"Papa, darling," she cried, "I'll help you. I'll take everything on myself. I'll find a way somehow. Only, *don't* do this."

He stirred, and murmured sleepily.

"You attend to your wedding, dear. That 'll be quite enough for you to look after."

"But I can't have a wedding if Mr. Davenant has to pay for it. Don't you see? I can't be married at all."

When he made no response to this shot, she understood finally that he meant to let the subject drop.

## CHAPTER VII

IT was in the nature of a relief to Olivia Guion when, on the following day, her father was too ill to go to his

office. A cold, caused by the exposure of two nights previous, and accompanied by a rising temperature, kept him confined to his room, though not to bed. The occurrence, by maintaining the situation where it was, rendered it impossible to take any irretrievable step that day. This was so much gain.

She had slept little; she had passed most of the night in active and, as it seemed to her, lucid thinking. Among the points clearest to her was the degree to which she herself was involved in the present business. In a measure, the transfer of a large sum of money from Peter Davenant to her father would be an incident more vital to her than to any one else, since she more than any one else must inherit its moral effects. While she was at a loss to see what the man could claim from them in return for his generosity, she was convinced that his exactions would be not unconnected with herself. If, on the other hand, he demanded nothing, then the lifelong obligation in the way of gratitude that must thus be imposed on her would be the most intolerable thing of all. Better any privation than the incurring of such a debt—a debt that would cover everything she was or could become. It was a relation she could not have endured toward a man even if she loved him; still less was it sufferable with one whom she had always regarded with an indefinable disdain, when she had not ignored him. The very possibility that he might purchase a hold on her inspired a frantic feeling.

Throughout the morning she was obliged to conceal from her father this intense opposition, or at least to refrain from speaking of it. When she made the attempt he grew so feverish that the doctor advised the postponement of distressing topics till he should be better able to discuss them. She could only make him as comfortable as might be, pondering while she covered him up in the chaise-longue, putting his books and his cigars within easy reach, how she could best convert him to her point of view. It was inconceivable to her that he would persist in the scheme when he realized how it would affect her.

She had gone down to the little sitting-room commanding the driveway, thinking it probable that Drusilla



Fane might come to see her. Watching for her approach, she threw open the French window set in the rounded end of the room and leading out to the Corinthian-columned portico that adorned what had once been the garden side of the house. There was no garden now, only a stretch of elm-shaded lawn, with a few dahlias and zinnias making gorgeous clusters against the already gorgeous autumn-tinted shrubbery. On the wall of a neighboring brick house, Virginia creeper and ampelopsis added fuel to the fire of surrounding color, while a maple in the middle distance blazed with all the hues that might have flamed in Moses' burning bush. It was one of those days of the American autumn when the air is shot with gold, when there is gold in the light, gold on the foliage, gold on the grass, gold on all surfaces, gold in all shadows, and a gold sheen in the sky itself. Red gold like a rich lacquer overlay the trunks of the occasional pines, and pale-yellow gold, beaten and thin, shimmered along the pendulous garlands of the elms, where they caught the sun. It was a windless morning, and a silent one; the sound of a hammer, or of a motorist's horn, coming up from the slope of splendid woodland that was really the town, accentuated rather than disturbed the immediate stillness.

To Olivia Guion this quiet ecstasy of nature was uplifting. Its rich, rejoicing quality restored as by a tonic her habitual confidence in her ability to carry the strongholds of life with a high and graceful hand. Difficulties that had been paramount, overpowering, fell all at once into perspective, becoming heights to be scaled rather than barriers defying passage. For the first time in the twenty-four hours since the previous morning's revelations, she thought of her lover as bringing comfort rather than as creating complications.

Up to this minute he had seemed to withdraw from her, to elude her. As a matter of fact, though she spoke of him rarely, and always with a purposely prosaic touch, he was so romantic a figure in her dreams that the approach of the sordid and the ugly had dispelled his image. It was quite true, as she had said to Drusilla Fane, that from one

point of view she didn't know him very well. She might have said that she didn't know him at all on any of those planes where rents and the price of beef are factors. He had come into her life with much the same sort of appeal as the wandering knight of the days of chivalry made to the damsel in the family fortress. Up to his appearing she had thought herself too sophisticated and too old to be caught by this kind of fancy, especially as it was not the first time she had been exposed to it. In the person of Rupert Ashley, however, it presented itself with the requisite limitations and accompaniments. He was neither so young nor so rich nor of such high rank as to bring a disproportionate element into their romance, while at the same time he had all the endowments of looks, birth, and legendary courage that the heroine craves in the hero. When he was not actually under her eyes, her imagination embodied him most easily in the svelte elegance of the King Arthur beside Maximilian's tomb at Innsbruck.

Their acquaintance had been brief, but illuminating—one of those friendships that can afford to transcend the knowledge of mere outward personal facts to leap to the things of the heart and the spirit. It was one of the commonplaces of their intimate speech together that they "seemed to have known each other always"; but now that it was necessary for her to possess some practical measure of his character, she saw, with a sinking of the heart, that they had never passed beyond the stage of the poetic and pictorial.

Speculating as to what he would say when he received her letter telling of her father's misfortunes, she was obliged to confess that she had "not the remotest idea." Matters of this sort belonged to a world on which they had deliberately turned their backs. That is to say, she had turned her back on it deliberately, though by training knowing its importance, fearing that to him it would seem mundane, inappropriate, American. This course had been well enough during the period of a high-bred courtship, almost too fastidiously disdainful of the commonplace; but now that the Fairy Princess had become a beggar-maid, while Prince Charming was Prince Charming still, it



was natural that the former should recognize its insufficiency. She had recognized it fully yesterday; but this morning, in the optimistic brightness of the golden atmosphere, romance came suddenly to life again, and confidence grew strong. Drusilla had said that she, Olivia, knew him well enough to be sure that he would want to do—everything right. They would do everything right—together. They would save her father whom she loved so tenderly from making rash mistakes, and—who knew?—find a way perhaps to rescue him in his troubles and shelter his old age.

She was so sure of herself to-day, and so nearly sure of Ashley, that even the shock of seeing Peter Davenant coming up the driveway, between the clumps of shrubbery, brought her no dismay. She was quick in reading the situation. It was after eleven o'clock; he had had time to go to Boston, and, learning that her father was not at his office, had come to seek him at home.

She made her arrangements promptly. Withdrawing from the window before he could see her, she bade the maid say that, Mr. Guion being ill, Miss Guion would be glad to see Mr. Davenant, if he would have the kindness to come in. To give an air of greater naturalness to the *mise-en-scène*, she took a bit of embroidery from her work-basket, and began to stitch at it, seating herself near the open window. She was not without a slight, half-amused sense of lying in ambush, as if some Biblical voice were saying to her, "Up! for the Lord hath delivered thine enemy into thine hand."

"My father isn't well," she explained to Davenant, when she had shaken hands with him and begged him to sit down. "I dare say he may not be able to go out for two or three days to come."

"So they told me at his office. I was sorry to hear it."

"You've been to his office, then? He told me you were there yesterday. That's partly the reason why I've ventured to ask you to come in."

She went on with her stitching, turning the canvas first on one side and then on the other, sticking the needle in with very precise care. He fancied she was waiting for him to "give himself away"

by saying something, no matter what. Having, however, a talent for silence without embarrassment, he made use of it, knowing that by means of it he could force her to resume.

He was not at ease; he was not without misgiving. It had been far from his expectation to see her on this errand, or, for the matter of that, on any errand at all. It had never occurred to him that Guion could speak to her of a transaction so private, so secret, as that proposed between them. Since, then, his partner in the undertaking had been foolish, Davenant felt the necessity on his side of being doubly discreet. Moreover, he was intuitive enough to feel her antipathy toward him on purely general grounds. "I'm not her sort," was the summing up of her sentiments he made for himself. He could not wholly see why he excited her dislike, since, beyond a moment of idiotic presumption long ago, he had never done her any harm.

He fancied that his personal appearance, as much as anything, was displeasing to her fastidiousness. He was so big, so awkward; his hands and feet were so clumsy. A little more and he would have been ungainly; perhaps she considered him ungainly as it was. He had tried in every way to negative his defects, but he felt that with all his efforts he was but a bumpkin compared with certain other men—Rodney Temple, for example—who never took any pains at all. Looking at her now, her pure, exquisite profile bent over her piece of work, while the sun struck coppery gleams from her masses of brown hair, he felt as he had often felt in rooms filled with fragile specimens of art—flower-like cups of ancient glass, dainty groups in Meissen, mystic lovelinesses wrought in amber, ivory, or jade—as if his big, gross personality ought to shrink into itself and he should walk on tiptoe.

"I understand from my father," she said, when she found herself obliged to break the silence, "that you've offered to help him in his difficulties. I couldn't let the occasion pass without telling you how much I appreciate your generosity."

She spoke without looking up; words and tone were gently courteous, but they



affected him like an April zephyr, that ought to bring the balm of spring, and yet has the chill of ice in it.

"Haven't you noticed," he said, slowly, choosing his words with care, "that generosity consists largely in the point of view of—the other party? You may give away an old cloak, for the sake of getting rid of it; but the person who receives it thinks you kind."

"I see that," she admitted, going on with her work, "and yet there are people to whom I shouldn't offer an old cloak, even if I had one to give away."

He colored promptly. "You mean that, if they needed anything, you'd offer them—the best you had."

"I wonder if you'd understand that I'm not speaking ungraciously if I said that I shouldn't offer them anything at all?"

He put up his hand and stroked his long, fair mustache. It was the sort of rebuke to which he was sensitive. It seemed to relegate him to another land, another world, another species of being from those to which she belonged. It was a second or two before he could decide what to say. "No, Miss Guion," he answered then; "I don't understand that point of view."

"I'm sorry. I hoped you would."

"Why?"

She lifted her clear gray eyes on him for the briefest possible look. "Need I explain?"

The question gave him an advantage he was quick to seize. "Not at all, Miss Guion. You've a right to your own judgments. I don't ask to know them."

"But I think you ought. When you enter into what is distinctly our private family affair, I've a right to give my opinion."

"You don't think I question that?"

"I'm afraid I do. I imagine you're capable of carrying your point, regardless of what I feel."

"But I've no point to carry. I find Mr. Guion wanting to borrow a sum of money that I'm prepared to lend. It's a common situation in business."

"Ah, but this is not business. It's charity."

"Did Mr. Guion tell you so?"

"He did. He told me all about it. My father has no secrets from me."

"Did he use the word charity?"

"Almost. He said you offered him a loan, but that it really was a gift."

His first impulse was to repudiate this point of view, but a minute's reflection decided him in favor of plain speaking. "Well," he said, slowly, "suppose it *was* a gift. Would there be any harm in it?"

"There wouldn't be any harm, perhaps; there would only be an impossibility." She worked very busily, and spoke in a low voice, without looking up. "A gift implies two conditions—on the one side the right to offer, and on the other the freedom to take."

"But I should say that those conditions existed between Mr. Guion and me."

"But not between you and me. Don't you see? That's the point. To any such transaction as this I have to be—in many ways—the most important party."

Again he was tempted to reject this interpretation, but, once more, on second thoughts, he allowed it to go uncontested. When he spoke it was to pass to another order of question.

"I wonder how much you know?"

"About my father's affairs? I know everything."

"Everything?"

"Yes; everything. He told me yesterday. I didn't expect him to come home last night at all; but he came, and told me what you had proposed."

"You understood, then," Davenant stammered, "that he might have to—to—go away?"

"Oh, perfectly."

"And aren't you very much appalled?"

The question was wrung from him by sheer astonishment. That she should sit calmly embroidering a sofa-cushion with this knowledge in her heart, with this possibility hanging over her, seemed to him to pass the limits of the human. Before replying she took time to search in her work-basket for another skein of silk.

"Appalled is scarcely the word. Of course, it was a blow to me; but I hope I know how to take a blow without flinching."

"Oh, but one like this—!"

"We're able to bear it. What makes you think we can't? If we didn't try, we should probably involve ourselves in worse."



"But how could there be worse?"

"That's what I don't know. You see, when my father told me of your kind offer, he didn't tell me what you wanted in exchange."

"Did he say I wanted anything?"

"He said you hadn't asked for anything. That's what leaves us so much in the dark."

"Isn't it conceivable—?" he began, with a slightly puzzled air.

"Not that it matters," she interrupted, hurriedly. "Of course, if we had anything with which to compensate you—anything adequate, that is—I don't say that we shouldn't consider seriously the suggestion you were good enough to make. But we haven't. As I understand it, we haven't anything at all. That settles the question definitely. I hope you see."

"Isn't it conceivable," he persisted, "that a man might like to do a thing, once in a way, without—?"

"Without asking for an equivalent in return? Possibly. But in this case it would only make it harder for me."

"How so?"

"By putting me under an overwhelming obligation to a total stranger, an obligation that I couldn't bear, while still less could I do away with it."

"I don't see," he reasoned, "that you'd be under a greater obligation to me in that case than you are to others already."

"At present," she corrected, "we're not under an obligation to any one. My father and I are contending with circumstances; we're not asking favors of individuals. I know we owe money—a great deal of money—to a good many people—"

"Who are total strangers, just like me."

"Not total strangers just like you, but total strangers whom I don't know, and don't know anything about, and who become impersonal from their very numbers."

"But you know Mrs. Rodman and Mrs. Clay. They're not impersonal."

All he saw for the instant was that she arrested her needle half-way through the stitch. She sat perfectly still, her head bent, her fingers rigid, as she might have sat in trying to catch some sudden, distant sound. It was only in thinking it

over afterward that he realized what she must have lived through in the seconds before she spoke.

"Does my father owe money to *them*?"

The hint of dismay was so faint that it might have eluded any ear but one rendered sharp by suspicion. Davenant felt the blood rushing to his temples and a singing in his head. "My God, she didn't know!" he cried, inwardly. The urgency of retrieving his mistake kept him calm and cool, prompting him to reply with assumed indifference.

"I really can't say anything about it. I suppose they would be among the creditors, as a matter of course."

For the first time she let her clear, grave eyes rest fully on him. They were quiet eyes, with exquisitely finished lids and lashes. In his imagination their depth of what seemed like devotional reverie contributed more than anything else to her air of separation and remoteness.

"Isn't it very serious—when there's anything wrong with estates?"

He answered readily, still forcing a tone of careless matter-of-fact.

"Of course it's serious. Everything is serious in business. Your father's affairs are just where they can be settled—now. But if we put it off any longer it might not be so easy. Men often have to take charge of one another's affairs and straighten them out, and advance one another money and all that—in business."

She looked away from him again, absently. She appeared not to be listening. There was something in her manner that advised him of the uselessness of saying anything more in that vein. After a while she folded her work, smoothing it carefully across her knee. The only sign she gave of being unusually moved was in rising from her chair and going to the open window, where she stood with her back toward him.

Rising as she did, he stood waiting for her to turn and say something else. Now that the truth was dawning on her, it seemed to him as well to allow it to grow clear. It would show her the futility of further opposition. He would have been glad to keep her ignorant; he regretted the error into which she herself unwittingly had led him; but since it had been committed it would not be wholly a disaster if it summoned her to yield.



Having come to this conclusion, he had time to make another observation while she still stood with her back to him. It was to consider himself fortunate in having ceased to be in love with her. In view of all the circumstances, it was a great thing to have passed through that phase and come out of it. He had read somewhere that a man is never twice in love with the same woman. If that were so, he could fairly believe himself immune, as after a certain kind of malady. If it were not for this he would have found in her hostility to his efforts and her repugnance to his person a temptation—a temptation to which he was specially liable in regard to living things—to feel that it was his right to curb the spirit and tame the rebellion of whatever was restive to his control. There was something in this haughty, high-strung creature, poising herself in silence to stand upright in the face of Fate, that would have called forth his impulse to dominate her will, to subdue her lips to his own—if he had really cared. Fortunately, he didn't care; and so could seek her welfare with detachment.

Turning slowly, she stood grasping the back of the chair from which she had risen.

"Wasn't it for something of that kind—something wrong with estates—that Jack Berrington was sent to prison?"

The question took him unawares. "I—I don't remember."

"I do. I should think you would. The trial was in all the papers. It was the Gray estate. He was Mrs. Gray's trustee. He ruined the whole Gray family."

"Possibly." He did his best to speak airily. "In the matter of estates there are all sorts of hitches that can happen. Some are worse than others, of course—"

"I've seen his wife, Ada Berrington, once or twice, when I've been in Paris. She lives there, waiting for him to come out of Singville. She avoids her old friends when she can, but I've seen her."

"I think I remember hearing about them," he said, for the sake of saying something; "but—"

"I should like to go and talk with my father. Would you mind waiting?"

She made as though she would pass him, but he managed to bar her way.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you, Miss Guion. If he's not well it'll only upset him. Why not let everything be—just as it is? You won't regret it a year hence—believe me. In nine things out of ten you'd know better than I; but this is the tenth thing, in which I know better than you. Why not trust me—and let me have a free hand?"

"I'm afraid I must go to my father. If you'll be kind enough to wait, I'll come back and tell you what he says. Then we shall know. Will you please let me pass?"

He moved to one side. He thought again of the woman in the English law-court. It was like this that she walked from the dock—erect, unflinching, graceful, with eyes fixed straight before her, as though she saw something in the air.

He watched her cross the hall to the foot of the staircase. There she paused pensively. In a minute or two she came back to the sitting-room door.

"If it should be like—like Jack Berrington," she said, from the threshold, with a kind of concentrated quiet in her manner, "then—what you suggested—would be more out of the question than ever."

"I don't see that," he returned, adopting her own tone. "I should think it would be just the other way."

She shook her head.

"There are a lot of points of view that you haven't seen yet," he persisted. "I could put some of them before you if you'd give me time."

"It would be no use doing that. I should never believe anything but that we—my father and I—should bear the responsibilities of our own acts."

"You'll think differently," he began, "when you've looked at the thing all round; and then—"

But before he could complete his sentence she had gone.

Having seen her go up-stairs, he waited in some uncertainty. When fifteen or twenty minutes had gone by, he decided to wait no longer. Picking up his hat and stick from the chair on which he had laid them, he went out by the French window, making his way to the gate across the lawn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



# The Tower of Revolt

BY FORREST CRISSEY

THE Honorable Seth Higby was receiving a delegation of constituents in the grape-arbor.

Another and a meeker delegation waited under the old horse-chestnut tree: a thin-faced boy with solemn, deep-set eyes and light hair that rippled girlishly about his white brows; a stockier lad whose plump, self-assured sleekness and dapper new suit proclaimed his city breeding; and a grizzled, wire-haired dog from whose muzzle curled downward fierce tan moustachios.

They were listening silently to the aroused voice of the Honorable Seth as it pulsed through the honeyed air, heavy and fragrant with the smell of the setting grapes. But the voice was not honeyed; it was stern, vibrant, scornful.

"And so, gentlemen, you have left the cracker-boxes of Beasley's store to instruct your representative in Congress on a subject of international statesmanship; to demand that he shall subvert his reason and stultify his conscience, because it has occurred to you that such a course might possibly save you about four shillings apiece.

"And you intimate that if I don't trim my sails to meet your demands, a day of reckoning is in store for me.

"Gentlemen, I'm glad you came. It gives me an opportunity to tell you that I'll not do what you ask. I refuse. There are just three men of you who have ever been across the State line and only six of you have ever been outside the county. When I want advice from constituents on international affairs, I'll take it from those whom I regard as more competent to offer it than yourselves. And now I'll bid you good morning!"

In the moment of silence before the angry and abashed delegation began to file out of the arbor, Stephen confided to his visiting cousin:

"I've decided that when I grow up and it comes my turn I'm not going to

be a—a Honorable. You have to talk so hard to folks."

"But you'll have to, Steve," responded the cousin. "They all have to, in our family. Grandfather was, and great-grandfather was something like it; and Uncle Ned is, down in Maine." And suddenly catching sight of the white face, the blazing eyes, and the half-shut lips of the Honorable Seth Higby, as he appeared under the arbor arch, he added, with the cruel frankness of childhood: "And I'm going home to-day. I don't want any more stone-picking. My back aches now."

"Don't—don't go—not yet!" pleaded Stephen. "Mebby he'll let us—"

"Naw, he won't, either!" interrupted the city cousin. "He believes that boys must work all the time. I heard him tell that to mother. He said that just because he didn't get married until he was middle-aged and didn't have but one child, everybody expected him to make a petted fool of you—but he'd show 'em that a man didn't have to be a fool just because he was fifty, and that a boy didn't have to be brought up idle, spoiled, and a spendthrift just because he was an only child and didn't have a mother."

"Don't go—not to-day!" persisted Stephen. "It's—it's awful lonesome."

"I guess I'll have to, Steve," insisted the cousin. "To-morrow's scrub-day at the engine-house, an' th' cap'n lets us boys scrub out—an' sometimes polish the engine. I'd hate to miss it."

"John! John!" They suddenly heard the Honorable Seth calling to the house-keeper's lanky son. "Have the sorrel colt hooked to the buckboard in five minutes. I'm going to catch the express at the cross-cut. Going back to the capital. That delegation of sap-heads decided me not to wait longer."

Seth Higby's satchel was always packed and ready for an outbound journey within thirty minutes after its owner had returned from one of the trips that, quite as much as his ability or his solid for-



tune, made him the envy of his home-staying New England neighbors and constituents. And the eternal readiness of that satchel was one reason why Seth Higby suffered Mrs. Hussen, his remote relative—suspicious, secret-loving, and unlettered—to reign in his wifeless home.

"She's so ignorant," he often said to himself, "that she makes me ache. And she's almost unnaturally plain. But she always has everything ready—even her tongue!"

Just as his foot was upon the step of the buckboard and John was gathering up the reins, Stephen appeared beside the front wheel.

"Well, what is it?" the Honorable asked, brusquely, glancing down into the appealing face of the boy.

"We gathered the stones—all of them—from the east pasture, sir," he replied, with just a touch of pride in his trembling voice.

"Then—then—throw them back again!" came the quick command. He snatched the reins from the clumsy hands of John, and the sorrel started forward and began to spread his strides in response to the knowledge that a master-driver held the reins.

Silently the boy watched the disappearing buckboard as it bounced over the stony road that led out of the old estate to the highway. He did not even seem to hear his cousin say: "I'm goin' to get

my things and be ready for the south stage. It 'll be along in a few minutes."

If there were tears in the boy's eyes, only the dog knew it—and Thorn never told the many things he knew.

"I guess Stevie's a little miffed," Mrs. Hussen confided to the departing visitor. "That dog's ears never get just that particular droop to 'em unless Stevie's a bit down-spirited."

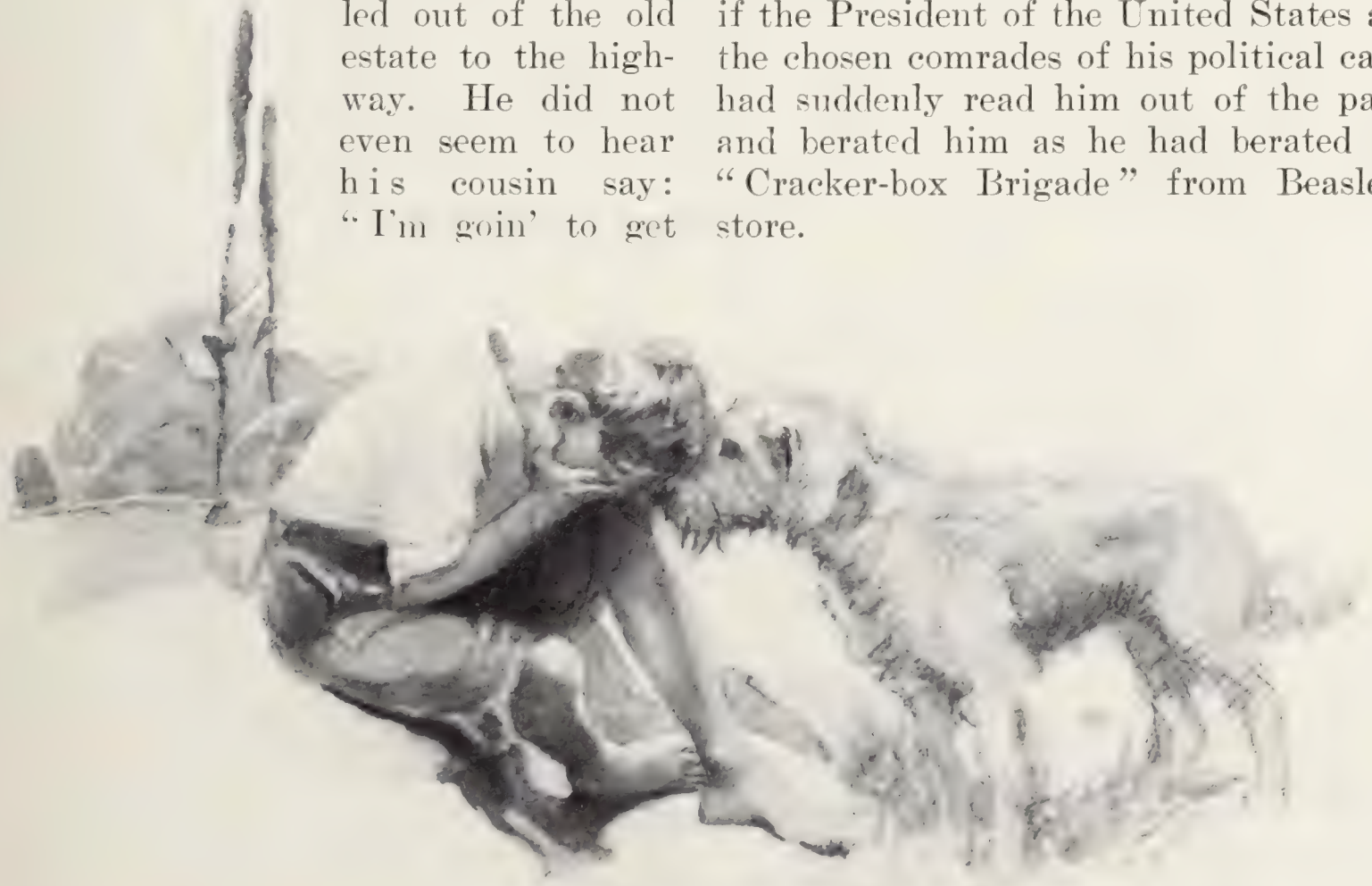
The dog heeled his young master closely along the way to the east pasture that overlooked the river. There the boy seated himself on a boulder, took a solemn look at the neat piles of stones and the unspotted sweep of green from which they had been so laboriously gathered, and then dropped his face into his hands.

"I can't! I can't do it!" he moaned. "He told me to, but I can't!"

The dog pushed his bearded muzzle against the hands that screened the thin face, but Stephen gave no response. Suddenly he leaped to his feet and shouted:

"I won't! *I won't!* It ain't fair, and I won't!"

Thorn's ears rose belligerently, and a series of crisp, sharp barks announced that he was in keen sympathy with his comrade's new attitude of defiance. If the Honorable Seth Higby could have heard Stephen's declaration of revolt, his astonishment would have been greater than if the President of the United States and the chosen comrades of his political camp had suddenly read him out of the party and berated him as he had berated the "Cracker-box Brigade" from Beasley's store.



"I CAN'T DO IT!" HE MOANED. "HE TOLD ME TO, BUT I CAN'T!"





Never had Seth Higby known the boy to betray any emotion except quiet acquiescence since he had been old enough to understand the voice of authority. And that voice had been the first spoken word to reach the child's understanding.

On the way to Washington the face of the boy once obtruded itself before the busy mind of the statesman, who almost smiled with a grim humor at the recollection of his hasty command, "Throw them back again!" He could hear his neighbors saying: "There's Seth Higby for you! No other man on earth would have thought of setting a boy such a stint to teach him discipline and keep him busy." Yes—that was it—discipline! Keep the boy busy! "I hate shiftlessness," was his silent comment—and with this the boy disappeared from his reflections, and he again centered his thoughts on the bill that was before his committee and that meant the gauge of battle to the political war-horse.

Marriage and fatherhood had been an incident in the life of this up-State leader—an eccentric tangent from the fixed orbit of solitary intellectual existence, an unexplained interruption to a long-

confirmed state of bachelorhood. His widowerhood seemed the natural awakening from a brief and unaccountable dream. He had resumed his single life much as he had left it on the day when he had taken the delicate, fair-haired, and greatly awed schoolmistress to his impressive home. Excepting — there was "the boy"! But the unobtrusiveness of this reminder of his brief and belated married estate only made the boy an agreeable suggestion of unsuspected reflections in his softer moods as he walked in the moonlight under the stately elms and maples of the Old Higby Place, or brooded, unobserved, before the great brick fireplace that had so delighted the shy mistress who had sat before it for those few strange months.

Anyhow, there was one thing: he was doing his duty by the boy! He was not raising up a lawless, shift-

less, and pampered youth to disgrace the Higby name and add a new recruit to the ranks of impertinent young social upstarts that were a standing offense to all well-reared and useful men. And, incidentally, he was furnishing a living contradiction to the silly superstition that the only child of a man who married late in life must perforce turn out spoiled. That certainly was something!

A clever Washington correspondent had once described the "Hon. Seth Higby" as "a survival and a contradiction, concealing under the clothes and manners of a past generation a mind aggressively modern." This analyst ascribed to him "an integrity as old-fashioned as his clothes, with the driving power, the practical working ability, of a modern saw-mill—a character unique in latter-day political life."

In the speech which the Honorable Seth Higby delivered before the House a week

THEY WERE INNOCENT OF THE FRESH  
GLORY THAT HAD DESCENDED UPON  
THE HOUSE OF HIGBY



after his hurried departure from home—the ablest of all his public utterances—he begged the indulgence of his colleagues while he explained that his attitude was in defiance to the expressed sentiments of a strong element in his home constituency, but that, as he had never been known to carry ears sensitive to the acclaim of the multitude, he should follow the dictates of his own conscience in this as well as in all other matters; that private life had no terrors for him, and that his people needed no assurance other than his own on this score.

The debate and the vote that followed brought a glow of pride to his heart. The result was a personal triumph that expressed itself in newspaper head-lines—"One Old-fashioned Statesman Left," and "He Sounds Like Sumner."

But the boy and the dog did not read the newspapers and were innocent of the fresh glory that had descended upon the house of Higby. They were silently haunting the east pasture, scouting along the banks of the river below, and living a new, strange life of excitement that escaped even the prying eyes of Mrs. Hussen. Only once did Stephen ask her a question. Without lifting his eyes from his plate he inquired,

"When's *he* coming home?"

"When he can't find any excuse to stay away longer," she answered. "I—just—wonder—if—"

But she did not finish her sentence. Later she volunteered:

"Squire Stafford, down to the store, got his city paper yesterday, and said they're havin' a hot time in Washington, and that your pa's right in the middle of it bigger'n a woodchuck in a clover meadow. I guess he won't show up here for some time yet." At length she added:

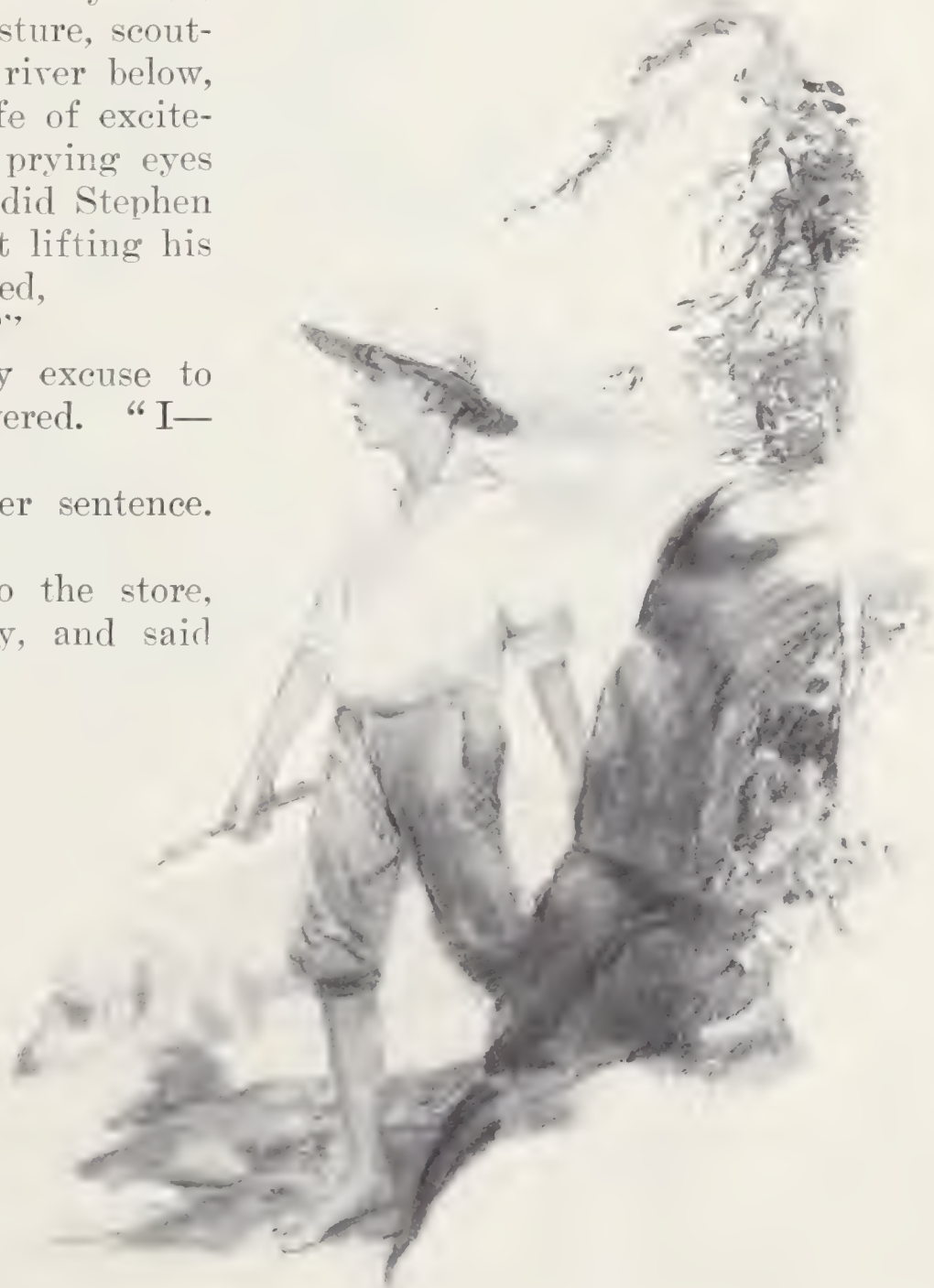
"If he didn't leave you enough work to last through till he comes back, I'll set you a stint: go fishin' or make a kite or hunt chipmunks with your bow-gun. That's what a boy of mine 'd do!"

The strange gentleness of this speech made Stephen lift his eyes in a quick glance at her sharp face. Then he answered, soberly:

"I've got work."

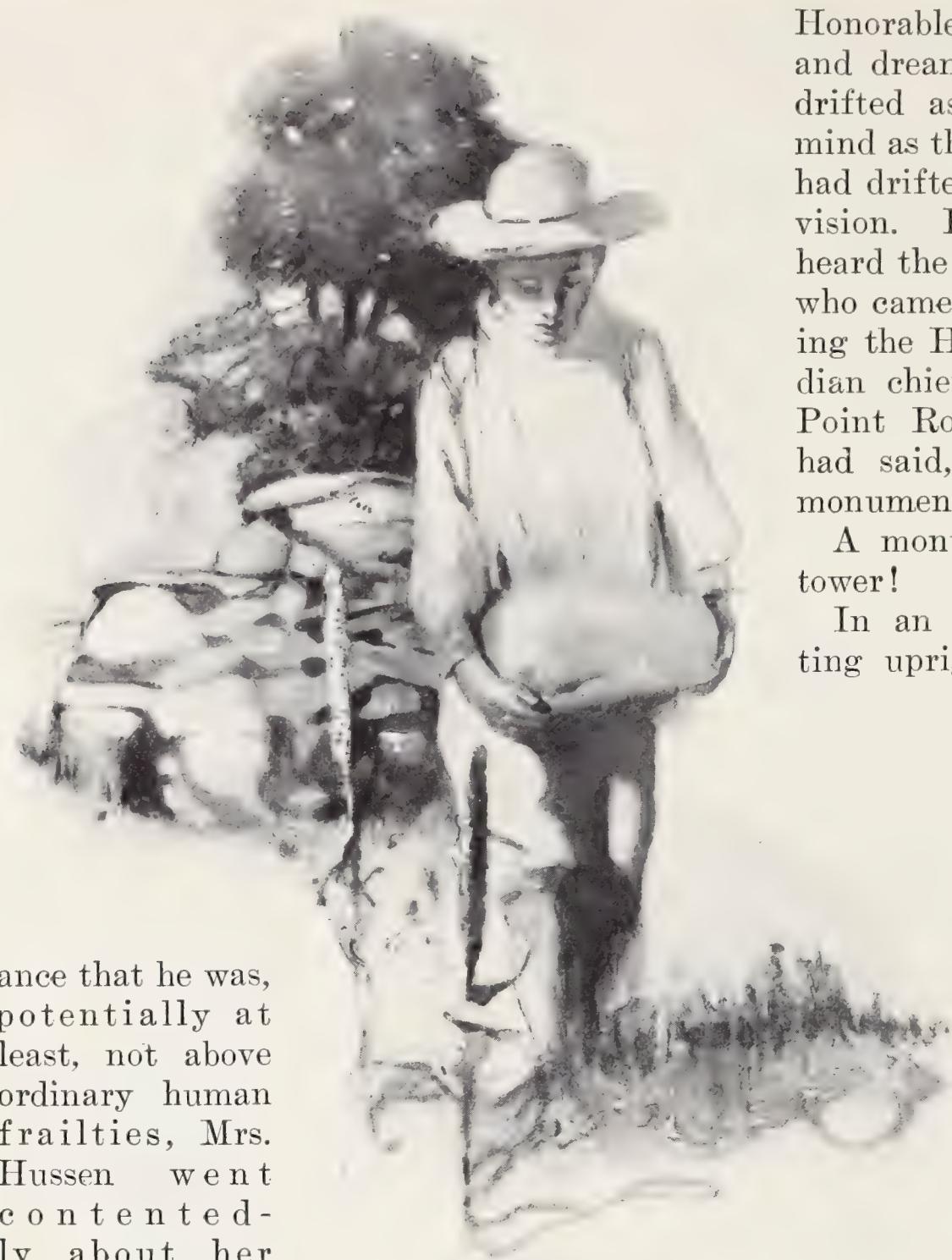
"I don't like the looks of that boy's eyes any more'n I do the cock of that dog's ears," meditated Mrs. Hussen. "They're too big and too bright. Never had that fire in 'em before. That pair's up to something or I'll burn my stocking-basket! But Stevie never did a thing that was out of the way yet—I'll have to admit that. Sometimes I 'most wish he would. It would be kind of a relief. But there's time enough. Just wait till he gets out among 'em with them good looks!"

Having reached a comfortable assur-



HE WAS SCOUTING ALONG THE BANKS OF THE RIVER, LIVING A NEW, STRANGE LIFE OF EXCITEMENT





THE STONE-GATHERER TOILED WITH  
AN INCREASING FEVER OF HASTE

ance that he was, potentially at least, not above ordinary human frailties, Mrs. Hussen went contentedly about her work, speculating upon the havoc in hearts that he would make when once he "got his start." This, and her exciting ruminations upon how the Honorable Seth Higby *might* be spending his evenings in the seclusion of remote and wicked Washington, agreeably occupied her mind as her hands automatically performed their household tasks.

In the earlier part of Seth Higby's absence Stephen paced the east pasture, walking restlessly around and across it with ragged Thorn always at his heels, alert and expectant. One day Stephen, tired of his aimless patrol, dropped down upon the crown of the Point—a rough, flat outcropping of gray rock that formed the highest point of the pasture and also of the bluff overlooking the river. He was lying on his back, looking up through the branches of the black-walnut, thinking of the disobedience upon which he had deliberately embarked, wondering if the

Honorable would send him away, and dreaming of other things that drifted as unaccountably into his mind as the hen-hawk far above him had drifted on tilting wing into his vision. He recalled having overheard the old man from the college, who came occasionally to visit, telling the Honorable how a brave Indian chief had been killed on the Point Rock. Yes; and the man had said, "There ought to be a monument to mark the spot"!

A monument—a big one, like a tower!

In an instant Stephen was sitting upright scanning the face of the rock with bright, excited eyes.

"I'll do it—with the stones!" he exclaimed to the dog. "This place is just made for it. Then mebbby the Honorable won't be so angry."

In the days that followed — although privileged to lie abed until seven and to breakfast in solitary state in the dining-room, as befitted the son of the Honorable Seth Higby — the

drumming of the woodpecker on the dead hickory stub by his window was Stephen's alarm-clock, and it always sounded shortly after the first flush of dawn. Thorn was waiting for him at the woodshed door with eager leaps that almost pushed him over. Then Stephen voluntarily breakfasted at the "help" table, and, as Mrs. Hussen put it, "et like a harvest hand." As her philosophy decreed that "if a boy eats everything in sight an' sleeps nights as if he was in church, there ain't much th' matter with him," she dropped all care of him.

Stephen had spent too many hours watching the masons laying the walls of the new stone barn not to know that the strength of his structure depended upon the strength of its base.

"The big stones first," he confided to his bristling comrade, "and at the out-



side. Flattish ones if we can find 'em. We've got to go careful and lay 'em tight or it 'll tumble. But we don't have to dig. The big, flat rock 'll hold a tower as high as the walnut."

The task of laying the foundations of his tower was so splendidly exciting that for hours at a time he worked joyously, fearlessly, without a thought of his defiance against the authority of the Honorable.

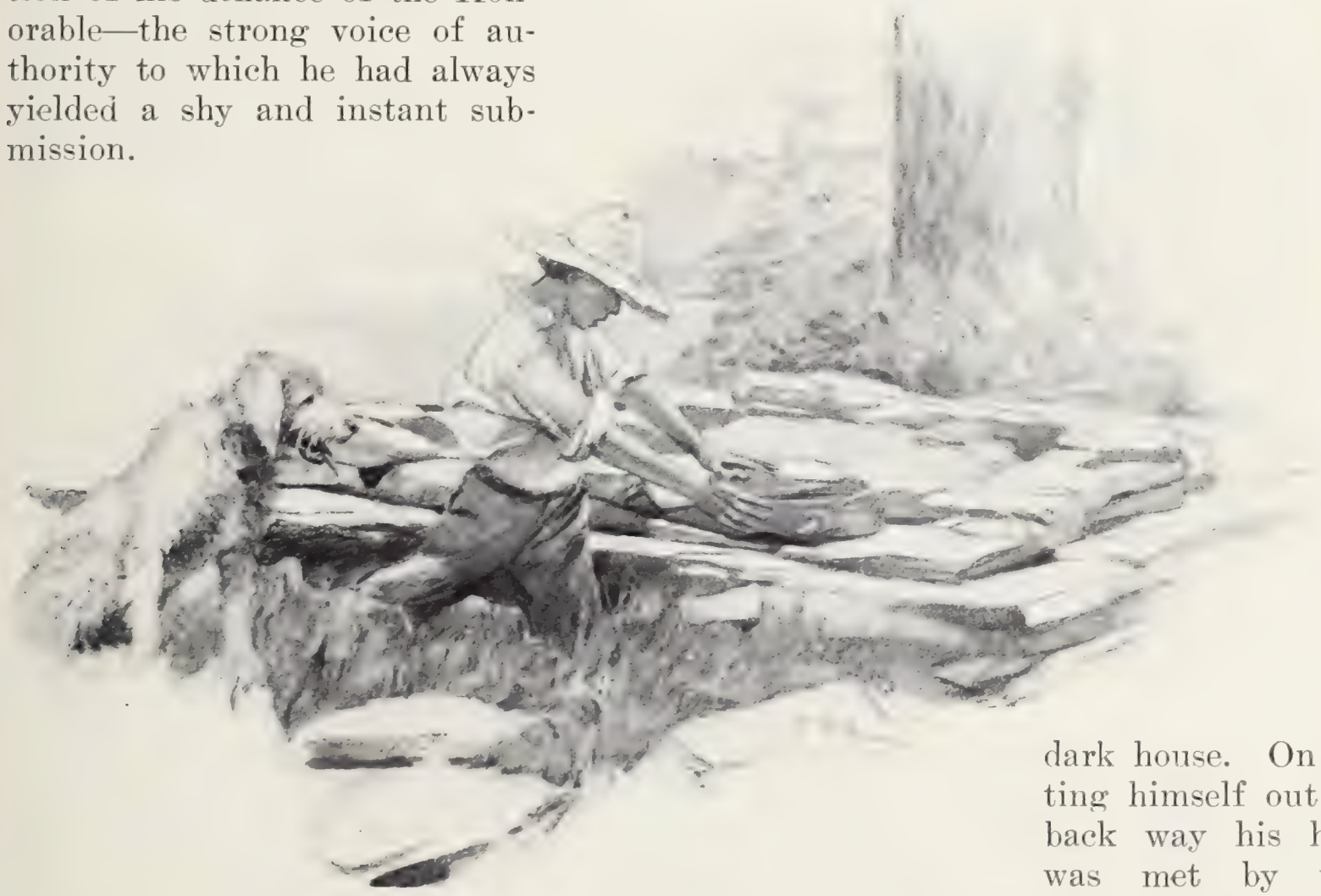
"We must go slow," he kept repeating to Thorn, "and get the right start."

As the tower slowly grew, the stone-gatherer toiled with an increasing fever of haste. He must get it done before the Honorable returned! Somehow it came to seem to the solitary builder that if he could only finish the tower before the return of his father, it would mutely plead the justification of his defiance of the Honorable—the strong voice of authority to which he had always yielded a shy and instant submission.

Every morning now Stephen darted out of the door before breakfast and ran eagerly through the orchard along the path that his pilgrimages had worn in the clovered sod, his heart beating high with the fear that perhaps it had fallen. And one night he awakened from a dream that the Tower had been besieged by hostile Indians who had razed it to the ground.

"It's just a nightmare," he assured himself when in possession of all his faculties. "I know because I couldn't move at first, and then I just wiggled my big toe and then my foot—and then I was all awake."

But he hurried into his shirt and trousers, stole down along the stairway, and felt his way stealthily through the



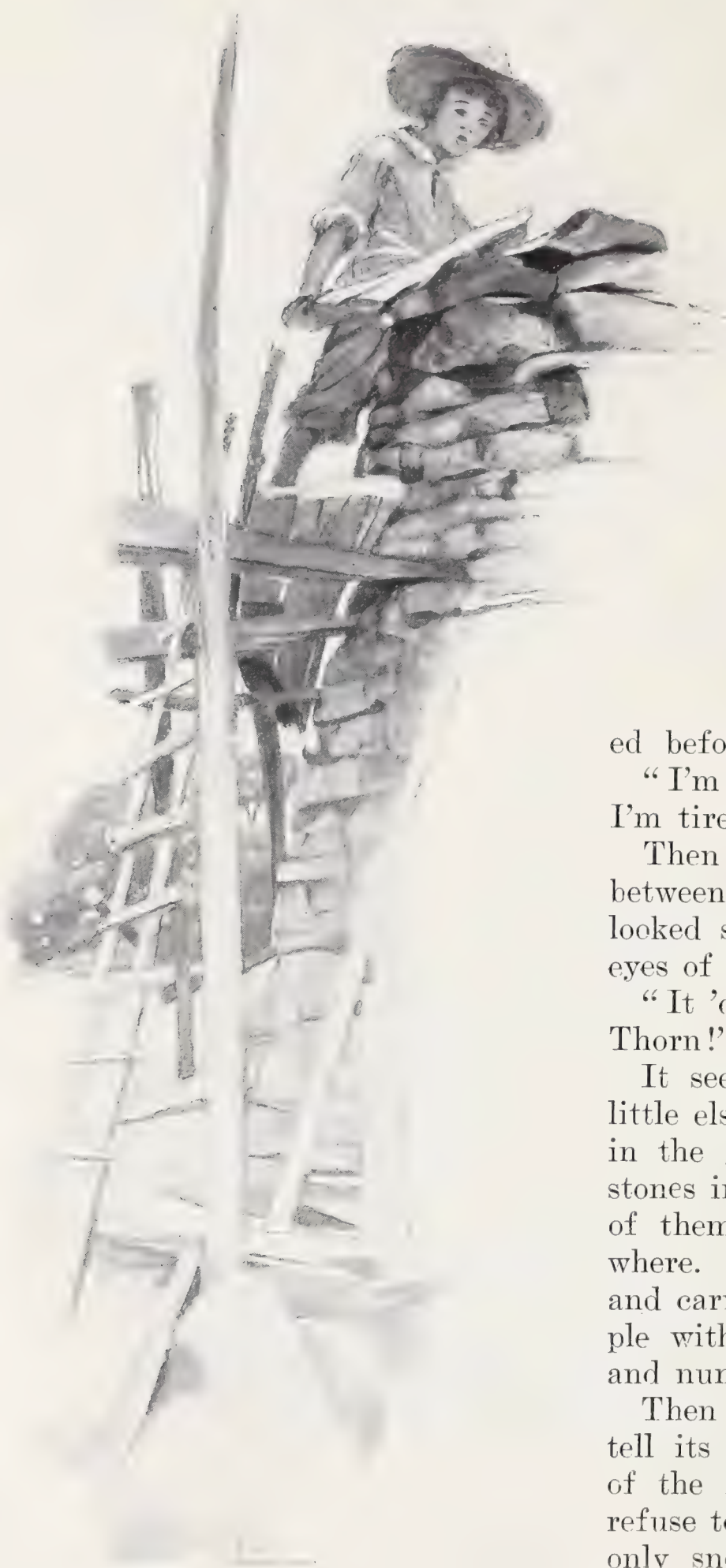
THE BIG STONES FIRST," HE CONFIDED TO HIS BRISTLING COMRADE

dark house. On letting himself out the back way his hand was met by the friendly muzzle of Thorn. The night was black, and not even the comradeship and protection

of the dog were able to dispel the terror of the dark. But the Tower! What if— He no longer hesitated. From the storehouse of his pocket he drew forth a scrap of fish-line and fastened it to the dog's collar. Instinctively Thorn led the way along the orchard path, through the gap in the

Perhaps as the law-giver looked upon the tower, rising strong and solid from the face of the great Point Rock, builded of the stones that his decree would have scattered upon the clean, green field, he would understand why the builder could not obey? Yes, the tower must be finished!





HE WORKED AS ONLY THE MASTER-BUILDER WORKS WHO LOVES THE THING HE BUILDS

stone fence at the bars, and straight across the pasture to the Tower. There they waited until a flash of heat-lightning showed the solid bulk, stone upon stone, as he had left it at sundown.

"It's still there!" he almost whispered to Thorn. "Still there—but we've got to finish it! We must work faster!"

And how he toiled! He worked as only the master-builder works who loves

the thing he builds and hears an inward voice saying, "It must be finished."

At last came the day when there was only one pile of stones remaining, as Stephen left Point Rock in answer to the summoning blast from the ancient conch-shell that for three generations had called the workmen of the Old Higby Place to their meals.

But the feet of the boy dragged heavily along the turf. At the stile he slumped wearily upon the stone fence, leaned heavily against the grizzled side of Thorn, who had mounted before him, and mumbled, wearily:

"I'm glad one day more 'll finish it. I'm tired."

Then he took the dog's ragged face between his thin, stone-scarred hands, looked straight into the steadfast brown eyes of his comrade, and said, chokingly:

"It 'd be awful lonesome without you, Thorn!"

It seemed to the boy that there was little else in the world but stones—stones in the great house, stones in the barn, stones in the fences, and stones—millions of them!—in the Tower; stones everywhere. And they had all been gathered and carried and lifted into place by people with aching backs and heavy bones and numb limbs.

Then what if the Tower should not tell its story to the stern, judging eyes of the Honorable? What if he should refuse to listen to its message and should only snort in his queer way and turn from it before he understood?

Perhaps if the Honorable was very angry and very hard he would mete out some terrible punishment—as he had to the clerk who stole the money and was now in prison. He could remember just how the Honorable had looked that night in the library!—his face white, his lips hard set, and eyes as savage as the eyes of Thorn when he and the peddler's shepherd had fought over a bone. And what were the words that came out of those white lips after the others had done talking?



"*He shall break stone. Ten years of it!*"

He hadn't understood what the words meant then—but now he knew! Perhaps the Honorable would make *him* carry stones for ten years—picking them up from endless pastures, scattering them back again upon the clean fields, and then beginning all over again.

The boy groaned aloud at this thought, "And perhaps he'll take Thorn away and leave me alone—*all alone!*"

Stephen did not once lift his red eyes from his plate as Mrs. Hussen served him his supper. He waited wincingly for her sharp voice to ask, "What in the world's the matter with you?" But the question did not come, and he was permitted to drag his leaden feet up the long stairs without the added torture of being "talked to."

As he neared the main-line station the Honorable Seth Higby's smooth, distinguished face shone with a mellow satisfaction that was almost joy—a look that caused a fellow-passenger to remark to his seat-mate:

"He looks real pleasant to-day—the Honorable Seth—if he *is* a Tartar when he's riled—and no end of smart! When I hear anybody talk about gentlemen, I always kinder hark back in my mind to the Honorable. He's the smartest man this district ever raised, an' he cuts a big swath down to Washington."

Yes; it had been a great session, the home-coming celebrity mused as his keen eye swept the familiar landscape—a great session! It would go down in American history. And justice had finally prevailed. The malicious and ignorant enemies of his country had been beaten. The clear, unsparing eye of self-analysis had been unable to discover to himself a single unworthy motive or a single un-

worthy act in his part of the great fight. And he had been the admitted leader of the victors.

Then a faint smile twitched at the firm, thin lips until they relaxed. Had the boy scattered the stones back upon the cleared field? Of course he had! He would walk home from the station, cutting across lots to the river road so that he might take a glance at the east pasture before he went to the house.

There was an odd, whimsical relish in following this impulse that was strange to him and that he was almost inclined to hide from the Honorable Seth Higby! It was like the freaky things he used to do as a boy—stepping on alternate boards when walking on the platform in front of the village store, walking pigeon-toed along a crack and tapping each board of the high fence about the tavern stable-yard that had a knot in it. What nonsense! He hadn't thought of those things in years—but still he smiled at the memory of them.

The fresh, woodsy smell that greeted him as he came through Stafford's woods made him stop and inhale long, deliberate breaths—and the field of ripe grain just beyond assailed him with a pungent, fruitful



"IT'S STILL THERE! BUT WE'VE GOT TO FINISH IT!"



odor that brought a glow of pleasure to his cheek.

"A great soil, New England's," he said to himself. "Only the good Lord was a little too liberal with the stones!" Yes—and probably the boy thought so, too! He would soon see how thor-

man, the "Survival," and the "Contradiction," at last tasted one moment of complete unconsciousness of duty, of dignity, and of self. For one instant he was the Natural Man. And in that strange lapse from conscious and self-controlled being he exclaimed:

"By God, he's a Higby! He's come into his spunk! He's defied me!—and because I gave him a command that outraged the Law of Labor. And he's built the tower like a workman! He's *my son!*"

With youthful bounds the father—not the statesman—sped up the path, hid by trees and undergrowth, and came out by the clump of choke-cherries a few rods from the Tower. He might have secretly watched the builder struggling to fit the last rebellious stones into the rude rampart of the Tower had not the alert Thorn given a warning bark just as Stephen was struggling to wedge a heavy stone into its place. Instantly the boy's white face lifted, his eyes caught the silent figure of the Honorable—and the stone slipped.

"Did it hurt you, son?" came the quick, impulsive question in a tone that was new to the Honorable.

"No, sir," answered the builder.

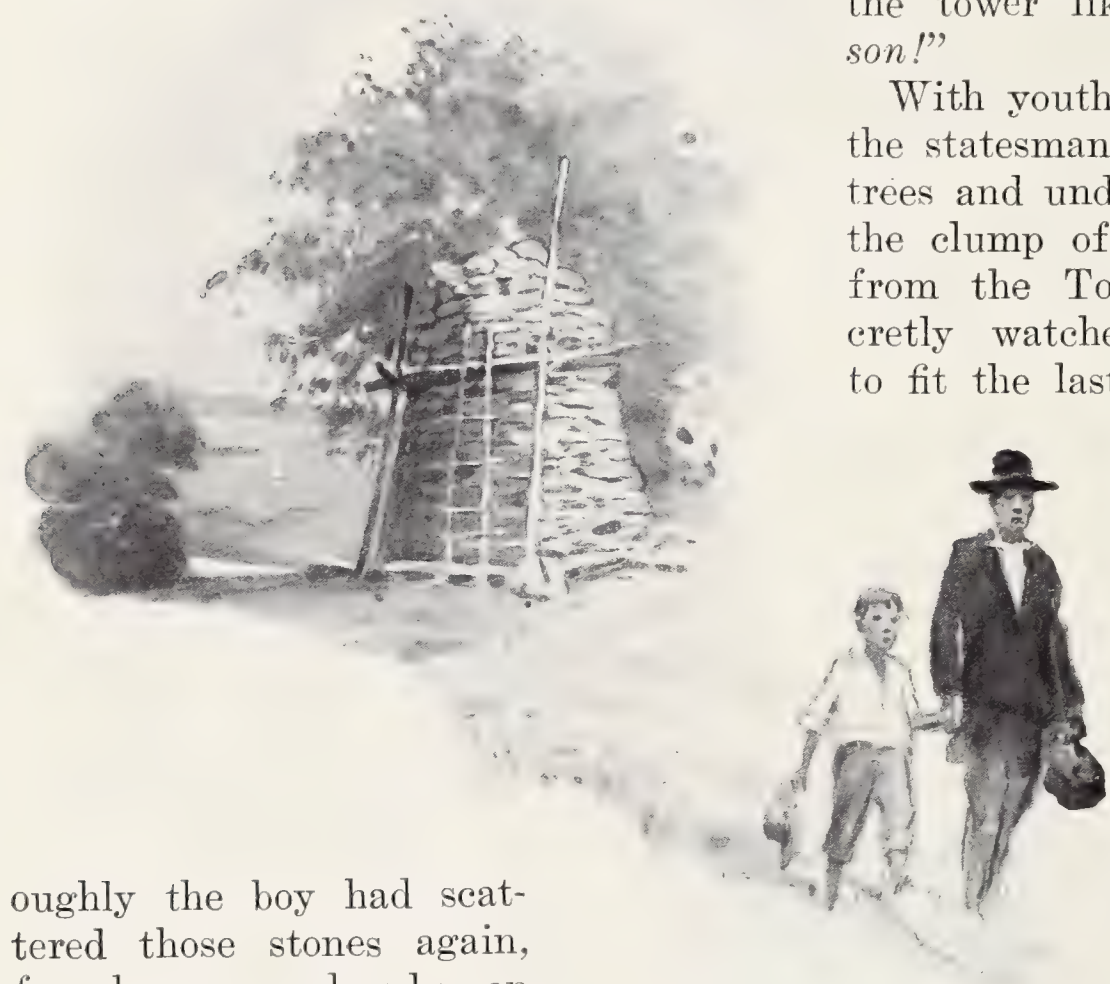
And he had called him "son," not boy. Yes—the Tower must have made him understand! For surely he was not very angry.

But the whitening touch of fear had not yet left the thin face, which seemed all eyes to the man; and as the boy clambered down the rude scaffolding, his gaunt legs trembled too perceptibly to escape eyes as sharp as those of the Honorable.

With a smile that the boy had never seen on those lips before, the Honorable took off the tattered straw hat and ran his fingers slowly, gently, through the light, rippling hair.

"I—I—couldn't throw them back again, sir," stammered the boy.

"I understand, Stephen," replied the man, and rested his hand caressingly



"IT SHALL NEVER BE TOUCHED  
WHILE A HIGBY LIVES";

oughly the boy had scattered those stones again, for he was already on his own land and the turn of the road would bring him to the low strip just in front of the ridge forming the line of the east pasture.

A moment later he stood still, his eyes fixed on Point Rock. What was that thing, anyway? A tower? A squat, blunt, stone tower? Then he saw a small figure, climbing over the far side, stoop heavily like a stone-mason at his work. Why, that was the boy! He had not scattered the stones! He was building them into a tower!

A surge of scarlet showed for an instant in the man's face. The boy had disobeyed! This thing was a Tower of Revolt, a monument of deliberated disobedience and rebellion!

Then the red of anger retreated as suddenly as it had appeared—driven back by a new fire in the eyes of the Honorable Seth that no man had seen in them since his youth. He, the States-



on the bony little shoulder. "I understand," he added. "And it's a good tower, son. It shall never be touched—not a stone of it—while a Higby lives!"

He took the boy's hand and together they crossed the clean, unencumbered sward. But at the stile they stopped, and the wet-eyed man pointed an elo-

quent finger back at the thing the boy had builded and said:

"My son, I think it is the greatest tower in the world!" And he felt the thin fingers that he held in his own twitch and tighten with a thrill of pride.

But when the boy spoke it was only to say,

"I don't feel near so lonesome, father."

## The White Magician

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

THEY put a price upon my head,  
They set their hounds upon my track;  
From land to land my blood was shed,  
I died the death—yet I came back.

Me in my grave on high they spurned—  
Upon a gibbet-hill how drear!  
Or else my bruised flesh they burned  
And flung the ash-motes far and near.

In flowers that crowned the gibbet-hill,  
In plains green-fostered from my dust,  
I troubled them with Beauty till  
I rose again—as rise I must.

I rose again, the Truth to show—  
To set them free, both them and theirs. . . .  
Not yet! they would not have it so.  
My death for me new birth prepares.

They hunt me still from life to life.  
But, underborne, and in my grave,  
Around the world wakes lofty strife,  
And winds and tides about me rave!

"Who killed our White Magician—who?"  
One cries to other, shunning blame.  
"He came to sift us through and through,  
To try our gold by crucial flame!"

I hear them. (In my grave I hear,  
Or blown in ash-motes far and wide.)  
They know me not, when I appear—  
They only know, when I have died!

When me, as Truth, they think they kill,  
I wait for them—I will not fail;  
I trouble them with Beauty still . . .  
For my White Magic must prevail.





THE LIGHTSHIP ON GUARD

## Life-Savers of the Goodwin Sands

*BY WALTER WOOD*

FROM the steep, rough shore of Deal, overlooking the ship-swallowing Goodwin Sands, many of the Pilgrim Fathers embarked for America; and their descendants, in visiting or leaving England, travel through the famous Downs from which their stern progenitors set sail in search of perfect liberty. The Goodwins then were in the heyday of their evil reputation; and for unnumbered years they have been as much the graveyard of the Narrow Seas as Sable Island is of the Atlantic Ocean. With fervent thankfulness the Pilgrim Fathers saw the last of those notorious and far-reaching shoals which break the vicious seas in gales and make them surge and roar like rapids, and which, faithful to their treacherous character, appear on bright summer days as restful as golden plains, with blue and glorious rivers running through the countless channels.

Ships of battle, treasure-ships, India-men with precious cargoes, and emigrant ships have sailed as far as the Goodwins and there have been engulfed. Most travelers who skirt the coast between the Forelands see the gaunt remains of melancholy wrecks. The romantic tale is told that the Goodwins were at one time a beautiful and fruitful island, the estate of Earl Goodwin; but that in 1097 they became a vast shoal because of "a turbulent rage of rain and an unheard-of rage of the sea." The island disappeared and became "incredibly covered with sand." That has been the tradition for many centuries, and less than two hundred years ago there was an alehouse-keeper who declared that his oaken shuffle-board was made from a tree which grew on the Goodwins when they were an island. A clerical investigator, however, who knew the publican, sorrowfully classed him as a lying fellow. Al-



though the tradition is generally credited, it seems far more likely that the Goodwins are formed by the strong run of the tide down the North Sea and the tide up the Strait of Dover, the two meeting off the Kentish coast and sweeping vast quantities of sand in a whirlpool shoal.

There was nothing to warn bewildered mariners off the Goodwins until a crude structure of timber, lath, and plaster rose from the shore, with a large glazed lantern in it. At night the lantern was lit, and the seafarers who were lucky enough to behold it might keep clear of the sands. This primitive lighthouse was destroyed by fire in 1683, and was followed by a quaint device on which was placed an open iron grate. A blazing fire of coals served as a beacon through the night. The top of this structure was, in 1732, provided with a lantern with glass sashes, and the lightmen kept the fire burning or blowing by means of bellows. The device was considered niggardly, contemptible, and unworthy of the coast; such paltry saving of coal was sternly condemned, and the lantern was removed, the old ravenous brazier being triumphantly reinstated.

In those days of lumbering sailing-craft, when vessels were completely at the mercy of the weather, there was little hope of keeping clear of the Goodwins unless the sands could be discerned and wind and tide were favorable. Every gale that blew gave tribute of life and vessel to the shoals. Sometimes, by a miracle of luck, the men escaped—so it happened on a night in April, 1675, when a galliot-hoy struck the sands and swiftly went to pieces. Though it blew a whole storm, yet “God gave the men a fine slatch of weather,” and they all got into their boat and reached Deal. A master might even anchor and suppose that he was safe from the sands, only to find that his ship was being engulfed, and that there was only just time to get away. Time after time it had to be recorded that a ship was on the Goodwins, and with appalling frequency a record was added that the crew had perished and the ship had vanished. Almost invariably the vessel disappeared suddenly, which implies that formerly the Goodwins dealt destruction much more swiftly than they do to-day.

Life-savers of the sands were zealously at work long before the modern life-boat was invented. In the blackness of a winter's night in 1676 the *Morning Star*, from the Canaries, mistook her way. She “haled far easterly and fell upon the middle part of the Goodwin Sands.” On the following morning she was suddenly swallowed up, but before she sank, a Deal boat saved five of the men, and the rest, seven or eight, were rescued by a Ramsgate boat. Scarcely had the *Morning Star* been ravaged by the hungry sands before another ship from the Canaries grounded on the Goodwins in the middle of a black February night. Again the boatmen saved the crew before the vessel sank.

There have been memorable disasters in recent years, even since steam became almost universal for marine propulsion; but the most noted calamities relate to the days of sail. Of all that have been put on record none is more terrible than the annihilation of an entire fleet of war-ships in the storm which devastated England in 1703. Thirteen war-ships, anchored in the Downs, were swept from their moorings. Some were driven ashore; five, including four sail of the line, were hurled toward the Goodwins and dashed to pieces. Nearly 1,100 officers and men perished; yet a handful were saved and brought to shore by men of Deal and Ramsgate and the little havens of the coast.

“’Tis the hard gray weather breeds hard Englishmen.” The hardest and grayest British weather is that of the North Sea. The Goodwins are at the southernmost part of the North Sea, and there, on the coast-line overlooking the sands, men battle ceaselessly with one of the sailors' most pitiless enemies. The Goodwins cannot be coaxed or engineered into submission. They flout mastery and scorn domination, and in their essentials remain what they have been for centuries. Man has tried repeatedly to bridle them, to find a foothold on their slinking bases. More than three hundred years ago a scheme was formed to build a beacon or a lighthouse on the Goodwins; but it came to nothing. Long afterward attempts were made to raise a lighthouse; but the work was never finished. In 1841 an old ship was scuttled, and was



made a dead-weight with ballast. A mast was put in her and bore a beacon, but only for a time—the greedy Goodwins swallowed all.

The only way to conquer the shoals is to gird them with buoys and lightships, and that has been so well accomplished that in fine weather the sands are marked as clearly on the waters as the hours are indicated on the dial of a watch. But fogs make beacons useless, and so rapid is the run of the sea in the “swashes,” or channels, of the sands that even in clear weather an experienced pilot may not get his vessel safely through the indicated tracks. There comes the time when he is just as much bewildered as the codman on the Banks adrift in his dory in the fog.

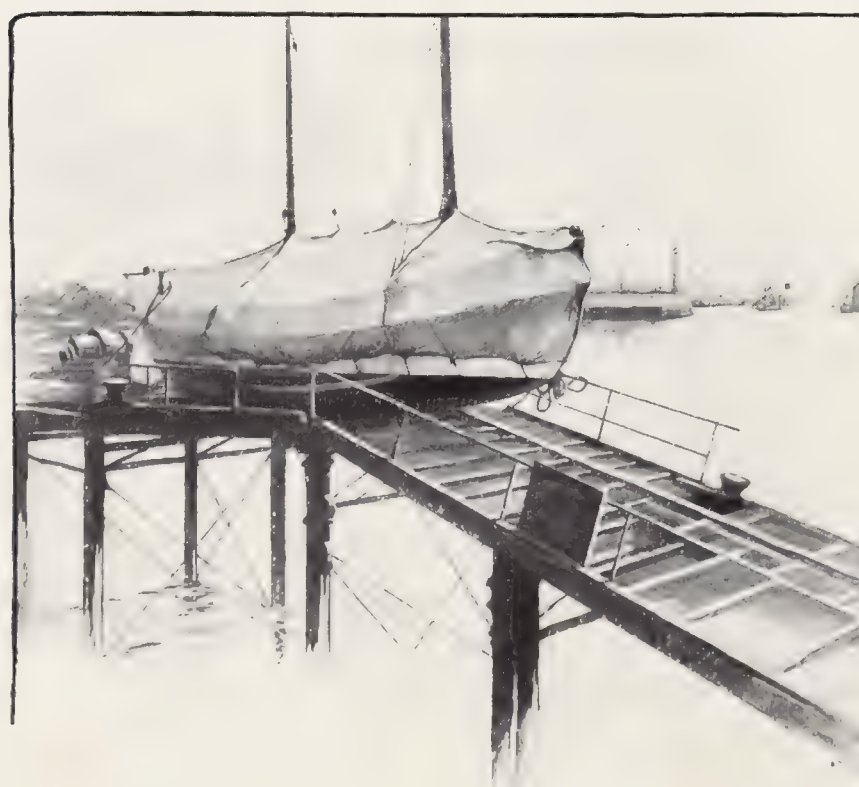
From Ramsgate Pier and Deal's steep beach you may see the Goodwins as clearly as you behold the Statue of Liberty from Battery Point. Between the sands and Deal are the Downs, the famous anchorage which in times of stress gave shelter to whole fleets of men-of-war and merchantmen, and still give refuge in unfriendly winds. Less than two hundred years ago the men of the Kentish coast were far more earnestly employed in luring vessels to destruction and in looting them than in trying to save lives of hapless mariners and passengers. “Cheat,” or “guile,” shares in wrecks were looked upon as perquisites, and it was an unwritten law that money and

jewels found on the bodies of the drowned should be stolen before the pitiful remains were towed ashore or cast adrift for burial by the seas. After the great storm of 1703 the author of *Robinson Crusoe* savagely attacked the Deal boatmen. He spoke of them as the “sons of plunder,” who spared no hazard or pain to reach a wreck; “but 'tis to save the goods and not the men.”

Times have changed indeed, for now every danger-point is indicated by a buoy or lightship; in Ramsgate Harbor, day and night unceasingly a powerful tug has steam up, so that she can tow the life-boat out to any vessel in distress. From four light-vessels incessant watch is kept, and at various stations on the coast there are men who respond as quickly to boom of gun or hiss of rocket as ever combatants obeyed the bugle in the field or the drum which beat to quarters in a battleship.

Until 1795 there was no lightship on or near the Goodwins; then one of these noble beacons was placed on the North Sand Head. The famous Gull Lightship was put in position in 1809, followed, but not till 1832, by the South Sand Lightship. Forty-two years passed before, in 1874, the East Goodwin Lightship was placed on her station, and completed the quartet which guard the sailor from the sands. It was not until 1865 that a life-boat was stationed at Deal, so that, until quite recent times, the Old World

boatmen, the hardy adventurers who feared no foe in shape of ship or man, did this dangerous work in the celebrated luggers. Smuggling, of course, there was, and plenty of it, the Kentish coast being so near the Continent; and well within living memory there were on Deal beach luggers with hollow masts as hiding-spots for contraband, and with cunning lockers, and boxes with false bottoms, for concealing spirits, silks, tea, and many other dutiable goods. Many an old



THE MARGATE LIFE-BOAT





THE NORTH DEAL LIFE-BOAT

Deal boatman, too, took a reward from an escaped French prisoner of war for getting him across the Channel, rather than give an alarm and get a government gratuity.

The big Deal luggers are about forty feet long, with a beam of a dozen feet or more, giving them astonishing stability, and a forecastle, while the smaller luggers, known as "cats," are fitted with a movable caboose amidships. A fully equipped lugger will cost twenty-five hundred dollars, the expense of maintenance and repair being correspondingly heavy.

Let the alarm be given that a vessel is in distress or fellow-creatures are in danger, and nothing will keep the Deal boatmen back, if it is humanly possible to get afloat. More than half a century ago, in the days before life-boats, a certain fine young boatman was ready for his wedding. The church bells were ringing wildly in the stormy air, when there was heard the cry that a ship was on the Goodwins. On the beach was a big lugger called the *Mariner*, and into her the boatmen crowded, among them the bridegroom. To him the music of the chimes was not so potent or alluring as the call to arms. The Viking blood was

roused within him, and he left his bride and joined the crew. Through the dangerous heavy seas the lugger fought her way to the wreck, which was already going to pieces. The crew were huddled in the main rigging. It was touch and go with death. There was no chance of anchoring the *Mariner*, and all that could be done was to shout to the men to cast themselves into the seething waters. They obeyed the stern command, and one by one they were snatched into the lugger and carried back triumphantly to Deal. Then the twenty-tons' weight of timber was hauled up the rough shingle of the beach by hundreds of enthusiastic people, and the bridegroom, hurrying off to church, took his sweetheart as his wife. They lived to celebrate their golden wedding.

The Goodwins are scanned ceaselessly day and night, for even in the finest weather the alarm may be given that a vessel is ashore, while in storm and fog a call is almost certain. The sullen boom of a lightship's gun is heard, the flash of a rising rocket is seen, and instantly rings the cry of "Man the life-boat!" The Ramsgate tug thrashes out to sea, towing the life-boat toward the sands,





THROUGH HEAVY SEAS THE LUGGER FOUGHT HER WAY TO THE WRECK

while the luggers of Deal are launched, and the men sail off in hope of "hovel-ing," which is salvage. It is the waging of a ceaseless war between the works of man and the forces of nature, and almost invariably man is victor. Different, indeed, is this from the old order of things, when it happened that, once the Goodwins got their prey, they seldom let it go. Often enough, with the help of steam, and the constant readiness of life-boats and luggers, a vessel may be pulled off the sands, while formerly there was little hope of salving ship or saving life in bad weather. The life-boat alone can do a noble work, and that is shown by the case of the *Northumberland*. She started her career in 1851 and ended it in 1865, when she was broken up. During those fourteen strenuous years she saved 261 lives from ships that were totally lost on the Goodwins, and took safely into harbor nineteen vessels.

There is a real and profitable motive, too, in giving the first alarm of a ship in distress, because for that warning payment is made. Usually a seafarer wins the prize; but sometimes a policeman or civilian gets it. In any case, at Ramsgate, the watchman must go the rounds

of the life-boatmen's houses and give the alarm. Half an hour or more may be spent in doing this, although long before the circuit is completed the craft is fighting with the seas. This custom cannot long survive in these days of swift communication; but habit dies hard in the Old World havens on the Kentish coast.

The British life-boat system is purely voluntary. First come, first served, is the simple plan on which the life-boats are manned.

In the sailing days, when even the Goodwins' appetite was almost sated by the glut of fare that gale and fog provided, the shore inhabitants were described as rude, rough, cruel, given to robbery, the very worst of people. Though they had a hard-won reputation as bold and dexterous men in going off to ships in distress, yet invariably they pilfered stranded ships and robbed the miserable survivors. They called their custom "paultring," and took what they described as "guile" or "cheat" shares. To them, indeed, the sands were generous and consistent friends, and never a ship went on to the Goodwins and held together long enough that did not



furnish toll to the shore folk; nor did mariners and passengers escape from death by drowning or privation without having to face fellow-creatures who were as hungry as the snarling seas. The times were rude and hard, and there were wreckers who lived by what the waves provided; yet with all the low brutality and coarseness, there was prevalent among the people of the coast that dash and skill which made them as famous for their doings on the Goodwins as their descendants are to-day.

One glorious achievement stands prominently out among the modern doings of life-savers of the Goodwins, and that is in connection with the loss of the *Indian Chief*, a twelve-hundred-ton ship which, in bitter January weather in 1881, struck the Long Sand, at the north end of the Goodwins. That was in the darkness of the early morning; but so thick and furious was the weather that it was not till one o'clock in the afternoon that the *Bradford* life-boat was towed out of Ramsgate Harbor by the *Vulcan*. Eighteen miles separated the wreck from the harbor, and it took seven hours to cover the

distance. The *Vulcan* was buried by heavy seas, and the life-boat was repeatedly deluged with salt spray that froze as it flew over the crouching crew. Twice the gallant craft was swamped; twice she righted herself, and jumped and wallowed in the wake of the fighting steamboat. The men were lashed to their seats, or they would have been torn away by the rush of waves. It was black darkness when the wreck was reached, and it was impossible to get near her.

Throughout that bitter night the *Bradford* and the tug stood by; when gray morning broke, the *Indian Chief* was seen—or, rather, what the sands had left of her. The ship had been hurled and hammered for twenty-four hours, and only a mast rose upward to the wild sky to show her presence. That melancholy relic was three miles away, and the life-boat, having slipped her tow-rope, surged down to the Long Sand under her storm-foresail, and anchored to windward of the tragic relic of the *Indian Chief*. Then, and not till then, the pity of the wreck was known, for on the mast, which was the mizzen, eleven oilskinned men were



HUNDREDS OF ENTHUSIASTIC PEOPLE HAULED UP THE LUGGER



lashed together—all who were left out of a crew of twenty-nine. One by one they dropped into the lee rigging, whence they were taken into the life-boat. The captain was frozen dead, and the mate, who had lost his reason, died as the life-boat, glassed with ice, was pulled back to Ramsgate Harbor by the tug. For twenty-six hours the life-boat had remained at sea in the bitterest weather on record. During that long period the cockswain, Charles Edward Fish, sustained himself with pieces of sodden chocolate; most of the men took nips of rum from a jar, into the mouth of which a thumb was pressed as soon as the drink had been taken, to keep the salt water from joining the spirit.

The *Bradford* was named after the Yorkshire city of that name. She was built by subscriptions raised in a few hours by business men on the Bradford Exchange, and now rests from her labors in one of the Bradford parks, far from the seas on which she won her honors. Her former cockswain, Fish, best known of all British life-boatmen, takes life serenely, hard by Ramsgate Harbor. Three hundred and fifty times he was on service at sea, and he helped to save 887 lives from the Goodwins. Seven medals and decorations have been awarded to him. Quietly and modestly this hero of peace has told me the story of the *Indian Chief* and many other wrecks while we have looked toward the stealthy shoals from Ramsgate Pier.

Charles Edward Fish is but the type of the men who wage incessant battle with the Goodwins. There are still living splendid warriors who have endured privations and risked many perils on the torn seas between the North Foreland and the South Foreland, and of these some bear names which indicate a Norse or Viking origin. The blood of the old North Sea fighters is in them. For many years there labored on the waters that fine old seaman Jarvist Arnold, a true descendant of the Viking breed, and among the heroes who fought long and well, some of whom were worsted in the fray, were Adams, Roberts, Red-sull, Staunton, Hanger, and George Marsh—if one may be unfair enough to mention names at random from a noble band.

So often do ships get on the sands, and so frequently is the call to man the life-boat raised, that these fighters of the Goodwins take their doings as a thing of course. The world may thrill with stories of their daring deeds; but they know nothing of their pluck till they are told of it, and even then they say that it is nothing. Little by little, however, they may be drawn to tell of what befell at certain wrecks; but it is for you who listen to record the happenings. The spirit of the sea oppresses them—and the ocean keeps its secrets well. Perhaps they find their simple speech inadequate to express their thoughts, and there is the dread of being set down as braggarts.

Once a ship was deliberately imperilled on the Goodwins for subtle reasons. She was bound from Hamburg, and was off the English coast when her crew mutinied, and murdered and threw overboard the captain and his son. The mate was spared because he was essential to the navigation of the vessel. He was ordered to make for the North Sea; but heavy weather forced him into the Downs. Purposely he ran perilously near the sands, knowing that instantly boatmen would put off from shore. The mutineers had no understanding of his motive, nor did they realize that they were doomed. From all points of the shore the ever-watchful hovelers launched their craft, striving to be first to reach the ship. Most famous of the vessels was a lugger which used to be stationed at the south end of Deal. Seventeen men sprang into her and sailed toward the wanderer, and one of them was the first to get on board and take charge. To him the mate, in hurried, stealthy whispers, told the story of the murder. The sordid tidings quickly spread among the hovelers, and the mutineers, realizing that they were trapped, implored the Deal men to allow them to escape, offering everything they had for life and liberty. They were still clamoring when a boat's crew from a man-of-war boarded the vessel and took the murderers into custody. The ship of war conveyed them to Germany, where some were put to death and some were sent to prison. The salvors, who had scorned the efforts to





*Drawn by M. J. Burns*

THE WRECK OF THE "INDIAN CHIEF"

The Ramsgate tug *Vulcan* thrashing out to sea with the life-boat *Bradford* in tow

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth



suborn them, took the vessel into Ramsgate Harbor, and were paid eleven hundred dollars as salvage.

That award was more liberal than many of the acknowledgments which have been made by Ramsgate Commissioners of Salvage of services by Deal boatmen. Not many years before this, after a very heavy gale, several vessels which had become disabled were taken into Ramsgate Harbor. So small was the sum paid to the boatmen for their services that they determined not to take any more ships to Ramsgate; and when another gale threatened, the masts, sails, and rudders were secretly removed from all the big luggers on the beach at Deal. This proceeding carried out the resolution with uncompromising firmness, and ship-owners and ship-agents were baffled and bewildered. A public meeting was called, and the Deal men stated their case in their own way. Victory was with them from the start, and thenceforward they won more generous recognition. From that time until to-day—more than a century—careful calculation has been made of the value of a ship and her cargo, the number of her crew, the size of the boats, and the

number of the men employed in salving, before the award is made. In most cases these matters are settled amicably; but it sometimes happens that the law has to decide how much money shall be given, and in what proportions.

Even the cruel Goodwins provide, though rarely, humorous incidents. Such a one, on record here for the first time, relates to a British battleship and a lightship—the vessel stationed on the North Sand Head. The war-ship, which was one of the old turret type, was manœuvering near the lightship when, to the amazement of her officers and company and the lightship's crew, the lightship bore down upon the battleship's broadside. From some of the ponderous ships which were at that time in the British navy, and would neither steam nor steer, eccentric tricks were looked upon as part of the day's work; but there was no understanding why an anchored ship, and above all, a well-conducted light-vessel, should be surely approaching the huge steel bulk. Yet on she came, like a rolling red monster, and butted her blunt head so forcefully into the turret that a boat was torn away. The mystery was not



THROUGHOUT THE BITTER NIGHT THE LIFE-BOAT STOOD BY



explained for some time; then it was learned that the ironclad in circling had fouled the lightship's cable, of which necessarily a great length was paid out, and the ram, acting as an enormous hook, had "swept" the massive chain, forced it ahead, and so brought the floating sentinel upon her beam. Doubtless the occurrence was duly logged—but with no entry of the outspokenness on either side.

There is another unrecorded story of a race for salvage between a life-boat and her tug, and a "seeker"—that is, a steamboat which is at large to pick up profitable things that may be going. A ship was ashore, and instantly the harbor steamer took the Ramsgate boat in tow and made for her. It was seen that a tug was also driving hard toward the stranded vessel, and the race became keen and close. Would the "seeker" snatch the prey, or would the life-boatmen get recompense in salvage? Not even the oldest veteran of the Goodwins could answer the question; only the passing of the hours could settle it. Powerful though the harbor steamboat was, she had the heavy life-boat astern, while the "seeker," built for speed as well as strength, was free to surge ahead. Excitement reached the straining-point; then came an unexpected check, for when the sands were reached there was not water enough to let the tug and life-boat cross and reach the ship. The two must wait; so also, it was thought, must the "seeker"; but she, shallower of draught, or with a more daring master, forged full speed ahead, charging over the shoal. Luck and pluck were in her favor, and she got up to and triumph-

antly made ready to secure her prize, when again the sinister Goodwins baffled human calculations; for they released their prisoner, who refloated and escaped under her own canvas—and the laugh was with the life-boatmen.

Hard things have been said about the

life-savers of the Goodwins; but no one who has dwelt by the sea and known first-hand the lives of fishermen and hovelers will fail to temper justice with mercy in dealing with their ways. There are on the northeast coast toilers of the deep who are spoken of as "pier-rats," yet they will not hesitate to go off in their cibles in a dangerous sea in the hope of making a few dollars—for there are many hungry mouths to be fed. So with the hovellers of Deal. For



CHARLES EDWARD FISH

Chief Cockswain (retired) of the Ramsgate life-boat

days and nights together they will be at sea in winter in an open boat, snatching sleep and warmth as best they can. Ships may need a pilot, or there may be craft to salve from the sands; and wherever there is chance of profit the Deal men must be ready to take it. A very small sum of money may be all that is given for a spell of perilous, laborious work. For a night in the life-boat five dollars is paid; ten shillings, or two and a half dollars, being the fee for daylight service; while for day and night the pay is thirty shillings, which is a little more than seven dollars. Twenty-four hours of bitter and incessant toil, and the hourly pay is rather more than a shilling—a waiter's tip for bringing you a modest meal, the gratuity that is given to a gorgeous hotel flunky who opens a carriage door.

I remember talking with a life-boatman who had just returned from a wrecked



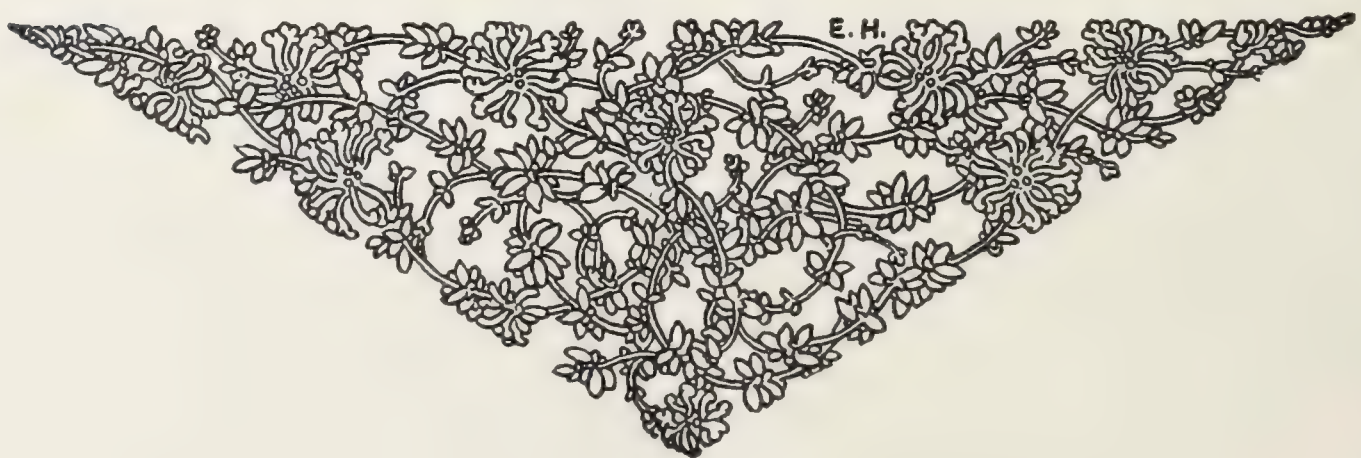


THE VICIOUS SEAS ON THE GOODWINS

ketch. I saw the rescue from the shore on which the little ship had grounded. The seas were sweeping over her, and astern, at the wheel, the master, frozen dead, was covered with an icy shroud. The survivors were brought ashore through a fierce run of tide and smother of raging cross-seas. It was a work of danger and endurance, of victory over a

death-dealing winter storm; yet all that the life-boatmen said, when I spoke of the rescue as any witness would have done, was: "Oh! It's nowt!"

Nothing to him and them but duty, and a part of daily toil; nothing, except that he and they had done to brothers on the seas as they would wish to be—and would be—done by in their own extremity.





# An Altar on Little Thunder

BY ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

THE toy-like, narrow-gauge railroad—Blue Ride & Western by name—meanders lazily across blue-grass pasture-lands for some eighty miles, and then makes a sudden dash up Appalachia's instep to Pardeeville, after which further progress is barred by a lofty, semi-circular escarpment of mountain-side.

Up this grade, late one summer afternoon, a quaint little wood-burning locomotive with a mushroom stack dragged its train of two diminutive coaches, taking a fresh grip every few rods, as it were, like a terrier tugging at a door-mat, until at last, all hot and panting, it drew alongside the shabby station.

A solitary passenger appeared and swung himself down and out from the steps, with a quick, peculiar motion, as if the train were a tricky horse whose heels and teeth were dangerous. He lifted his light-blue eyes at once to a hoary, lightning-riven pine far, far above, gazed fixedly for a moment, and swallowed convulsively. Then, as if remembering himself, he shot a suspicious glance about.

No one else was in sight except a lean man whose battered cap still retained a tinge of official blue, and this man nodded civilly. The young traveler's coarse, square-toed shoes, cheap gray suit, and broad-brimmed hat—all harshly new—were familiar to the station agent. Once or twice a year a mountaineer, in an outfit tallying exactly with this one, would step off the train and look about him in a dazed, half-frightened manner. And though the train always drew in at supper-time, when a cheery light shone from the chintzed windows of the Henry Clay House, just across the street, and the aroma of sugar-cured ham or fried chicken floated invitingly over to the station, the agent had never known one of these men to tarry for a meal, much less a bed.

The call of the highlands was too strong. So, after getting their bearings,

like a cat dropped by a strange roadside, they always struck up the narrow, winding trail, at a gait whose easy swing disguised its swiftness. And being a tactful man, the agent never showed any undue interest—for these brogans and shoddy clothes were the commonwealth's parting gift to its discharged convicts.

Ash Whipple proved no exception to the rule; he made straight for the steep inlet, and his pace was such that dawn found him thirty miles from Pardeeville. He was tired. His new shoes had chafed his feet. His breakfast, after no supper, consisted only of a handful of blackberries and a draught of icy water. But the drink was sweeter to him than mulled wine, and he was happy, for his home was only ten miles ahead.

He was very shy, however, of his clothes, and was ready to plunge into the thicket at sight or sound of a fellow-being. But at this early hour he met no one, and he presently fell to watching, with the keenness of a boy, for certain memorable objects along the road—the skeleton oak from which he had once dropped an eagle at two hundred yards, the pool by which he had trapped nine otters in one season, Rizpah church, where he had first become conscious of his love for Nance, and the little God's acre in which his parents slept their last long sleep.

But it was the "Bald" of Little Thunder upon which his glistening eyes rested oftenest. Never in all his life, until he had ridden away with the sheriff's irons upon his wrists, had there been a day when he had not lifted his eyes to this commanding landmark, rooted in the unshakable bosom of earth, yet as changeable as the smile of a coquette, now quivering from heat, now murky with cloud-stuff, dazzling white under its winter mantle, or wreathed with vapor like a smoking crater.

He had passed the graveyard, when, as if struck by a thought, he turned back,



climbed the rail fence, and wandered among the graves, stooping here and there to scrutinize a lowly headstone. Finally, as if finding what he wanted, he paused beside a mound marked only with a board and evidently comparatively new, for the brambles and bittersweet had not yet smothered it in their thorny embrace.

"Tim, you're thar and I'm hyer," he soliloquized aloud, respectfully doffing his hat. "A second's dif'rence on the trigger, and I'd be lookin' up and you lookin' down. Don't know as you got much the wust of it, arfter all. Be pretty sure you didn't, if it wa'n't fer Nance and the boy. As it is, more'n once I've wished I war in your place. Be there in a few years at the most, anyhow. *You* know it warn't my fault, Tim. You know who picked the quoll. You war always fair and aboveboard, and if your sperit could have gone on the witness-stand, the jury'd never sent me to the pen'tenchy, fer they give a recommendation of mercy as it war. You'd 'a' told 'em Rufe Couch lied. I wish you could speak now and tell the mountain how it war, fer I'm afraid some of 'em air goin' to hold your takin'-off agin me."

He replaced his hat and slowly retired. Once outside the inclosure, however, he all but ran in his eagerness, with his pulse pounding in his ear. But when he reached the last turn in the road which hid his cabin from view he abruptly halted, trembling, with a sudden weakness in his legs. For the first time it occurred to him that he might not find things as he had left them—that fire or pestilence, disease or death, in their stalking to and fro over the face of the earth, might have crossed his own threshold and laid their spectral hands upon his loved ones. During his two years' absence he had received no tidings from them, nor had expected any, for neither he nor Nance could write.

Fearing the worst, therefore, he did not start at the cabin's closed door, the rank weeds which hedged about the limestone doorstep, the absence of dogs and chickens. Mechanically he pulled the latch-string and entered. A smothery closeness pinched his nostrils like invisible fingers. The bed in the corner

had the sunken appearance of long disuse. No firewood littered the inglenook. The basswood bin contained no meal, no bacon hung from the rafters, no remnant of food was anywhere.

Ash returned to the roadside and sat down on a stump, with dazed eyes. Presently a barefooted boy carrying a fish-pole trudged by, whistling—a boy whom Ash had never seen.

"Bub," said he, in a husky voice, "kin you tell me where Mrs. Whipple air at?"

The boy stared as if amazed at the inquirer's ignorance. "Why, stranger, she air gone to live with her pap, over on Haws Run. Her husbunt's in the pen'tenchy fer killin' Tim Wildwith. Good thing, too, pap says, and hopes he'll die thar. What mought your name be?"

"It mought be Andy Jackson, but it ain't," answered Ash, with a wan smile. "Obleeged, though, bub."

When the boy had passed out of sight Ash re-entered the cabin and put on his old suit of "butternuts," boots, and gray wool hat. Lifting a loose puncheon in the floor, he stuffed the hated clothes which he had just removed through the opening. Then he took his rifle from its pegs above the mantel, dropped a handful of cartridges into his pocket, thrust a spy-glass into another pocket, and, after scanning the road, slipped round to the rear of his cabin.

Next to seeing his wife and babe, his mind during the last days of his imprisonment had dwelt on the pleasure of dropping into Cube Acres's smithy at the hamlet of Paint Rock and shaking hands with the "boys." Cube's place was a social clearing-house for the men of upper Little Thunder. Nestling beneath a huge chinkapin oak, its cool, dark interior and compacted cinder floor were peculiarly inviting on a hot day. The anvil music possessed a timbre which stirred the hardy denizens of these granite girders of the earth; and the showers of sparks, the cherry-red iron, the thud of sledge were so true, so genuine, so elemental that the smithy was even more popular than the doggery across the road, where a barrel of whiskey was always on tap.

But the barefooted boy's unconscious thrust had touched the quick with Ash,



and though he still felt sure of the loyalty of the habitues of the smithy, several of whom had laid out bread and coffee for him when he was hiding from the sheriff's posse, his enthusiasm over meeting them was chilled. Again, while Nance's return to her parental home, after the deprivation of her husband, was a perfectly natural thing, the news of it had somehow jarred Ash. It had obliterated by one rude stroke that picture of his home-coming which his fancy had lovingly retouched day after day; it was the first clash between dream and reality.

The root of his chagrin, doubtless, was the fact that Jethro Haws, Nance's father, was no friend of his. Jethro had opposed his marriage, had extended no helping hand in his subsequent struggle with poverty, and had stood aloof when Ash fell into the talons of the law. These facts were public knowledge, and an instinctive sense of propriety prompted Ash to rehabilitate his domestic relations before seeking readmission to the circle of his friends.

He set off at once for Haws Run, and, deciding to keep his return a secret for the present, he struck into the pathless forest which walled about his tiny clearing. Amid the trunks of the mighty liriodendrons, or "yellow poplars," he was as insignificant an object as an ant in a timothy meadow. Yet he laid a course as straight as a crow's flight except where he swerved to avoid the presence of man.

Just one habitation he did not avoid, and that, curiously enough, belonged to Rufus Couch, the man whose testimony had sent him to the penitentiary. Rufe's farm lay in a little emerald pocket which fairly bulged with the fat leachings from higher ground, and was the best on Little Thunder. "Best" was applicable to most of Rufe's possessions. He was, in Little Thunder's rating, a commercial genius. He kept a store, bought hides and pelts, ground sorghum, owned a grist-mill and a saw-mill, operated charcoal-ovens and turpentine-stills. That he profited from stills of a less innocent nature was an open secret, though "moonshining" is a topic which mountain etiquette wisely interdicts.

Yet, at the age of forty, when a fair share of Appalachian men are grand-

fathers, Rufe was still unmarried. Once he had gone a-wooing, it is true; but when the maid was all but won a man fifteen years his junior had dashed into the lists and borne off the fair prize. That man was Ash Whipple, and it was with a distinctly pleasing recollection of this feat that he stalked cautiously toward a point which would afford him a view of Couch's cabin.

An instant later an ejaculation fell from his lips. Instead of a cabin there was projected against his vision a two-story, weather-boarded house, with an ell in the rear and a veranda across the front, all painted a glistening white in the morning sun. It was such a house as Ash had never seen until his enforced journey to the lowlands, and its presence here in the mountain might almost have been accredited to the magic of a jinnee.

"And him a bachelor," murmured Ash, "with no woman to tidy up or set before the fire and knit a baby's sock."

And as he—who had a wife to sit before the fire—thought of his own humble abode, a sense of the unequal distribution of the gifts of the gods set his lips in a line as straight and hard as a joint of masonry. For this pet of Fortune was a hard man, as Ash saw him, a usurer, an exacter of the last penny; and it was his smug, unctuous testimony, whether true or false, which had tilted the scales against Ash. For this act the young convict had registered a vow—and registered it again and again, night after night, in lieu of a prayer—that his first act of freedom should be the converting of Rufe Couch's plump body into buzzards' meat.

But this tigerish thirst for vengeance had passed. One Sunday afternoon, after a long talk with the prison chaplain, it had dawned upon him that there might be better things in this world than revenge, that love was better than hate, and peace than war. And one night, not long after, he promised himself and God—it was his first prayer—that he would not injure the man who had so grievously injured him. Recalling this promise now, he turned his back upon the new house as upon a temptation, and went his way.

He desired to speak first to Nance, if



possible, without the knowledge of her family; so he approached the Hawses' big double cabin in true mountaineer fashion, dropping down from above, along the precipitous side of a peak known as Ellen's Needle. He soon discovered that something unusual was going on below. The fence was fringed with saddle-horses and the roadside packed with vehicles. For a moment his throat tightened—it might be a funeral! If so—

But sliding down two or three hundred feet farther, with perilous haste, to where he could hear voices, he perceived that the gathering was of a festal character. He then remembered that this was Nance's birthday—her twenty-second. He came empty-handed, he reflected with a pang; yet, after all, what better gift could he bring her than himself? For a moment he was tempted boldly to invade the company and claim his rightful place in the celebration. But pride and shyness restrained him, and again counseled him to reveal himself first to his wife alone.

So all day long, without bite or sup, he lay in a bit of thicket, like a hare in its form, harking for the attenuated sounds of merriment which floated up from below. Now he watched the guests playing their games, mere pawns on a chess-board they appeared, from this height; now he lay on his back with his face turned up to the fleecy cloud-drift, his mind also drifting, from present to past, from past to future, from his wild, free boyhood to his courtship and marriage, from his trailing a plow through his lean acres, awaiting Nance's call to dinner, to his breaking rock within the prison stockade.

Toward sunset, when the guests began to straggle away, he moved still farther down the declivity and took up a position on the brim of a little cuplike glen from which there issued a spring that served the Hawses for both well and refrigerator. It was an idyllic spot, cool, sequestered, and dusky with leaf-filtered light. Here if anywhere Ash would find Nance alone. She had always loved the place; loved, kneeling on the edge of the pool, to gaze at her reflected image, to scoop up the water in her palms and dash

it upon her face, to sit and listen to the wild cascade of music from the throat of the water-thrush which every year nested in a crevice of the rocks.

For Nance was not like other mountain girls. Though full of fun and as daring as a boy, she liked to steal off with only the pines and the sighing zephyrs for company, to search out the haunts of the ghostly Indian-pipe and quaint lady's-slipper. Hence it was regarded as a seven-days' wonder on the mountain when she married wild Ash Whipple.

At last, with a quickened pulse, he saw her leave the house with a bucket in one hand and a child, who could be no other than his own little Judah, marvelously grown, clinging to the other. But she had proceeded only a little way when she was overtaken by a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, heavier than the run of mountaineers, but brisk of foot, chesty, with no stoop, and adorned with hair and beard conspicuously black and glossy. This man was Rufus Couch.

He relieved Nance of her bucket and filled it at the spring, after which the pair seated themselves on a slab of stone scarcely forty feet from the clump of witch-hazel in which Whipple lay.

"Well, Nance," began Couch, in his soft voice, "'tween you and me, ain't you about ready to name the day?"

She did not return his smile or allow him to catch her eye, but lifted the child into her lap and folded her arms about him. Her face was grave, and her dark eyes, usually so animated, were lackluster and weary.

"Rufe, I ain't no more ready, so fer as that goes, than I was the day you asked me to marry you. Don't seem as if I'd ever be ready, in any proper way. I've only waited two years fer him. He'd wait longer than that fer me."

"Mebbe yes and mebbe no," answered Couch, with an owlish tilt of his head and popping into his mouth one of the peppermint-drops which he habitually used in lieu of whiskey or tobacco. "If I remember right, he give you twenty-four hours to choose 'tween me and him, and everybody knowed Sis Elkins war the other gell he had in mind."

"That was 'fore he married me," answered Nance, listlessly. "He wouldn't





*Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.*

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit.

HE SOON DISCOVERED THAT SOMETHING UNUSUAL WAS GOING ON BELOW.







be so brash to call time on me now. A wife is more'n a sweetheart. Livin' with a woman fer two years air different from just co'tin' her."

"Mebbe yes and mebbe no. 'Sides, 'tain't a question of how long you've waited. Question is, how much longer have you got to wait? As I've told you more'n once, Squire Galum says that under the new law you never know when a feller is a-goin' to git out of the pen'tenchy. The jedge don't sentence fer no specified time. He gives what they call an in'terminate sentence, which means, I reckon, among other things, a good while. Anyhow, a feller's gittin' out depends on his behavior and the Board of Pardings. Now Ash *might* stay fourteen years, Squire says. That's the limit fer manslaughter. I ain't sayin' he will, ner I ain't hopin' he will. But you and me know that Ash ain't overly patient when he's crossed, and a man in the pen'tenchy, they tell me, air crossed at every turn. Part of the punishment, I s'pose. They don't allow he shell be happy, or too many of 'em would git to boardin' on the State, free gratis fer nothin'."

"Would you?" asked Nance, quietly.

"No," he admitted.

She blinked rapidly without quite restraining her tears, and Couch, perceiving his tactical error, burrowed into his whiskers with thumb and forefinger, and pressed them back along the sides of his jaw, outlining a chin as sharp as a fox's muzzle instead of the square one which would have matched the rest of his physique.

"Nance, if you won't name the day, won't you at least go ahead and git your divorce? All you got to do is to ask fer it. Cote will hand it right out, like I would a steel trap to a customer. Got to. Law says so—and no questions asked arfter you tell 'em your husband is a feling. It would make my comin' hyer look more proper-like to neighbors. It would please your paw and your Aunt Dill and Uncle Tice, and all your relaytives 'cept a few that don't count. It would please *me*, Nance," he added, plaintively.

"I'd like to please you, Rufe," she answered, as if touched by his tone. "You've been so good to me."

"All I want is a chanct to be still better. My new house is done and waitin' fer you, all 'cept the furniture, which I want you to have a hand in choosin'. I don't want to hurry you. I don't agree with what your paw said to-day about people lookin' down on you as a pore-sperited thing, afraid to get a divorce from a feling and a murd'rer.

"And I don't expect you to love me at first, like you did Ash. 'Tain't in female nater, I s'pose. All I ask you to do is to let me give you a good home—the best on this hyer mounting—and leave things so you'll always have it, whether I drap off suddint or not.

"You don't want to keep on livin' with your paw and mommy, fer six, eight, ten, or twelve year yet, especially when they're so sot on your marryin' me. 'Tain't like a home of your own. Ag'in, 'twon't be so long before that little chap thar in your lap will shoot up like a willer sprout. I've often heerd you say you'd like to send him down to Sharpsburg to school, whar Chad Oaks went. You can't do it, Nance, 'thout money. Even if Ash should come back to-morrer you couldn't do it. Thar's nobody likes Ash better'n me, and it went agin my grain to testify agin him, especially as I was afeerd you'd hate me fer it. But he never was a good pervider and never will be. Sooner shoot in a turkey-match than plow corn any day."

"Poverty never had no terrors fer me," spoke up the girl, quickly. "As fer as that went, we were just as happy as if he'd been as rich as—as you."

"Suttinly," agreed Couch at once. "Thar's wuss things 'n poverty. I was only sayin' that you can't do some things 'thout money that you kin do with it. Eddicatin' a boy is one of 'em. And eddication air a great thing these days. That little tad of a Chad Oaks air makin' more money to-day than his paw, and he knows that great city of Lexin'ton like you and me know our back-yards."

Nance's eyes grew luminous, perhaps with a vision of such a future for her little Judah; then the light died away. "They all leave the mounting and their mothers when they git an eddication," said she, sadly.

"Yes; but mebbe you and me 'll want to leave, too, by the time Jude grows



up. I could make more money below than I kin hyer, even with no eddication."

He paused, as if to let this observation soak in, and then returned to the subject from which his mind was never long absent.

"Applyin' your own words of a minute ago, you'll feel different to'ds me arfter you've lived with me a year or so. I mean about shakin' Ash. S'fer as that goes, he's dead to you now. If he ever comes back, it 'll be like a man from the grave. S'fer as that goes, I don't look fer him back. Fust place, prison's a bad place fer an outdoor man like him. Consumption gits 'em—them long-term fellers—like it did Blake Orr. And even if they let him out, 'count of his sickness, like they did Blake, he'd only be a pore, no-'count, dead-alive kind of a man. He'd on'y be—"

He broke off at Nance's shudder. "Rufus Couch," she exclaimed, in a tone which made him quail, "if ever Ash Whipple comes back lookin' like Blake Orr did, I'll nuss him to his dying day, wife or no wife of yours."

"I give you that permission, right hyer and now," he answered, quickly. "Kin a man do more? And kin you do less than promise you'll git your divorce right soon now?"

She sat for some time with her pretty, square chin nestled in the palm of one brown hand, gazing at the distant, fringy sky-line of pines.

"I'll get it soon," she promised.

He seized her free hand gratefully. "Kin I kiss you now, Nance—just once?"

"No—not while I'm another man's wife."

She rose, Couch lifted the bucket of water, and they walked away together, little Jude chasing a monarch butterfly.

At Couch's first sentence the concealed man had quivered like a polled ox. Thenceforward, though no word that followed escaped his ears, he lay with his lips pressed to the earth. As this incredible, this monstrous drama went on beneath him—his wife listening to another man's words of love—he clenched and relaxed his hands, twisted his body from side to side, as if striving to free himself from a crushing weight. But his

efforts came to naught, like the impotent struggles of one in a dream. All strength had gone out of him. To shoot the traitor, to leap down and by his mere presence give the lie to Couch's assertions—these thoughts came. But they also passed, as idle, as futile as the figments of a drugged brain.

In prison Ash had never abandoned hope, or sunk in sullen despair, or hardened his heart against his kind, or become as a ravening wolf, like some of his cell-mates. But summoning a fortitude of which his commonplace exterior gave no hint, he had resolved that, hurt his body as they might, they should not destroy his soul.

It was a noble resolution, but its complete execution was not humanly possible. Somewhere between his heart and his throat, in spite of himself, there came a lump that would neither up nor down, that persisted from his waking in the morning, at the sullen boom of the cell-house gong, until the measured step of the guard at night on the cold, concrete floor of the corridor grew faint and remote in his consciousness and finally ceased. And that feter, that noisome emanation from caged things, be they men or animals, sickened lungs which had known only the pure, balsamic air of the mountain.

When the warden and an assistant, on his reception at the prison, had searched and stripped him, they took more than his clothes, jack-knife, a few nickels and dimes, and his plug of tobacco. These they gave back when he was freed. But they had taken something they did not give back—could not give back.

Society had said to him, through her agents of court and prison, "Be patient; wear these stripes for a few years for your own good, and then we will take them off." But she had lied, for she had burned those stripes into him with hot and smoking irons—the 4 x 7 cell, the lock-step, the rock-pile, the shorn head; systematic humiliations and degradations, such as the stew-pan in which his food was flung like scraps for a dog, the prohibition to speak to his mates, the substitution of a number for his name. She had made these stripes as ineffaceable as the leopard's spots or the sable skin of the Ethiop. And she had burned them



deep as well as wide, searing his blithe spirit, drying up his youthful blood, making him old before his time.

At first he had not realized his mutilation. In the days preceding his emancipation, indeed, he had forgotten it. But on the streets of the penitentiary city, at the station, on the train, at Pardee-ville, he saw that he was a social leper. He looked forward, however, to the mountain, as a pious Mohammedan to Mecca, as a place of cleansing. He had shed the hated prison garments, as if the pollution lay in them. Alas! the words of a barefooted boy had disillusioned him, had made him fearful and distrustful of his former friends.

But whoever might be for or against him, whatever opinion men might hold of his crime—yea, whether guilty or innocent in the sight of Heaven itself—there was one upon whose fidelity he counted as upon the fidelity of his right hand to his left; whose steadfastness to him was like that of the magnetic needle for the pole; whose outstretched arms of welcome he as certainly expected to find as the mountain itself upon which he had been born. Not that he was worthy of this supreme loyalty, not that he had been a good husband always, or had always eased her burden when opportunity offered, but because it was her nature to be true, because unfaithfulness was as unthinkable in her as lukewarmness in the sun; and he would as soon have expected to see the seasons fail in their appointed procession, or the Great Bear cease to swing around the pole-star, as that Nance should swerve from her altar vows. Yet now even *she*—

He crawled slowly up the slope, like the wounded thing that he was, making for the fastnesses where no man might find him out. His fortitude had withstood every shock since the hour he entered that arched gate which might well have borne the legend, "Leave hope behind all ye who enter here." But soon he paused, exhausted. Then, with the terrible, wrenching groan of the strong man in agony, he cast himself upon the ground and wept like a child.

It was morning before his mind ceased to stagger in the cataclysmic chaos. But peace came at last, and, lo! he who had always been so quick to avenge now for-

gave. More than that, he justified. He perceived that, on the whole, Rufus Couch had summed up the facts correctly; that Nance, in accepting Rufe's hand, was only following the guidance of her maternal instincts. That she still loved him, but had laid her love upon a sacrificial altar, was plain to Ash.

This idea of sacrifice, of vicarious suffering, grew upon him. Lately certain high aspirations had settled upon himself, like doves of heaven. He had resolved, for instance, never to drink another drop of whiskey, to work with might and main that he might ameliorate his poverty, never to leave Nance any unnecessary chores to do, never again to unbridle his tongue against her, never to deny her, as he had too often in the past, any of the trinkets dear to a woman's heart. But these resolutions paled before the great service which, it was now revealed to him, lay within his bestowal. This was nothing less than the obliteration of himself from Nance's life, that she might never have cause to question the wisdom of her present course or plague herself with vain regrets.

His renunciation did not spring full-fledged into being. It was born in travail, like all earthly things. But it grew apace and waxed stronger with the days. Prudence counseled him to leave the mountain at once. But he cringed momentarily before the terrors of that unknown, hostile land called "Below," where alone he could bury his identity beyond peradventure of discovery, and he persuaded himself that it would be better to tarry until Nance's marriage was a fact.

However, in order to run no risk of being seen, he took up his habitation in the somber, boulder-strewn solitude of the Bald, where the noble arboreal growth of the side was replaced by an occasional stunted, deformed shrub, clinging to the crevice from which it sucked its scanty nourishment, scorched by the summer sun, twisted and frozen and threshed about by winter's furies; and where the swift shadow of an eagle or the gray streak of a startled lizard was the only sign of sentient life.

Yet happiness found him out even here—a still, hushed, voiceless happiness, in keeping with the soundless void around.



He daily grew thinner, his skin dried up like parchment, and a feverish light shone from his eyes; but when he lay on his back at night and looked up at the flaring stars—so near that in fancy he could hear the rush and roar of conflagration under the cosmic draughts of heaven—he felt God's invisible but beatific smile, and caught the echo of His "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

Nance's wedding-bells were to ring his knell—send him into an exile scarcely less dreaded than death. Yet the preliminaries of her marriage became of absorbing interest to him. He kept the homes of Jethro Haws and Rufus Couch under constant surveillance, often tramping the four miles between the two several times a day. As blindness sharpens the ears, distance sharpened his perception and deduction. He knew when Nance set out for her divorce, accompanied by her father and old Squire Galum, Little Thunder's only legal luminary. He knew when she bought the stuff for her wedding-gown. He also saw the coming of the furniture for her new home. He saw the people flock in, by families and by wagon-loads, from far away, to see the new house with its twenty windows, kerosene lamps, and other marvels.

Finally, when the maples were flinging out their scarlet banners and the nights were sharp with frost, an unwonted activity about the Haws cabin, and the arrival of three or four aunts and uncles of Nance's who lived at a distance, left Ash in no doubt that the morrow would be the wedding-day.

His excitement must at least have matched the bride's. With the morbid self-depreciation which had now become habitual, he had no doubt that this marriage was regarded by Nance as of much more importance than her former one, for the first groom was a ne'er-do-well, but the present one the richest man on Little Thunder. He yearned to figure in it, however humbly. He wanted to make her a present anonymously. But, cut off from stores and his kind, what could he send?

As his eyes fell upon a clump of asters he remembered her love, almost her passion, for these beautiful, wild harbingers of the twilight of the year; remembered

how, when they flung their nodding, delicate sprays from every fence-corner, she would fill her arms with the pretty "blue-faces," as she called them.

So at midnight, bearing a great sheaf of the finest plants he could find, he stole down to her cabin, with a tumultuous heart, and set them in a piggin of rain-water, that they might keep fresh. Then from the dark shadow of a bush he gazed hungrily at the low window in the north loft, formerly Nance's room, and presumably now occupied by her.

"Good-by, Nancy, good-by!" he whispered.

He set out for his cabin for the first time since his return, trusting himself, owing to the lateness of the hour, to the road. Before she and Couch should be made man and wife he expected to be miles away. Where? He asked himself the question as he prepared for the journey, removing his beard and trimming his shaggy hair, laying the shears and razor away, and obliterating all traces of his visit. Below—but just where?

At the sight of his bed—*her* bed—illuminated by the yellow flare of the "lightwood" on the hearth, a great weariness seized him. His limbs ached, and all the hardness of all the rocks on which he had been sleeping seemed to gather in the muscles of his back.

"I'll drap down hyer a couple of hours," he said aloud to himself, as he had fallen into the habit of doing. "Lemme see! I'll rise in time to git as fer as Bone Gap by sunup. From the Gap I'll slip down to Peewee Valley. From thar I'll take the fust road I see a gray hoss on. A gray hoss is a sign of luck ef no red-haired woman air nigh. Then I'll—I'll—"

He slept. Tired was his body, and easy his couch. The tension was over, his interest gone. Henceforth he had but to drift like an autumn leaf before November's gusts. He not only slept, therefore; he overslept. When he awoke he blinked in amazement. The door, which he had carefully closed, was open, and a lusty sun was flooding the room with light and warmth.

He rubbed his eyes, but the hallucination only deepened. Over a cheerful fire a bubbling pot hung from the crane. A child, like his own little Jude, but bigger,





*Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.*

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth.

"YOU'VE HAD RIGHT SMART OF A NAP, HONEY," SAID SHE.







played on the floor. Nance was sitting in a rude rocker which he had once made for her on a rainy day, with only a draw-knife, a saw, and an auger for tools, and without nails or glue. It was her favorite chair, and she was in her favorite attitude. With elbows upon knees and her chin in her palms, she smiled at him in quite her old way.

"You've had right smart of a nap, honey," said she.

"What time is it?" he demanded, vacantly.

"Nigh on to airly dinner-time." She laughed a little with suppressed excitement at his bewilderment, and approached his bed. The shine in her eyes was unearthly bright, and he shrank a little. "I reckon you ain't got the sleep outen your eyes yet," she continued. "What did you think when you come home last night and didn't find me hyer?"

He stared at her intently, suspiciously. "Nance, air that you a-talkin', or air it your sperit?"

"It's me, Ash."

"Lemme feel your hand."

She slipped it into his. "Don't you see it's me!" she exclaimed, playfully. But her smiling face suddenly crinkled under a very different emotion, and with a quick, sharp cry she flung herself upon him. "My pore boy, you're so thin!"

How long she remained there, without speech, clinging to his neck, he never knew. But at last she sat up and wiped her eyes.

"You broke jail, honey?" she asked, anxiously.

"No. Payrolled out fer good behavior. They give me a suit of clothes, a railroad ticket to Pardeeville, and a five-dollar greenback." He paused. What had brought her to the cabin he could not guess. He only knew that his treacherous sleep had betrayed him into her hands.

"Not that suit you got on."

"No." He paused again. There seemed no way of threading the maze except with the guiding lamp of truth. "Nance, I didn't come back last night. I come back two months ago. I heerd you war goin' to marry Rufe Couch. I heerd it from your lips and his'n, layin' by the spring, where I'd sneaked down to see you alone if I could. Looked to me like it war the best thing fer both

you and the boy, and I decided to clear out and never disturb you no more. I waited to make sure thar'd be no slip, and I war goin' away last night, but that overpowerin' sleep ketched me like a weasel in a trap. I'll go to-night. Nobody but you knows I'm hyer."

"Nobody but me!" The old drollery came into her blue-black eyes. "Go, sugar-pie, and when you're tired of wanderin', make sure I'm right hyer waitin' fer you."

"But little Jude thar—his eddication!" he faltered.

"Listen, Ash! Last night I never slept except once, and that little Jude there come to me in a dream; but he was a grown man, just back from school, and looked so fine and handsome. But instead of kissin' me he frowned and said: 'Nance Whipple—fer that's your name—I've found my daddy. He was cold and hungry and dirty, and he said to me, 'Jude, your mommy sold her soul fer a painted house and an ar'n stove.'" Ash, I knew then I could never marry Rufe Couch. I got right up and called mommy, and before sunup I was riding hyerwards, with Jude on one arm and a basket that mommy had packed fer me on the other. I warn't goin' to give dad a chance to turn me out. And when I seen you layin' on that bed, I knew that dream had been sent to me."

As feels a shipwrecked sailor who has long breasted wind and wave and finds sudden safety and repose on an unsuspected isle, so felt Ash Whipple as he sat with Jude in his arms and watched Nance set the table. But at last he broke the spell of contented silence.

"Nance, I mought ride over to the Run and engage the pa'son when he comes, and go on down to Holly Tree fer a marriage license, and you and me be tied up ag'in to-night. Sich of your relatives as want to come air welcome; sich as don't kin face t'other way."

"Just as you please, Ash. No hurry so fer's I'm concerned. My sleep won't be no less sound to-night, merridge or no merridge," said Nance, sturdily, as she skilfully swung out the crane. "I never did feel as if that divorce unmarried me, and I'm thinkin' in the eyes of God it didn't, no matter what the mounting might say."



# Instinctive Activity in Animals

SOME RECENT EXPERIMENTS AND OBSERVATIONS

BY JOHN B. WATSON

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OWING to the increasing demand on the part of the public for a critical survey and evaluation of existing methods of child instruction, and to the widespread scientific attention to the subject of the development of mental life, there has come renewed interest in the study of the early forms of instinctive activity both in the child and in the animal. The students of experimental evolution, too, becoming more and more dissatisfied with the Darwinian conception of instinct—calling as it does for a belief in the “fitness” or “adaptiveness” of all forms of instinctive action—are asking the comparative psychologists to re-examine the forms of animal activity in the light of recent data which have been gathered by experimentally controlling the process of evolution—data which I may say in passing are revolutionizing our present theory of evolution. Both to bring the work in animal behavior in line with these newer facts on evolution, and to assist the child psychologist in his problems, we need to have more exact knowledge of the different types of “native” or “untutored” activity in child and animal.

To what extent are animals supplied with “true instincts”—that is, inherited fixed modes of responding to definite objects or classes of objects which arise independently of tuition, and to what extent are they equipped with more plastic forms of activity which need to be fixed and made definite by tuition in one form or another? If there are animals, species or individuals, which have a faulty equipment of instincts, how do they overcome the difficulty and supplement a poor inheritance; in other words, to what extent can the process of “habit formation” come to usurp, to displace, and to improve upon the more primitive instinctive functions? We

must know more than we do at present about the way instincts unfold themselves: we need to know the age at which instincts appear and the order in which they appear; their complexity on first appearance; their further course of development and the objects and situations which call them into being. This search for the objects and situations which bring out instinctive response is of very great importance, since it leads to means of fostering the growth of desirable tendencies, and to the suppression of those undesired.

In the process of returning answers to these questions and to many others of equal importance, there has grown up a large mass of controversial literature. Discussion in the past, however, has been based too much upon opinion, presupposition, and prejudice, and not enough upon earnest scrutiny of the actions of animals under conditions of experimental control. Naturally we ought to expect such conflicts until students of behavior have had long enough time to watch the daily routine of animals from birth to maturity. The data which will finally solve these various problems will come from the experimental study of young animals whose associations with other animals are known, and whose stock of intelligent habits is known. We must bring up certain members of a given species in isolation from their kind in order to watch the development of activity without tuition, and compare the results with those obtained from a set of similar experiments in which the animals are brought up in social contact with fellows of their own age and with adults of the same species. In this laborious way, and only in this way, will we be able to trace the origin of the various types of action, and put ourselves in a position finally to plan our courses of training for child and animal



according to a scientific, yet wholly natural, method.

The start we have made in the laboratory and in the field upon our task is a very modest one. We have reached certain results which bear upon the question of the different types of activity displayed by the young animal during the period of most rapid growth. Incidentally several of the other questions raised a moment ago are touched upon.

Our results in so far as they have been reported seem to show that there are at least three great divisions or classes into which we may provisionally throw the acts of animals: Instincts essentially perfect upon their first appearance; instincts which must be supplemented by habit; and finally, random activity of instinctive origin. It must not be supposed that these three classes are bounded by hard-and-fast lines. As a matter of fact, instincts shade off into one another in such a way that an absolute classification cannot be made.

Experiment shows that young animals without previous tuition from parents or from their mates and without assistance from the human observer can and do perform the correct act the very first time they are in a situation which calls for such an act. In other words, when the animal reaches the proper age and meets with the proper stimulus (object), it will behave in such a way that the uninitiated observer might well believe that the animal has been trained to respond in this highly special way.

The most complete piece of experimental work bearing upon this subject is that of Professor Yerkes and Mr. Bloomfield. These investigators, working jointly in the Harvard Psychological Laboratory, made a test of the question, "Do kittens instinctively kill mice?" This question had been answered in the negative about three years ago by Dr. C. S. Berry, who worked in the same laboratory. Dr. Berry reached the conclusion that "cats are credited with more instincts than they really possess. It is commonly reported that they have an instinctive liking for mice, and that mice have an instinctive fear of cats. It is supposed that the odor of a mouse will arouse a cat, and that the odor of a cat will frighten a mouse. My experiments

tend to show that this belief is not in harmony with the facts. When cats over five months old were taken into the room where mice were kept they did not show the least sign of excitement. A cat would even allow a mouse to perch upon its back without attempting to injure it. Nor did the mice show any fear of the cats. I have seen a mouse smell at the nose of a cat without showing any sign of fear." . . . It was not until the manx kittens had seen the mother cat catch and kill the mice and had eaten of the prey that they learned to do likewise. According to Dr. Berry, it is by *imitation* that the average cat learns to kill and eat mice.

Professor Yerkes and Mr. Bloomfield made a much more extensive test upon the more common varieties of cats. They worked with eight kittens belonging to two separate litters. The animals were brought up by hand and were kept free from the influence of older cats. They tested the kittens with mice much more often and more systematically than did Dr. Berry. When first tested the kittens were too young and undeveloped to notice the mice. The instinct was yet "dormant." In succeeding tests it became perfectly clear that as soon as the kittens reached the proper age—as soon as the instinct "ripened," as Professor William James has expressed it—the congenital mode of response appeared. The authors describe in a very clear and interesting way the behavior of one of the kittens in one of the tests: "No. 7 was attracted by the movement of the mouse and touched it with his nose. He then left it. After twelve minutes he happened to be so placed that he could see the mouse as it began to move. For a few seconds he watched as if fascinated by the sight. Then he moved directly and quickly in spite of the shakiness of his legs to the mouse and seized it in his mouth by the middle of the back, at the same time biting hard and bending his head to the floor so that one paw could be placed firmly on the body of the mouse. In a few seconds he had bitten the mouse to death. Without pause the process of eating was begun. It proved a difficult task, notwithstanding the tenderness of the mouse, but after ten minutes of difficult effort and much gagging it was com-



pleted." This kitten was only one month old, and was still weak and shaky in its movements. The negative results reached by Dr. Berry were possibly due to the fact that a different variety of cat was used in his experiment; a more probable explanation is that he did not begin his tests with the animals at a young enough age nor make the tests at frequent enough intervals.

From the field observations of young birds and insects we find similar cases of highly perfected modes of response. In my own observations of the development of the young noddy and sooty terns on Bird Key in the Dry Tortugas, it is quite clear that there are many instincts of the congenital type. When first hatched the birds are about as helpless as the chick. No sign of fear is present. If they are allowed to develop normally in the nest, fear, with its complex series of defensive and offensive attitudes, appears in a very few days. By the end of the third day it becomes next to impossible to take them from the nest and rear them, since they steadfastly refuse to eat. On the other hand, if one takes them a few hours after birth one can rear them by hand almost without loss. The instincts connected with fear become suppressed, and habits of responding to the experimenter are formed to take their place. Even on the first day of their life one can notice certain acts connected with the taking of food from the parent which are characteristic of the species. During the first three days many other complex acts appear, such as the choice of sleeping posture, continued "yawning," preening of the feathers; all acts which are carried out after the model of the parent. These acts appear just as clearly in the young reared in isolation from the adult birds. On the sixth and seventh days one can observe the presence of the fighting instinct in the young birds reared by hand. The movements are complicated, involving coordinations of beak and wing muscles, legs, and of the larger trunk muscles. It appears almost full blown and after the exact pattern of the act of the adult. Certain other instincts, such as that of keeping the nest clean, appear even when the birds are taken from the nest and allowed to grow up in a bare room free

from anything which suggests a nest. Others do not show themselves until after the fighting responses appear, such as "sunning" and those connected with fishing, migrating, mating, etc. The field observations of Professor F. H. Herrick on many different species of birds show in an equally clear way the congenital nature of many of these responses. Along with these so-called adaptive responses there are many which are not adaptive; acts which appear without tuition, but which are not of such a nature as to help in the development of the animal.

It is both tempting and convenient to class all of the great life-maintaining acts in animals, such as those connected with reproduction, with the formation of burrows and the building of nests and dams, under this head of perfected congenital responses, but no one has yet made a careful experimental study of them, and we do not therefore know those which are perfect from the first from those which have to be learned, either by a slow "trial-and-error" method or by imitation and other forms of social influence.

The second class of acts contains those instincts which are partially congenital but not completely so. Many of the acts of animals, even of the simplest and most necessary kind, appear at first in a very imperfect and halting way. These acts must be perfected before they become of maximum service to the animal.

Professor Breed, of Michigan University, while working in the Harvard laboratory, undertook to test the accuracy and perfectness of some of the fundamental acts of the chick. He chose for the work the all-important act of pecking. It appears that this act for purposes of exact study must be divided into three separate responses: striking (at small grains, for example), seizing, and swallowing. He measured to what extent each of these divisions is perfect at birth; and since all were imperfect, he made daily tests of the increase in accuracy. Pecking as a whole improved very rapidly for the first two days, then more slowly, until the maximum of efficiency was attained about the twenty-fifth day. Striking improved most rapidly, being almost perfect by the fifth day, while seizing improved most slowly. From



Breed's work it appears that the effect of social influence—of having present older chicks which had already perfected the act—was hardly noticeable. Each chick had to learn the act by his own unaided efforts.

That social influence, in the form of imitation, rivalry, or in whatever other ways social influence may exert its effect, does play a rôle in shaping the early responses of certain other animals comes out clearly in the work of Conradi at Clark University. This investigator reared English sparrows in the presence of canaries, keeping them from birth separate from their own kind. The first sparrow was captured when one day old, and was reared by a canary foster-mother. During the growing period this sparrow was isolated from all other sparrows and placed in a room containing about twenty canaries. The native characteristic "chirp" first developed. As time went on this was given less and less, being gradually replaced by the "peep" which is natural to the canaries. The sparrow improved in his vocal efforts by this kind of training; gaining the confidence finally to chime in when the canaries would burst into song. A second sparrow was captured when two weeks old, and was reared in a room with the canaries. The regular sparrow chirp had, of course, already developed by this time. After being with the canaries for a time he developed a song which more or less resembled that of the canaries—it was certainly something very different from the ordinary song of the sparrow. Dr. Conradi says: "At first his voice was not beautiful; it was hoarse. It sounded somewhat like the voice of the female canaries when they try to sing. He sang on a lower scale; he often tried to reach higher notes, but did not succeed. Later he learned to trill in a soft, musical manner." In both these cases the call notes of the canaries were adopted. These two sparrows were then taken from under the tutelage of the canaries and placed in a room where they could hear the song and call-notes of adult sparrows. For the first two or three weeks the integrity of the song and call-notes learned from the canaries was maintained. At the end of the sixth week, however, they had lost practically every vestige of the acquired canary song.

It is impossible to say just how many of the more complicated acts of animals, which up to the present time have been supposed to be implanted by "nature" in a highly finished form, really belong to this group that has to be supplemented and improved by tuition in one form or another. I strongly suspect that the number of instincts which are really congenitally perfect is very small indeed, and that this second class will be found to be much larger than we have experimental grounds for affirming it to be at the present time.

The third class of responses which may, in lieu of a better name, be called random activity, is one which appears for the first time in the life of the child or animal in a yet more indefinite form. In the former two classes of instincts there is displayed upon the part of the animal the attempt, which is always more or less successful, to respond to some object or class of objects, such as striking and seizing food, picking up sticks, straws, and shells, digging in earth or wood, escape from an enemy, and attack upon prey or enemy. In the present class of acts neither is the muscular response definite, nor is the object calling it forth specific and well defined. I have in mind the random acts of children and all higher animals which are made in response to the indefinite stimulation of warmth and cold, smells and tastes, light and darkness, hunger and thirst. The higher we go in the animal scale the greater is the number of these random movements. It has been said that the human child has no instincts at all comparable with those of the animal, but this is true only with respect to the first two classes of instincts. As regards the presence of the third class of instinctive activity, it is certainly true that the child is sensitive to a wider range of stimuli and can respond to such stimuli by a more varied assortment of movements than any other animal. It is these random movements which are utilized in building up the great store of habits which make the artisan, the musician, the actor, the financier, and the conventional society man.

How habit formation is built upon these random acts shows at its best in the way the very young child learns to



control the simple objects in its environment. The bright, noisy rattle if presented to a child only a few months old will almost immediately call forth movements from the hands, the mouth, the feet, and, in fact, from the whole body. None of these acts is especially directed toward this object because of any inherent qualities in it; substitute any small, bright, noisy object and the movements will still be called forth. If we continue to confront the infant with the rattle, however, the hands at some time or other are most likely to come into contact with it, and the child learns slowly and by repeated trials that it can control the article in this way. As soon as the habit of controlling it with the hands is established, the movements in the other parts of the body are no longer called forth, and this one object soon comes to bring out as definite an act from the child as the mouse calls out in the kitten. The more complex habits of eating, speaking, and of reading, writing, and drawing, are built thus by combining these fundamental random acts into systems.

The animals are much like the child in this respect. They also, at least in all the higher forms, are equipped with a wide series of indefinite forms of action. When the hungry puppy is confronted with a puzzle-box containing food, the entrance to which is come at only by pulling out a plug which holds the door, he has no fixed instinctive act which is going to help him out of his difficulty. He attacks the problem as best he can by clawing at the box everywhere, biting, pushing, and pulling everything seen and touched. In this group of random acts some one act will bring success. If the difficulty is presented often enough, the animal forms the habit of reacting with the right movement just as the child learns to act properly when he sees the rattle. The useless random activity dies away, and the useful act or acts become ingrained in the form of a habit. From the casual observer's standpoint there is no difference between a perfect habit and a perfect instinct. We can separate the two only by the "genetic" method I have already described.

Children differ enormously as regards the types of objects, relations, and situations which call forth these random

responses. Two children under my close observation developed different tendencies at a very early age. The first, a girl, was surrounded from her second birthday with trains and mechanical toys of several varieties. Almost no kind of real interest was displayed anywhere between the ages of two and six. The boy, on the other hand, early began to attempt to control these toys, taking up the broken and battered fire-engines, wagons, and trains which had been discarded by his sister. By the time he reached his fourth year the greater part of his playtime was given over to these toys and to the use of what tools were allowed him. I am not arguing here for any fundamental differentiation in the early activity of the two sexes—there may or may not be such differences. But certainly it is clearly established that children differ enormously and fundamentally in their modes of response to the various objects, persons, and conditions that surround them.

This brings us to the practical reasons for putting so much time upon the study of animal instincts, and for making us look with interest upon the very preliminary and tentative beginnings which have been made in the field of instinctive control. As adults we are interested in instinctive tendencies because we realize that our whole lives have been influenced in many surprising and unaccountable ways by them. They determine in large measure our choice of companions, occupations, and our pleasures. I doubt though if we go about in any intelligent way the process of getting the most out of our "favorable" tendencies, or that of the suppression of such other tendencies as hamper us through life. In the education of most of us there probably has been as much neglect in eradicating our undesirable tendencies as there has been failure in singling out and encouraging those which would have made for individual fitness. Any instructor who has had long experience with students can clearly see in many otherwise promising men uneradicated traces of secretiveness, shyness, and diffidence, of too great assertiveness, and of other tendencies which produce a lack of balance in the individual, and which put him at a disadvantage in close competition. I feel that these seemingly slight, yet really distress-



ing, drawbacks to a career might have been prevented had there been sufficient care spent in an early singling out of the tendencies which underlie them, and in taking active measures for their eradication.

The recognition of the possibility of selecting a pursuit in life in line with an individual's tendencies has led to the idea of "vocational training," and to the establishment of "vocational bureaus," to which the youth may go for tests as to his probable future in certain lines of work, and for general advice as to the type of work he is best fitted to take up. Indeed, we hear much sounding of trumpets as to our being able at the present time to make such tests and to point out the proper door of commerce or art for our candidate to enter. So far as concerns the possibility of our being able in the years to come to offer helpful guidance along such lines there can be little doubt. But two things must precede any rapid progress in this direction. In the first place we must go much further than we have at present gone in establishing a technique for making such tests. We can make tests upon memory and attention, upon sensory equipment and upon the acquisition of skill; we can tell when a man is color-blind, and naturally we should be able to advise him against taking up railway engineering or piloting as a profession. We should not advise a man who had deficient hearing, poor pitch memory, and deficient contact sensitivity to go in for a musical career. We know a lot about the factors which go to make up a good journalist, a good diplomat, an excellent judge, a powerful tragedian, and an amusing comedian, but we know these things as the common man knows them. They are not susceptible in the present state of our science of exact formulation. Still more difficult is it to seize upon the early manifestations of these tendencies with sufficient clearness to make our predictions safe and to guard against the possibility of doing serious harm. Now that psychologists are breaking away from academic tradition and are willing to admit that psychology has practical outlets, there is no question in my mind but that the next few years will be fruitful in giving us such a technique.

The other serious obstacle our voca-

tional psychologist will still have to combat even after the above technique is established is the way in which elementary instruction is given. Children are grouped and taught in common from the kindergarten through the college course. Yearly and in some cases oftener the child passes into the hands of a new teacher. The new teacher takes the group in entire ignorance of the impulses, tendencies, strains, and aptitudes of the individual members composing it. Some of the necessary evils of such a system are, first, that certain early tendencies are not watched closely enough and checked while incipient—such as exaggerated opinions of one's own capabilities and powers; tendencies toward seclusion; tendencies toward the acquisition of property and ideas belonging to others, leading on the one hand possibly toward paranoia, melancholia, and other functional nervous diseases, and on the other hand toward criminality. I do not doubt but that early scrutiny of tendencies and the prompt enforcement of corrective habits would spare us many a neuropath and many a criminal, even though in such cases the hereditary equipment be poor. Secondly, many incipient tendencies if properly fostered would lead probably to genius, certainly to a higher average of efficiency. These latter under the present system are unnoted, or are at least uncultivated, and soon die away through lack of stimulation. The main result arrived at by the end of the college course through the system of education in vogue is to give us a body of highly respectable young men and young women conforming rather closely to a common standard of attainment and behavior, but lacking in individuality, and relatively at sea as to how to attack the real problems of life. They are more or less unacquainted with their own possibilities and capabilities, and are fearful of what the future may hold in store for them. They are undecided as to what pursuit to follow. If opulent, they choose the line of least resistance, following parent or guardian into commerce, law, or medicine. If in a less fortunate financial status, they seize the first opening, becoming teachers, clerks, and technical assistants. In a few years many of them after attaining a fixed low level of ef-



iciency realize too late their mistake in the choice of pursuit; but habits gained during these years have crystallized about them, and they are too timid to make new ventures.

This condition of affairs makes vocational tests and vocational predictions exceedingly difficult. Something might be gained by educating a new type of teacher—a research, secondary and high-school teacher combined, one capable of taking a small group of children through the formative period from the earliest grammar grades to graduation from the high school. Wouldn't it be a safe experiment to give three such teachers, with their work suitably differentiated, the responsibility of bringing up a squad of twenty children? Under such a system they might carefully note the individual tendencies, impulses, capabilities, and defects in each child, and could shape their methods of training intelligently. The teacher called for in such work would have to be an investigator: he would look upon his task as a special problem re-

quiring all the care exercised by the research man in the universities. In the laboratories the biologists count as nothing the years of toil given over to the study of the inheritance of certain characters in plants and animals. They patiently record the slightest variation in the successive generations of the forms, noting those which are like the parent stock and those which vary from the original stock. Why shouldn't we train our secondary teachers to face the problem of the development of the child's mind in this same patient way? Their body of records bearing upon the course of the development of the children in their charge would be important material for the advancement of child psychology in general, and would serve as a basis for the tests and predictions of the vocational psychologist. The latter with such data at hand and with what other facts he could glean from his laboratory tests would be in a position to help shape the vocational future of the youth with some assurance.

## Mother

BY THERESA HELBURN

I HAVE praised many loved ones in my song,  
                     And yet I stand  
 Before her shrine, to whom all things belong,  
                     With empty hand.

Perhaps the ripening future holds a time  
                     For things unsaid;  
 Not now; men do not celebrate in rhyme  
                     Their daily bread.





# THE EVIL EYE.

Written and Illustrated by  
Howard Pyle.

and three cows, so that he was well-to-do in this world. His farm was good land where everything grew that was planted in the earth, so that he was very fortunate.

Besides these things, he was engaged to be married to a sweet, good, handsome girl, by name Caterina Malafaci, who, in spite of her name, was very desirable, for there was not her like to be found in that part of the country.

She lived with her father and mother in a little shop as you entered the village, where they sold wine and strawberries and cherries, and poultry all picked and ready for the cooking. She had skin as smooth as a glove and hair that was the color of a ripe chestnut.

There was another girl in the village named Niccola Pisalli, who was also as good-looking a creature as God's sun shone upon. She had an olive face as smooth and round as a freshly laid egg. Her eyes were as black as jet, and so was her hair, but it was soft and glossy as fine black silk. A lock of this hair would continually fall down across her face and over one eye, so that she had every now and then to brush it into its place with the back of her hand. Her eyes were strange and very black, and her figure was as round as a sausage.

She had a mother who was a witch; you had but to look at her face to know that. For her nose was hooked, her eyes were deep, and her face was the color of tanned leather, and so covered with wrinkles that I do not believe there was any place on it where you could have laid a split pea and not have covered a wrinkle. She had long, straight hair the color of flax, and now and then a wisp of it would fall across her face and over one eye just as Niccola's did.

The devil himself was her friend, for when she walked abroad in the streets

**I**N the old, old days there lived near Bagno di Ripoli a farmer by the name of Giovanni Riposali. He was young and handsome. He had black eyes and black hair, and a smooth, round neck as brown as a hazel-nut, upon which his head was set, balanced like an apple. He owned his house, his farm, two horses,



the people would hear her talk, talk, talking to somebody whom no one saw. She was not talking to herself at these times, for she was very deaf, so who else would she have been talking to but the devil? Every one who passed the old woman upon the street hurried by her, looking another way and making the sign of the horns behind their backs. For she looked very sharply and keenly at every one she passed, and her eyes were like sharp needles that pierced one through and through. When she was angry they would shine green, like those of an angry cat.

These four people are the people concerning whom this story is written, and upon them it stands founded as a house stands founded upon four square stones. These four were Giovanni, and Caterina, and Niccola, and the old witch. From these latter two came all the mischief that afterward happened and concerning which I have now to tell you.

Niccola Pisalli suddenly fell in love with Giovanni. How it came about I cannot tell you, but one day he passed the house upon his way to see Caterina, and at that time Niccola was standing leaning upon the door-frame. His cheeks were as red as apples, and his face shone with happiness from within. Niccola looked at him; Cupid shot his arrow, and it pierced her through the heart.

That evening Signora Pisalli came into the house from where she had been abroad buying some little onions and pickled fish. Niccola was weeping alone

in the kitchen. Signora Pisalli saw her, but she paid no attention to her. She went about her business, and Niccola wept and wept. By and by Signora Pisalli said: "What ails you, girl? You cry and cry and do no work."

Niccola flounced about her body and wiped her eyes. She appeared to be very angry. "Nothing ails me," she said, "except that I do not feel well this morning."

Signora Pisalli did not say anything more just then. She went about her work talking to herself, and the devil, no doubt, heard every word that she said, and God above only knows what he thought of it. By and by she came to Niccola and caught her by the wrist. "Stop your crying, girl," she said, "and tell me what ails you." She held Niccola's wrist tighter and tighter, until she could hardly help crying out with pain. "Tell me," said the old woman again, "or I'll break your arm."

Then Niccola cried out: "Do not squeeze me so! I will tell you what ails me. I have just heard that Giovanni Riposali is to be married in four weeks to Caterina Malafaci."

Signora Pisalli winked very hard at this, then she burst out laughing. She cackled and cackled in her laughter, like an old

hen over a new-laid egg. "Hah," she said, "is that the way the little breeze blows? And are you running after Caterina Malafaci's white bull?"

Then she let Niccola go, and the girl went sullenly back to her work again, sniffing every now and then as she did



HE WAS ENGAGED TO CATERINA



so. By and by the old woman came back at her again as a fly returns to a sore place. She began by saying: "Hah, well, with a town full of young men, why could you not choose somebody for a sweetheart besides Giovanni Riposali? Is he the only apple in the loft? Is he the only plum on the tree? Hah, well; let it pass as it is! For it cannot be different. So that is the end of it. I did not make you have a notion for him, and now I cannot break it. Hah, well, wipe your mouth and sup your broth. There have been sicker cats than you cured in the world. So open your eyes and laugh again."

"What do you mean?" said Niccola.

"I will show you," said the old woman.

The next day she came to Niccola and gave her a little coral hand with the finger crooked, and where she got it the blessed Angel Gabriel alone can tell. She said to Niccola: "Hang this about your neck, and by and by you will find that Giovanni will come to you of his own free will, if you wish him to. As long as you live and wear that coral hand, that long will he cling to you as a snail clings to the wall."

Then she said: "Also you hate Caterina, and you wish her ill. Is not that so, my cherry?"

Niccola's eyes shot out with green fire, and she clenched her hand as though with a spasm. "Yes," she cried, "I hate her! I hate her! I hate her! I wish she were dead, and I had my heel on her face!"

Again the old witch cackled in her laughter like an old hen over a new-laid egg. "Not so fast as that," she said—"not so fast as that, my cherry. Do not wish such a thing as death to anybody, or you will maybe get us both into a peck of trouble. Listen to me, my dear one. Point your finger at Caterina and wish her ill, and ill will come to her as sure as the spider tangles a fly. But wish her ill, and do not wish her dead; for, if she died, it would pull down trouble on us both."

So Niccola pointed her finger at Caterina as her mother had told her to do, and she wished that ill might befall her, and she hung the coral hand about her neck and looked to catch Giovanni.

Well, that evening Giovanni passed by Niccola's door, as he had done before. He looked up the street and down the street; no one was in sight. He came to where Niccola was standing, and when she saw him coming she smiled upon him so that her teeth glittered like white pearls between her red lips. Her eyes shone with green fire, and she fixed them upon him. He looked at her as a rabbit looks at a serpent; he could not take his eyes from her. "I wonder what ails me?" he said. "I have been thinking of you all day. Did I dream of you last night? Maybe that is what is the matter with me." Her laugh at this was like glass balls that tinkle when they fall. Then she stretched out her finger and touched him upon the lapel of his jacket. Her touch went through every vein of his body like thrilling fire. "And how about Caterina?" said she.

If she had poured a cup of cold water down Giovanni's back she could not have cooled him more suddenly.

"I am going to see her now," he said, but his voice did not ring with a joyful sound, as it should have done when he was going to court his sweetheart. He felt now that the image of Caterina was thin and cold in his mind, and that the image of Niccola was clear and warm.

He went to Caterina's house. Her father and mother were there, but trouble hung over them like dark smoke. Caterina had been



SHE POINTED HER FINGER AT CATERINA





ONE OF THE HORSES FELL  
DEAD IN THE FIELD

taken sick that morning and was now in bed. They did not know what ailed her; maybe she had eaten too many cherries from the tree.

Giovanni knew that he ought to feel sorry at this news, but he did not. He thought of Niccola. Now he would go and see her again. He did not know what ailed him. The thought of Niccola clung to him like a leech and sucked his blood. He went back past Niccola's house, but Niccola was not there. She had gone indoors, and so he went home still thinking of her.

Every day now he stopped to talk to Niccola as he went by to Caterina's house. His passion for her grew more and more hot and strong every time he

saw her. It was like putting fat upon the fire. The flames blazed up hotter and hotter. Niccola was always at the door when he passed. He was there more and more often, standing and talking to her.

The desire to see her would come upon him perhaps in the morning at his work. He would fight against it. It would grow stronger and stronger the more he fought it. Then he would quit his work and go to her. There would be Niccola by the door waiting for him, and he would stand and talk to her, and then would go away with his heart full of fire.

Now and then he would see her mother moving about within the house and grinning like an evil spirit. He shuddered at the sight of her, but still he could not tear himself loose from Niccola.

Sometimes he would hate Niccola with all his heart, but the more he hated her the more his heart would go out to her.

One morning Niccola smiled at him and said: "How about Caterina? You are to marry her in two weeks now."

It was as though an icicle had slid down his back. Marry Caterina! He shuddered. "I shall never marry her," he said, "but I will marry you if you will have me, for I love you with the root of my life."

Then Niccola laughed and turned away from him, and he frowned at her. But though he frowned he loved her from the bottom of his soul.

And every day Caterina grew whiter and whiter, and ate less and less. She was now as white as a napkin and ate only milk. That evening, after Giovanni had said what he had said to Niccola, he came to Caterina. He shuddered when he saw her white face and her thin cheeks. He turned his back to her and looked out of the window. By and by he said: "Caterina, you are sick and I cannot marry you. Were you well it would be different."

"Do you not love me, Giovanni?" said Caterina.



"No," said he, "I cannot love you any longer, for you are sick and as white as wood ashes."

Caterina began weeping, but he did not turn toward her, and by and by he went out of the house and left her father and mother to comfort her. He did not come back to her, and now he spent every evening talking to Niccola at her door.

The people of the village knew that Giovanni was not to marry Caterina and that he was now always with Niccola. They looked askance at him and passed him by without speaking. By and by it was known that he was going to marry Niccola. It was a great scandal. The priest came to Giovanni and talked with him. Would he break Caterina's heart? Did he know that Niccola had the name of being a witch? Thus he talked, saying many things, until Giovanni grew angry and ordered him away from the house.

Shortly after this he married Niccola.

But Giovanni did not really love her. He was bewitched by her, but he did not love her. She held him to her as by a fine string that nothing could break. She charmed him as a serpent charms a bullfinch. But though she charmed him, he did not love her. She was not happy, but she knew not what to do. She watched Giovanni, and saw that sometimes he shuddered at her.

She went to see her mother, and sat there weeping. "What is the matter with my cherry?" said the old woman.

"My husband does not love me," said Niccola.

The old woman cackled in her laughter. "You are married to him, are you not?" said she. "Well, what more do you want?"

"I want him to love me," said Niccola.

"Well, make him love you! Make him love you! Tell him to kiss you, and he will kiss you," said the old witch. "For, look you, you hold him as tight to you as though he were tied to you with a fine, strong cord."

So the next day Niccola said to Giovanni as he was about to go to his work, "Why do you leave me, beloved?"

"I have work to do and I must go and do it," said he.

Her eyebrows grew level and her eyes began to shine green. "Kiss me before you go," said she.

Giovanni sighed as though his heart was heavy; nevertheless he came to her, but with slow and heavy steps. She put up her lips and he kissed her. She, upon her part, kissed him as though she would bite him. Then he went out with another sigh. She was very angry; she clenched her smooth, round hands into fists, and ground her teeth together. She looked after Giovanni, and her eyes shone very brightly with green fire. "Well, you will be sorry for this," said



WHILE SHE STOOD LOOKING THE COW DIED



she. "I wish ill luck would come to you!"

And ill luck did come in answer.

That noon Giovanni came into the house as though he carried weights in his heels. He sat down upon a chair. He stretched out his feet in front of him as though he had been plowing, and his hands hung limp at his sides. "What is the matter with you?" said Niccola, for she had forgotten now that she had been angry with him.

"Matter enough," said he; "one of the horses fell dead in the field to-day. He will never work again, for he lies there with his heels in the air and is swollen as round as a bladder. I do not know what ailed him, but there he was where he fell, and now he is stone dead."

Niccola's face grew pale. She remembered now that she had been angry with Giovanni that morning, and had wished ill luck to him. Had she put the evil eye upon him? He had all of her heart, but she had the evil eye and she had brought him ill luck. She swore that she would never be angry with him again.

She came to him and laid her hand upon his shoulder, but he shuddered when she touched him.

Niccola lay awake all that night, sleeping not a wink. Her bright eyes looked into the gloom and she heard the cricket singing: "Chik! Chik! Chik!" What had she done to the man she loved? She had wished him ill, and ill had come to him and to her. For he was her husband, and, if he was poorer, so now was she also.

"Chik! Chik! Chik!" sang the cricket.

Well, she would repent. She would not be angry with him again. She would be gentle and kind and would love him with all of her heart.

"Chik! Chik! Chik!" sang the cricket.

She raised herself up on her elbow and looked at him in the gloom of the night. He was sleeping, but his eyes were heavy-lidded.

Again she swore to herself that she would never be angry again.

But many vows are made at night that are broken with the sun.

A week went by. Giovanni felt that people were afraid of his wife. He knew that this was so, and he could not blame them. He feared her himself, but he did not like the neighbors to turn their backs upon her. Still, he did not blame them. He was very unhappy. One morning at breakfast she sat opposite to him. The lock had fallen down across her eye. She looked this way and that, from one part of the room to another. She looked more like a witch than he had ever seen her. His bewitched heart went out in love to her, but he loathed her with the sound and healthy part of his life. He arose, put on his hat, and went out with a lowering face, speaking no word to her. Her eyes shot out sparks of green fire.

She was very angry at him. "Ill luck!" she whispered, "ill luck!"

Then she was frightened, but it was too late to call back her words.

That morning she was called to go out to the cow-shed. She went and found one of the cows lying upon its side, groaning most horribly. Giovanni was busily at work over the cow. He did not



THE VINES WERE DYING



speak to her, but while she stood there looking the cow died.

Giovanni came into the house, groaning like the cow. He flung himself into a chair, and sat with his back to Niccola. He did not speak to her. She went to him and put her hand upon his shoulder, but he shook it off.

Niccola threw her apron over her head and ran to her mother's house. Then she flung herself upon the ground, and her body was shaken with a passion of weeping. Just then her mother came in and saw her. "What ails my cherry?" said she.

Niccola sat up upon the floor and brushed back the wisp of hair from her face. "I wish I were dead," said she. "I love Giovanni with my whole heart, but I bring him misfortune. I grow angry with him without thinking, and then something is sure to happen to him. Last week it was one of the horses that died. This morning it is the cow that has had the colic in the cow-house and has just died. Giovanni sits at home in despair, and he hates me."

"Tell him to kiss you," said Signora Pisalli, "and he will do it. He is tied to you by magic, and he cannot help himself."

"Never again shall I ask him to kiss me," said Niccola. "He hates me, and I will not ask that of him."

"Well, then, go back home," said the old woman, "for I think you are a fool. You have him tied tight to you and he is yours. That is something."

So Niccola went back home again, but

"THE EVIL EYE," HE SAID

slowly, as though each shoe had a load of lead in it.

After that things went along for a little while smoothly enough. But by and by there was another quarrel between the two. It began with a little thing enough. It was a hair in the macaroni. He said that he did not know that he had married a sloven. This was the spark that set fire to the tow. She blazed at him with hot rage; he answered her with rage as hot. At last she asked him why he did not marry Caterina. She was as thin as a sick cat, God be thanked for it, but if she had been well and he had married her she would never have dropped a hair in the macaroni.

Giovanni was blind with rage. He leaped up from his chair, and, thrusting Niccola to one side, snatched up his hat and was gone. She staggered with the





thrust he gave her and fell into a chair. She sat there looking after him when he quitted the house. She was horribly angry, and her eyes sparkled with green fire, and her breath came as from a blacksmith's bellows. "May ill luck dog you!" she said. She sat there for a long time; then she recollected that her anger would bring evil upon them both, and she cried out, "Oh, God! I did not mean it!"

That evening Giovanni came stumbling into the house, his face white with despair. "I am ruined!" he cried. "A lot of my vines are dead and the rest are dying. I am a ruined man."

Niccola screamed at his news. She flung an apron over her head and ran out of the house. She looked. Yes, the vines were dying, and several of them were already dead. They were filled with long, green bunches of grapes; but of some the leaves were dead and brown, and of many others they were yellow, shriveled, and drooping.

She ran to her mother's house and sat there weeping until it was time for her to get the dinner ready for Giovanni.



MONTOFACINI THE MAGICIAN

She went home. She found Giovanni sunk in the same chair into which he had fallen an hour or two ago. But there was somebody there with him. It was the hired man, Carlo, and he was giving warning that he was going to leave.

"But why do you leave me?" said Giovanni, despairingly. "Why do you go? Is it because of me?"

"No, Signore," said the man, turning his cap about and about in his hands and studying it as he did so.

Giovanni cleared his throat, but his voice was husky. There was a lump of sorrow in his windpipe. His back was turned to the door and he did not see that Niccola was there. "Is it—is it because of my wife?" said he.

The man saw Niccola from where he stood. "God forbid, Signore," said he in great haste, and he lifted first one foot and then the other as though they stuck to the floor.

"Well," said Giovanni, dropping his head, "if you will go, you will go. Get your dinner first, and then you shall go."

"He shall have no dinner here!" said Niccola. "Carlo, you are a traitor to your master. Leave this house!"

Then Giovanni looked around and saw her. Her heart was bleeding for him. But she was burning with passion. Her cheeks were flaming, and her eyes were gleaming like those of a snake. Her brows were drawn straight across, and between them there was a line as deep as though carved with a knife.

Carlo muttered something about having no appetite. She made a gesture with her arms. "Go!" she cried, "and may ill luck or death follow you!" He slunk toward the door, making the sign of the horns behind her back. But the sign was made too late.

Niccola sat down. She was panting with her ebbing rage. Presently she arose and began preparing the dinner, looking sidewise at Giovanni. Every now and then she muttered to herself, as her mother did.

Presently a neighbor came knocking at the door. Giovanni opened the door to him. He did not come into the house, but stood at some little distance. "Your man Carlo," he said, "is sick in the road. Come to him as quickly as you can."



Giovanni's face grew as white as wax. He snatched up his hat and hurried into the road. There at a little distance away he saw a man lying upon the grass. Around him three other men were standing. Giovanni and the neighbor ran to where they were, and those who were standing there made room for him. He kneeled and tried to take Carlo's hand, but the man drew it from him. He was breathing short and quick, but with labored breath. His face was white, and there was froth streaked with blood upon his lips. His eyes, as heavy as lead, turned to Giovanni with a terrible look. "The evil eye," he said. Then he gave a tremor of the body and lay still. "He is dead," said the man who had come to Giovanni.

Giovanni looked from one to the other of the faces that gazed down at the dead man. They turned their eyes away and moved uneasily. Did they believe him to have the evil eye?

The next day Giovanni took his staff in his hand, put on his hat, and set forth to walk to Florence. He went to the house of Montofacini the Magician.

Giovanni found Montofacini alone in his house.

He was a tall, saturnine figure, with long, white hair and beard, and eyes deep-set beneath shaggy, bushy brows. They gleamed very brightly from their shadows. His hands were thin, and corded with veins and sinews. He was dressed in black velvet, and he had a crimson girdle about his waist with gold tassels at the end of it.

He was reading a great book that lay on the table in front of him, slowly turning the leaves one by one as he did so. He looked up from under his brows

at Giovanni as he entered and he said, "This is Giovanni Riposali, is it not?"

Giovanni was astonished.

"That is my name," said he, "but I do not remember ever having seen your Honor, and I do not know where you have seen me."

Montofacini smiled. He was a very learned man, and knew more than a book contained. It was true that he had never seen Giovanni before, but he knew who he was when he came into the room. "Sit down," he said, "and tell me what you will, and if I can I will help you."

Giovanni took the seat toward which he pointed. "Sir," said he when he had sat, "it is the evil eye. It has come upon me in the last month. I was engaged to marry a girl, but she fell sick so that her breath grew heavy. She eats nothing, her skin is like dough, and she herself is so thin that if you would pinch her between your thumb and finger, thus, you would break her. I loved her, but somehow I grew to hate her—I know not why. Then I married another girl who was in better shape, but I do not love her. Since then things have gone very ill with me. My horse died and my cow died, my

grapes are dying in the vineyard, and yesterday my hired man fell sick at the roadside and died in a few minutes, with Giuseppe and Tommaso Sastori and Giulio Tonti and Pietro Titori and me beside him. What I want is to stop this, or else I am a ruined man, for my turn to die will come by and by."

"I can help you," said Montofacini, "but it may bring a worse sorrow to you than those you already have."

"No sorrow can be worse than those I already have," said Giovanni, "for I



"I AM A RUINED MAN!"



am in the way of being ruined. So I pray you to help me if your wisdom can untangle the knots."

"I will try," said Montofacini. "Sit you here for a little."

He arose and went out of the room.

He was gone for a while and then he came back again. He carried in his hand a little figure made of red wax, and he gave it to Giovanni. "Keep this," said he, "and if you are troubled with the evil eye again thrust it into a live fire and you will be free of it."

Giovanni looked closely at the little waxen figure. "This is very strange, Signore," said he. "This figure looks like my wife. No; it looks like her mother. Yes; it looks like both of them."

Montofacini looked very strangely at him. "Do not burn that image unless you have to," said he. "For misfortune will come to you if you destroy it."

But Giovanni made up his mind that now he would not suffer again, and so he went home with the little waxen figure in his pocket rolled up in a piece of soft paper. He put the figure where he could easily get it again, and after that he ate his supper in silence and went to bed.

Well, things went on at home as fine as silk with Giovanni and Niccola for a while, but not for very long. One afternoon Giovanni quarreled with his wife

again. That night his straw stack caught fire, and the cow-shed and stable and maybe even the house itself would have burned to the ground had not the neighbors come with wet blankets and spread them upon the fronts of the buildings.

After it was all over and done and even the cinders in the barn-yard had been trampled out, Giovanni went to bed and lay there all the rest of the night tossing from this side to that.

At the dawn and before the light of day had become very broad he arose and dressed himself, all except his jacket. He shook Niccola by the shoulder and said: "Niccola! Niccola! Get up and make a little fire of fagots!"

Niccola groaned. She too was lying awake, repenting herself of her anger. She arose and put on her skirt and slipped her feet into her shoes.

"What do you want with a live fire?" said she.

"Niccola," said Giovanni, "I am cursed with the evil eye, and I know not whence it comes. It rests

upon me so that nothing but misfortune will ever follow me unless it is removed. Make the fire and lose no time, for I want to lift the evil eye from me."

Niccola went as white as marble. "Giovanni," said she, "darling of my life, do not have me light the fire."

"I have a charm," said he, "and I want to see it work. Make the fire!"



THAT NIGHT HIS STRAW STACK CAUGHT FIRE





*Painting by Howard Pyle*

HE KNEW NOT WHAT AILED HER OR WHAT TO DO







There was not a spot of color in Niccola's cheeks. She did not know what Giovanni's charm was, but she knew that something dreadful was about to happen to her. Nevertheless, she built a charcoal fire and blew it with her breath until it glowed red and angry. Then she piled the fagots over the charcoal; her hands trembled with fear of what was coming as she did so. She could hardly hold the sticks, but she set them one over the other until the blaze was burning, crackling, and alive. "The fire burns," she cried in a whimpering voice.

Giovanni brought the image of red wax and threw it upon the fire. Niccola saw that the image resembled both herself and her mother. She clasped her hands together over her breast and stood watching.

The figure began to melt; a trickle of the wax ran from it as though it were a drop of blood. Niccola sucked her nether lip under her shining teeth. A pang as of death ran through her, but she bit her lip savagely. She would not show the pain she suffered if she could help it. The figure melted rapidly; it moved upon the fire as though it were alive. The breast of the figure melted away; it collapsed and ran into the fire. Niccola could bear her agony no longer. She screamed hoarsely and fell upon the floor. Giovanni ran to her. He did not touch her, but stood looking at her. What had happened to her? He did not know. "I burn!" she screamed. "I burn! Oh, God! what suffering!" She screamed again and again. Giovanni stood wringing his hands together; he knew not what ailed her or what to do.

Now the image was melted. Niccola lay upon the floor breathing quickly and terribly. "I do not suffer now," she said, "but I am sped!" Then she said: "Giovanni, come here; I have but little time to live. Let me speak to you."

Giovanni came to her. She was his wife, and he was weeping. What had he done? She seized his hand in hers and set it to her white lips. "Giovanni," she said, "you were right. The evil eye was upon you, and it was I who set it there. I am a witch, but I meant no ill to you, for I love you, Giovanni, I love you! But you did not love me, and so

sometimes we quarreled. Then I wished you ill, and ill befell you. It was I who sent the sickness to Caterina, and it was I who bewitched you so that you could not help coming to me. It was I who brought all your misfortunes upon you. But now I shall die, and Caterina will get well and you will marry her and be happy and prosperous again. But do not forget that I loved you, Giovanni—I loved you!"

She kissed his hand again and again, but by and by she ceased kissing it. She stretched out her feet and was dead.

Giovanni did not know what had befallen. He stood looking at the dead body of Niccola, and the tears ran in streams down his face. He knew now that he did not love her, and that he had never loved her; but she was his wife, and he had killed her. It seemed to him that this was the worst that had befallen him.

That same time Niccola's mother must have died also. For when the people of the village broke into her house sometime that morning, they found her lying dead upon the floor.

This is all as true as the Gospel of Saint Matthew. But why was this story written? I will tell you! It is to warn you of the evil eye, for God knows who it may light upon or when. So what you should do is to always carry about you a small hand of red coral or of silver, with the two fingers extended into the sign of the horns, for thus you may be protected from the blight.

For you cannot always make the sign with your own hand because you have other things to do with it. But if you have a little hand of red coral or, better, of silver hung about your neck, then that is the next best thing, and the evil eye will not rest upon you.

It is a pity that everybody does not know this.

Giovanni and Caterina were married a year after these things happened. Prosperity came back again to Giovanni and health returned to Caterina.

But the neighbors were for a long time afraid of him, for it was said by all that he had burned his wife in the fire because of the evil eye.



# The New Generation

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

AS the trolley-car, with whistle loosed, fled between the farms, skirted a forest of pungent broad acres of sky-climbing pine, swung curves of sudden crop-patched scenery, swept against a lofty blue sky, or dropped beside a chanting creek, the smell of the sea grew stronger. I had to hold the post beside me against the sway and the breeze that made my face feel liquid. It was a real Maine day—blue, blowing, brilliant—and the time was late May. Apple orchards were in blossom, daisies whitened sloping meadows, and waves of green went over the world.

For three months I had been inland, working my way among the factory towns, touching, as was my wont, such life as I could in roving, but one gray morning the "wind that blows over water" came to my nostrils, and I set out for open sea. It seemed then that the inland country was suffocating, dusty, and unclean; I wanted the solid hills to take the rhythm of the tides and the meadows to slope into spilling breakers; I wanted horizon and salt health.

And now, sharply, the trolley-car curved into an old sea town, and glided down the solemn oak-shaded street beside the white-and-green New England houses and the airy old churches. A perfection of peace and content lay on the place.

At the post-office, beside the bridge that connected the river-parted halves of the town, the car stopped. I went at once to the bridge-rail to glimpse the racing tide which the Atlantic was sending inland, to get the delicious sea smell and to drink deep of the Maine weather. And then I realized the perfection of the day—the sky, blue, with nothing in it but the sun; the shining air; the town shaded and asleep; the three-masted schooner just being moored at the dock; the music of the tide against the bridge.

But even as I decided that all was well with the world, I noticed a crowd at the bridge end. A man came hurrying by me.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Clemm's boy," he murmured, "drowned."

I pushed my way curiously through the throng and looked. They had him in the tall grass, a beautiful young Shelley, with limbs tossed idly, his hair and rough clothes clinging to him; blood reddened the forehead and the sleeping face. There was a wild grace about him lying there, while hardy, eager men rubbed the limbs and bared the breast.

"Hands over his head," I muttered, "and then back and forth!"

I was at it myself in a moment. After a while he stirred and murmured something, and several women began to sob.

"He's coming to—he's alive!" the whisper passed.

There was the swift lunge of an automobile then, and the gray-bearded doctor was down among us, working at the wound. I stood up. A grizzled fisherman leaned at my elbow.

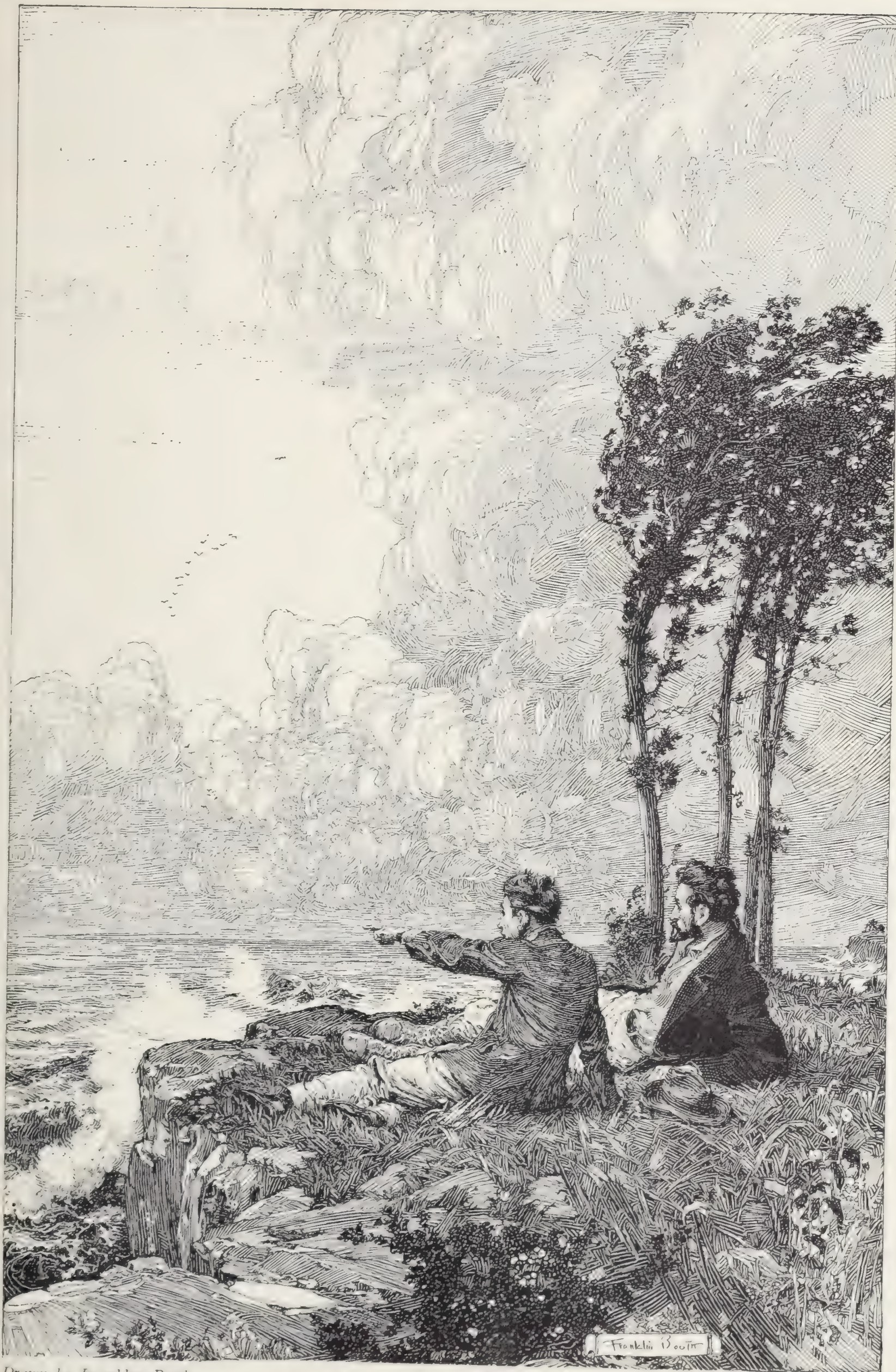
"How did it happen?" I asked.

"You see," he said, huskily, "the boy's got a fishing-launch, and he followed yon schooner in, and here at the bridge the tide's treacherous. The old hulk swung and knocked the launch under. Bert Taylor fished him out. He'd orter have more sense," he muttered, "but I've always noticed the lad hanging about schooners. You can lay stakes that his mother hates the sea."

The doctor was ready then, the boy's head bandaged, hiding the eyes. I lifted the dripping youth easily—he was very slim—and climbed into the automobile. With a snort the light car swung into a beautiful seaward road and went leaping along between ancient decaying houses, vine-clad, and fronted with old-fashioned gardens. The boy lay limp and hushed in my arms, and I drew him closer, and the tears started.

"He's a grandson of old Dougherty," explained the doctor, "oldest settler





*Drawn by Franklin Booth.*

FAR OVER THE SEAS A TINY SMOKE-PLUMED STEAMER WAS VANISHING.



here. Old Man Dougherty can tell you stories of the Indians and sea-tales from here to Bombay. They keep a summer boarding-house. Wish," he mused, "I knew a good nurse. The boy will be in bed a fortnight, and his mother's getting ready for the summer."

"I might do," I murmured; "I've worked in a hospital."

"You're a professional?" He glanced at me, the quizzical glance I know so well, that questions my open-neck flannels, my brown beard and sunburnt face, my general tramp-untidiness.

"No," I laughed. "My profession is roving." And I hinted at my free, wandering life, the gipsy in me that made me thread the cities and the plains and the North Woods, touching life everywhere as I went.

"It's a rare case," he pondered, a little more at ease. "It's usually the low-grade, uneducated men who do it." He smiled. "But I've heard of super-tramps. I'll speak to the family."

We drew up before a large, clean, white house, green-shuttered, almost circled with a grave forest of tall pines, which gave an air of wildness to the place, and as we paused I heard, through the still air, the boom of the sea in the distance, beyond the woods. The sound made the wild spot enchanted.

"Good there's no one around," the doctor murmured, getting down. He hurried to the kitchen door, entered the house, and I waited through long, throbbing moments, expecting to hear the shrill cry of the mother. And all the while the boy never stirred in my arms.

Then the doctor emerged again, and after him came a hardy pioneer woman, a Maine sea-woman — red-haired, blue-eyed, deep-bosomed, clean and tanned, with springy step and high-poised head. Her eyes were lit with a keen, tragic fatalism, but she came steadily.

"Bring him in," she whispered, "bring him in."

I should have preferred a releasing cry to that fierce whisper. The doctor helped me down, and we followed her. And how salt-clean and sweet the house smelt! And how right and tight and cozy it closed against the Northern weather! And how winter-empty were the halls and vacant rooms that later

would be crowded with gossiping city-folk! We went up the narrow stairs and entered a small seaward room, with white lilac peeping in at the open windows, and on the neat bed we laid him. His mother busily undressed him while she sharply put questions and absorbed answers from the doctor.

"The schooner!" she cried out once. "I've waited for this. How I hate the sea!"

And then, "William!" she whispered, "William!"

The doctor and I left her alone with him. She was kneeling, and had an arm under his head. I paced the hall, while the doctor went down to hunt for the men. They came tramping up shortly after, trying to acquire a new sick-room tread in their heavy hide boots. First came the father, Clemm, and then the grandfather, Old Man Dougherty. Clemm was a hardy, stocky, dark-skinned fellow, passionate but quiet, with black mustache and sparse hair over his hawk-like face; but the Old Man was a marvel, a six-footer, absolutely straight, flesh like leather, a grizzled, stubby beard, a shock of gray hair, and the bleared, acute eyes of a bald-headed eagle. There was about him a large humanity, a wrinkled wisdom, the natural grace, strength, and aplomb of the sea and the open, and a pleasing smell of sun-burnt, sea-salted flesh. I liked his big, callous hands.

Clemm spoke with loving anger.

"It's a wonder the young fool wasn't killed."

"Gosh," said the Old Man, "the sea never killed a Dougherty."

And they looked in at the door, and the doctor and I peered over their shoulders. The boy was whispering to his mother, and she was sobbing openly. The release blinded me suddenly, and shamedly I wiped my face.

That evening, while William slept peacefully, I went down to the little dining-sitting-room. The wind had risen, and it seemed as if the spirit of the Atlantic went roaring from pine to pine, buffeting the house with strong musical blows. The low room was snug, with shining windows shutting out the cold, and the lamp on the center-table



was fighting off the shadows. The three sat about the lamp, their faces lit and vivid with humanest expression. We seemed to be on a weather-tight ship at sea. I was glad to be there, glad to pause among these people for a fortnight.

"How is he?" asked his mother.

"Asleep. I think he'll sleep till morning."

I sat down.

"It all comes," she murmured, "of the madness in him."

"What madness?"

"Sea-madness."

I thrilled to the phrase. Clemm spoke bitterly.

"I hope it will teach the boy a lesson. I wanted to get rid of that launch long ago. He's got no business on the water. Anything he wants but that"—his voice grew a little savage—"anything but that. I want to pass on this property to him. It's a gold-mine for him. And he'd like to waste his life at sea. What does a fellow learn there? I want him to grow respectable, hold his head high as any city man that boards here. I want him educated. Nosing around schooners!" he snorted. "The boy's crazy!"

The old man was puffing serenely on the home-made stem of a chubby pipe. His strong bass voice boomed with the pine-played wind.

"Jest the same, Asa," he said, slowly, "you'll have to let the boy go. It was at his age I went myself, sailing round the Horn. You know it's in his blood, Asa, and he's got to go. He's a boy after my own heart; you needn't waste anger on him. He's none of those soft city chaps that loaf the summer through in white trousers. Ha!" he laughed, "he was apprenticed to the sea before you was born! He's me over again." He paused, puffing. "You'll have to let him go."

Mrs. Clemm was begging him for mercy with her eyes. She whispered:

"Pa, he *sha'n't* go. If the other children had lived, all right. But William *sha'n't* go."

"The same blood's in you, Stella," he answered, slowly. "It's a wonder you can't understand. It's good for young men. It's made me, Thad," he turned toward me. "How old do you take me for?"

"Between sixty and sixty-five."

He laughed joyously.

"I'm eighty-three."

I was astounded.

"The sea toughened me; salt has kept me fresh. It's good for young men."

"Good for others, maybe," murmured Mrs. Clemm, "not good for him."

"And there's nothing to keep him here?" I asked.

"Not his folks or his home," said Clemm, bitterly. "Something else—maybe."

His mother softly smiled, and the Old Man grunted.

"What?" I questioned.

For answer the door opened, and a cold wind swept us, with a great breath of the open sea, and nearly extinguished the lamp-flame. For a moment the forest seemed to leap with a roar into the room, and then the door sharply shut out the night, and I saw a young girl standing in the shadows. Her voice was sweet.

"I just heard—" she stammered; "I had to come. . . ."

Mrs. Clemm rose quickly.

"Alone?"

The girl fled to her arms, and they hugged, and cried together.

"Oh, how is he?" she whispered.

"Better—all right—so, Mary."

The girl turned to us with beautiful modesty.

"I didn't see any one here—I didn't mean to act so foolish—"

"Cry away!" boomed the Old Man.

"Cry away, sweetheart!"

She flung off her hooded cape then, and I saw in her the elusive magic of human life, the gleam that comes and goes in youth. She had the slender grace of a sapling; her cheeks were quick with pallor and color; her eyes held as many changes as the sea; her dark hair was soft in the lamplight, and she seemed more an airy spirit than a human being. It was the brief beauty of a young girl, the transient touch of a far loveliness, the child-sweetness poignant with the wonder of woman-love—so tragic in its swift vanishing,—as if for an hour all the glory of creation were revealed through a face, too wonderful to last and quickly lost in the hardy years.

She sat at the table, yet quite a simple girl, quick with silvery laughter and glistening tears, and low-voiced questions





*Drawn by Franklin Booth.*

GIRLHOOD WAS OVER AND POIGNANT, BURDENED WOMANHOOD HAD COME.



and replies. But when she spoke of William I saw that her life was his, that she was lost utterly, and that the high love in her made her face a hint of the loveliness that enfolds us.

Twice that night I awoke and heard the sea booming, and longed for the gray great ocean. Then, at five, William stirred.

"Yes, I'm all right, all except my head. Open both windows, please. I want to hear the sea."

I was able to get away for half an hour. I couldn't wait any longer; I wanted to complete my quest. So I went through the dawn-dripping woods, through drenches of early sunlight and glisten of dew, and heard something come through the throat of a hermit-thrush—just what, I don't know—possibly the glory of a new morning. The woods gave to a wooden bridge over an inlet, and then came sand-dunes. I strode swiftly, climbed to the top, and there rolled the sea.

The shore made a mile-long crescent with horns of rocky headland; the smooth beach was a hard gray, and out of pink horizons came the motion of the melting blue sea—like May-skies fallen, rolling, a tumble of the softest sound. As my feet imprinted the watery sand, the low sun splashing the wet girdled my steps with fire; I saw fish jumping out of the blue water, their iridescent sides flashing; I tasted the wild-flavored air (it was as if earth breathed it breathless with ecstasy—so fresh, so exhilarant), and I felt like a grain of sand lost on a sea-strip of blue vastness. Earth and the Atlantic seemed to sing a morning hymn to the sun, and there was not a creature stirring, only faint blue smoke curling here and there from some hidden chimney.

It was the sea—the sea in a woman-mood; new health seemed to charge me; I broke into a run, loping like a colt along that tide-swept mile, and blue swallows dipped and circled about me. And the sea seemed as living as I, as full of joy, as full of health; she rolled her million years of water at my feet, she waved her white hands at the crest of the waves, she laughed softly in the break of the beached billow.

And the sea-magic, the sea-madness

came upon me—the same that savagely enchanted humanity from England to the Mediterranean, that lured the Viking to the end of the world, that held Columbus westward, that spurred Magellan and Drake. I, too, wanted to rock in that cradle as some craft bore me to seas unchanneled and uncharted and lands unmapped. Suddenly I understood William, felt as if the blood in us was the same, and knew how terribly he was drawn. Surely youth still has its quest, its never-found Grails to seek, and rover that I was I knew how much a man would leave for the strange Voice that calls, how much I myself had left, and still would leave.

All that day the boy and I were together, drawing closer and closer in quiet talk. His eager questions drew from me details of distant country and the populous cities I knew. I knew that in imagination he dogged my footsteps through the long circuits of the past.

"That's *living!*" he told me. "Only, I want to do it in a ship. Has the Old Man told you of India and Africa? He's been to South America, too." Then he emphasized a magic phrase, "*All round the world.*" He sighed, "The land must be a prison to him."

It was to William—no doubt of that.

"We've all been seafarers—all except my father." His voice lowered: "But I'm like the Old Man. Did you ever see a coral reef?"

Later he burst out: "The women-folk are always holding a man back. But there's been a lot of sailors in spite of them."

And he told me then that the schooner that had nearly killed him was bound for Central America.

At the end of the afternoon a letter came. Mrs. Clemm handed it in and withdrew. Birds were lisping, piping searchingly, hauntingly sweet in the late twilight outside our window, as the earth darkened far from the sun. We could smell the lilacs. It was an hour of tenderness and quiet.

"Read it, Thad," he murmured.

"You know whom it's from? Personal, I can guess."

"You'll understand," he sighed.

I pressed his hand for that, and opened



out the folded note-paper, and read the girlish hand:

"MY BELOVED,—Get well, and come out with me again. Last year this time I stood one day under a low apple bough, and you stole behind me and shook the blossoms down on my hair and shoulders; and I was frightened and turned, and we flung our arms round each other, and laughed and kissed, and the blossoms came off me on to you. Do you remember, William?

"Your father and mother are ready for us to marry; they have set me dreaming again. Get well, so we can plan together. Think of what it will mean for us to have each other. But do you love me as much as I love you? No, that's impossible, dear. Because I love you more than you love the sea and more than I love my mother—but don't tell her.

"I am thinking of you always. A thousand kisses. No, only two. (That's better, isn't it?) And good-night, and get better. I go on sending you love though I know you have it all already—and yet I have more to send.

"MARY."

The simple, unstudied, naïve love-letter breathed her girlish personality through us—the frank outpouring of a love-deepened heart. For a while we were silent, while the birds lisped and the room darkened.

"Maybe," murmured William, "maybe I'll stay . . . with her. . . ."

As the week passed I went pretty deep into that family life. Whenever I had time I followed the Old Man around in his work. There were a few acres of farm beyond the wood, given over to a vegetable garden, and the eighty-three-year six-footer, pipe in mouth and hoe in hand, was a health-giving sight. He was like a bit of old earth; he was the rocky, robust Maine coast, sea-saturated, but green and blooming. He knew all the life of water and land, knew it with love—the litter of pink suckling pigs, the new calves, the strawberry blossoms, the rare stray deer that stumbled upon the pine-forest, the pheasants, the unusual flowers and fruits, the fish and shell-fish.

"Like 'em enough and they won't hurt you!" he said once, as we sat at twilight against the wagon-house. I was diligently fighting off those lingering stingers, the Maine mosquitoes, and the Old Man delighted me by holding forth his knotty arm, which was black with the humming insects.

"Don't bite *me*!" he chuckled. "They know who's their friend. Stella hates 'em, and they bite her—Clemm, too." He leaned and whispered, "But William—he's the same as me!"

William's mother had much of the Old Man's hardihood. She was often up at five, bustling through her work with surprising swiftness; baked wondrous pies, cooked breakfasts of meat, eggs, muffins, and coffee, washed the dishes, "did" the rooms, and was finished at ten o'clock and ready for sewing. It was only when it came to William that she was weak and unreasonable. But the one child that survives three is more than thrice precious. He is everything and all.

I remember her delight that week-end when I carried William down to the lawn, and she wrapped him in blankets, and brought him beef-tea, and hummed about him as if he were a baby, laughing, anxious, teasing, happy, and the boy sat faintly smiling, his face very pale, his eyes very large, and the healing sunlight drenched him. . . .

At three he sat up sharply.

"She's coming, Thad," he said.

And I looked and saw Mary on the road, her arms swinging with the movement of her body, her bare head shining in the sunlight, and a sprig of apple blossoms in her hand. What was she herself but a blossom-girl in blossom-time? She paused on the lawn, blushing, shy, tearful, laughing nervously, and came up with awkward haste, so candid in her love.

"William! William!"

It was wonderful what she put in the word. And she knelt and their arms circled each other, and we left them together with their long, precious afternoon.

She came every day then, bringing him gifts—something she had sewed for him, some fruit or some flowers—and he seemed deeply content. But toward the end of the week he grew restless again, and the air seemed to darken for



me. There is something terrible in a young girl's love; too much is given to the harder-fibered man.

The outbreak came one brilliant afternoon.

"Thad," he cried, "I'm sure I can walk. I'm sure I could get to the beach."

"With me," I added.

He laughed.

"Oh, with you."

His mother came to the kitchen door. She had heard us.

"Don't go yet," she said. "Wait a day yet, William."

"No," he replied in a harsh voice. "I'm going now."

I motioned to her to goad him no further, and I saw her press her lips together as she withdrew.

He walked with a desperate stride through the cool woods, crossing the bridge, climbing the dunes. He stood leaning against me, trembling, breathing sharply, his eyes full of light. For we saw the sun in the right-hand heavens, the sea to the left far-shining—a fresh-colored world, the blue of whose ocean bathed the eye, the blue of whose sky made the heart leap—and the sea was shouting, a leap of green swimmers that vanished in melodious foam, and the sea-gale sang in our ears and blew through our hair.

"I want to go over to the headland and lie down," he said.

"A long walk, son," I protested.

"Shall I go alone?" he asked, fiercely.

Impetuous youth! We went slowly along that line where a world-ocean and a world-continent meet, and the waves leaped and boomed, swallows circled us, gulls darted. And then we climbed to that headland that, jutting its huge rocks into the sea, takes the swale of tons of sunlit waters, which, with a roar, leap showering in the air. And we stretched flat, face up, on the long-grassed, hot-soiled earth—flat, feeling the heat and strength of the soil breathe through us, and the sun, delicious on our faces, blown away by gusts of spumy sea-wind; and when we dared open eyes we saw only tall, green grass-blades against the skies, and all that swim of blue above, till we felt near the sun, afloat in measureless heavens. To the convalescent boy even the sea-music seemed to heal, even

the breeze in the stiff grass lulled, and he felt as clean, salt, splendid as a shoreward-sloping wave. His eyes, his cheeks sparkled with a new overflow of life, a zest of sharp living.

So I turned toward him and spoke. A rover's life was profitless; the man, washed up and down the tides like spindrift, was a mere vagrant; not in that real life; but forever restlessness, fever, self-contempt, and the exile of the outsider.

"Think of what your mother and father offer you, and what Mary will give you,—oh, the real things, William, the root things, the things I missed."

He plucked at the grass.

"I can come back," he murmured.

"I never came back," I replied.

He lay silent for some time, gazing at me; I thought I had won him. Then suddenly he sat up, glanced and pointed.

"Look, Thad!" he cried.

I sat and looked. Far over the glorious eastward-shining seas a tiny smoke-plumed steamer was vanishing on the underside of the world.

"Did you see that?" he asked, fiercely. "Thad, you've no right to talk to me. You've done all this yourself."

I was silenced, and he laughed strangely, and I put an arm about him, and we sat looking out to sea.

My room was next to his. Early the next morning I woke with a start, leaped from the bed, and opened the connecting doorway. The room was empty. I found two notes, one sealed and marked "Mary," and one open.

"DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER,—You would never have let me go; so I had to go this way. God forgive me.

"W.M."

I hurried down the stairs. Clemm and his wife were working in the kitchen. They looked up as I entered and read the tragedy in my face.

"Yes," I whispered, "he's gone."

They stood, unmoving, and suddenly the Old Man darkened the doorway.

"The boy gone?" he murmured, his bleared eyes flashing. "Well, the schooner put to sea at dawn this morning."



Mrs. Clemm looked at her father with a face full of old age.

"Clemm," she said, in a dreadful voice, "'phone down to the wharf."

"Stella," boomed the Old Man, "I saw the boat go myself."

The mother laughed strangely.

"And in a week the summer boarders will be here!"

Her husband stood with black brow and vengeful eyes.

"He doesn't take after me," he murmured, "and he's no son of mine."

Then the Old Man pulled me by the sleeve, and I went on the lawn with him. And I understood, and my heart quaked.

"*She's* got to know. Come."

I felt as if the life in me was broken. I, too, seemed old; felt the old age that parents feel when the younger generation has left them, when they are needed no longer by the new manhood and womanhood, when they begin to be pushed back to the past.

Poor Mary's love-letter! This was a strange answer.

The morning was peaceful and still, and the countryside was soaked in ardent sunshine. All about us sang those poets and musicians natural-born, the birds, filling the clover-honeyed air with fresh sprays of melody. Now and then a mild gust of warmed air brought the sea.

Then we turned up a winding country-road, and walked deeper and deeper into pastoral silence, saw cows knee-deep in a snow of daisies, passed blossoming orchards and little flaming gardens. And in the transparent silence the Old Man loosed his booming voice:

"And the boy went in the schooner that nearly killed him—queer!"

And then again:

"The sea in him—the old sea-blood in him. He's me over again! It 'll make a man of him!"

"But what of Mary," I murmured, "and all that she is?"

He shook his head.

"It's life, and at eighty-three you get your hindsight on trouble. It's not bad in the backward view. There's her house."

Small, quaint, weather-beaten, a little sweet growth behind an old-fashioned garden red and white and purple with

rosebuds, magnolia, and wistaria, and in the distance the apple-orchard she had mentioned, and it was still white with blossoms. It seemed impossible that we could bring tragedy into this white peace and silent loveliness.

We went to the door, both of us tiptoeing and too stirred to speak. And then we stood near the open door. A moment passed, a long moment, wherein I saw with sharp distinctness a kitten playing with a loose vine on the doorstep.

Then strangely the Old Man called:

"Mary, . . . you there?"

She came at once, eager, smiling, so young, so simple. Her hands were dripping with dish-washing.

"Grandpa?"

He seized her hands.

"Mary," he said, "you've got to be brave and patient."

She looked at him twice, as if she did not understand. Then the color fled from her: she stared—stared a little insanely, I thought.

"You see," he went on, "the lad's gone to sea, but he's coming back. Didn't I come back to his grandmother? He's coming back, sweetheart."

"He didn't say good-by," she whispered.

"Yes, he did," I said, and handed her the letter.

She opened it mechanically and read.

It seemed ages then, and the kitten went on frisking and tearing and scratching. Then the tears rolled down her cheeks. And I saw. Magic girlhood was over, and poignant, burdened womanhood had come to her. How many dark days she must wait now, a sea-wife watching sails!

The Old Man clutched her close, and before that tragic grief I shrank, stole off, took up my roving.

I, too, had lost William—I knew it then—lost a son, my one son. I, too, felt old. And yet, somehow, it thrilled me that the younger generation leaves the old and goes its way, and creates its own life, and has the right to do so. As we ourselves did. Ever life renewed, evolving, adventurous. But the sea that had drawn me, and drawn him, seemed dreadful to me at that moment, and once again I turned inland.



# Socialism

BY H. G. WELLS

## PART II

A CONSIDERABLE proportion of the Socialist movement remains, as it has been from the first, vaguely democratic. It points to collective ownership with no indication of the administrative scheme it contemplates to realize that intention. Necessarily it remains a formless claim without hands to take hold of the thing it desires. Indeed, in a large number of cases it is scarcely more than a resentful consciousness in the expropriated masses of social disintegration. It spends its force very largely in mere revenges upon property as such, attacks simply destructive by reason of the absence of any definite ulterior scheme. It is an ill-equipped and planless belligerent who must destroy whatever he captures because he can neither use nor take away. A council of democratic Socialists in possession of New York would be as capable of an orderly and sustained administration as the Anabaptists in Munster. But the discomforts and disorders of our present planless system do tend steadily to the development of this crude Socialistic spirit in the mass of the proletariat; merely vindictive attacks upon property, sabotage, and the general strike are the logical and inevitable consequences of an uncontrolled concentration of property in a few hands; and such things must and will go on, the deep undertone in the deliquescence of the Normal Social Life, until a new justice, a new scheme of compensations and satisfactions, is attained or the Normal Social Life re-emerges.

Fabian Socialism was the first systematic attempt to meet the fatal absence of administrative schemes in the earlier Socialisms. It can scarcely be regarded as anything but an interesting failure, but a failure that has all the educational value of a first recon-

naissance into unexplored territory. Starting from that attack on aggregating property which is the common starting-point of all Socialist projects, the Fabians, appalled at the obvious difficulties of honest confiscation and an open transfer from private to public hands, conceived the extraordinary idea of *filching* property for the State. A small body of people of extreme astuteness were to bring about the municipalization and nationalization first of this great system of property, and then of that, in a manner so artful that the millionaires were to wake one morning at last, and, behold! they would find themselves poor men! For a decade or more Mr. Pease, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, Mrs. Besant, Dr. Lawson Dodd, and their associates of the London Fabian Society, did pit their wits and ability, or at any rate the wits and ability of their leisure moments, against the embattled capitalists of England and the world, in this complicated and delicate enterprise, without any apparent diminution of the larger accumulations of wealth. But in addition they developed another side of Fabianism still more subtle, which professed to be a kind of restoration in kind of property to the proletariat, and in this direction they were more successful. A dexterous use was to be made of the Poor Law, the public-health authority, the education authority, and building regulations, and so forth, to create, so to speak, a communism of the lower levels. The mass of people whom the forces of change had expropriated were to be given a certain minimum of food, shelter, education, and sanitation, and this, the Socialists were assured, could be used as the thin end of the wedge toward a complete communism. The minimum, once established, could obviously be raised continually until either everybody had



what they needed or the resources of society gave out and set a limit to the process.

This second method of attack brought the Fabian movement into co-operation with a large amount of benevolent and constructive influence outside the Socialist ranks altogether. Few very wealthy people really grudge the poor a share of the necessities of life, and most are willing to assist in projects for such a distribution. But while these schemes naturally involved a very great amount of regulation and regimentation of the affairs of the poor, the Fabian Society fell away more and more from its associated proposals for the socialization of the rich. The Fabian project changed steadily in character until at last it ceased to be in any sense antagonistic to wealth as such. If the lion did not exactly lie down with the lamb, at any rate the man with the gun and the alleged social mad dog returned very peaceably together. The Fabian hunt was up.

Great financiers contributed generously to a School of Economics that had been founded with moneys left to the Fabian Society by earlier enthusiasts for Socialist propaganda and education. It remained for Mr. Belloc to point the moral of the whole development with a phrase, to note that Fabianism no longer aimed at the socialization of the whole community, but only at the socialization of the poor. The first really complete project for a new social order to replace the Normal Social Life was before the world, and this project was the compulsory regimentation of the workers and the complete State control of labor under a free plutocracy. Our present chaos was to be organized into a Servile State.

Now to many of us who found the general spirit of the Socialist movement at least hopeful, attractive, and sympathetic, this would be an almost tragic conclusion, did we believe that Fabianism was anything more than the first experiment, and one almost inevitably shallow and presumptuous, of the long series that may be necessary before a clear light breaks upon the road humanity must follow. But we decline to be forced back by this intellectual fiasco upon the *laissez faire* of the Individualist and the Marxist, or to

accept the Normal Social Life with its atmosphere of hens and cows and dung, its incessant toil, its servitude of women, and its endless repetitions, as the only tolerable life conceivable for the bulk of mankind, as the ultimate life, that is, of mankind. We still declare that we believe a more spacious social order than any that exists or ever has existed, a Peace of the World in which there is an almost universal freedom, health, happiness, and well-being, and which contains the seeds of a still greater future, is possible to mankind.

We have faith in a possible future, but it is a faith that makes the quality of that future entirely dependent upon the strength and clearness of purpose that this present time can produce. We do not believe the greater social State is inevitable.

Yet there is, we hold, a certain qualified inevitability about this greater social State, because we believe any social State not affording a general contentment, a general freedom, and a general and increasing fullness of life must sooner or later collapse and disintegrate again, and revert more or less completely to the Normal Social Life, and because that Normal Social Life contains in itself the irrepressible seeds of fresh beginnings. It has never at any time been absolutely permanent; always it has carried within itself the germs of enterprise and adventure and exchanges that finally attack its stability. The superimposed social order of to-day, such as it is, with its huge development of expropriated labor, and the schemes of the later Fabians to fix this state of affairs in an organized form and render it plausibly tolerable and permanent, seem also doomed to accumulate catastrophic tensions. Bureaucratic schemes for establishing the regular life-long subordination of a laboring class, enlivened though they may be by frequent inspection, disciplinary treatment during seasons of unemployment, compulsory temperance, free medical attendance, and a cheap and shallow elementary education, fail to satisfy the restless cravings in the heart of man. They are cravings that even the baffling methods of the most ingeniously worked Conciliation Boards cannot permanently restrain. The drift of any Servile State



must be toward a class revolt, paralyzing sabotage, and a general strike. The more rigid and complete the Servile State becomes, the more thorough will be its ultimate failure. Its fate is decay or explosion. From its débris we shall either revert to the Normal Social Life, and begin again the long struggle toward that ampler, happier, juster arrangement of human affairs which we believe to be possible, or we shall pass into the twilight of mankind.

This greater social life we put then as the only real alternative to the Normal Social Life from which man is continually escaping. For it we do not propose to use the expressions the "Socialist State" or "Socialism," because we believe those terms have now by constant, confused use become so battered and bent and discolored by irrelevant associations as to be rather misleading than expressive. We propose to use the term The Great State, to express this ideal of a social system no longer localized, no longer immediately tied to and conditioned by the cultivation of the land, world-wide in its interests and outlook, and catholic in its tolerance and sympathy, a system of great individual freedom, with a universal understanding among its citizens of a collective thought and purpose.

Now the difficulties that lie in the way of humanity in its complex and toilsome journey through the coming centuries toward this Great State are fundamentally difficulties of adaptation and adjustment. To no conceivable social State is man inherently fitted; he is a creature of jealousy and suspicion, unstable, restless, acquisitive, aggressive, intractable, and of a most subtle and nimble dishonesty. Moreover, he is imaginative, adventurous, and inventive. His nature and instincts are as much in conflict with the necessary restrictions and subjugation of the Normal Social Life as they are likely to be with any other social net that necessity may weave about him. But the Normal Social Life had this advantage, that it has a vast accumulated moral tradition and a minutely worked-out material method. All the fundamental institutions have arisen in relation to it and are adapted to its conditions. To revert to it after any phase of social chaos

and distress is and will continue for many years to be the path of least resistance for perplexed humanity.

Our conception of the Great State, on the other hand, is still altogether unsubstantial. It is a project as dream-like to-day as electric lighting, electric traction, or aviation would have been in the year 1850. In 1850 a man reasonably conversant with the physical science of his time could have declared with a very considerable confidence that, given a certain measure of persistence and social security, these things were more likely to be attained than not in the course of the next century. But such a prophecy was conditional on the preliminary accumulation of a considerable amount of knowledge, upon many experiments and failures. Had the world of 1850 by some wave of impulse placed all its resources in the hands of the ablest scientific man alive, and asked him to produce a practicable paying electric vehicle before 1852, he would have at best produced some clumsy, curious toy, or more probably failed altogether; and similarly if the whole population of the world came to its speculative sociologists and promised meekly to do whatever it was told, it would find itself still very largely at a loss in its projects for a millennium. Yet just as nearly every man at work upon voltaic electricity in 1850 knew that he was preparing for electric traction, so do we know that we are, with a whole row of unsolved problems before us, working toward the Great State.

Let us briefly recapitulate the main problems which have to be attacked in the attempt to realize the outline of the Great State. At the base of the whole order there must be some method of agricultural production, and if the agricultural laborer and cottager, and the ancient life of the small householder on the holding, a life laborious, prolific, illiterate, limited, and in immediate contact with the land used, is to recede and disappear, it must recede and disappear before methods upon a much larger scale, employing wholesale machinery and involving great economies. It is alleged by modern writers that the permanent residence of the cultivator in close relation to his ground is a legacy from the days of cumbrous and expensive transit,



that the greater proportion of farm-work is seasonal, and that a migration to and fro between rural and urban conditions would be entirely practicable in a largely planned community. The agricultural population could move out of town into an open-air life as the spring approached, and return for spending, pleasure, and education as the days shortened. Already something of this sort occurs under extremely unfavorable conditions in the movement of the fruit and hop pickers from the east end of London into Kent, but that is a mere hint of the extended picnic which a broadly planned cultivation might afford. A fully developed civilization employing machines in the hands of highly skilled men will minimize toil to the very utmost, no man will shove where a machine can shove, or carry where a machine can carry; but there will remain, more particularly in the summer, a vast amount of hand-operations, invigorating and even attractive to the urban population. Given short hours, good pay, and all the jolly amusement in the evening camp that a free, happy, and intelligent people will develop for themselves, and there will be little specific difficulty about this particular class of work to differentiate it from any other sort of necessary labor.

One passes therefore with no definite transition from the root problem of agricultural production in the Great State to the wider problem of labor in general.

A glance at the country-side conjures up a picture of extensive tracts being cultivated on a wholesale scale, of skilled men directing great plowing, sowing, and reaping plants, steering cattle and sheep about carefully designed inclosures, constructing channels and guiding sewage toward its proper destination on the fields, and then of added crowds of genial people coming out to spray trees and plants, pick and sort and pack fruits. But who are these people? Why are they in particular doing this for the community? Is our Great State still to have a majority of people glad to do commonplace work for mediocre wages, and will there be other individuals who will ride by on the roads, sympathetically no doubt, but with a secret sense of superiority? So one opens the general problem of the organization for labor.

I am careful here to write "for labor" and not "of labor," because it is entirely against the spirit of the Great State that any section of the people should be set aside as a class to do most of the monotonous, laborious, and uneventful things for the community. That is practically the present arrangement, and that, with a quickened sense of the need of breaking people in to such a life, is the ideal of the bureaucratic Servile State, to which in common with the Conservators we are bitterly opposed. And here I know we are at our most difficult, most speculative, and most revolutionary point. We who look to the Great State as the present aim of human progress believe a State may solve its economic problem without any section whatever of the community being condemned to lifelong labor. And contemporary events, the phenomena of recent strikes, the phenomena of sabotage, carry out the suggestion that in a community where nearly every one reads extensively, travels about, sees the charm and variety in the lives of prosperous and leisurely people, no class is going to submit permanently to modern labor conditions without extreme resistance, even after the most elaborate labor-conciliation schemes and social minima are established. Things are altogether too stimulating to the imagination nowadays. Of all impossible social dreams, that belief in tranquilized and submissive and virtuous Labor is the wildest of all. No sort of modern men will stand it. They will as a class do any vivid and disastrous thing rather than stand it. Even the illiterate peasant will only endure lifelong toil under the stimulus of private ownership and with the consolations of religion, and the typical modern worker has neither the one nor the other. For a time, indeed—for a generation or so even—a labor mass may be fooled or coerced, but in the end it will break out against its subjection, even if it breaks out to a general social catastrophe.

We have, in fact, to invent for the Great State, if we are to suppose any Great State at all, an economic method without any specific labor class. If we cannot do so, we had better throw ourselves in with the Conservators forthwith, for they are right and we are absurd.



Adhesion to the conception of the Great State involves adhesion to the belief that the amount of regular labor, skilled and unskilled, required to produce everything necessary for every one living in its highly elaborate civilization, may, under modern conditions, with the help of scientific economy and power-producing machinery, be reduced to so small a number of working hours per head in proportion to the average life of the citizen as to be met as regards the greater moiety of it by the payment of wages over and above the gratuitous share of each individual in the general output; and as regards the residue, a residue of rough, disagreeable, and monotonous operations, by some form of conscription, which will devote a year, let us say, of each person's life to the public service. If we reflect that in the contemporary State there is already food, shelter, and clothing of a sort for every one, in spite of the fact that enormous numbers of people do no productive work at all because they are too well off; that great numbers are out of work, great numbers by bad nutrition and training incapable of work, and that an enormous amount of the work actually done is the overlapping production of competitive trade and work upon such politically necessary but socially useless things as Dreadnoughts, it becomes clear that the absolutely unavoidable labor in a modern community and its ratio to the available vitality must be of very small account indeed. But all this has still to be worked out even in the most general terms. An intelligent science of economics should afford standards and technicalities and systematized facts upon which to base an estimate. The point was raised a quarter of a century ago by Morris in his *News from Nowhere*, and indeed it was already discussed by More in his *Utopia*. Our contemporary economics is, however, still a foolish, pretentious, pseudo-science, a festering mass of assumptions about buying and selling and wages-paying, and one would as soon consult Bradshaw or the works of Dumas as our orthodox professors of economics for any light upon this fundamental matter.

Moreover, we believe that there is a real disposition to work in human beings, and that, in a well-equipped com-

munity in which no one was under an unavoidable urgency to work, the greater proportion of productive operations could be made sufficiently attractive to make them desirable occupations. As for the irreducible residue of undesirable toil, I owe to my friend the late Prof. William James this suggestion of a general conscription and a period of public service for every one, a suggestion which greatly occupied his thoughts during the last years of his life. He was profoundly convinced of the high educational and disciplinary value of universal compulsory military service, and of the need of something more than a sentimental ideal of duty in public life. He would have had the whole population taught in the schools and prepared for this year (or whatever period it had to be) of patient and heroic labor, the men for the mines, the fisheries, the sanitary services, railway routine; the women for hospital and perhaps educational work, and so forth. He believed such a service would permeate the whole State with a sense of civic obligation. . . .

But behind all these conceivable triumphs of scientific adjustment and direction lies the infinitely greater difficulty on our way to the Great State, the difficulty of direction. What sort of people are going to distribute the work of the community, decide what is or is not to be done, determine wages, initiate enterprises, and under what sort of criticism, checks, and controls are they going to do this delicate and extensive work? With this we open the whole problem of government, administration, and officialdom.

The Marxist and the democratic Socialist generally shirk this riddle altogether; the Fabian conception of a bureaucracy, official to the extent of being a distinct class and cult, exists only as a starting-point for healthy repudiations. Whatever else may be worked out in the subtler answers our later time prepares, nothing can be clearer than that the necessary machinery of government must be elaborately organized to prevent the development of a managing caste, in permanent conspiracy, tacit or expressed, against the normal man. Quite apart from the danger of unsympathetic and fatally irritating government, there can be little or no doubt that the method of making



men officials for life is quite the worst way of getting official duties done. Officialdom is a species of incompetence. The rather priggish, timid, teachable, and well-behaved sort of boy who is attracted by the prospect of assured income and a pension to win his way into the civil service, and who then by varied assiduities rises to importance, is the last person to whom we would willingly intrust the vital interests of a nation. We want people who know about life at large, who will come to the public service seasoned by experience, not people who have specialized and acquired that sort of knowledge which is called, in much the same spirit of qualification as one speaks of German silver, Expert Knowledge. It is clear our public servants and officials must be so only for their periods of service. They must be taught by life, and not "trained" by pedagogues. In every continuing job there is a time when one is crude and blundering, a time, the best time, when one is full of the freshness and happiness of doing well, and a time when routine has largely replaced the stimulus of novelty. The Great State will, I feel convinced, regard changes in occupation as a proper circumstance in the life of every citizen; it will value a certain amateurishness in its service, and prefer it to the trite omniscience of the stale official.

And since the Fabian Socialists have created a wide-spread belief that in their projected State every man will be necessarily a public servant or a public pupil because the State will be the only employer and the only educator, it is necessary to point out that the Great State presupposes neither the one nor the other. It is a form of liberty, and not a form of enslavement. It agrees with the bolder forms of Socialism in supposing an initial proprietary independence in every citizen. The citizen is a shareholder in the State. Above that and after that he works if he chooses. But if he likes to live on his minimum and do nothing—though such a type of character is scarcely conceivable—he can. His earning is his own surplus. Above the basal economics of the Great State we assume with confidence there will be a huge surplus of free spending upon extra-collective

ends. Public organizations, for example, may distribute impartially, and possibly even print and make ink and paper for, the newspapers in the Great State, but they will certainly not own them. Only doctrine-driven men have ever ventured to think they would. Nor will the State control writers and artists, for example, nor the stage—though it may build and own theaters—the tailor, the dressmaker, the restaurant cook, an enormous multitude of other busy workers-for-preferences. In the Great State of the future, as in the life of the more prosperous classes of to-day, the great proportion of occupations and activities will be private and free.

I would like to underline in the most emphatic way that it is possible to have this Great State, essentially socialistic, owning and running the land and all the great public services, sustaining everybody in absolute freedom at a certain minimum of comfort and well-being, and still leaving most of the interests, amusements, and adornments of the individual life, and all sorts of collective concerns, social and political discussion, religious worship, philosophy, and the like, to the free personal initiatives of entirely unofficial people.

This still leaves the problem of systematic knowledge and research, and all the associated problems of esthetic, moral, and intellectual initiative to be worked out in detail, but at least it dispels the nightmare of a collective mind organized as a branch of the civil service, with authors, critics, artists, scientific investigators, appointed in a frenzy of wire-pulling—as nowadays the British State appoints its bishops for the care of its collective soul.

And while I am thus indicating the broad features of this conception of the Great State as the opposite to the Normal Social Life, it is necessary to point out the scope of our present ignorance and indecision upon those two closely correlated problems, the problem of family organization and the problem of women's freedom. In the Normal Social Life the position of women is easily defined. They are subordinated but important. The citizenship rests with the man, and the woman's relation to the community as a whole is through a man. But within that

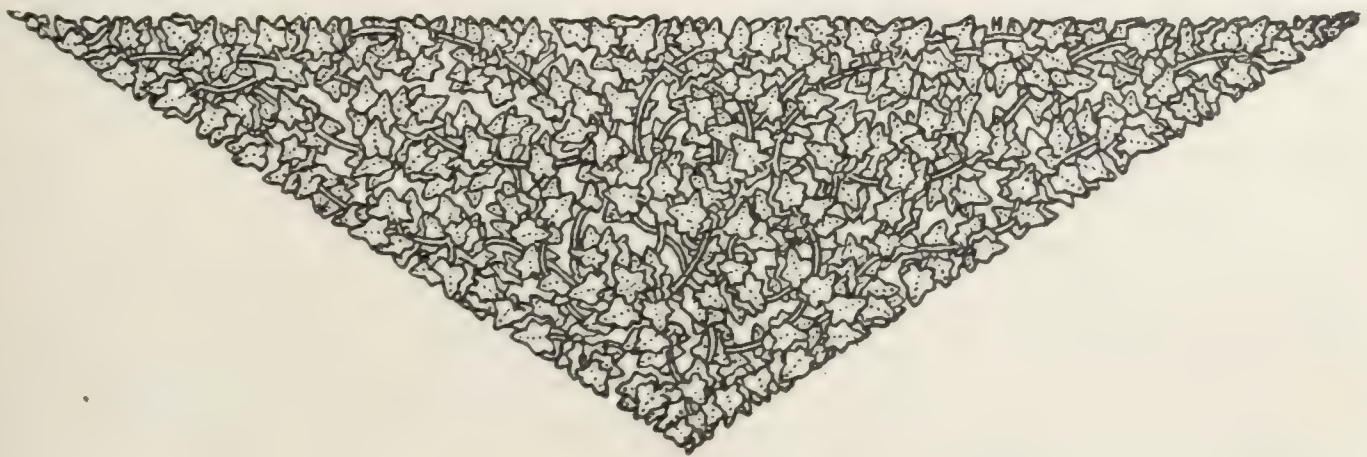


limitation her functions as mother, wife, and home-maker are cardinal. It is one of the entirely unforeseen consequences that have arisen from the decay of the Normal Social Life and its autonomous home that great numbers of women, while still subordinate, have become profoundly unimportant. They have ceased to a very large extent to bear children, they have dropped most of their home-making arts, they no longer nurse nor educate such children as they have, and they have taken on no new functions that compensate for these dwindling activities of the domestic interior. That subjugation which is a vital condition of the Normal Social Life does not seem to be necessary to the Great State. It may or it may not be necessary. And here we enter upon the most difficult of all our problems. The whole spirit of the Great State is against any avoidable subjugation; but the whole spirit of that science which will animate the Great State forbids us to ignore woman's functional and temperamental differences. A new status has still to be invented for women, a Feminine Citizenship differing in certain respects from the normal masculine citizenship. Its conditions remain to be worked out. We have, indeed, to work out an entire new system of relations between men and women that will be free from servitude, aggression, provocation, or parasitism. The public endowment of motherhood as such may perhaps be the first broad suggestion of the quality of this new status.

A new type of family, a mutual alliance in the place of a subjugation, is perhaps the most startling of all the conceptions which confront us directly we turn ourselves definitely toward the Great State.

And as our conception of the Great State grows, so we shall begin to realize the nature of the problem of transition, the problem of what we may best do in the confusion of the present time to elucidate and render practicable this new phase of human organization. Of one thing there can be no doubt, that whatever increases thought and knowledge moves toward our goal; and equally certain is it that nothing leads thither that tampers with the freedom of spirit, the independence of soul in common men and women. In many directions, therefore, the believer in the Great State will display a jealous watchfulness of contemporary developments rather than a premature constructiveness. We must watch wealth, but quite as necessary is it to watch the legislator, who mistakes propaganda for progress and class exasperation to satisfy class vindictiveness for construction. Supremely important is it to keep discussion open, to tolerate no limitation on the freedom of speech, writing, art, and book distribution, and to sustain the utmost liberty of criticism upon all contemporary institutions and processes.

This briefly is the programme of problems and effort to which this idea of the Great State, as the goal of contemporary progress, directs our minds.





# The Best of a Bad Job

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

IT should be made plain in the beginning, perhaps, in somewhat anxious furtherance of Tumm's singular tale, that Rickity Tickle is no more than a fishing-outport of the Newfoundland north coast—harbor snug enough, to be sure, in any wind: a placid basin, fashioned by Lost Island and a beneficent arm of the Cape, of whose gray rocks the trader's shop and stores and a scattering of squat white cottages make a sufficient and acceptable home for the lively folk of the place. To deal with deficiency—to make the best of short allowance in all things—is the fate and teaching of the coast: otherwise Blind Tom Tulk would surely have capitulated to his disability and whimpered his burdensome way to the grave where his brave old bones were stretched in honor to rest at last.

"Blind Tom Tulk, o' Rickity Tickle," said Tumm. "Short allowance o' sight for he. But—"

It is Tumm's tale. . . .

"'Twas middle age an' a bit over the hill with poor Tom Tulk," the clerk of the *Quick as Wink* began, "when he got cast away at the ice; an' had he been cronies with Trouble after that, there'd never have been a tale o' he on this coast. An' 'twas a tale, in the end, he wished t' leave—or a song, it might be. The *Blue Streak*, a naughty fore-an'-after from Bonavist' Bay, swilin' [sealing] that season from Rickity Tickle, Tom Tulk master for Pinch-a-Penny Peter, the Rickity Tickle trader o' them old days: she was nipped in a rafter o' the big in-shore pack off Little Pony o' the Horse Islands, an' went down when she'd spilled her crew an' her rats on the floe. 'Twas blowin' offshore that night, at the pitch of a gale an' a half, with dusty snow in the wind: a brutal dark time, they says, an' frosty with nor'-west weather. God knows what happened in the noisy dark, with the *Blue Streak*

gone down! The old story, I 'low: every man for hisself an' the devil take the hindmost.

"The ice went mad: a whirlwind an' hellquake, accordin' t' old Tom Tulk. Afore mornin', whatever, the floe was at sea, settled t' the torment o' the gale, an' footin' it for the Funks; an' by dawn Tom Tulk was all alone, t' make the best o' things as he could, with no food t' hearten un. It fell fair an' moderate, t' be sure, by an' by, with a warm little wind snoozin' up from the s'uth'ard: the pack come lazin' back t' Horse Islands an' Rickity Tickle—sun hot in a blue sky an' the ice a scorchin' glare. Tom Tulk 'lowed his eyes wouldn't last overlong; but ecod! thinks he, he'd have his life outlast his eyes; so he made for the nor'west, on a run for it, an' kep' on with good heart, in that blisterin' light, till his two eyes was fair fried in his head.

"'Twas the seventh day when offshore swilers from Rickity Tickle got un to his cottage by Blow-Me an' there fetched un to his senses.

"'Stone-blind when I fell, lads,' says he.

"'Aye, Tom?'

"'Snow on fire,' says he, 'an' my eyes sizzlin' in their sockets.'

"'Sure, Tom! No shame in *that*!'

"'Couldn't see t' pinch meself when I fell,' says he, 'an I'd took the notion!'

"'Nobody else laughed; for 'twasn't good for the ribs t' see Tom Tulk gone snow-blind.

"'Well, well, Skipper Tom!' says Pinch-a-Penny Peter, 'I'm feared 'tis last harbor, b'y.'

"'Whose?' says Tom.

"'You'll never see Mugford no more.'

"'Don't *want* t' see Mugford no more,' says Tom. 'All my fishin' life I've give Cape Mugford a wide berth. But please God I'll fish by Thumb-an'-Finger beyond!'

"'Anchor's down, b'y.'



“‘Isn’t I got a *nose?*’ says Skipper Tom.

“‘Aye, b’y,’ says Peter; ‘an’ ’twill take you so far as supper many an evenin’ t’ come, I’m hopin’.’

“Tom Tulk sot up in his bed. ‘An I can’t *see* my way through life, Skipper Peter,’ says he—‘why, damme, I’ll *smell* it!’

“‘Good lad!’ says they.

“‘I’ll make the best of a bad job,’ says Tom Tulk. ‘You mark *me!*’

“Pinch-a-Penny Peter laughed; an’ they says that Skipper Tom throwed back his head an’ laughed too. Ecod, but he was wonderful well-found in respect t’ good humor an’ satisfaction!

“After that, t’ be sure, they called un Blind Tom Tulk; but he wasn’t so blind as they named un: he could see jus’ about half-way where he was bound for, which was far enough for he. ’Twas never said by a Rickity Tickle man that Blind Tom Tulk couldn’t get where he was goin’ in plenty o’ time t’ be there.

“’Twas a marvel t’ all the coast how the ol’ feller got his schooner down north an’ back every season. ’Twas first a crawl about harbor, almost on all fours; then a hand’s berth—an’ at the end master o’ the *Seventh Son*, an’ the devil t’ drive her along!

“‘Bein’ half blind,’ says he, ‘I can see better’n ever afore.’

“‘Aye, Tom?’ says they.

“‘I’ve growed in the knowledge o’ small things.’

“‘That’s tellin’ nothin’!’

“‘Damme!’ says he, ‘I’ve got acquainted with the tip o’ me own nose.’

“‘What’s a nose to a Labrador skipper?’

“‘Look you!’ says he. ‘I’ve found out this: that when I goes as fur as I can see, I can see jus’ as fur funder.’

“T’ be sure,” Tumm went on, “Blind Tom Tulk got older an’ older, an’ Pinch-a-Penny Peter got older, too; but while Blind Tom Tulk kep’ good-humor for bedfellow, Pinch-a-Penny Peter, what with bad debts an’ fish worries, grew wrinkled an’ crabbed. Came, then, I mind, the Lean Year o’ Seven; it near keeled Pinch-a-Penny over; and as for the folk o’ Rickity Tickle, who must go

to un for food, ’twas like hangin’ t’ beg a barrel o’ flour an’ a gallon o’ sweetness.

“I’ve no blame for Pinch-a-Penny Peter in these days: he was ill nicknamed, whatever, t’ the best o’ my knowledge; an’ he was now growed old for his burdens. With the Lean Year o’ Seven t’ weather, he’d been hard pressed for ease o’ mind: ’twas a famine, indeed—as my belly remembers. But he’d managed somehow t’ get Rickity Tickle t’ the spring o’ the year with no deaths from starvation; an’ he was now hard put to it t’ stave off his creditors t’ St. John’s, an’ outfit the hook-an’-line men an’ Labrador schooners for the season upon us. I mind well the time that Blind Tom Tulk come t’ the office for his berth: close o’ day, then, but light enough left for labor—a black sky far off at sea beyond the narrows of our harbor, with the red glory o’ the sun behind. Pinch-a-Penny Peter was hunched up on a high stool at the big desk by the window, pen put aside. I could see from the shop that he was lookin’ in a muse o’ trouble at the tickle waters where his schooners lay fittin’ out; an’ I mind thinkin’, young lad though I was, that he was a old, old man, seein’ less o’ the schooners below than o’ the sunset light at sea, an’ hearin’ never a sound at all o’ hammer an’ saw, nor a word o’ the blithe young song o’ little Billy Luff, though the window was open t’ the June wind.

“Pinch-a-Penny turned about on the stool when Blind Tom Tulk come in.

“‘Well, Tom?’ says he.

“‘Feel o’ fog in the air,’ says Tom.

“‘Aye, Tom,’ says Peter; ‘they’s a mist comin’ over the sun.’

“‘A red world, the night,’ says Tom.

“Pinch-a-Penny looked out o’ the window. Ecod, but ’twas a red world even then: a blood-red sea an’ sky beyond the tickle rocks! ‘An’ no mail-boat,’ says Peter.

“‘Oh aye,’ says Tom; ‘they’ll be a mail-boat the night.’

“‘Fog’s down, Tom: a black night fallin’.’

“‘Aye,’ says Tom; ‘but I’ve put a pair o’ ears on that tin kettle.’

“‘Pinch-a-Penny turned about again, with a little jerk o’ temper; an’ then:

“‘Well, Tom?’ says he.



"‘I ’lowed I’d drop in, Peter,’ says Tom, ‘an’ tell you I’d take the *Seventh Son* north again.’

"‘Aye?’

"‘I’m fit an’ able as ever,’ says Tom, ‘an’ I’ve no disgust with labor. Sure, I’m the toughest ol’ codger the coast ever knowed!’

"Pinch-a-Penny drummed on the desk.

"‘Thumb - an’ - Finger o’ Pinch - Me Head,’ says Tom: ‘they’ll be fish aplenty on the Harborless Shore *this* season.’

"Peter looked out o’ the window, his chin in his hands. They was knockin’ off down below; an’ little Billy’s song was still, an’ there wasn’t no sound o’ hammer an’ saw. The room was filled with red shadows: a red world beyond—a hot flare over the sea an’ a crimson mist on the hills.

"‘Peter!’ says Tom.

"Pinch-a-Penny didn’t answer.

"‘Isn’t you *there*, Peter?’

"‘Aye, Tom.’

"‘I—I—didn’t hear nothin’,’ says Tom; ‘an’—an’—my eyes—’

"‘Aye, Tom?’

"‘Dear God!’ says Tom. ‘What you mean? Can’t I have the *Seventh Son* no more?’

"‘I wisht I was sure o’ your eyes.’

"‘I’m not past me labor, Peter!’

"‘We’re both old men, Tom.’

"‘I’m fit an’ able!’

"Pinch-a-Penny dropped the words one by one; an’ they come down like clods on a coffin:

"‘Business—is—business!’

"‘Aye, Peter,’ says Tom, ‘but what ’ll I do *now*?’

"‘Take your rest, Tom.’

"‘I isn’t able,’ says Blind Tom Tulk, ‘with sound labor left in me!’

"No fuss at all: no more’n jus’ that. Whether past his labor or not, ’twas over with Blind Tom Tulk: a leaf in the frost now, with a grip on the branch, maybe, but soon t’ fall into the wind. He said good night with good cheer, for ’twas ever his way t’ be kind; an’ I thought un a fine, brave figure of a New-f’un’lander—an old, old man, yet cravin’ his labor in a needy world o’ men, straight up in the crimson light, a good wish an’ a smile for the man who’d taken away his joy. But I seed that he stumbled a bit on his way through the

shop, an’ I’d never seed un stumble afore; an’ he muttered, ‘Oh, dear God!’ as he passed me, an’ ’twas the first word o’ complaint that ever fell from his lips, t’ my knowledge. So I followed out, an’ walked home alongside, t’ the cottage by Blow-Me; an’ though he never said a word by the way, I fancied he’d no mean thought o’ the company of a lad like me, bein’ a great reader o’ the hearts o’ folk. ’Twas fallen near dark when we climbed the hill: some coals aglow, beyond the tickle, like the embers of a burnt-out fire; but a soggy fog was down—thick on sea an’ hills—an’ afore we come t’ Tom Tulk’s gate ’twas dark as midnight on our coast. Skipper Tom stopped then t’ sense the weather: no glance about at all—jus’ a little wait, with his head cocked, an’ then, it seemed t’ me, he knowed all about it.

"‘A black night,’ says he, ‘for young an’ old.’

"‘No mail-boat the night,’ says I.

"‘She’ll come, Tumm,’ says he; ‘she’ve ears t’ hear with. Good night, lad.’

"An’ ’twas all true enough.

"When I got back t’ the shop ’twas a hullabaloo I encountered. Pinch-a-Penny Peter had broke a leg. A slip in the dark, says they, on the rocks o’ Squid Cove—an’ Pinch-a-Penny, with neither wife nor child t’ ease un, howlin’ an’ helpless in an up-stairs room o’ the big house on the hill. The mail-boat goin’ by in the dark, says they, with the gov’mnt doctor aboard: an’ no help for pain this side o’ Tilt Cove, sixty mile t’ the s’uth’ard. Ecod! ’twas the mess of a generation: Pinch-a-Penny Peter, the Rickity Tickle trader, yelpin’ like a hurt dog an’ beggin’ God A’mighty for mercy—an’ the mail-boat goin’ by! I mind I couldn’t well believe it, for I was a lad then, an’ ol’ Pinch-a-Penny Peter, with his shop an’ his storehouses, was near as big as the Lord in the lives of us all; but when I got fair under the window, with half the lads o’ the place, I knowed from the noise he made that he was no better’n we, after all. An’ then the mail-boat whistled. ’Twas she, sure enough, offshore in the bay. Too-oo-oot! An’ again an’ again. She was blowin’ her head off—always nearer:



a slow feelin' o' the way t' harbor. 'Twas a miracle of a dark night like that. Toot-toot! She was off the narrows: Cap'n Hand a stranger in our waters—an' never a man o' Rickity Tickle able t' come in from mid-bay of a foggy night! A long blast, an', ecod! she was in, her lights showin' off Blow-Me! I'm not knowin' very well what our people thought of it that night; but the lad that was I got it back into his head, all at once, that the Lord was at the elbow o' Pinch-a-Penny Peter, whatever might seem at times.

"Cap'n Hand come ashore with the doctor; an' 'tis said that when Pinch-a-Penny was stowed away, his pain all eased, he turned t' Cap'n Hand, an'—

"'Cap'n Hand,' says he, 'how'd you manage t' do it?'

"'Took lessons from Blind Tom Tulk.'

"'Tell me,' says Pinch-a-Penny.

"'Ears,' says Cap'n Hand.

"'I can't fathom it.'

"'Echoes.'

"Pinch-a-Penny Peter, t' be sure, had Blind Tom Tulk t' the big house in the mornin', an' give un the *Seventh Son* t' take down the Labrador. Tom Tulk 'lowed he hadn't done nothin' t' tell about: anybody with no eyes t' speak of, says he, would find a way t' get along with his ears, an' a man with neither ears nor eyes, he'd be bound, could do very well in this world with his nose. A man with the best of a bad job t' make, says he, will learn many surprisin' things. Anyhow, you may think as you likes about that: but 'twas Blind Tom Tulk, o' Rickity Tickle—an' none other than Blind Tom Tulk—that first found a use for echoes. They was silly enough things afore Tom Tulk put un t' work, God knows! An' they're sailin' by echoes yet on our coast; an' I'm told that Tom Tulk's invention has got as far as the Alaskan seas.

"It didn't turn out as Tom Tulk had said. 'Twould be a grand year for fish, says he; but they wasn't no fish, not for many. Skipper Tom took the *Seventh Son* through the Straits in a westerly blow, an' beat the fleet north at his leisure, with leave t' pick an' choose his berth. 'Twas Pinch-Me Head,

below Mugford, first choice for Tom; an' down went the traps, fair between the Thumb an' the Finger—sea-room t' get out, with fair warnin', but no harbor near by, an' a devilish shore t' go t' wreck on. No fish: not a fin—not a tail. The Barnyards, then; an' thereafter the Hen-an'-Chickens, Run-by-Guess, an' Baby Tickle. No fish—an' the days o' that season scootin' by! No fish for nobody: Green Bay schooners with their salt not touched—an' Bonavist' men, Trinity fore-an'-afters, an' Twillingate skippers flutterin' the length o' the coast half mad for fish an' ease o' mind. 'Twas the Second Lean Year: many an outport merchant, caught in the Labrador gamble, went under in the fall. But Blind Tom Tulk, with Pinch-a-Penny Peter on his mind, never give up; for, says he, 'twas his last season on the coast, an' he'd a mind t' make a load of it, God help un! From Baby Tickle t' Stop-a-Bit Bay an' Try-Again: a quintal here an' a quintal there—we'd something t' show, whatever, when Blind Tom Tulk up with the traps in the middle o' the night an' put back t' the Thumb-an'-Finger o' Pinch-Me with a fair wind.

"The fish struck in: a fortnight without sleep—an' the *Seventh Son* was loaded.

"'A quintal or two more,' says Tom, 'wouldn't hurt Pinch-a-Penny's fortune none.'

"No, no!

"'She'll carry more yet,' says Tom.

"We stowed more away.

"'Ecod!' says Tom, 'she'll do very well a little bit deeper still, I'll be bound!'

"Down she went.

"'Oh, well,' says Tom, 'jus' another quintal or two!'

"The *Seventh Son* settled with her burden o' the catch: down she goes—lower an' lower—till her decks was near flush with the sea. A last haul: then a clear night—stars above t' the last star of all—blood an' the flare o' torches on deck—an' at dawn Tom Tulk called it a load.

"'Loaded!' says he.

"Aye, loaded!

"'Decks awash!' says he; 'we'll get the gear aboard, lads, an' put t' sea.'

"'No sleep?' says the first hand.

"'I wants t' go home,' says Tom.

"'Crew's all wore out, Skipper Tom.'

"'I wants t' go home,' says Tom Tulk.



"'Twas a fine night, that night: I mind it well—dark o' the moon, stars out an' a favorin' wind for deep craft—an' the Thumb-an'-Finger o' Pinch-Me big in the shadows, with a flash o' slow breakers between. Glad t' get out? Oh aye; for 'tis no place for a fishin'-craft off Pinch-Me Head. The sea was aboard us then: a wet deck—an' I'd never afore trod a wet deck of a tender night with the wind behind. 'Twas uncanny: 'twas fair irreligious—a mad temptation o' the hell where winds is brewed. But Skipper Tom would have it so, an' was easy in his mind, so far as man could tell: oh, jus' allowin', says he, t' creep alongshore, harbor t' harbor, waitin' for fair winds, takin' it easy, dawdlin' an' lazy, foolin' with the weather, till 'twas time t' cross the Straits. No objection at all, says he, t' slow sailin' by day or night; for 'twould make the fleet rage an' wonder—an' they'd ever remember the deed—t' see Blind Tom Tulk go home with decks awash of a failed season. 'Twas what he'd wanted all along: a thing t' be remembered—a deed beyond the deeds o' men with eyes. What's time, says he, to a loaded craft of a failed season—with the price o' fish jumpin' toward the sky in the hungry world beyond? An' so we loafed t' the s'uth'ard, puttin' up o' nights, anchor down in safe harbor when the winds blew evil.

"At Poor Maid's Secret I cotched Skipper Tom with his nose t' the glass: his eyes, too, t' be sure—but so close t' that Yankee telltale that the tip of his nose rubbed the bulb.

"'You're a good lad, Tumm,' says he.

"'Aye?' says I.

"'You're a honest lad.'

"'Aye?'

"'I'm blind,' says he.

"It didn't strike me as anything out o' the way. 'Sure,' says I; 'you've been blind, Skipper Tom, since the day I was born.'

"'No,' says he; 'but I'm blind now, Tumm—with nothin' at all but ears t' help me get home. It—it—happened las' night—when I was asleep. They wasn't no dawn for me this mornin'. I—I—been kind o' keepin' it t' myself. But I 'low somebody ought t' know.'

"'Can't you get along?'

"'Ears isn't so bad,' says he, 'when you knows how t' use un. I 'low I'll do.

Anyhow, I isn't goin' to whimper at my age. What's the readin'?"

"I took a squint at the glass.

"'I can't hear that glass drop,' says he; 'but the weather sense I got tells me that it ought t' be fallin' with a noise like a clap o' thunder.'

"'Readin's fair,' says I.

"'Fair!'

"'Fair an' fine.'

"'The damned thing!' says he.

"'Wind's blowin' fair, too, Skipper Tom.'

"'Aye,' says he; 'my cheek tol' me that. Wind's fair—an' the Harborless Shore t' get past with a load o' fish. What 'll I do, Tumm?'

"'A fair wind, a blue sky, an' a kindly glass,' says I.

"'The glass lies!'

"'Not the feel o' things.'

"'That's it!' says he; 'the feel o' things says "Wait!" to a man o' my years. But she'll blow foul for a month if she starts. An' the wind's fair, lad, an' the glass tells its own tale o' the weather t' come, an' Tom Tulk's growed old, an' can't trust hisself no more—an' wants t' get home with his load.'

"'Well?' says I.

"'Call the crew,' says he; 'we'll trust the damned Yankee an' put t' sea.'

"I took un on deck. 'Twas never needed, t' be sure, but I led un by the hand where I could go meself in the dark—a broken, helpless ol' feller, long past eighty, an' gone stone-blind all at once. 'Twas not needed t' tell me t' hold my tongue. I'm not knowin' whether he wanted me to or not. There was never a word from he, whatever, on that score. 'Twas jus', 'Tumm, I'm blind!' an' no more. How old he was! Growed old in a moment with the close an' last snap o' the shutters of his mind. He'd shriveled in the frost—a leaf—aye, bit-ten deep in the cold o' fall. No whimper at all: jus' a spell o' hopelessness—which didn't last overlong. I sot un down aft; an' I'll never forget the look he bore for a bit—the look of a faded, crumpled, cast-away thing, aged long beyond use, it seemed, an' past belief. I heared un whisper, 'The best of a bad job, Tom Tulk!' An' then he took hold of his humor an' cheered up; an' he was blithe



enough, believe me, while the first hand put sail on the *Seventh Son* an' took her t' sea, with the length o' the Harborless Shore t' run down. Never a man aboard could guess he'd gone blind.

"An' then a threat o' bad weather: down went the Yankee telltale—down an' down: you'd think she was bound t' drop the bottom out, with a blue sky t' belie her, an' the sun warm, an' a lazy little wind comin' down the coast t' push the *Seventh Son* toward haven.

"'Lyin' again!' said Blind Tom Tulk.

"'She've a loud voice, sir,' says I.

"'Aye,' says he; 'most liars has. There won't be no change afore night o' the morrow, an' we'll be past Mummers' Head by then, with harbors t' run to in case o' need.'

"True enough, too; an' so it turned out—a gale brewin' toward close o' the next day, an' Mummers' Head behind, an' harbors near by. But the fog come down: a soggy time—thick mist for clear eyes, a slow, black sea, an' no peep o' shore. It didn't need no glass t' tell that there was trouble abroad for sailin'-craft: the news o' wind was in a man's own heart—his sense o' the sea an' the ears of his heart for peril. If Blind Tom Tulk was blind, stone-blind, he was yet on deck, fore an' aft, as clever as you likes, with a good grip on his courage. An' the *Seventh Son* with decks awash: 'twas disquietin', believe me, t' feel her labor along like an overburdened man. So the crew felt: a fidgety lot by now—never a man below, never a voice lifted, never a laugh t' be heard; an' all hands, from the first hand at the wheel t' the cook's boy squattin' woebegone by the galley, starin' big-eyed into the mist, as if waitin' t' greet the first big wet swishin' squall o' what was comin'. A tempest comin' down. No gale: a hurricane. They was scared. Me, too, ecod! We'd sensed a whirlwind. 'Twas a time, thinks I, t' take in sail, an' lash the deck-load fast, or get rid of it, afore the big wind cotched us; but Skipper Tom would have none o' *that*. She was doin' very well, says he: his feet told un so; an' praise the Lord she was below Mummers' Head, with Bread-an'-Butter Harbor t' run to.

"'Bread-an'-Butter Harbor, Skipper

Tom!' snorts the first hand. 'An' every man blind in the mist!'

"'All blind but the blind!' says Blind Tom Tulk.

"If any man had eyes t' see in that black fog, 'twas surely Skipper Tom; an' us knowed it—every one!

"We got the first puff o' the gale jus' afore dark fell down. It came out o' the mist on the jump: there was a hiss in the dusk t' win'ard—an' then a flood o' white spray. The *Seventh Son*, with all sail spread, went over to it, sulky an' slow with her weight o' fish. It seemed she'd not stop, once she got goin', an' she held so long in doubt, frothy water t' the hatches, that I 'lowed she'd no heart t' stand up; but up she came at last—good ol' girl that she was!—an' the first hand spilled the wind an' held her up in a peltin' smother o' spray until the squall went by. 'Tis easy t' recall that the wind fell flat then, for the tales o' this coast have it so, every one—a white squall, a black, breathless time, an' the devil t' pay for a night an' a day. The Gale o' the Second Lean Year: the Labrador fleet bound home, light laden, an' caught offshore in a black mist—an' blowed t' shreds an' splinters afore dawn o' the next day! Never a wind like that afore, they says; an', ecod, I'll swear that the death an' ruin it worked hasn't been matched in my time! Aye, a flat time after the first squall: the sea up a bit—a long, black roll—an' neither whisper nor breath in the hot mist: 'twas like a dark room with a ghost in it. The *Seventh Son* fell away into the trough; an' there she rolled, like a waterlogged derelict, as much as the stomach o' mortal man could stand, with Skipper Tom sayin' never a word about sail or fish, though 'twas in every man's mind t' shorten the one an' jettison some part o' the other.

"'Be a breeze by an' by,' says he.

"'A tempest!' says the first hand.

"'Aye,' says Skipper Tom; 'wind enough comin' down t' blow nails in a coffin.'

"'I'll shorten sail,' says the first hand.

"'Oh no,' says Tom; 'can't get nowhere without *sail*—an' we *got* t' get out o' *this*.'

"The first hand jumped.



"‘I’m old,’ says Tom, ‘an’ I knows there’s no mercy in what’s comin’.’"

"‘Thinkin’ about gettin’ some o’ this fish overside?’ says the first hand.

"‘Well, no,’ says Tom; ‘no, lad—I wasn’t.’"

"‘Nar a quintal?’"

"‘I got a load of a failed season,’ says Tom. ‘I—I—wants t’ take it home; an’ I ’low I knows a way—if she breezes up a bit.’"

"‘She’s deep,’ says the first hand.

"‘Deep laden!’ says Tom. ‘Aye, thank God! She’s deep laden of a failed season.’"

"The first hand stamped his foot like a woman. ‘Too deep for wind! She’ll sink.’"

"‘She’s below Mummers’ Head,’ says Tom, ‘an’ there’s snug water at Bread-an’-Butter Harbor.’"

"‘Snug water!’ says the first hand. "‘Harbor in fog’s no harbor at all.’ 'Tis a sayin’."

"‘There’s another,’ says Tom: "‘Ears an’ hears not.’"

"‘What’s a deck-load o’ fish t’ the lives o’ men?’"

"‘I’m old enough t’ know,’ says the skipper, ‘that a deck-load o’ fish is the lives o’ men. An’,’ says he, jumpin’ up, ‘by the grace o’ God to a blind old man who’s done his work in the world, I’ll get my load home!’"

"Below Mummers’ Head now, as I’ve said: the Harborless Shore past; an’ Tom Tulk knowed where he was. I’d watched un that day—watched un smell the wind an’ the coast an’ feel the vessel under-foot. I’d been forever at his elbow—t’ be his eyes, says he; but it seemed t’ me that he needed no eyes at all; for he’d know all I said afore I opened my mouth. *An’ I knowed that he knowed where he was.* I’d watched un find out—an’ follow his course. ‘Mummers’ Head,’ says he, that afternoon. ‘Does you see it, Tumm? Is you sure? It mightn’t be Daffy - Down - Dilly? No, no; ’tis Mummers’ Head—a black rock, black in the mist, spruce-crested, eh? an’ a red cliff, like a man’s hand, bloody after fishin’?’ 'Twas even so! ‘Mummers’ Head, sure enough,’ says he; ‘and now I knows where I is.’ Then down the coast—a beat into the wind, with Skipper Tom keepin’ track o’ the ground she

gained. ‘Easy!’ says he t’ the first hand. ‘I’m lookin’ for Bread-an’-Butter Harbor. Not much at a time as you goes. ’Tis hereabouts. An’ go close. Don’t be afeared o’ the shore. ’Tis a decent place—clear water an’ plenty o’ room. I knows it of old: fished it, boy an’ man. Why, Lord,’ says he, ‘my first blind season was fished out o’ Bread-an’-Butter Harbor! ’Twas hereabouts that I learned t’ use my ears; an’ I can’t be fooled by a gale o’ wind,’ says he, ‘an’ they isn’t no fog can keep me out o’ Bread-an’-Butter an’ I wants t’ go in.’ An’ so we’d come through the day t’ the squall an’ black calm in which we lay when the first hand made his complaint.

"‘Aft here, lads!’ says Skipper Tom.

"They come aft over the decks: the hearts scared out o’ the pack of un by that black mist an’ the hot silence.

"‘Every man for hisself!’ says Tom. ‘I’m gone blind. I’ll not hide it. I can’t see an inch. But I knows where I is, an’ I knows my way out. Will it be the first hand or me?’"

"‘I quit,’ says the first hand.

"‘Hol’ on!’ says Skipper Tom. ‘Give the lads a choice, an you will.’"

"‘I tells you I quit!’ says the first hand. ‘I don’t know where I is.’"

"‘Well, lads?’"

"They stood by Skipper Tom.

"It breezed up: not a squally wind, for that we never could have lived through—a steady enough wind, t’ be sure, as Skipper Tom had looked for, but puffin’ up an’ up. We begun t’ beat t’ the s’uth’ard again, Skipper Tom goin’ easy, an’ blessin’ the wind that blowed. ‘You keep your courage an’ stand by, lads, whatever happens,’ says he, rubbin’ his ol’ hands, ‘an’ I’ll have you safe in Bread-an’-Butter Harbor afore the big wind falls down.’ He took the *Seventh Son* inshore, again an’ again, until the noise o’ breakers fetched a yelp o’ ‘Hard-a-lee!’ from the lookout in the bow; an’ then the ol’ man went for’ard hisself; for, says he, with a grin, eyes wasn’t no good of a foggy night, an’ he ’lowed, by the sound o’ things, that he was close t’ Bread-an’-Butter Harbor. In an’ out went the *Seventh Son*, by orders o’ Blind Tom Tulk: never far t’ sea—out a bit, with the crew breathin’ easy, an’ then in,



every man's heart in his mouth, until Tom Tulk, his ears cocked t' the breakers, sung 'Hard-a-lee!' No gale yet, mark you: but the wind risin' with every puff, an' small time left, by all the signs, afore 'twould blow the *Seventh Son* out o' the water. A dark night now, black with fog, black t' the best eyes: a blind skipper, the schooner deep in a long, black swell, an' Tom Tulk takin' her in-shore until the breakers seemed fair under her bows, though no man could see t' tell. He'd stiffen a bit, an' grip the rail, when he got ear o' the first crash o' water; an' then he'd listen an' listen—with his southerly ear open t' the shore an' his blind eyes closed—while every man aboard waited for the next long sea t' fling the schooner at the cliffs.

"Every time, ecod! with the noise o' breakers in a man's ears, 'twas like the gift o' life when Tom Tulk sung out, 'Hard-a-lee!' an' the schooner turned tail on the coast.

"'She's hereabouts,' says he. 'Nex' time I'll find her.'

"Nor the next—nor the next: 'twas forever a shake o' the head, a howl o' 'Hard-a-lee!' an' come about an' put t' sea in haste.

"'Damme!' says he, once, 'I *can't* be lost.'

"It seemed he was. Lost? An' if he wasn't he would be—an' every soul aboard—by the Lord!

"'No, sir!' says he. 'She've *got* t' be near. I'll hear her spittin' soon.'

"Out an' in: in an' out—an' in so close, this time, that I cotched a flash o' white in the dark.

"'God's sake!' says I. 'Not so close!'

"'I knows my way,' says he. 'I'll cotch ear of her soon.'

"Half a gale now, an' the sea too much for a craft with decks awash. My heart fell fair t' my belly with every pitch o' the old ship. 'Twas lighten the schooner or sink on the next tack out, thinks I.

"Then—

"'Hear that!' says Tom.

"'Hear what? God's name, we're lost!'

"'Ah-ha!' says he; 'there she is!'

"Breakers, sure enough! I harkened—a roar o' water: a hollow boom-boom, a slap an' a swish.

"'Ol' Hole-in-the-Wall,' says Tom, with a bit of a chuckle, 'coughin' her

life out! I knowed she'd have a cold in a southerly sea. Hear *that*, Tumm?'

"We run aft together.

"'Bearin's enough for the blind,' says Tom, when he'd got the wheel in his hands. 'Harbor's forty fathom t' the north. A deep channel—an' a broad way. Ah-ha!—nothin' like ears of a foggy night. An' now I'll take her in.'

"'Twas plain as a voice: the sea in that deep cave they calls Hole-in-the-Wall—a boom-boom, like the beat of a drum, with a cough t' follow. It could never be mistaken. Boom-boom!—an' a slap an' a cough an' a hiss. The same with every sea: boom-boom!—an' a slap an' a cough an' a hiss. 'Twas for this that Tom Tulk had hearkened so long—the voice o' Hole-in-the-Wall, near by the narrows t' Bread-an'-Butter Harbor: boom-boom!—an' a slap an' a cough an' a hiss.

"Blind Tom put the schooner at the shore. 'Keep your courage, lads!' sings he. 'Twill soon be over. I can see that shore like a gull in the sunlight. An' stand by t' let go the anchor an' take in sail. No yelpin', lads,' says he, 'for I got trouble enough with my ears in this here howl o' wind.' Gale down then, all of a sudden: a squall an' a flood o' cold rain—an' the *Seventh Son* on a run for the rocks like a scared rabbit. 'Ah-ha, *there* she is!' says Tom. 'We're goin' in!' There she was, sure enough: boom-boom!—an' a slap an' a cough an' a hiss. 'Snug water inside,' says Tom. 'I can see like a hawk.' Then no more; for Tom Tulk had his ears open t' the voice o' Hole-in-the-Wall. An' 'twas pitch-dark: black as a wolf's throat—an' a hellish confusion o' wind an' sea, an' the fear o' death before an' behind. Sight o' nothin' at all: jus' noise—an' no eyes needed t' tell what lay ahead: a mess o' rock an' broken water below big cliffs. All over in a flash now, thinks we: breakers under the bows, an' nothin' t' do but hang on an' make the best of it when she struck. It seemed t' me, all of a sudden, that I could put out my hand an' touch a cliff; there was the feel o' rock near by—an', ecod! I fair wished the *Seventh Son* would strike, an' splinter up, an' be done with the job, for I couldn't stand it no longer. Then the



cook's boy yelped; an' I'm not knowin' what might have happened on the heels o' that child's scream—I leaped meself, I knows, an' shivered, an' heard a howl in the dark beside me—had not the wind failed all at once, an' the schooner lost way, with her canvas flappin', an' the sea gone still, an' the noise o' wind an' breakers somehow gone out o' the world.

“‘Bread-an'-Butter,’ says Skipper Tom t' the first hand. ‘Easy water ahead. Get the sail off her an' hang her down for fine weather.’

“Well, well!” Tumm concluded. “Blind Tom Tulk 'lowed it wasn't so bad for a ol' feller like he, but nothin' much t' boast of; for, says he, over a cup o' tea that night, a man with no eyes in his head t' speak of would do very well with his ears if he'd a mind t' make the best of a bad job. An' ol' Hole-in-the-Wall was a friend o' his, says he. A teacher, for sure; for Hole-in-the-Wall had fetched un t' harbor out of a mist in the days of his first blind season; an' thereafter he'd learned t' do very well with his ears—by means of all the little voices in the world, says he, which speak

to a man without eyes. An' so he told Pinch-a-Penny Peter, when he went ashore at Rickity Tickle, with the *Seventh Son* at anchor in Squid Cove, loaded deep of a failed season. ‘An' now, Peter,’ says he, ‘I'm past my labor, an' I'll take my rest, which I've earned in a long life, well spent. Short allowance o' sight these last few years,’ says he; ‘but I done well enough, somehow or other, with what I had, by makin' the best of a bad job.’ 'Twas very well with Tom Tulk after that: a staff at last, an' many a gossipy dawdle on the roads, an' time for yarns an' children, an' a seat in the sun of a fine afternoon. ‘I'm past my labor,’ says he, ‘an' I'm enjoyin' the fruits o' toil. I loved my life all my days: never better, lad, than after I'd fried my sight at the ice, an' they was a bit more interest in gettin' along. I got one thing more t' look for'ard to,’ says he, ‘an' I 'low I'll like *that*, too. In my old age, sittin' here in the sun, with not much else t' think of, an' life gone past, I've growed wonderful curious about—*that*!’

“He meant death.”

And the tale of Tom Tulk was told.

## Waiting

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE afternoon is lonely for your face,  
The pampered morning mocks the day's decline,—  
I was so rich at noon, the sun was mine,  
Mine the sad sea that in that rocky place  
Girdled us round with blue betrothal ring,  
Because your heart was mine, that precious thing.

The night will be a desert till the dawn,  
Unless you take some ferry-boat of dreams,  
And glide to me, a glory of silver beams,  
Under my eyelids, like sad curtains drawn,—  
So, by good hap, my heart can find its way  
Where all your sweetness lies in fragrant disarray.

Ah! but with morn the world begins anew,  
Again the sea shall sing up to your feet,  
And earth and all the heavens call you sweet,  
You all alone with me, I all alone with you,  
And all the business of the laureled hours  
Shyly to gaze on that betrothal ring of ours.



# Mark Twain

SOME CHAPTERS FROM AN EXTRAORDINARY LIFE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

FOURTH PAPER

IT was not until early in the winter following his arrival at Carson City that Samuel Clemens got the real mining infection. Everybody had it by that time; the miracle is that he had not fallen an earlier victim. The wildest stories of sudden fortune were in the air—some of them undoubtedly true. Men had gone to bed paupers, on the verge of starvation, and awakened to find themselves millionaires. Others had sold out claims for a song that had been suddenly found to be fairly stuffed with precious ores. Cart-loads of bricks—silver and gold—daily drove through the streets.

In the midst of these things reports came from the newly opened Humboldt region—flamed up with a radiance that was almost blinding. The papers declared Humboldt County (Nevada) to be “the richest mineral region on God’s footstool.” The mountains were said to be literally bursting with gold and silver. A correspondent of the daily *Territorial Enterprise* wallowed in rhetoric, yet found words inadequate to paint the measureless wealth of the Humboldt mines. No wonder those not already mad speedily became so. No wonder Samuel Clemens, with his natural tendency to speculative optimism, yielded to the epidemic and became as frenzied as the craziest. The air to him suddenly began to shimmer; all his thoughts were of “leads” and “ledges” and “veins”; all his clouds had silver linings, all his dreams were of gold. He joined an expedition at once; he reproached himself bitterly for not having started earlier.

“Hurry was the word! We wasted no time. Our party consisted of four persons—a blacksmith, sixty years of age, two young lawyers, and myself. We bought a wagon and two miserable old horses. We put eighteen hundred pounds of provisions and mining tools in the

wagon, and drove out of Carson on a chilly December afternoon.”

In a letter to his mother he stated that, besides provisions and mining tools, their load consisted of certain luxuries—*viz.*, ten pounds of Killikinick, Watts’s Hymns, fourteen decks of cards, *Dombey and Son*, a cribbage-board, one small keg of lager-beer, and the *Carmina Sacra*.

The two young lawyers were A. W. (Gus) Oliver (“Oliphant” in *Roughing It*) and W. H. Clagget. Sam Clemens had known “Billy” Clagget as a law student in Keokuk, and they were brought together now by this association. Both Clagget and Oliver were promising young men, and would be heard from in time. The blacksmith’s name was Tillou (“Ballou”), a sturdy, honest soul with a useful knowledge of mining and the repair of tools. There were also two dogs in the party—a small, curly-tailed mongrel named Curney, the property of Mr. Tillou, and a young hound. The combination seemed a strong one.

It proved a weak one in the matter of horses. Oliver and Clemens furnished the team, and their selection had not been of the best. It was two hundred miles to Humboldt, mostly across sand. The horses could not drag their load and the miners too, so the miners got out. Then they found it necessary to push.

“Not because we were fond of it, Ma,” he writes. “Oh no! but on Bunker’s account. Bunker was the ‘near’ horse on the larboard side, named after the Attorney-General of this Territory. My horse—and I am sorry you do not know him personally, Ma, for I feel toward him sometimes as if he were a blood relation of our family—he is so lazy, you know—my horse, I was going to say, was the ‘off’ horse on the starboard side. But it was on Bunker’s account, principally, that we pushed behind the wagon. In fact,



Ma, that horse had something on his mind all the way to Humboldt."

So they had to push; and most of that two hundred miles, through snow and sand-storm, they continued to push and swear and groan, sustained only by the thought that they must arrive at last, when their troubles would all be at an end. They would be millionaires in a brief time, and never know want or fatigue any more.

They were eleven weary days pushing their wagon and team the two hundred miles to Unionville, Humboldt County, arriving at last in a driving snow-storm. Unionville consisted of eleven poor cabins built in the bottom of a cañon—five on one side and six facing them on the other. They were poor, three-sided, one-room huts, the fourth side formed by the hill; the roof a sheet of domestic cotton. Stones used to roll down on them sometimes, and Mark Twain tells of live stock—specifically of a mule and a cow—that interrupted the patient, long-suffering Oliver, who was trying to write poetry, and only complained at last when "an entire cow came rolling down the hill, crashed through on the table, and made a shapeless wreck of everything."\*

In the letter which Samuel Clemens wrote home he tells of what they found in Unionville.

"'National' there was selling at \$50 per foot, and assayed \$2,496 per ton at the mint in San Francisco. And the 'Alba Nueva,' 'Peru,' 'Delirio,' 'Congress,' 'Independent,' and others were immensely rich leads. And, moreover, having winning ways with us, we could get 'feet' enough to make us all rich one of these days."

"I confess with shame," says the author of *Roughing It*, "that I expected to find masses of silver lying all about the ground." And he adds that he slipped away from the cabin to find a claim on his own account, and tells how he came staggering back under a load of golden specimens; also how his specimens proved to be only worthless mica, and how he learned that in mining nothing that glitters is gold. His account in *Roughing It* of the Humboldt mining experience is sufficiently good history to make detail here unnecessary. Tillou instructed them

\* *Innocents Abroad*.

in prospecting, and in time they located a fairly promising claim. They went to work on it with pick and shovel, then with drill and blasting-powder. Then they gave it up.

"One week of this satisfied me. I resigned."

They tried to tunnel, but soon resigned again. It was pleasanter to prospect and locate and trade claims and acquire feet in every new ledge than it was to dig—and about as profitable. The golden reports of Humboldt had been based on assays of selected rich specimens, and were mainly delirium and insanity. The Clemens-Clagget-Oliver-Tillou combination never touched their claims again with pick and shovel, though their faith, or at least their hope, in them did not immediately die. "Billy" Clagget put out his shingle as notary public, and "Gus" Oliver put out his as probate judge. Sam Clemens and Tillou, with a fat-witted, arrogant Prussian named Pfersdoff ("Ollendorf"), set out for Carson City. It is not certain what became of the wagon and team or of the two dogs.

Samuel Clemens, miner, remained but a short time in Carson City—only long enough to arrange for a new and more persistent venture. He did not confess his Humboldt failure to his people; in fact, he had not as yet confessed it to himself; his avowed purpose was to return to Humboldt after a brief investigation of the Esmeralda mines. He had been paying heavy assessments on his holdings there, and with a knowledge of mining gained at Unionville he felt that his personal attention at Aurora\* might be important. As a matter of fact, he was by this time fairly daft on the subject of mines and mining, with the rest of the community for company.

In his letters home there appears an attempt at moderation, an effort to make light of his chances, to restrain his enthusiasm, but hardly a successful one. His earlier praises of the wonders and climate of Tahoe had inspired his sister Pamela—always frail—with a desire to visit that health-giving land. Perhaps he felt that he had recommended the country somewhat too highly.

\* Aurora was the post-office of the Esmeralda district.



"By George, Pamela," he says, "I begin to fear that I have invoked a spirit of some kind or other which I will find more than difficult to allay." He proceeds to recommend California as a residence for any or all of them, but he is clearly doubtful concerning Nevada. He goes on:

"Some people are malicious enough to think that if the devil were set at liberty and told to confine himself to Nevada Territory, he would come here and look sadly around awhile, and then get homesick and go back to hell again. . . . Why, I have had my whiskers and mustaches so full of alkali dust that you'd have thought I worked in a starch-factory and boarded in a flour-barrel."

But then he can no longer restrain his youth and optimism. How could he, with a fortune so plainly in view? It was already in his grasp; in imagination he was on his way home with it.

"I expect to return to St. Louis in July—per steamer. I don't say that I *will* return then, or that I shall *be able* to do it; but I *expect to*—you bet. I came down here from Humboldt in order to look after our Esmeralda interests. Yesterday Bob Howland arrived here, and I have had a talk with him. He owns with me in the 'Horatio and Derby' ledge. He says our tunnel is in fifty-two feet, and a small stream of water has been struck which bids fair to become a 'big thing' by the time the ledge is reached—sufficient to supply a mill. Now if you knew anything of the value of water here, you would perceive at a glance that if the water should amount to fifty or one hundred inches, *we* wouldn't care whether school kept or not. If the ledge should prove to be worthless, we'd *sell* the water for money enough to give us quite a lift. But, you see, the ledge *will not* prove to be worthless. We have located, near by, a fine site for a mill; and when we strike the ledge, you know, we'll have a mill-site, water-power, and pay-rock all handy. *Then* we sha'n't care whether we have capital or not. Mill folks will build us a mill, and wait for their pay. If nothing goes wrong, we'll strike the ledge in June; and if we do, I'll be home in July, you know."

There are pages and pages of this, all glowing with golden expectations and

plans. Ah, well! we have all written such letters home, at one time or another, of gold-mines of one form or another.

Samuel Clemens had almost exhausted his own funds by this time, and it was necessary that Orion should become the financier. The brothers owned their Esmeralda claims in partnership, and it was agreed that Orion out of his modest, depleted pay should furnish the means, while the other would go actively into the field and develop their riches. Neither had the slightest doubt but that they would be rich presently, and both were willing to struggle and starve for the few intervening weeks.

It was February when the printer-pilot-miner arrived in Aurora, that rough, turbulent camp of the Esmeralda district, lying about one hundred miles south of Carson City on the edge of California, in the Sierra slopes. Everything was frozen and covered with snow, but there was no lack of excitement and prospecting and grabbing for "feet" in this ledge and that, buried deep under the ice and drift. The new arrival camped with Horatio Phillips (Raish), in a tiny cabin with a domestic roof (the ruin of it still stands), and they cooked and bunked together and combined their resources in a common fund. Bob Howland joined them presently, and later an experienced miner, Calvin H. Higbie (Cal—one day to be immortalized in the story of *Roughing It*, and in the dedication of that book). Around the cabin stove they would gather and paw over their specimens, or test them with blow-pipe and "horn spoon," after which they would plan tunnels and figure estimates of prospective wealth. Never mind if the food was poor and scanty, and the chill wind came in everywhere, and the roof leaked like a filter; they were living in a land where all the mountains were banked with nuggets, where all the rivers ran gold. Bob Howland declared, long after, that they used to go out at night and gather up empty champagne-bottles and fruit-tins and pile them in the rear of their cabin to convey to others the appearance of affluence and high living.

When they lacked for other employment and were likely to be discouraged, the ex-pilot would "ride the bunk" and smoke,



and, without money and without price, distribute riches more valuable than any they would ever dig out of those Esmeralda hills. At other times he talked little or not at all, but sat in one corner and wrote, wholly oblivious of his surroundings. They thought he was writing letters, though letters were not many, and only to Orion during this period. It was the early literary impulse stirring again—the desire to set things down for their own sake—the natural hunger for print. One or two of his letters home had found their way into a Keokuk paper, the *Gate City*. Copies containing them had come back to Orion, who had shown them to a representative of the *Territorial Enterprise*, a young man named Barstow, who thought them amusing. The *Enterprise* reprinted at least one of these letters, or portions of it, and with this encouragement the author sent an occasional contribution direct to that paper over the pen-name “Josh.” He did not care to sign his own name. He was a miner who was soon to be a magnate; he had no desire to be known as a camp scribbler.

He received no pay for these offerings, and expected none. They were sketches of a broadly burlesque sort—the robust, horse-play kind of humor that belongs to the frontier. They were not especially promising efforts. One of them was about an old rackabones of a horse—a sort of preliminary study for “Oahu” of the Sandwich Islands, or “Baalbec” and “Jericho” of Syria. If any one had told him, or had told any reader of this sketch, that the author of it was knocking at the door of the house of fame, such a person’s judgment or sincerity would have been open to doubt. Nevertheless, it was true, though the knock was timid and halting and the summons to cross the threshold long delayed.

A winter mining-camp is the most bleak and comfortless of places. The saloon and gambling-house furnished the only real warmth and cheer. Once there was a great ball given at a newly opened pavilion, and Sam Clemens is said to have distinguished himself by his unrestrained and spontaneous enjoyment of the tripping harmony. Cal Higbie, who was present, writes:

“In changing partners, whenever he

saw a hand raised he would grasp it with great pleasure and sail off into another set, oblivious to his surroundings. Sometimes he would act as though there was no use in trying to go right or to dance like other people, and with his eyes closed he would do a hoe-down or a double-shuffle all alone, talking to himself and saying that he never dreamed there was so much pleasure to be obtained at a ball. It was all as natural as child’s play. By the second set all the ladies were falling over themselves to get him for a partner, and most of the crowd, too full of mirth to dance, were standing or sitting around, dying with laughter.”

What a child he always was—always, to the very end!

The letters which went from the Aurora miner to Orion are humanly documentary. They are likely to be staccato in their movement; they show nervous haste in their composition—eagerness and suppressed excitement; they are not always coherent; they are seldom humorous, except in a savage way; they are often profane; they are likely to be violent. Even the handwriting has a terse look, the flourish of youth has gone out of it. Altogether they reveal the tense anxiety of the gambling mania, of which mining is the ultimate form. An extract from a letter of April 11th is a fair exhibit:

“Work not yet begun on the Horatio and Derby—haven’t seen it yet. It is still in the snow. Shall begin on it within three or four weeks—strike the ledge in July. Guess it is good—worth from \$30 to \$50 a foot in California. . . .

“Man named Gebhart shot here yesterday while trying to defend a claim on Last Chance Hill. Expect he will die.

“These mills here are not worth a damn—except Clayton’s—and it is not in full working trim yet.

“Send me \$40 or \$50—by mail—immediately. I go to work to-morrow with pick and shovel. Something’s got to come before I let go here.”

He did not lose sight of Orion’s affairs. The letters are full of healthy advice concerning the importance of a dignified official showing, urging the secretary to move into better quarters. Almost every letter contains something like this:





MARK TWAIN'S MINING CABIN AT AURORA

"Colonel Young says you must rent Kinkead's room by all means—the government would rather pay \$150 a month for your office than \$75 for General North's. Says you are playing your cards very badly, for either the government's good opinion or anybody's else, in keeping your office in a shanty."

By the end of April work had become active in the mines, though the snow in places was still deep and the ground stony with frost. On the 28th he writes:

"I have been at work all day, blasting and digging and damning one of our new claims — 'Dashaway' — which I don't think a great deal of, but which I am willing to try. We are down now ten or twelve feet. We are following down

*under* the ledge, but not taking it out. If we get up a windlass to-morrow we shall cut the ledge, and see whether it is worth anything or not."

It must have been hard work picking away at the flinty ledges in the cold, and the "Dashaway" would seem to have proven a disappointment, for there is no promising mention of it again. Instead, we hear of the "Flyaway" and "Anni-politan" and the "Live Yankee" and of a dozen others, each of which holds out the beacon of hope for a little while and then passes from notice forever. In May it is the "Monitor" that is sure to bring affluence, though realization is no longer regarded as immediate.

Writing at this time, he says:



"I have struck my tent in Esmeralda, and I care for no mines but those which I can superintend myself. I am a citizen here now, and I am satisfied, although Raish and I are 'strapped,' and we haven't three days' rations in the house. . . . I shall work the 'Monitor' and the other claims with my own hands. I prospected three-quarters of a pound of 'Monitor' yesterday, and Raish reduced it with the blow-pipe, and got about ten or twelve cents in gold and silver, besides the other half of it which we spilt on the floor and didn't get. . . .

"I tried to break a handsome chunk from a huge piece of my darling 'Monitor' which we brought from the croppings yesterday, but it all splintered up, and I send you the scraps. I call that 'choice.' Any damned fool would.

"Don't ask if it has been assayed, for it hasn't. It don't need it. It is simply able to speak for itself. It is six feet wide on top, and traversed through with veins whose color proclaims their worth.

"What the devil does a man want with any more feet when he owns in the invincible bomb-proof 'Monitor'?"

There is much more of this—and other such letters, most of them ending with demands for money. The living, the tools, the blasting-powder, and the help eat it up faster than Orion's salary could grow.

"Though it is midsummer, snow still interferes with the work. We feel the dreary uselessness of the quest."

Mark Twain's mining career was narrowing to a close. It was not a dramatic close—not in the sense of being sudden and spectacular; it was a lingering close, a reluctant and gradual surrender. These things appear in his letters to Orion of that period; also the fact that literature was considered about this time.

Barstow, of the *Enterprise*, with a personal and proprietary interest in the "Josh" letters, conferred with Joseph T. Goodman, editor and owner of the paper, as to the advisability of adding the author of them to their regular staff. Joe Goodman, who had as keen a literary perception as any man that ever

pitched a journalistic tent on the Pacific coast (and there could be no higher praise than that), looked over the letters and agreed with Barstow that the man who wrote them had something in him. Two of the sketches in particular he thought promising. One of them was a burlesque report of an egotistical lecturer who was referred to as Professor Personal Pronoun. It closed by stating that it was "impossible to print his lecture in full, as the type-cases had run out of capital I's."

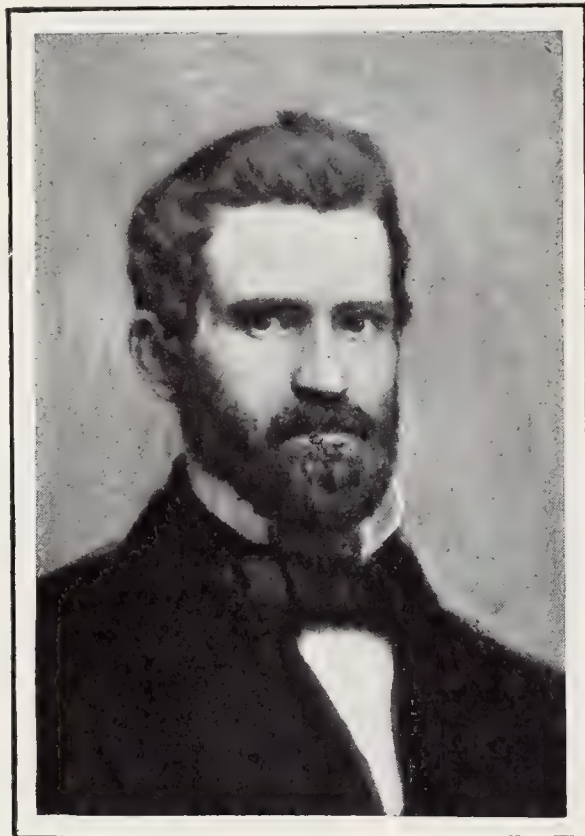
But it was the other sketch which settled Goodman's decision. It was also a burlesque report—this time of a Fourth of July oration. It opened, "I was sired by the Great American Eagle and foaled by a Continental Dam." This was followed by a string of patriotic stock phrases, absurdly arranged. But it was the opening itself that won Goodman's heart.

"That is the sort of thing we want," he said. "Write to him, Barstow, and ask him if he'd like to come up here."

Barstow wrote, offering him twenty-five dollars a week—a tempting sum. This was at the end of July, 1862.

In *Roughing It* we are led to believe that the author regarded this as a gift from heaven, and accepted it straightway. As a matter of fact, he fasted and prayed a good while over the "call." To Orion he wrote:

"Barstow has offered me the post as local reporter for the *Enterprise* at twenty-five dollars a week, and I have written him that I will let him know next mail,



ORION CLEMENS



if possible, whether I can take it or not."

There was no desperate eagerness to break into literature, even under those urgent conditions. It meant the surrender of all hope in the mines, the confession of another failure. He had never failed in his earlier undertakings; he had written exuberantly of his impending wealth; to acknowledge defeat would be hard; to accept it still harder. On August 7th he wrote again to Orion. He had written to Barstow, he said, asking when they thought he might be needed. He was playing for time to consider. Closing, he adds:

"Now I shall leave at midnight to-night, alone and on foot, for a walk of sixty or seventy miles through a totally uninhabited country, and it is barely possible that mail facilities may prove infernally slow. But do *you* write Barstow that I have left here for a week or so, and in case he should want me he must write me here, or let me know through you."

He had gone into the wilderness to fight out his battle alone. But eight days later, when he had returned, there was still no decision. In a letter to Pamela of this date he refers playfully to the discomforts of his cabin, and mentions a hope that he will spend the winter in San Francisco, but there is no reference in it to any newspaper prospects, nor to the mines, for that matter. His friends Phillips, Howland, and Higbie would seem to have given up by this time, and he was camping "with Dan Twing and a dog"—a combination amusingly described. It is a pleasant enough letter, but the note of discouragement creeps in:

"I did think for a while of going home this fall; but when I found that that was, and had been, the cherished intention and the darling aspiration every year of these old care-worn Californians for



JOE GOODMAN

Editor and owner of the *Territorial Enterprise*,  
Virginia City, Nev. (1863)

twelve weary years, I felt a little uncomfortable; so I stole a march on Disappointment and said I would *not* go home this fall. This country suits me, and it *shall* suit me whether or no."

He was dying hard—desperately hard; how could he know—to paraphrase the old form of Christian comfort—that his end as a miner would mean, in another sphere, a brighter resurrection than even his rainbow imagination could ever paint?

It was the afternoon of a hot, dusty August day when a worn, travel-stained pilgrim drifted laggingly into the office of the *Territorial Enterprise*, then in its new building on C Street, and, loosening a heavy roll of blankets from his shoulders, dropped wearily into a chair.



He wore a rusty slouch hat, no coat, a faded blue flannel shirt, and a navy revolver. His trousers were hanging on his boot-tops. A tangle of reddish-brown hair fell on his shoulders, and a mass of tawny beard, dingy with alkali dust, dropped half-way to his waist.

Aurora lay one hundred and thirty miles from Virginia City—hard, hilly miles. He had walked that distance, carrying his heavy load. Editor Goodman was absent at the moment, but the other proprietor, Dennis E. McCarthy, signified that the caller might state his errand. The wanderer regarded him with a far-away look, and said, absently and with leisurely reflection:

"My starboard leg seems to be unshipped. I'd like about a hundred yards of line; I think I am falling to pieces." Then he added: "I want to see Mr. Barstow or Mr. Goodman. My name is Clemens, and I've come to write for the paper."

It was the master of the world's widest estate, come to claim his kingdom.

William H. Wright, who had won a wide celebrity on the coast as "Dan de Quille," was in the editorial chair, and took charge of the new arrival. He was going on a trip to the States soon; and it was mainly on this account that the new man had been engaged. The "Josh" letters were very good, in Dan's opinion; he gave their author a cordial welcome and took him around to his boarding-place. It was the beginning of an association that continued during Samuel Clemens's stay in Virginia City, and of a friendship that lasted many years.

The *Territorial Enterprise* was one of the most remarkable frontier papers ever published. Its editor-in-chief, Joseph Goodman, was a man with rare appreciation, wide human understanding, and a comprehensive newspaper policy. Being a young man, he really *had* no policy beyond the general purpose that his paper should be a forum for absolutely free speech, provided any serious statement it contained was based upon knowledge. His instructions to the new reporter were about as follows:

"Never say we learn so and so, or it is rumored, or we understand so and so, but go to headquarters and get the abso-

lute facts; then speak out and say it is so and so. In the one case you are likely to get shot, and in the other you are pretty certain to, but you will preserve the public confidence."

Goodman was not new to the West. He had come to California as a boy, and had been a miner, explorer, printer, and contributor by turns. Early in '61, when the Comstock Lode was new and Virginia City in the first flush of its monster boom, he and Dennis McCarthy had scraped together a few dollars and bought the paper. It had been a hand-to-hand struggle for a while, but in a brief two years, from a starving sheet in a shanty, the *Enterprise*, with new building, new presses, and a corps of swift compositors brought over from San Francisco, had become altogether metropolitan and about the most widely considered paper on the coast. It had been borne upward by the Comstock tide, though its fearless, picturesque utterance would have given it distinction anywhere. Goodman himself was a fine, forceful writer, and Dan de Quille and R. M. Daggett (afterward United States minister to Hawaii) were representative *Enterprise* men.\*

Samuel Clemens fitted precisely into this group. He added the fresh, rugged vigor of thought and expression that was the very essence of the Comstock, which was like every other frontier mining-camp, only on a more lavish, more overwhelming scale.

There was no uncertainty about the Comstock; the silver and gold were there. Flanking the foot of Mount Davidson, the towns of Gold Hill and Virginia City and the long street between were fairly underburrowed and underpinned by the gigantic mining construction of that opulent lode whose treasures were actually glutting the mineral markets of the world. The streets overhead seethed and swarmed with miners, mine-owners, and adventurers; riotous, rollicking children of

\* The Comstock of that day became famous for its journalism. Associated with the Virginia City papers, then or soon afterward, were such men as Tom Fitch (the silver-tongued orator), Alf Doten, W. J. Forbes, C. C. Goodwin, H. R. Mighels, Clement T. Rice, Arthur McEwen, and Sam Davis—a great array indeed for a new territory.





EMPIRE CITY, NEVADA  
Scene of the "Dutch Nick Massacre"

fortune, always ready to drink and make merry, as eager in their pursuit of pleasure as of gold. Comstockers would always laugh at a joke—the rougher the better. Virginia City itself was just a huge joke to most of them. Everybody had money; everybody wanted to laugh and have a good time. The *Enterprise*, "Comstock to the backbone," did what it could to help things along. It was a sort of free ring, with every one for himself. Goodman let the boys write and print in accordance with their own ideas and upon any subject. Often they wrote of one another—squibs and burlesques which gratified the Comstock far more than mere news.\*

It was the proper class-room for Mark Twain, an encouraging audience and free utterance: fortune could have devised nothing better for him than that. He was peculiarly fitted for the position. Unspoiled humanity appealed to him, and the Comstock presented human nature in its earliest landscape forms. Furthermore, the Comstock was essen-

tially optimistic—so was he; any hole in the ground to him held a possible, even a probable fortune. When the prospects were more unpromising than usual, one could always speak well of the location, or of the machinery, even if the latter consisted only of a windlass and the bucket. There might be bad mining in the Humboldt or Esmeralda, but there was none in the Comstock. Some were better than others, but all warranted encouragement.

In *Roughing It* Mark Twain has left a vivid presentation of Comstock conditions. We may only hope to add a few details of history—justified now by time and circumstances—to supplement the picture with certain data of personality preserved from the drift of years.

The new reporter found acquaintance easy. The office force was like one family among whom there was no line of cast. Proprietors, editors, and printers were social equals; there was little ceremony among them—none at all outside of the office.\* Samuel Clemens imme-

\* "The indifference to 'news' was noble—none the less so because it was so blissfully unconscious. Editors Mark or Dan would dismiss a murder with a couple of inches and sit down and fill up a column with a fancy sketch."—Arthur McEwen.

\* "The paper went to press at two in the morning; then all the staff and all the compositors gathered themselves together in the composing-room, and drank beer and sang the popular war-songs of the day until dawn."—S. L. C. in 1908.



diately became "Sam" or "Josh" to his associates, just as De Quille was "Dan," and Goodman "Joe." He found that he disliked the name of Josh, and, as he did not sign it again, it was presently dropped. The office, and Virginia City generally, quickly grew fond of him, delighting in his originality and measured speech. *Enterprise* readers began to identify his work, then unsigned, and to enjoy its fresh phrasing even when it was only the usual local item or mining notice. True to its name and reputation, the paper had added a new attraction.

It was only a brief time after his ar-

stray copies and clippings are preserved, but we know the story of some of these literary pranks and of their results. They were usually intended as a special punishment of some particular individual or paper or locality, but victims were gathered by the wholesale in their meretricious web. Mark Twain himself, in his book of *Sketches*, has set down something concerning the first of these, "The Petrified Man," and of another, "My Bloody Massacre," but in neither case has he told it all. "The Petrified Man" hoax was directed at an official named Sewall,

a coroner and justice of the peace at Humboldt, who had been pompously indifferent in the matter of supplying news. The story, told with great circumstance and apparent care as to detail, related the finding of a petrified prehistoric man partially imbedded in a rock, in a cave in the desert, more than one hundred miles from Humboldt; also how Sewall had made the perilous five-day journey in the alkali waste to hold an inquest over a man that had been dead three hundred years, and how, "with that delicacy so characteristic of him," Sewall had forbidden the miners from blasting him from his position. The account further stated that the hands of the deceased were arranged in a peculiar fashion, and the description of the arrangement was so skilfully woven in with other matters that at first, or even second, reading one might not see that the position indicated was the ancient one which begins with the thumb at the nose and in many ages has been used impolitely to express ridicule and the word "sold." But the

description was a shade *too* ingenious. The author expected that the exchanges would see the joke, and perhaps assist in the fun he would have with Sewall. He did not contemplate a joke on the papers themselves. As a matter of fact, no one saw the sell, and most of the papers printed his story of the petrified man



STEVE GILLIS

From a photograph taken in 1907

rival in Virginia City that Clemens began the series of hoaxes which would carry his reputation, not always in an enviable fashion, across the Sierras and down the Pacific coast. With one exception these are lost to-day, for so far as known there is not a single file of the *Enterprise* in existence. Only a few



as a genuine discovery. This was a surprise and a momentary disappointment; then he realized that he had builded better than he knew. He gathered up a bundle of the exchanges and sent them to Sewall; also he sent marked copies to scientific men in various parts of the United States. The papers had taken it seriously; perhaps the scientists would be as easily misled. Many of them were, and Sewall's days became unhappy because of letters received asking further information. As literature the effect did not rank high, and as a trick on an obscure official it was hardly worth while; but as a joke on the coast exchanges and press generally it was greatly regarded, and its author, though as yet unnamed, acquired prestige.

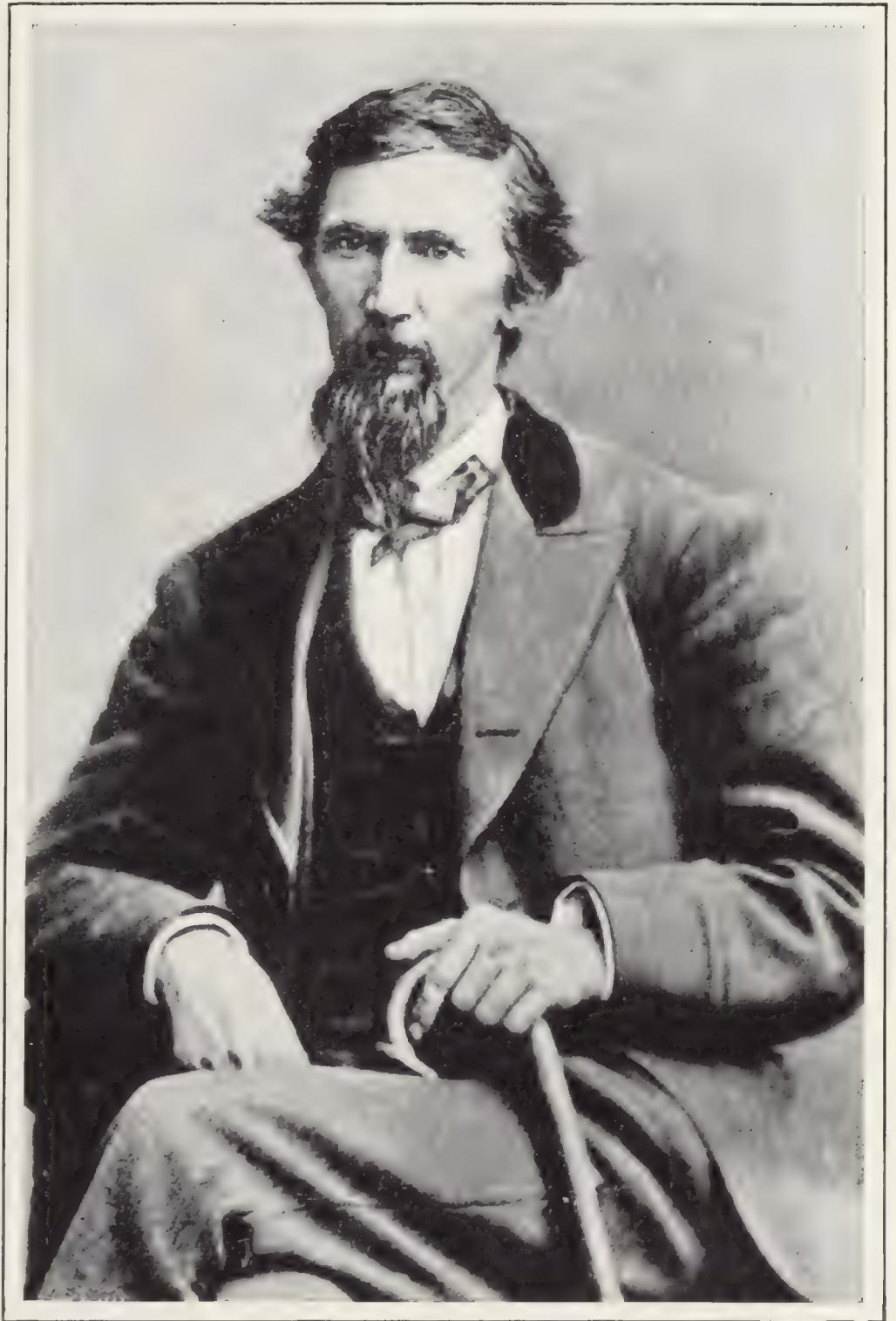
Among the *Enterprise* compositors was one by the name of Stephen E. Gillis ("Steve," of course—one of the "fighting Gillises"), a small, fearless young fellow, handsome, quick of wit, with eyes like needle-points.

"Steve weighed only ninety-five pounds," Mark Twain wrote of him once, "but it was well known throughout the Territory that with his fists he could whip anybody that walked on two legs, let his wit and science be what they might."

Clemens was fond of Steve Gillis from the first. The two became closely associated in time, and were always bosom friends; but Steve was a merciless joker, and never as long as they were together could he "resist the temptation of making Sam swear," claiming that his profanity was grander than any music.\*

\* Steve Gillis, still very much alive, recently declared: "I have frequently seen Sam obliterate the spots on a five of spades, one after the other, at twenty yards. Cer-

Led by Steve Gillis, the *Enterprise* force used to devise tricks to set him going. One of these was to hide articles from his desk. He detested the work necessary to the care of a lamp, and wrote by the light of a candle. To hide "Sam's candle" was a sure way



WILLIAM H. WRIGHT ("DAN DE QUILLE")

to get prompt and vigorous return. He would look for it a little, then he would begin a slow circular walk—a habit acquired in pilot-house limitations—and his denunciation of the thieves was like a great orchestration. By and by the office-

tain teamsters could do that, but not in the clean-cut manner of Mark Twain. They would always leave ragged edges." Which seems a large order, even for Comstock days, but Mr. Gillis's reputation is such as to make further testimony unnecessary.



boy, supposedly innocent, would find another candle for him, and all would be forgotten. He made a placard, labeled with fearful threats and anathemas, warning any one against touching his candle; but one night both the placard and the candle were gone.

Now among his Virginia City acquaintances was a young minister, a Mr. Rising—"the fragile, gentle new fledgling" of the Buck Fanshaw episode. Clemens greatly admired Mr. Rising's evident sincerity, and the young minister had quickly recognized the new reporter's superiority of mind. Now and then he came to the office to call on him. Unfortunately he happened to step in just at the moment when, infuriated by the latest theft of his property, Samuel Clemens was engaged in his rotary denunciation of the criminals, oblivious to every other circumstance. Mr. Rising stood spellbound by this, to him, new phase of genius, and at last his friend became dimly aware of him. He did not halt in his scathing treadmill, and continued in the slow monotone of speech:

"I know, Mr. Rising, I know it's wicked to talk like this; I know it is wrong. I know I shall certainly go to hell for it. But if you had a candle, Mr. Rising, and those thieves should carry it off every night, I know that you would say, just as I say, Mr. Rising, may their impenitent souls roast for a million years."

The little clergyman caught his breath.

"Maybe I should, Mr. Clemens," he replied, "but I should forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"Oh, well, if you put it on the ground that they are damned fools, that alters the case, as I am one of that class myself. Come in and we'll try to forgive them and forget about it."

There was a side to Samuel Clemens that in those days few of his associates saw. This was the poetic, the philosophic, the contemplative side. Joseph Goodman recognized this phase of his character, and while he perhaps did not regard it as a future literary asset, he delighted in it, and in their hours of quiet association together encouraged its exhibition. It is rather curious that with all his literary penetration Goodman did

not dream of a future celebrity for Clemens. He afterward said:

"If I had been asked to prophesy which of the two men—Dan de Quille or Sam—would have become distinguished, I should have said De Quille. Dan was talented, industrious, and, for that time and place, brilliant. Of course I recognized the unusualness of Sam's gifts, but he was eccentric and seemed to lack industry; it is not likely that I should have prophesied fame for him then."

Goodman, like Macfarlane in Cincinnati, half a dozen years before, though by a different method, discovered and developed the deeper vein. Often the two, dining together at a French restaurant, discussed life's subtler philosophies, recalled various aspects of human history, remembered and recited poems that gave them especial enjoyment. "The Burial of Moses," with its noble phrasing and majestic imagery, appealed strongly to Clemens, and he recited it with great power. The first stanza in particular always stirred him, and it stirred his hearers as well. With eyes half closed and chin lifted, a lighted cigar between his fingers, he would lose himself in the music of the stately lines:

"By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab,  
There lies a lonely grave;  
And no man dug that sepulcher,  
And no man saw it e'er,  
For the sons of God upturned the sod,  
And laid the dead man there."

Without doubt he was moved to emulate the simple grandeur of that poem, for he often repeated it in those days, and somewhat later we find it copied into his note-book in full. It would seem to have become to him a sort of literary touchstone, and in some measure it may be regarded as accountable for the fact that in the fullness of time "he made use of the purest English of any modern writer." These are Goodman's words, though William Dean Howells has said them also, in substance, and Brander Matthews, and many others who know about such things. Goodman adds: "The simplicity and beauty of his style is almost without a parallel, except in the common version of the Bible," which is also true.



One drifts ahead remembering these things. The triumph of words, the mastery of phrases lay all before him at the time of which we are writing now.

It was late in '62 that Clemens proposed to report the coming meeting of the Carson Legislature. He knew nothing of such work and had small knowledge of parliamentary proceedings. Formerly it had been done by a man named Gillespie, but Gillespie was now clerk of the House. Goodman hesitated; then, remembering that whether Clemens got the reports right or not he would at least make them readable, agreed to let him undertake the work.

The early Nevada Legislature was an interesting assembly. All State Legislatures are that, and this was a mining frontier. No attempt can be made to describe it. It was chiefly distinguished for a large ignorance of procedure, a wide latitude of speech, a noble appreciation of humor, and plenty of brains. How fortunate Mark Twain was in his schooling—to be kept away from institutional training—to be placed in one after another of those universities of life where the sole curriculum is the study of the native inclinations and activities of mankind! Sometimes, in after years, he used to regret his lack of systematic training. Well for him—and for us—that he escaped.

For the study of human nature the Nevada Assembly was a veritable lecture-room. In it his understanding, his wit, his phrasing, his self-assuredness grew like Jack's bean-stalk, which in time was ready to break through into a land above the sky. He made some curious blunders in his reports in the beginning; but he was so frank in his ignorance and in his confession of it that the very unsophistication of his early letters became their chief charm. Gillespie coached him on parliamentary matters, and in time the reports became technically as well as artistically good. Clemens in return christened Gillespie "Young Jefferson's Manual," a title which he bore, rather proudly indeed, for many years.

It must have been gratifying to the former prospector and miner to come back to Carson City a person of consequence, where less than a year before

he had been regarded as no more than an amusing, indolent fellow, a figure to smile at, but unimportant. There is a photograph extant of Clemens with his friends Clagget and Simmons, the Humboldt delegation, in a group, and we gather from it that he now arrayed himself in a long broadcloth cloak, a starched shirt, and polished boots. Once more he had become the glass of fashion that he had been on the river. He made his residence with Orion, whose wife and small daughter Jennie had by this time come out from the States. "Sister Mollie," as wife of the acting Governor, was presently social leader of the little capital, with her brilliant brother-in-law as chief ornament. His merriment and songs and good nature made him a favorite guest. His lines had fallen in pleasant places; he could afford to smile at the hard Esmeralda days.

He was not altogether satisfied. His letters, copied and quoted all along the coast, were unsigned. They were easily identified with one another, but not with a personality. He realized that to build a reputation it was necessary to fasten it to an individuality—a name.

He gave the matter a good deal of thought. He did not consider the use of his own name; the *nom de plume* was the fashion of the time. He wanted something brief, crisp, definite, unforgettable. He tried over a good many combinations in his mind, but none seemed convincing. Just then—this was early in 1863—news came to him that the old pilot he had wounded by his satire, Isaiah Sellers, was dead. At once the pen-name of Captain Sellers recurred to him. That was it—that was the sort of name he wanted. It was not trivial, it had all the qualities; Sellers would never need it again. Clemens decided he would give it a new meaning and new association in this far-away land. He went up to Virginia City.

"Joe," he said to Goodman, "I want to sign my articles. I want to be identified to a wider audience."

"All right, Sam. What name do you want to use—Josh?"

"No, I want to sign them 'Mark Twain.' It is an old river term, a leadsmen's call, signifying two fathoms—



twelve feet. It has a richness about it; it was always a pleasant sound for a pilot to hear on a dark night; it meant safe water."

It was first signed to a Carson letter bearing date of February 2, 1863, and from that time was attached to all Samuel Clemens's work. The work was neither better nor worse than before, but it had suddenly acquired identification and special interest. Members of the Legislature and friends in "Virginia" and Carson immediately began to address him as "Mark." The papers of the coast took it up, and within a period to be measured by weeks he was no longer "Sam" or "Clemens" or "that bright chap on the *Enterprise*," but "Mark"—"Mark Twain." No *nom de plume* was ever so quickly and generally accepted as that. De Quille, returning from the East after an absence of several months, found his room and desk mate with the distinction of a new name and fame.

It may be said, as well here as anywhere, that it was not Mark Twain's habit to strive for humor. He saw facts at curious angles and phrased them accordingly. In Virginia City he mingled with the turmoil of the Comstock and set down what he saw and thought in his native speech. The Comstock, ready to laugh, found delight in his expression, and discovered a vast humor in his most earnest statements.

On the other hand, there were times when the humor was intended and missed its purpose. We have already recalled the instance of the "Petrified Man" hoax which was taken seriously; but the "Empire City Massacre" burlesque found an acceptance that even its author considered serious, for a time. It is remembered to-day in Virginia City as the chief incident of Mark Twain's Comstock career.

This literary bomb really had two objects, one of which was to punish the San Francisco *Bulletin* for its persistent attacks on Washoe interests; the other, though this was merely incidental, to direct an unpleasant attention to a certain Carson saloon, the Magnolia, which was supposed to dispense whiskey of the "forty-rod" brand—that is, a liquor warranted to kill at that range. It was

the *Bulletin* that was to be made especially ridiculous. That paper had been particularly disagreeable concerning the "dividend-cooking" system of certain of the Comstock mines, at the same time calling invidious attention to safer investments in various California stocks. Samuel Clemens, with "half a trunkful" of Comstock shares, had cultivated a distaste for California things in general. In a letter of that time he says: "How I hate everything that looks or tastes or smells like California!" With his customary fickleness of soul he was glorifying California less than a year later, but for the time he could see no good in that Nazareth. To his great satisfaction, one of the leading California corporations, The Spring Valley Water Company, "cooked" a dividend of its own about this time, resulting in disaster to a number of guileless investors who were on the wrong side of the subsequent crash. This afforded an inviting opportunity for reprisal. With Goodman's consent he planned for the California papers, and the *Bulletin* in particular, a punishment which he determined to make sufficiently severe. He believed the papers of that State had forgotten his earlier offenses, and the result would show he was not mistaken.

There was a point on the Carson River, four miles from Carson City, known as "Dutch Nick's" and also as "Empire City," the two being identical. There was no forest there of any sort; nothing but sage-brush. In the only cabin there, lived a bachelor with no household. Everybody in Virginia City and Carson, of course, knew these things. Mark Twain now prepared a most lurid and graphic account of how one Philip Hopkins, living "just at the edge of the great pine forest which lies between Empire City and Dutch Nick's," had suddenly gone insane and murderously assaulted his entire family, consisting of his wife and their nine children, ranging in ages from one to nineteen years. The wife had been slain outright, also seven of the children; the other two might recover. The murder had been committed in the most brutal and ghastly fashion, after which Hopkins had scalped his wife, leaped on a horse, cut his own throat from ear to ear, and ridden four miles into Carson



City, dropping dead at last in front of the Magnolia Saloon, the red-haired scalp of his wife still clutched in his gory hand. The article further stated that the cause of Mr. Hopkins's insanity was pecuniary loss, he having withdrawn his savings from safe Comstock investments, and through the advice of a relative, one of the editors of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, invested them in the Spring Valley Water Company. This absurd tale, with startling head-lines, appeared in the *Territorial Enterprise*, in its issue of October 28, 1863.

It was not expected that any one in Virginia City or Carson City would for a moment take any stock in the wild invention, yet so graphic was it that nine out of ten on first reading never stopped to consider the entire impossibility of the locality and circumstance. Even when these things were pointed out many readers at first refused to confess themselves sold. As for the *Bulletin* and other California papers, they were taken in completely, and were furious. Many of them wrote and demanded the immediate discharge of its author, announcing that they would never copy another line from the *Enterprise*, or exchange with

it, or have further relations with a paper that had Mark Twain on its staff. Citizens were mad, too, and cut off their subscriptions. The joker was in despair.

"Oh, Joe," he said, "I have ruined your business, and the only reparation I can make is to resign. You can never recover from this blow while I am on the paper."

"Nonsense!" replied Goodman. "We can furnish the people with news, but we can't supply them with sense. Only time can do that. The flurry will pass. You just go ahead. We'll win out in the long run."

But the offender was in torture—he could not sleep. To his room-mate, in the middle of the night, he said: "Dan, Dan, I am being burned alive on both sides of the mountains."

"Mark," said Dan, "it will all blow over. This item of yours will be remembered and talked about when the rest of your *Enterprise* work is forgotten."

Both Goodman and De Quille were right. In a month papers and people had forgotten their humiliation, and laughed. The Dutch Nick Massacre gave to its perpetrator and to the *Territorial Enterprise* an added vogue.

Mr. Paine will be glad to receive Mark Twain letters (or copies of them); also personal reminiscences (not hearsay). These may be sent care of the publishers of this magazine.





# The Beginning Husband Continues

BY E. S. MARTIN

**I** REMARK the disposition of contemporary American families to regulate their church-going by the inclination of the ladies. I suppose it will soon happen that Cordelia and I will go to church when Cordelia feels it to be desirable, and that when she stays at home it will look more profitable to me to stay at home with her. Although that means that we will go pretty regularly, it is not quite as it should be, any more than that I should go without my dinner when she has a failure of the appetite. But it seems apt to be so with contemporary Protestant people who get married. Even if the male has a previous habit of church-going, and convictions or preferences in favor of it, the woman is apt to be captain in that particular and to assume command of the family conscience. That is an item in the contemporary slump of the male in the business of directing the course of life. He tries to keep a hand of his own on politics, but in the concerns of religion easily falls into the practice of looking to the woman to make his decisions and remind him of his practices. Which is feeble of him, for, as between religion and politics, religion is decidedly the more important, for it shapes and inspires and regulates the whole of life, politics included, whereas politics is no more than a detail.

When I think of women and their needs and powers and rights, and their office in life—as I do a great deal nowadays, with Cordelia to observe and those suffragists prodding at the subject all the time—I have bursts of momentary conviction to the effect that if women go on assimilating four-fifths of the available religion and leaving nine-tenths of the alcohol and nearly all the tobacco to the men, they will govern our world before we know it. The Turks understand better. The male Turks make a specialty of piety, go without rum, and share tobacco liberally with

their women; so to be a male Turk is still a relatively powerful condition, though I understand the Turkish ladies are restless nowadays, in spite of sweetmeats and cigarettes, and are covetous of education and suspect that there should be more coming to them than they are getting.

Cordelia has intimated that that observation of mine about men having strength, and therefore dominion, is something of a bluff. She is too polite to contradict it, but not too polite to stir me to further reflections about it. Are men stronger? Have they dominion?

There is no doubt that the average man we see about can hit harder than the average woman. He can also run faster and make better time up a tree, so that he seems to have the best of it, physically, both in offense and escape. If you come to translate these powers into practical contemporary factors he can usually earn more money at present than she can, and is much less vulnerable in the reputation. It may be argued that this superiority in male abilities is not the work of nature at all, but a consequence of male malignancy and oppression, and that if woman had a fair show to get her due development she could stand up to man when he put up his hooks, and run him down when he ran away. So Olive Schreiner seems to feel about it. Man's power to make more money than woman is challenged as an injustice. Perhaps it is an injustice in many cases. Perhaps our industrial system is not adjusted yet to women's undomestic work in schools and factories and offices, and maybe the payroll will be revised in time in women's favor. Still I think man's superior money-making powers are of a piece with his power to hit harder and run faster. Money-getting seems to be more in the line of his natural job than of hers. He is less distracted from it by other leanings than she is. I guess he will always



be the head money-getter, though very likely her claim on what he gets may come to rest even more on a basis of natural right than it does at present. It is a very much respected claim as it is, and supported by law and sentiment.

Man is superior in some kinds of bodily strength, and apparently in some kinds of mental strength, too, but does it give him dominion? Some, I think. It seems to give him a good deal of dominion among savages, and less and less as civilization increases. Probably it would give him more if he were not inferior in some of the kinds of strength, and in some other respects that we are not used to classify as strength, but which offset it. There are war-powers and peace-powers. Admitting, in spite of Kipling's she-bear poem, that man's war-powers beat woman's, how about her peace-powers? Of course they are enormous. If she uses them for offense, she can spoil the man's cake at any time. There is no living without women, and to be assigned to one of them and have her contrive that there shall be no living with her makes a serious dilemma. I have discussed this matter with our old friend Major Brace, and he has illuminated it with such wisdom as his great age (as he says) has enabled him to supply. "We can't do anything, Peregrine," he said, "but try our utmost [of course he really said damndest] to make them happy, and hope that they will be good." He told me a story about a house-painter he once knew in the country who had some ferrets. "I noticed when looking at the ferrets," the Major said, "that he had a padlock on the place where he kept them, and he let me know, somehow, that he carried the key in his pocket and let nobody but himself meddle with them. I took note of that, because it seemed to me that the ferrets being part of the domestic establishment, the natural way would have been to leave the key in the house when he was away and intrust the ferrets to his wife. But that was not his way, and I set him down in my mind as a believer in male dominion and an upholder of the authority of the head of the house. And, accordingly, when I heard about a year later that his wife had eloped with the butcher I wasn't at all surprised. No doubt he

had felt about her as he had about the ferrets—that she was his property. I heard that he was extremely put out when she ran away, and took it so much to heart that he left the village. I suppose he didn't know any better, though of course it is possible that the woman was a fool and couldn't be trusted. Her going off with the butcher implies a certain carelessness, though not necessarily a lack of intelligence.

"You see, Peregrine, one measure of the liberty of women is the intelligence of man. And it works the other way round, too. A man who is intelligent enough to prefer a free woman for his companion will plan and take thought to have one; and a woman who is clever enough to prefer a free man will take thought to keep her man free and still keep him. That's what all decent people do nowadays who are passably wise, and I suppose it is what such people have been doing, not always, perhaps, but easily since the time of Adam. And I dare say the better-grade animals do the like."

I asked the Major if he thought Kipling was right about the she-bear and the superior offensiveness of females. He said he thought there was a good deal of meat in Kipling's verses, and that few intelligent men came to be half a century old without having had to take thought of the intensity of the female disposition. "Somehow, Peregrine," said he, "they seem to be a little nearer nature than we are. The primitive creature seems to survive in them a little more perceptibly than it does in us. And it is a very valuable survival—very valuable—and fit to receive the most respectful consideration, because, as Kipling intimates, it is a factor in the continuation of the race. When a man has a wise wife who loves him, as you and I have, Peregrine, it is his business to get the benefit of everything she has. All her strength as well as his is needed in their common business. If he troubles her with his limitations, checks her initiative, and ignores her dissent, it is as bad for the common interest as when she does the like to him. He should attend to her risings-up and her sittings-down, and when at times the primitive creature rises up in her, his



best procedure often is neither to run nor to try to rule the storm, but to sit down in the sand, wrap his burnoose around his head, and keep his face attentively to windward until the gale blows out and calm re-eventuates. Then, in due time, she will dig him out again, if necessary, and he will have much less to unsay and repent of than if he had talked back. And usually, if he has been attentive, he will have learned something that it is valuable to know.

"Lord love us," went on the Major, "I hate subdued wives. I hate subdued husbands also, but subdued wives worse, if possible, because what subdues a wife is usually such an offensive combination of egotism and stupidity. And yet I know quite able men who bully their wives and have checked their wives' development and diminished their abilities by doing so. It is a shocking waste, although it is to admire the wives who bear it. That is apt to be the best thing they can do, under the circumstances. You see, in marriage that suggestion of Scripture about cutting off the right hand that offends has only limited application. Man or woman of us, when we have stood up in church and acquired a right hand of the opposite gender, we have need to go mighty slow about casting it from us. To read the divorce statistics, and about the growth of that practice in this country in the last twenty years, you'd think divorce was on the way to become a universal habit. But I guess it won't. I guess when the ratio has reached a point where it provides duly for the irresponsible, intemperate, light-minded, and unfortunate, the increase will stop, and maybe, if civilization improves, the figures will begin to run the other way. That may seem optimistic, but I can't think that woman's extraordinary gift for living with man, and man's surprising talent for getting along with woman, are going to perish or be wasted."

My coevals that I meet are still talking about football; not exclusively, of course, but with perseverance and a lively appearance of interest. Talking about it has some obvious advantages over playing it, but I never learned to

be really expert in either. Cordelia and I saved quantities of money last fall staying away from football games. Also quite a lot in staying away from the great final series in professional baseball. Also time and strength on both of these items. If our circumstances had been four or five times as easy and Samuel could have spared us, we would have enriched our experience of contemporary life by taking in several of these contests. As studies in crowdology they are mighty good and leave permanent impressions behind them. And they are interesting socially and anthropologically. And sometimes they are pretty good as sport—the football games better, I think, than before the rules were changed. But as it was, it was a very easy economy for us. Cordelia said she had been to football games and didn't believe there were any important new thrills left in them for her; and we read a lot about them in the papers and were content, though I don't think football really makes first-class newspaper reading. I can't follow the ball in type even as well as from the seats, and I only get the score and the spectacular features. The worst of it is I cannot care inordinately who wins. Of course, the players do. They ought to. And so should the undergraduates and persons just emerged from that condition. But I don't understand why such large masses of adult people contrive to care so much—if they really do—whether Harvard beats Yale, or either of them beats Princeton, or whether the Army or the Navy wins.

I am getting deplorably careless in my feelings in this great subject. To be sure, when there is a big game I want to know how it has gone, and buy the latest evening paper and take it home and assimilate, and discuss a little, its disclosures about what the score was and why it was so. But however it turns out it doesn't affect my appetite for dinner, nor my interest in food, and I can't talk about it more than half an hour. And when the Sunday paper comes with all the details I am apt to get interested in other news and skip the football stories altogether, or until late at night.

Really, I am ashamed. It comes, no doubt, with increase of years and the



pressure of responsibilities and concern about the more vital details of human existence. Cordelia reviles me and says I am getting older than my years. Maybe I am, mentally, though she is just about as much interested in football as I am, and no more. I suppose sport naturally falls into a secondary place in the thoughts of people who have a living to make and rent to pay and a child to raise. If everybody was like us, sport might languish, and that would be a pity. I'm glad they're not. The Pharisee was not so far out, perhaps, in thanking God he was not like other men. The trouble was, he did not go on and thank God that other men were not like him. There needs to be great variety in the world if all the jobs are to get attention. I'm thankful that the prosperity of football does not depend on me, and that I can be bored by it without detriment to the great cause of sport, because, I suppose, it really is a great cause, and related to the perpetuation of vigor and virility in men.

I have been thinking about celibates. There is something to be said for persons to whom celibacy comes natural. To most persons it does not come natural. It never did to me, for instance. I hate it when it is forced, and object with what may be a Protestant detestation to vows that bind people to it; but there are marvelously useful people in the ranks of the unmarried.

Brookfield, a contemporary whose line is education, has been telling me a story about a rich man, named Thompson, who has got interested in the improvement of mankind. Somebody said the other day that the men who get rich are those who are able to get more out of other people than other people get out of them. That is a very plausible definition and good as far as it goes, but the story I heard made me realize that it doesn't cover all the ground, and that many rich men are creators of wealth. This Thompson that I heard of had extraordinary brains for business. He could think to the bottom of propositions, and think out all their details and perceive whether they could be made profitable and how. He got at business almost as young as Alexander Hamilton, for his parents,

who were good people, both died when he was fifteen and left him, as you might say, with his hat on, going out to look for means of support. He went to a big town and got a job with a good concern. At the end of three years he was ill, probably from overwork. His employer told him to go away and stay two months and get rested. He went, and stayed six weeks, and came back with the biggest bunch of orders that the firm had ever had. His employer saw then that he was incorrigible, and pretty soon he took him into partnership.

Now there comes another likeness to Hamilton. The boy wanted to know more, and determined that when he had got money enough he would quit work and go off and study. He calculated that he would have a million dollars by the time he was twenty-six, and he thought that would do. He actually did get his million and something to spare at twenty-six (and this is not a newspaper story, either; Brookfield told it to me), and actually did pull out and go off to Europe and spent three years in France and Germany improving his mind. Now comes in his gift of celibacy, in which he was quite different from Hamilton—who never had any discernible talent that way—and from me. Instead of getting married and raising a family, and having a flower-garden and horses and cows—this being before they had invented automobiles—and enjoying life, he did not get married at all. I don't know why not. Maybe he didn't know how and was too old to learn; maybe somebody else persuaded the girl that he aspired to persuade. At any rate, he didn't marry, but came home and made lots more money, and finally retired from active business and set his wits to see what he could do to make the world better. Now he lives on twelve or fifteen thousand a year, and spends most of his strength and his surplus income and more or less of his principal chiefly on one considerable enterprise that combines philanthropy and education. But he is dragged back into business now and then, Brookfield told me, when a commercial rescue job offers, that looks so difficult that nobody else will touch it.

Of course, celibacy has no particular bearing on Thompson's usefulness ex-



cept that he was qualified to get along with it, and it left him entirely free to spend himself in trying to better the general conditions of life. It is not news that there are always some mighty useful bachelors about. Still less is it news that there are many indispensable spinsters. I suppose the sentiment that everybody must get married and have four children has got some open seams in it; but a life is the thing that folks like best to leave in the world, and with reason, for, on the whole, a life, if it is good enough, lasts the best of anything, and leaves the most imperishable effects.

It is too soon yet to say if my son Samuel is going to leave an imperishable effect in the world, but he is doing well, and the more perishable effects have already been found to be so little suited to him that one of his grandmothers has given him a modern rag-doll—an elegant creation that comes from a shop—and the other a teddy-bear. Teddy-bears are scarcer in the toy-shops than they were, because the current of politics has rolled on, but they can still be had and may yet become more plentiful. Samuel lives a care-free life. In that respect he is an example and encouragement to us all. He assumes no responsibility about anything, takes his nourishment without turning a hair or sweating so much as one bead, and shows indifference to the primal curse. It is cheering and strengthening to have such a spirit in the family.

Ben Bowling, who came home with me to dinner the other night, has some of Samuel's quality. Ben likes life and does not care what happens. I threatened him with universal prohibition and the total disappearance of potable grog from Christendom. He said it would never happen so, but if it did he didn't care. He drank too much, anyhow, and if there was nothing to drink, it would be good for his health and save him lots of money. I threatened him with woman-suffrage. He refused even to object; said checkers was still checkers after all the pieces had got into the king-row, and as good a game as ever, though with differences of detail. I threatened him with stagnation of all industrial activity as the result of enforcing the Sherman law. He didn't care; said he worked too hard, anyway, and needed a

rest; could eat very simple food at a pinch; was too fat; was threatened with an unsuitable entanglement of the affections, and might escape the bag if the times were hard enough. Then we all talked about the Sherman law. I see in the papers that the consumption of alcoholic drinks in the United States last year was the greatest on record.\* No wonder, when you think how much the Sherman law has been talked over: a dry subject on which you get no further and sink into despondency unless buoyed up. It is funny to see the sagacity of the country flunked, apparently, by that problem. What Ben and I agree on is so, and we agreed that the Sherman law, grinding out prosecutions and disorganizing business because public opinion could not settle on any plan to improve or amend it, was not unlike the silver-purchase law that kept loading silver into the Treasury and scaring off gold until Cleveland finally got it repealed. We did not agree that the Sherman law ought to be repealed, but did agree that it might elect the next President. Also that neither party was satisfied with any one who was running for nomination, though that is perhaps not an unusual condition when nomination is still five or six months off. But Ben did not care. He was attentive, interested, and amused, but hoped to stay aboard, no matter what the weather was, and help in navigation if his services were required. He and Samuel are reassuring.

Another thing I find reassuring is the glimpses I get now and then of men who are at work providing government for the country; especially unadvertised men whom few people ever hear of, who hold no office and aspire to none; whose pictures are never in the papers, nor their names in the reporters' books or the mouths of the multitude. I heard the other day about one such person (Brookfield told me), a man of sufficient fortune—a million, I dare say—not a celibate like Thompson, but married and with a few children; a shrewd, experienced, thoughtful man, whose interest in life is and always has been politics; to handle the machinery of it and get the best results compatible with the material offered to pass laws and fill the offices, and the prejudices and mental

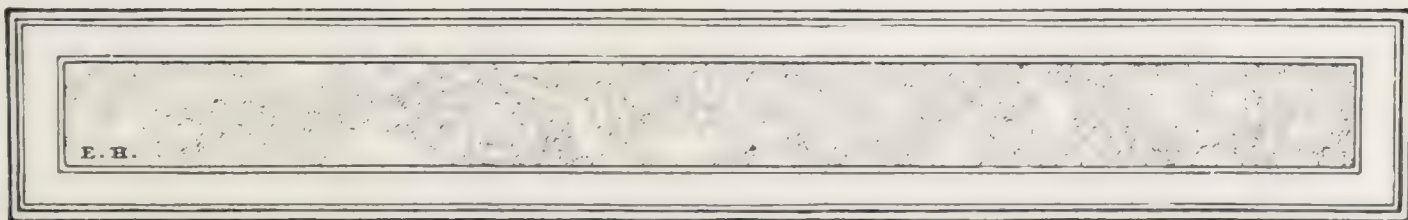


disabilities of the voters. "I have known that man," Brookfield said, "for eighteen years, and watched him play politics all that time; plan and direct; weigh men and choose between them; use their talents and abilities when they had them; put them in places where they belonged when he could; put in the next best man when he couldn't. He always played fair; always wanted the best man, the best law, and the best principle that he could see, and never wanted anything for himself except the fun of playing the game. You couldn't drive him into office. He never tried to make a penny out of legislation. The less he was seen and heard of the better he liked it, but he recognized politics as the great man's game and he liked to play it. No doubt the sense of power was pleasant to him, but his use of power was entirely conscientious, and the source of his power was never money, but the confidence that men had in his sagacity and his unselfishness. Back in him somewhere there was, of course, a sense of duty and a belief in certain principles of government, and a sort of unconscious consecration to the desire to see our experiment in government go well and to see the country prosper. But the immediate interest that kept his mind busy was just a delight in guiding the political affairs of men."

I dare say Brookfield's man is an exceptional political boss; but I dare say, also, that in so far as we have, or ever have had, or will have, decent government, we owe it to somebody who has had a call to provide it for us, and has had the talents necessary to make his call effective. The rare thing about Brookfield's man, as he described him, was his self-effacement and superiority to vanity. He loved to play the game, but not only never thought of the gate money, but never cared to be a grand-stand player. To do the job and do it well brought him the joy of a true artist in his art. As I said, I have felt

encouraged about the future of politics in this country since I heard about him. If he had been a saint I wouldn't have been so much encouraged, but Brookfield represented him as a mere human being, like any of us, looking about for things that interested his mind and made life taste good, and finding them supremely in politics. It is an encouragement to find that our politics is so good a game that folks with money and brains enough to experiment with pleasures will play at it purely for their inward satisfaction, and without attention even to the applause. Of course, men of that temperament and that high degree of sagacity and self-control are rare, but we have our share of men with an insight into cause and effect, and an understanding of the human mind both in the individual and in the crowd, and with ability to hear what is going on when they put their ears to the ground, and with a lively interest in human affairs that must surely draw them into politics whenever they see that politics is a paramount interest. We have no picturesque Dukes of Devonshire drudging dutifully at government without vanity or political ambition, as fathers drudge for their families and as Washington, maybe, drugged for us, but I believe we have a native product of our own that does like work, and quite as often with intelligence, because the work calls to them and because they not only feel the responsibilities of civilization, but find delight in undertaking them.

And why not, to be sure! What else is there in life that is so fruitful in recompenses as a cheerful undertaking of the responsibilities of civilization? Mine are represented mainly, as yet, by Cordelia and Samuel, but I mean to undertake lots more. I see quantities of them about waiting to be undertaken. So does Cordelia, who is one of the most active and responsible of responsibilities, and, being less tied up to wage-earning than I am, gives more attention to putting props under civilization.







A WOODLAND APPROACH TO THE PINE BARRENS

## The Land of the Pine Barrens

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

WITH the great economic changes in the South, it would appear that there is now no longer any place in America where the years halt. Yet even with the new industrial era which is so profoundly affecting the rural States of the South, socially, physically, and mentally, there are still little stretches of land where time seems to linger. There the people look backward rather than forward, and if they accept some of the advantages of twentieth-century civilization, underneath the surface they hold to the traditions of the eighteenth century. They have no set of abstractions for dealing with the new life that is pressing on their horizon, being concerned with those human affairs which come within their own ken and which they treat with concrete speech and direct action.

They do not think in terms of commercialism. Capital and labor, class antagonism, and social service are not common terms in their vocabulary, but they have not forgotten to speak of honor and

patriotism. They do not talk of industrial war; they do not understand the new forces that have taken possession of our country. The war they understand is the Revolutionary or the Civil War; old men speak as if they had been actors in these, and young men tell stories as if they had been eye-witnesses. Their reverence is not for the rich captains of industry, commanding from an office and controlling dollars, but for the poor captain commanding on a hopeless battlefield, who controlled only a handful of men as brave as himself. Their stories are not of magnates who began with a few pennies and now wield the power and glory of the world, but rather of men who did something for their State or their town; it may be only a tale of a local nobody who built the mill and who lies buried in some forgotten spot, but he has the immortality of the choir invisible, that record in the hearts and minds of a few people which is as enduring as if it were graven in letters of brass.



Such people may lack the tang of initiative and enterprise; they may, indeed, wait for opportunity to seek them; they may even entirely lack ambition or belong to the shadowy legions of the dreamers. Yet in their little lonely by-paths, locked away by some chance of geography from the march of modern progress, they have developed a kind of living that has its own security and its own beauty. If prosperity in the modern sense passes them by, happiness and faith are their household friends.

There is a stretch of territory between Petersburg, Virginia, and Camden, South Carolina, which is called the country of the pine barrens. One of the most characteristic sections is in North Carolina, well to the north and east and south of that thriving old city Fayetteville. This land lies between the rich river plantations to the east and the hills to the west, and in the beginning it was avoided by people who had an eye to economic advantage.

As a State, North Carolina has never been socially homogeneous. The east was settled by Englishmen from England, Virginia, and the Barbadoes, by German palatines, French Huguenots, Swiss, and some New-Englanders. With a few exceptions grants of land rarely exceeded six hundred and sixty acres; as a result eastern North Carolina became a province of small planters and farmers dominated by English ideals. Another sort of pioneer occupied the wide territory to the west: people from Pennsylvania, emigrants or the children of emigrants from the north of Ireland, Germans, and later many Scots. They were religious, stern, and adventurous, and they developed into that sturdy middle class which has given peculiar individuality to North Carolina. There was little association, however, between these different nationalities, and very little intermarriage. This may be one reason why eighteenth-century characteristics have persisted. In one county the differences between the Scotch-Irish and the Germans have disappeared only in the last two or three decades. Between the east and the west grew up a bitter antagonism, which has not entirely vanished. But they were alike in that each had a section devoted to the disinherited, those to whom Nature or chance had

been unkind. In the extreme west, part of the mountainous region was settled by the shiftless or the incapable, who had been forced to the free lands. In the east the country of the pine barrens was marked out for the weaklings or the unlucky.

Long ago this country was covered with magnificent, tall, "long-straw" pines, but these were sapped of their vitality by the turpentine industry and afterward destroyed by fire or made into lumber. In their stead grew up thickets of scrub-pine; this and the character of the land gave the name "pine barrens."

Until lately the soil was considered comparatively valueless. After the rich plantations of the river were taken up, and the thrifty, vigorous, land-loving Scotch came in, there was little other territory to turn to. Sometimes an industrious but poor man took a stretch of pine barrens to make what he could of it. Sometimes a prosperous farmer gave his good farm to his eldest son and bought tracts of the cheaper land for the younger sons. Many, many times the owners of great plantations set their poor relations upon such land. Occasionally, with a curious stern sense of justice, they put their "trifling" sons away on such farms with a few horses, cattle, and hogs. The roads were poor and difficult, for the Scotchmen who laid them out did not consider whether they were built of sand or clay, and sometimes ran them up over a hill rather than build a bridge. Railroads there were none, and so communication with the world outside was rare, and the people in the pine barrens lived on in a world of their own. The Lincoln sort emigrated to Tennessee and Alabama, and the luckless, helpless, and unambitious stayed—"feckless, fushionless bodies," their thrifty neighbors who had the good land doubtless called them.

To-day twentieth-century civilization has crowded in upon the verge of the pine barrens; scientific farming is transmuting with the modern alchemy some of the land, but far away from the railroads and from Fayetteville there are settlers who are unchanged from the pioneer days. They have their eighteenth-century traditions of hospitality; they have an old-fashioned belief in God and in the devil, and in Sin with a capital



letter. A few of them still know some words of the Gaelic and can sing Scotch songs and flame to the talk of Culloden and claymores. Some of them are still "trifling."

It is not easy to find the barrens. One drives mile after mile along sandy roads bordered by scrub-oaks or pines, their heavy green often mellowed with wonderful garlands of golden jasmine. Dark cypress swamps checker the way, and stretches of sand white as the sea-shore and sometimes starred with flowers; and again, cranberry swamps and meadows, where in the early spring the trailing arbutus grows, or, as these people call it, the mountain rose. Here and there a great long-straw pine which has escaped fire and ax rears its fronds high, and sometimes a little creek tumbles beside the road. At last one draws near to the signs of a home: a fence is marking a boundary, or a pig grunting in a hollow; then a dog barks, and perhaps a man appears with a gun on his shoulder. He is more likely, however, to be sitting on his door-step or on the small shaded porch.

His little house is built of planks or perhaps of logs and shingles. It is weather-beaten, almost falling to pieces, and quite unbeautiful. Usually no trees stand near it; the door-yard is untidy

and untrodden, and the saving green of the vegetable garden in the rear is hidden from view. At first blush it does not seem like a home any more than an Irish cabin does. But presently appear certain graces which translate it into a welcome home, much as an Irish cabin is translated. One sees on a rough bench near by sections of a gray cypress log hollowed, making hives for bees; closer to the house is a pole on which are gourds fashioned to make nests for the black martins. In the door-yard is a dog whose quiet confidence shows that he has never received anything but kindness, and in the doorway crowd the family, shyly smiling, eager to give their best to the stranger at the threshold. First they offer a gourd of water, and their hospitality, even over this simple drink, is most winning. It seems to go much deeper than the ordinary Southern characteristic.

In appearance the people of the pine barrens, or the "piney woodsmen" as they are sometimes called, are rather like the mountaineers to the west of them. They are usually tall and thin, and a bit loose-jointed, though some of the children are sufficiently plump and round. They have complexions leathery and sallow, and they do not always look well-nourished, a condition due to their diet, which is usually



A TYPICAL HOME



corn - bread, yellow soda biscuit, "middlin'," or hog-meat, and coffee. They are never self-conscious or shy. Their eyes, whatever the color—blue, gray, or brown—have a certain soft directness of expression, never restless or blenching or critical or even appraising, merely attentive and kindly. They smile, but never laugh, and rarely raise their voices in excitement or irritation.

Like most people living in back-water communities, they want information. It is not that they are curious about one's affairs; they merely want to get in touch with one. Emerson says that when a stranger is introduced into any company one of the first questions which all wish to have answered is, "How does that man get his living?" These people of the pine barrens wish to win into closer sympathy with one; they know of no other way than to ask personal questions, but they do it always without any thought of offense.

It is a fair exchange. They have thrown themselves open—their confidence and their kitchen, or, if they are prosperous enough, their "best room," with its rocking-chair of horse-hair bedizened with a tidy. Rarely there is an old bag-pipe or an old spinning-wheel, but never any antique furniture of lovely line or delicate wood. There is usually a shelf above the table, on which stand a photograph or two and gay, cheap vases. Often the photograph is of some member of the family who has left the pine barrens forever and is wearing out his life in a mill. One asks about such a photograph as naturally as the others question one about oneself, and it is frequently this which leads the way to the deepest recesses of their feeling. One old, lean woman showed with pride the picture of a shrewd, mean-faced young man vainly



CHILDREN OF SCOTCH ANCESTRY

trying to look sophisticated and competent.

"That's my eldest son," she said, pride and longing in her voice. "He was all I had for a right smart while, though I had a passel of children afterward. I reckon he never set foot out of the house that I didn't go to the door or the window to look after him. I reckon I thought God couldn't take care of him 'thout I looked on. It did seem to me that a branch mout fall on him while God wasn't thinkin' about him. Then he grew up and didn't like workin' the land, and we gave him all we had and he went to St. Louis.

"I reckon I never was good enough to people till he left. I try to do what I can for them with the little I have, for I think what if my boy was a stranger and no one would take him in. I reckon



he's safe in a big city, for there are so many more people to be kind to him; but he must miss us, though he don't say much about it for fear we all 'd feel too bad. I wish I knowed the postmaster at St. Louis to ask him about the mail. Angus don't write very often, and I certainly do believe his letters must be lost."

There was a miserable, seeking look in her eyes, and one hastened to tell her stories of letters that had been faithfully mailed and never delivered.

When the personal theme is for the moment fulfilled, they like to be told of the wonders of the world—air-ships and cottages that cost a million dollars (who knows what pictures they have of such wealth?), and lands oversea, especially that Scotland from which the forebears of so many of them came. The men chew tobacco or smoke, and perhaps the old women smoke. One old woman rubs snuff on her cheeks and sneezes in an ecstasy of enjoyment, or perhaps she puts it on the end of a stick which she then comfortably chews. Their own imagination slowly takes flame, and, since they are instinctive patriots, it leads them first to stories of their wars—and the Revolutionary War seems to them almost as close as the Civil War. Lincoln's first proclamation healed the differences between the Tory Scotch and the Whig Scotch which had persisted since the Revolution. The women were consulted about all exemptions from service, and no man stayed at home without the full consent of his wife or mother.

"Our men," one said, with a quaint flavor of quotations, "were among the first to march to the front, and many of them died of their wounds and so climbed fast to God."

In the early 'forties an arsenal was built in Fayetteville, giving a military quality to the town which was afterward of good service to the Southern cause. When the Federal commanding colonel was considering the necessity of surrender, he asked the captain of militia how many men he had for duty:

"One thousand in the ranks," was the reply, "and two thousand in the woods."

Some of these men in the woods were of great service in blockade-running, and many are the stories told of the guns the Confederacy had from the English, who

sent those which had been used in the Crimean War. They were shipped to the West Indies and then sent up on blockade-runners to Savannah or Wilmington. Some of the blockade-runners carried money, and they like to describe the twenty-dollar gold pieces, in boxes the size of small bureau drawers, which it took two men to lift from the boats.

Others of the men in the woods worked in the arsenal. One agent for the Confederacy made sixty-two sharp-shooting guns by hand, except the barrels and the iron rods. All the men who bought the guns paid for them bit by bit. One man who had a pistol on the instalment plan used to hang it up in the arsenal when he was not using it until it was all paid for. As they talk, these story-tellers use many Scotch names—Fergus and Sandy, Archie and Darroch, MacEachran, MacGregor, MacPherson, and MacArthur. It is said that whole regiments enlisted from North Carolina whose names began with "Mac." They nearly all relate some little incident dealing with the end of the lost cause.

"When I was a-walkin' home," said one man, "I was mighty tired toilin' through the sand. Seems to me I never did see such deep sand as that day. I didn't know whether I'd find any home when I got there, 'count of the Northerners and the niggers both. I had a pocketful of Confederate money; reckon I kep' it hopin' it mout do to paste over a hole in the timber or somethin'. Along about ten miles from home I come on a nigger in a ox-cart. I took my pistol in one hand and my money in the other, and I asked him for a ride. He stopped the cart at the end of every mile for a hundred-dollar bill, and I gave it to him, too, and when I got home I had nothin' left but the pistol, but I was home."

Their attitude toward the negro is exactly what that of the negro is supposed to be toward the poor white trash. However "trifling" a piney woodsman may be, he considers a negro more trifling. Indeed, all over North Carolina, whenever the negroes grow numerous in any community the white people are likely to leave. The negroes in this State have a great hunger for land; Washington's influence is more wide-spread than one might suppose. From him the old plant-





CAROLINA PINES

ers absorbed the idea that they must have land; from their masters the negroes absorbed the idea that any one who had no land was no gentleman, and that if the negro won land he would grow to be a gentleman and would not have to work. A negro does not care whether he has a comfortable home or not, but if he once owns a piece of land he will never let it go. "He's a hireling," they still say, contemptuously, of a white man who works for some one else. Indeed, the negro and the white man are alike in feeling it confers a kind of integrity of character to own land. Certainly the tenant does not seem to have the same grasp on things as the owner; he thinks if he can keep out of debt and get a little personal property he has justified his existence.

Like all Southerners, the pine-barrens people have a pride in their past that extends to other things besides the war and its accessories. The old people will tell of the wonders of Cross Creek, two streams which used to part at right angles and come together again after a short distance. They say that a chip thrown into one of the streams above the junction would often appear below it in the projection of the stream into which it had been cast. But a Frenchman destroyed

the phenomenon by building a dam just below one stream and turning the other into a race for his mill. In those days, they say, the land was covered with the wild pea, on which countless cattle lived, which the owners drove to Norfolk, Virginia, to be sold. They are proud, too, some of the more ambitious ones, of their traditions of learning, and they will talk of their Athens—the famous Long Street, where before the war an academy was held; and of their old churches, where the ministers preached two sermons, one in English and one in Gaelic.

Though some of them make little enough gain from their land in the present, yet they have a pride in its past productiveness. They like to tell of the time when in the pine-barrens country there was great production of rosin, tar, and turpentine. Few people but had some of the long-leaved pine-trees on their tracts. There was no trust, numerous independent distilleries doing a good business. The huge trees were "boxed" for the turpentine year after year, a tall tree lasting as long as fifteen years. Some of the distillers used to drive hundreds of miles a week, visiting the settlers and buying turpentine; other settlers used to carry their barrels on ox-carts to their chosen distilleries. Some





A PINE-TAR DISTILLERY

of the more ambitious used to produce their own tar from what is known as fat pine or light wood. They split this into certain lengths and put it into a simple kiln. Each cord of the wood yielded about a barrel of tar, and such a kiln would produce some seventy-five barrels. To-day crude turpentine brings from three dollars and a half to six dollars a barrel, and tar eight cents a gallon, but in the old days when the trees were plentiful the price was cheaper. Many people made enough money out of this industry to allow for all exigencies of daily living until their trees were depleted; then the fire often took them, and took them usually forever, since long-leaved pine rarely reproduces itself. Thus millions of dollars' worth of trees were destroyed. To-day the saw-mill man visits those regions where the tall pine still stands, and makes up the trees into timber. The tar and turpentine industry has almost disappeared from the State, having gone farther south, chiefly to Georgia.

Some of the oldest men and women recall the great event it was to go to town in those days. Indeed, a visit to town is still taken as many Northerners would take a trip around the world. Fayetteville was once the great inland mart of

trade of North Carolina, especially for the territory west of the Blue Ridge, and even for eastern Tennessee and southwestern Virginia. This trade was carried on in canvas-topped wagons drawn by four or six horses, their collars set off by circles of little bells. The old men tell of the solid and convenient building of the wagons; the wheels were broad and provided with brakes; there was a trough in the rear for feeding stock, rests for axes and hatchets, and here and there small boxes for pots and pans were let into the body of the wagon. The pine-barrens people brought in flaxseed, corn, wheat, dried fruit, and meat, and carried back whatever they needed. It is said that in autumn the main street of Fayetteville was so filled with these wagons that a carriage could not be driven through. At night, though there was a great wagon-yard provided for the drivers, they camped on the outskirts of the town, and sitting about their bright fires, they, too, no doubt, told stories of the golden past.

The people like to talk of the glories of Cape Fear River when the merchandise was brought up its one hundred and twenty miles by tow-boats and then later on by the first steamers. One of the builders, being told that his boat



would "turn turtle," rode its bow as it slipped off the ways into the water. The old men know the names of the pilots who guided the boats between the banks where wild grape-vine and jasmine and flowering honeysuckle climbed the tall trees.

Sometimes a man or woman of the pine barrens will ask if one has seen the strange people called "Croatans" up in Robeson County. The opinion prevails among the pine-barrens people that the Croatans are merely descended from a mixture of white and negro blood. The preponderance of evidence, however, seems to show that they are descended from Sir Walter Raleigh's lost colony of Roanoke through intermarriage with a friendly tribe of Hatteras Indians. They must have lived a semi-civilized, nomad life, until they settled, a hundred years or so ago, in the swamps of Robeson County. They have the characteristics of both races: blue eyes and black; brown hair or dark; lithe figures or sturdy figures; they bear English names that were common in the sixteenth century—Lowery and Oxendine and Applewhite. Like the Indians, they are taciturn; they march in single file, are abstemious in days of scarcity, and gluttonous in times of abundance; and the women do the field and other labor.

Often, when the tales of what they have seen or done in their own day have flagged, the pine-barrens story-tellers will go beyond their own experience and repeat what other old people have handed down to them. They will tell perhaps the quaint old tale of the Scotch woman, Ann Simpson, who was supposed to have poisoned her husband with strychnine. Excitement waxed high, people coming from scores of miles about to attend the trial and see if she would hang. She was declared not guilty, and the

grim old foreman of the jury remarked afterward, "There's nae dout she gied him the truck, but ye should never hang a wuman; whup 'em, mon."

There is more than one story that illustrates such clannishness. In the days when the turpentine industry flourished, and when church-going was a social as well as a religious occasion, the people carrying food and hard cider with them and staying all day, there lived a splendid old man named Colin Methuen. He had been in Congress with Clay and Calhoun and Webster, and was a rich man as things went then, having twenty thousand acres of land which he could have sold at a dollar an acre. He was revered as a patriarch and assumed all the authority of one. He refused to allow any lawsuits among his neighbors, settling such matters out of hand; and even in the



A PINE-BARRENS FAMILY



early 'sixties, when he was more than ninety years old, he could command the solid vote of the people for miles about him.

Then there is a story of Urquhart, the last piper, an old man almost blind, his breath too thin fully to fill the pipes. Whenever his little notes were heard the door was flung wide, and a child was sent out to welcome him with a hearty "Win in wi' ye, mon." The family would give him of the best, and afterward he would play old Scotch airs, and unconsciously the talk would slip into the forms of the Gaelic. He would not stay long in any one place, but would soon be off on the road again, a little, restless, wandering old man with the pipes under his arm. Sometimes he lost himself, but he had faith in his music and in the hospitality that searches, for if the way left him and the gloaming came on, or a storm threatened, he would sit down on a fallen log and play till some man found him and led him home.

One of the favorite traditions, not only of the pine-barrens country, but of all the eastern part of the State, is connected with Flora Macdonald, the savior of Bonnie Prince Charlie. People speak of her much as if she had been alive yesterday, and indeed she is thoroughly identified with the history of the region. When the women tell her story they tell it with the sympathy they would feel toward a sister. It seems that after Flora, as they call her, had been forgiven by the House of Hanover for her help to the House of Stuart, she and her husband fell into straitened circumstances, and, encouraged by the account of the opportunities in North Carolina, sailed with a number of followers in 1775, and settled on the Cape Fear River, at what is now Fayetteville. A colony of Scotch had been established there some thirty years before, which later was augmented by other Scotch who had lost their hopes after Culloden, and had been given liberty on condition that they emigrate.

Flora came with high hopes, and was received with the greatest deference by her countrymen. Though Boswell, in his *Life of Johnson*, speaks of her as being "a little woman of genteel appearance and uncommonly mild and well-bred," North Carolina tradition says that she

was very imperious. On one occasion she was visiting in a house in Fayetteville, on the walls of which hung a picture of Anne of Jura, who also was said to have saved Prince Charlie—who seems to have been saved about as many times as there are beds in England in which slept Queen Elizabeth. Flora turned the picture to the wall with a firm though passionate hand. "Na, na, that body ne'er saved Prince Charlie!" she said.

After the Revolutionary War broke out, the British struck an early blow in North Carolina, perhaps with the idea that the Macdonalds and their clan would win the day. The Scotch Highlanders rallied to the cause of the king, as they were bound to do under their oath. Flora made an especial appeal to her kinsmen and clansmen to rally to the House of Hanover. The story goes that the Royalists drilled their forces on one side of Cross Creek, and the Whigs on the other, joining for social intercourse after military manœuvres were over. Every man who could shoulder a musket and handle a claymore was drilling, and the notes of the Scottish pibroch mingled with those of the English bugle. In February, 1776, the forces clashed, and there followed for the hapless Highlanders another Culloden. To this day the Scotch about Fayetteville honor their Tory ancestors as much as the Whigs. They feel the pathos of the men who lost at Culloden for Charles, and lost again in North Carolina for George.

Flora Macdonald's husband was taken prisoner, and confined in the jail at Halifax. Much of her property was confiscated; other things she sold to help effect her husband's freedom, even pawning the family plate. The women tell of her hours of bitterness—how she had to live on a little sandy tract of land while her husband was in prison, and how she buried two children there. When her husband's captivity came to an end, they went back to Scotland, worse broken in purse and fortune than when they had embarked for the New World. Flora is said to have cried, "I have done muckle for both the House of Stuart and for the House of Hanover, and I have been mickle the gainer by either."

In North Carolina there is left a miniature of her, and the silver goblet





WHERE FLORA MACDONALD IS SAID TO HAVE VISITED

she gave to Barbacue Church, and a little silver tray she owned. These are shown at county fairs, and are revered next to the Bible. A hollyberry-tree still grows under which a cottage of hers is said to have stood, and there are two places on Green Street, Fayetteville, each of which puts itself forward as the site of her house. Far away in the island of Skye, wrapped in a shroud made of the sheets in which Charles Edward slept at her home in Kingsburg, lies eternally at rest all that was mortal of the great-spirited Flora Macdonald.

The lives of the people seem set always in a stern key. There is amiability, but little merriment; self-denial and deprivation are caused, it may be, often enough by lack of foresight. If the people should be hungry, they would suffer in silence; they would never beg. They are not always good at business, and they make bad bargains, or buy on the instalment plan, to their own loss, but they accept harsh terms uncomplainingly. This is the more to their credit as public opinion is a strong economic force in the South, and the man who drives his neighbor hard is not excused from censure by the use of the word business.

Old, severe ideals of dress and manner frequently prevail. The pine-barrens

folk no longer wear clothes of homespun and butternut, yet in some places there is still a tradition that plain clothes are more worthy in the sight of the Lord than gay apparel. More than once a girl who has appeared in a brilliant hat has been reproached by her minister from the pulpit, and has even been ordered to take it off. A girl with two sweethearts is thought to be playing unfairly, and is likely to be lessoned by her father or by the minister. More than one old Scotchman refuses to allow his daughters to leave the house at night for any merry-making, recommending them to their catechism and their beds. One old man is sure his sons ran away from home, not because they were brought up too strictly, but because they read *Robinson Crusoe*. In other places sufficient liberty is allowed, though nearly everywhere card-playing and dancing are looked on askance; yet more than one young man has taken heart from the example of old MacGregor, who insisted on dancing once a year, and who said obstinately to his elders, "Ye may session me as much as ye please, but at Christmas-time MacGregor'll be on the floor."

Their languid way of talking and moving, their haphazard means of getting a living, are only the surface;





A DEWBERRY FARM

within is the sharply defined code of an upright, straight-looking people. They go their own way indifferent as to what is said of them, unless it should be unpleasantly said and to their faces, and then they fight. They are loyal to their friends, and independent; their ideal, briefly, is to pay their debts, tell the truth, own their own land, and see the salvation of the country through the Democratic ticket.

One thing in which their independence shows strongly is their attitude, in this no-license State, toward whiskey. It is said that a good many of them distil liquor, and no argument can convince them that they have not as much right to make whiskey as to make corn-bread. They distil it along the creeks or in their own barns, managing to carry the smoke so that it will appear to rise from the house. They will even distil it in their bedrooms. An old man and his wife will drive many miles to a mill for a few cents' worth of malt, which they quite frankly say they want to make whiskey with. They add half a bushel of meal, and with the aid of hot water and a rubber tube in three days' time they have a big can of pure corn whiskey. They will argue with the miller, or with the

minister, for that matter, that God gave them the right to do it, and that the United States has no power to take away that right. The principle is really a part of their religion. They will even put the matter on the patriotic ground that North Carolina prohibition is contrary to the American idea of liberty.

All this may happen to coincide with considerable financial gain, if the distiller should be working on a large scale and should be selling his wares, for he can get two dollars a gallon for what cost him some thirty-two cents, and he can do this every twenty-four hours with a still that is worth perhaps a hundred dollars. At such a rate he can afford to be caught. As a matter of fact, few men are caught, though stills are occasionally found, the sheriff being given twenty-five dollars for each discovery. It is said that in a certain locality there are some thirty-three stills, and the sheriff finds the same one over and over. A buyer may become angry and betray a distiller, but this is rare, for the North Carolina Scotchmen not only love their whiskey, but they hate an informer almost as bitterly as do the Irish.

For a long time the accusation has been made against the pine-barrens people



that they are shiftless, and, indeed, most of them fall far short of our standards of ambition. Kindly science has taught us that their lack-luster or absent-minded manner, languid movements, and general inertia are due in many cases to the hook-worm. Their habits expose them to this disease, for they go barefoot nearly all the year and are lightly clad in the summer. A family hampered with their lack of ambition may have a holding which, in the West, would make their fortune. They have, perhaps, a hundred acres, of which they cultivate only fifteen, and these in such a way that the results do not encourage them to till the rest. They have a mule for plowing, and with this help they raise a bale of cotton. They have a few hogs, and perhaps some one of the women manages a vegetable garden. In May and June for three weeks they pick huckleberries, which they sell to local markets for shipment to New York, each picker making about a dollar a day. Long tradition permits them to pick their berries on anybody's land.

Some of the pine-barrens people are indifferent about the school advantages for their children. In most places the schools run for only four months in the year. Even so there cannot be a

compulsory school law on account of the cotton crop. In the old days the children used to be kept out of school to drop corn. To-day that can be done by machinery, but nothing has been invented to replace the little fingers that pick cotton. Some families keep their children out of school by turns during cotton-picking; others keep them away for various trivial reasons—because it rains, or because they do not want to go. Some, indeed, are too poor to provide good clothing for their children, and too proud to send them badly dressed. But it is not only the people of the pine barrens who are insensible to educational advantages. In the country districts for miles around even so thriving a city as Fayetteville, the progressive superintendent of schools has to fight every inch of his way for the good of the children against the prejudice of the parents—strong Scotch prejudice. The Scotch dislike public schools; they object to paying fifteen dollars in taxes to educate everybody's child, though they would give double that for the privilege of a private school with inferior teaching. They dislike concentrated schools. They would have their children stay in a little school-house under one teacher for four months a year rather than have them



A MARKET-DAY IN TOWN



drive in a school conveyance to a school conducted by four teachers and providing eight months' schooling. It is the Scotch obstinacy.

Sometimes when the cotton crop fails, or a fence burns down, which the law insists must be replaced, a father will take his whole family and go to work in the mills in Johnson County or in Fayetteville. Fayetteville had some factories before the Civil War, but most of them have come during the last ten years. Textile-mills, cotton-factories, silk-mills, and hosiery-factories are rejuvenating the place. The silk-mill employs colored labor, but the textile and cotton mills attract white workers from all over the State. Many of them are people from the pine barrens. They come to the mills badly nourished, and probably in good health only because of their outdoor life. Twelve hours of daily confinement in a State where factory regulation and inspection for the health and safety of the operatives are notoriously behind the times, makes physical wrecks of many of them. Whatever the law may say, children as young as nine years have been found in the North Carolina mills, and no excuse that they are "parents' helpers" can do away with the fact that they should be at play or in school, and not minting their vitality into money which never comes to them. There may be pine-barrens men weak enough morally to sit on their porches and let their little mill-children support them, but frequently father and children both work, too ignorant to know that if only they learned something of scientific farming they could make sufficient money on their own land, and could keep their health besides.

But slowly the knowledge is growing that North Carolina has a great future commercially, and that land once considered worthless, even pine-barrens land, will produce, as it never did before, both ordinary farm products and cotton. There are some who believe that the practically feudal conditions of society reproduced in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, through the tobacco trust, may some day be reproduced in North Carolina by way of cotton. In Kentucky they have been able to coin the unearned increment; the tenant is sub-

ordinate to his landlord; the industry is the landlord's business and makes him master of the country. In this system there is no place for the negro, since he is not regarded as an intelligent tenant. So the old Kentucky stock, the original aristocracy, is in a measure coming back to its own. The same thing is happening in Tennessee. Something like this evolution is taking place in the cotton States. In every such State there is some man who owns thousands of acres of land. In North Carolina there is one man who has hundreds of thousands of acres which would sell now at fifty dollars an acre, though fifteen years ago the price was ten dollars. The cotton men, however, though they are buying up the land, and controlling politically wherever they can, have not yet got their organization complete.

That cotton is king of the South may become a saying that is not idle. The people of the pine barrens depend largely upon cotton for a crop, but in the old days it took some four acres to make a bale of cotton, which would sell for from eighty to a hundred and fifty dollars. Now under the new scientific farming, which some of the more progressive people are taking up, the land is being heavily fertilized and heavily plowed. Guano and nitrate of soda, twelve-inch plowing, and the rotation of crops are resulting in a bale of cotton per acre. Fruit-orchards are springing up, and around Fayetteville there is a thriving industry in market-gardening and in the raising of small fruit.

The younger generation of the pine-barrens people bid fair to be more enterprising than their parents, for they are learning what the new farming will do. Many of them believe in a scheme which they think will bring great financial gain—the improvement of the upper Cape Fear navigation by canalization, a project which will give from six to eight feet of water in the river all the year round. The price of land will go up, and agricultural interests will be thoroughly developed.

The promise of the future is alluring. Perhaps it will beckon the pine-barrens people from their most sheltered recesses, but surely no worldly prosperity can ever obliterate their charm and goodness.



# Mabel Blossom's Pearl Pin

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

THIS story has a moral, but that should not prevent the gentle reader from reading it. Besides, the moral comes at the very end, and there will be a great deal of interest and literary entertainment in between. So "we will proceed without further digression," as Sister Irmingarde says in the history class when we girls forget dates and try to divert her mind by analyzing Louis the Sixteenth's character. It is really interesting to analyze, for he was in many ways a weak and sinful man; but Sister Irmingarde always looks so bored when we try it, and so anxious to know about the Punic wars or something, that it's dreadfully discouraging to earnest students who want to develop their minds as fast as they can by intelligent exchange of thought.

This leads us straight to Mabel Blossom's pearl pin. The reader doesn't know why, but I do, so it's all right. You see it was in the history class that Mabel Blossom suddenly took a little box out of her pocket one day and passed it stealthily along the aisles from one girl to another, making signs that we were all to look at what was in it. Of course we did, right off. Most of the girls would look long and earnestly at anything that would divert their minds in class, and this thing Mabel was showing was *jewelry*. So the girls gazed and gazed, and nodded to Mabel to show they liked it, until I thought it would never get to me.

Finally it did, and I found the box was not new, and the thing in it was a gold pin, not new either, lying on a piece of cotton. It was round and had pearls in it, with a red stone in the middle, and there was a pin in the back to fasten it to any part of the happy possessor where it would look best. I got behind my book and tried it under my chin, against my collar, but of course I couldn't see how it looked. Then I

tried it on my left shoulder like a badge, and I could just see it there by squinting. Of course I took my time, for the Sisters have taught us that it's underbred to seem hurried. I thought Kittie James, whose turn to look came next, would die of agitation before I passed it on to her; but I knew waiting would be a lesson in self-control for Kittie, and she needed one. Kittie gets terribly excited about clothes and jewelry, especially jewelry. Of course we're not allowed to wear much jewelry at the convent, except a watch, if we have one, or a confirmation ring, or some other possession fraught with family associations, as it were. Kittie has a ring and a tiny watch the nuns let her wear, and sometimes she is allowed to put on a thin gold chain with a cross on it, that her sister Josephine gave her; but usually she has to keep it in a bureau drawer. Sometimes, in the evening, when Kittie and Mabel Blossom and Mabel Muriel Murphy and Maudie Joyce and I are together, Kittie borrows every piece of jewelry we have, and puts them all on at once, and then stands in front of the looking-glass for half an hour at a time, pretending she's a Hindu princess, decorated with three watches and four chains and five rings. I mention this to reveal one phase of Kittie's character.

Finally I took pity on Kittie and passed the pin on to her very carefully, so Sister Irmingarde wouldn't be disturbed by seeing it; and Kittie fussed over it for ten minutes before she gave it to the girl next to her. That was the only time I ever handled the pin and got a really close look at it. The rest of the time it was on Mabel—until it vanished from our gaze in the tragic way I will describe when I get round to it.

When everybody had seen the pin that morning, Mabel Blossom got it back again and fastened it on her blouse, and all the girls made signs showing that it



was becoming, and that they wished they had one, too; and Kittie James, who was reciting, told Sister Irmingarde that the most significant thing about the Greeks was their love of pearl pins. But nobody minded, because it was Kittie. Then most everybody forgot the pin except Mabel; and of course she couldn't, because she had it on.

At noon Mabel explained that her aunt had sent it to her for her fifteenth birthday, and that her aunt had worn it for years, and that Sister Irmingarde had said Mabel could wear it, as she was not wearing any other jewelry. She wore it for a week, and of course we girls got used to it and to the effect of elegance it gave Mabel. Once she lent it to Adeline Thurston, to cheer her up when she was going to confession and had to tell something she didn't care to dwell on. Another time she let Maudie Joyce wear it to the station when she went there to meet a friend—and of course Kittie James had it on half a dozen times. But usually it shone like a small, pale, cold moon on Mabel Blossom's chest, and we all got used to seeing it there.

Then one day she lost it.

I put that in a paragraph by itself to

show how important it is. It is also the real beginning of this story. The rest was the orchestra playing and the lights being turned on and the curtain going up before the drama.

The drama started in to be a tragedy right off. Mabel Blossom was simply crazy over the loss of her pin, and every girl at St. Katharine's sympathized with her so much that no one learned any lessons for days. I can get my lessons by reading them once, but even I had to tell Sister Irmingarde that I couldn't study, for every time I opened my book I saw Mabel's pale, stricken face before me. She looked dreadful, and her eyes were red all the time, partly from looking for the pearl pin and partly from crying about it. The whole convent helped her to look.

At first she thought she had lost it down by the river one day when we went there for ferns. So the entire river-front was 'most wrecked by the girls, who made up searching-parties and spent hours hunting for Mabel's pin. The little minims looked, too, and tore up grass and flowers by the roots, lest they leave some spot untouched. None of the minims had seen the pin,

and Mabel couldn't talk about it now without bursting into tears; but the older girls told them how it looked as they remembered it, and for a while it seemed to me that every girl at St. Katharine's spent her time either describing Mabel Blossom's lost pin or listening to some one else describe it. In the meantime the pin stayed lost.

Then Mabel remembered that she had been sitting under the great willow on the campus the day she missed it, and everybody rushed to the willow and looked for it there. By the time they got through, the



SHE PASSED IT STEALTHILY ALONG THE AISLES



grass under the tree was trampled into the earth or torn up by the roots, and the benches were scratched, and the moss was even pulled off the bark of the willow. Maudie Joyce did that. She said you could never tell where things would slip to, and it would be too utterly horrible if Mabel never found her pin. Maudie said she remembered exactly how the pin looked. It was about as large as a fifty-cent piece, and had sixteen lovely pearls in it. She said no one could afford to lose a pin like that, and an heirloom besides, and she was going to hunt for it in all her spare time.

Kittie James was sure Mabel had lost the pin in her own room, and would find it under the rug or behind some piece of furniture. So she

and Mabel took up the rugs and moved all the furniture out into the hall, and took down the curtains, and even pulled off the wall-paper in places where it bulged a little and looked as if it might have a pearl pin behind it. Kittie wrote Josephine about the pin and described it. She said it was the size of a silver dollar, and had twenty-four pearls in it.

Josephine wrote back that Mabel ought to advertise; so Mabel did. She didn't offer a reward, because she knew she could never make any proper financial return to the noble soul that brought it back. But she said it was a priceless heirloom with a history.

The Sisters hadn't paid much attention to the loss of the pin until the advertisement came out. Then they got interested. Sister Edna asked Mabel Muriel Murphy about it, and Mabel Muriel told Sister Edna all she had heard about the pin. She said Mabel Blossom's aunt was a very wealthy woman, and that the pin

had been handed down to her by her great-aunt. Then Sister Irmingarde asked me about it. She hadn't really looked at the pin when Mabel asked permission to wear it, as she supposed it was some trifle. I told her all I knew, which wasn't much, and finally Reverend Mother sent for

Adeline Thurston and asked searching questions about the pin. Adeline told her what the pin looked like. She said the twenty-four pearls were about the size of large currants, but the real value of the pin was its history. She told Reverend Mother that Adeline Thurston's friend in Chicago knew Mabel's mother, and that an Indian rajah had given the pin to Mabel's great-great-great-grand-aunt, and that the

ruby in it was supposed to be the central jewel of his crown. After that a panic swept through our erstwhile peaceful halls.

The Sisters were more sure than ever that girls should not wear jewels, so they took away everything but watches, and locked their booty in the convent safe. Mabel Blossom gave up even trying to study, and roamed around the convent grounds like a lost soul, looking everywhere for her pearl pin, and moaning soft, low moans. The girls spent all their free time helping her, and the convent grounds looked as if a cyclone had come to look for the pin, too. No one talked about anything but Mabel Blossom's loss. Every girl wrote home about the pin, and described it to her parents, and told about the Indian rajah, and the mothers wrote back advice and suggestions, and told all *they* knew about Indian jewelry. Mabel Blossom couldn't eat by this time, and the infirmarians got up tempting dishes and sent them to her. Then she couldn't



I TRIED IT ON MY LEFT SHOULDER



sleep, and they took her into the infirmary and nursed her tenderly. But she wouldn't stay there long—she was too anxious to look for her pearl pin. The old gardeners were going crazy over the way the grounds were being torn up, and Sister Harmona pasted a notice in the study-hall, threatening to suspend any girls who tore more paper off their walls or pulled up more boards.

Little by little more facts came out about the pearl pin. The rajah had fallen in love with Mabel Blossom's great-great-grand-aunt, and had longed to wed her. But her heart was another's, so he sent her as a wedding-gift the wonderful Indian pin which brought health and fortune to the family that possessed it, and ruin if they lost it. Once it had been lost for fifty years, and the Blossoms were terribly poor and in disgrace the whole time. Then they got it back, and all was well again.

You can imagine how thrilling this was to convent girls. Could aught be more romantic? Adeline Thurston wrote a poem about it, and Jeannette Trelawney set it to music. I began a novel, with Mabel's pearl pin in the very center of the plot, the way it was in the center of the rajah's crown. Then, through the advertisement or the talk of the girls, or perhaps both, the newspapers began to print things about the pin. A reporter came to see Mabel, but she was in the infirmary, so Maudie saw him instead; and the next day the paper came out with big, black head-lines:

### THE RAJAH'S JEWEL AT ST. KATHARINE'S

A Convent Girl Possesses and Loses the Greatest Ruby in the Indian Empire.

The article went on to describe Mabel's pin and tell about the rajah, and it criticized the Blossom family severely for putting the priceless gem into a school-girl's hands. It said the jewel had probably been stolen by a pair of famous London thieves who were "operating" in America and had heard about the ruby and the pearls.

That started the other newspapers, of course, and the next day they came out with stories about the rajah's ruby. They said it brought blood and disaster in its wake, and one of them printed a list of the deaths in the Blossom family during the past fifty years, and laid every blessed one of them to the ruby. Another newspaper said the ruby had blazed for a time in the haik of Bou Maza, the leader of an Arab rebellion



Charlotte Harding Brown.

THEN ONE DAY SHE LOST IT





REVEREND MOTHER ASKED SEARCHING  
QUESTIONS ABOUT THE PIN

in Algeria, and that when he wore it he bore a charmed life and no bullets hit him, but as soon as it was stolen from him he was defeated and slain.

By this time the convent grounds were full of reporters and photographers who wouldn't go away, and detectives who wanted to find the jewel and the thieves. Some parents got excited and came to St. Katharine's to find out what it all meant and what the effect would be on their children. For the worst thing of all had happened by this time. The newspapers and the detectives were beginning to hint that perhaps one of the girls had taken the pin. They didn't say it right out, but they came pretty near it, and when that happened you can imagine how we girls felt. Every one knew how much Kittie James loved jewelry, so one or two girls who were jealous of her—but I won't even write that. It is too horrible.

We held an indignation meeting, and most of the girls were crying when it was over. The nuns felt the worst of all—for us and for the school. Nothing like

this had ever happened before, of course, in the long and honorable history of St. Katharine's. Reverend Mother looked actually haggard when we met her in the halls, and Sister Irmingarde went around with her mouth in a straight line and her eyes as cold as agate. Usually she smiles a great deal—and she has the most wonderful smile I know, beginning at her lips and spreading first to her eyes and then over the whole room. It makes one feel young and inexperienced, but good and noble and tender and ambitious and, most of all, *understood*. You know she is looking into the very bottom of your soul, and you don't mind having her do it. At least that's the way *I* feel. But no one had a chance to feel that way for a long time after Mabel lost her pin—for the saddest thing in all those sad days was that Sister Mary Irmingarde stopped smiling. But she was simply lovely to Kittie James, and so were most of the girls, and Kittie was the only girl at St. Katharine's who didn't know why.

A few days after the newspapers began





THE SISTERS TOOK AWAY EVERYTHING BUT WATCHES AND LOCKED THEIR BOOTY IN THE CONVENT SAFE

to print things about the pin, a big Sunday newspaper came out with a picture of it. The picture showed the pin filling the center of the page. It was about the size of a dinner-plate, and had rays of light going from the ruby in the middle and spreading all over the rest of the sheet. There was a picture of Mabel, too—made up and not a bit like her; for of course the newspapers were not allowed to have her photograph. The article around the picture told how many Blossoms were left, and what would probably happen to them now that the pin was gone. It described Mabel's brother, who is a civil engineer working on the

Panama Canal, and it said that her mother and the rest of the family were in Europe. Then it asked in big letters, "Will They Ever Come Back?"

Mabel shrieked when she saw that, and was led to the infirmary in a dreadful attack of hysterics; and Kittie James, who saw her go into it, and who is very sympathetic, had hysterics, too, right off, and was taken to the infirmary at the

same time. This started some of the other girls, and you'd better believe that for a few minutes Sister Irmingarde had her hands full.

We were all ready for hysterics now. At first, even sorry as we were for Mabel, a good many of the girls almost enjoyed the excitement. It made things different from our usual quiet life, and girls love a change, even if it's almost an unpleasant one. I felt a little bit that way, though of course I was sorry for Mabel. Besides, being a literary artist, I saw the dramatic possibilities in her loss, and the human, vivid life it brought into our cloister-halls made my girlish pulses throb. But it is a strange truth that one can get tired even of thrills. If one is thrilling all the time, it isn't really thrills, you see; it is monotony. Besides, our nerves were getting jumpy. When the newspapers began to hint that perhaps one of us had taken it—well, we were anxious enough to forget Mabel's pin and return to the peaceful atmosphere of the intellectual life. No one even mentioned the pin any more. Finally we almost disliked Mabel. She knew it, too, and she told me one day she was like one of the specimen bugs the girls in the nature classes pinned in their rooms. She said she felt exactly as if



she had been fastened up before us all, with her pearl pin stuck through her. I felt sorry for her, but for a long time, even after that, my first thought when I saw her was:

"Horrors! here's Mabel coming."

Then I would go down inside of my brain and find another thought and drag it up quickly and make it run like this: "Poor girl, she is not to blame for the strange and terrible position in which she has placed us all!"

I got so I could do it, but the other girls couldn't, though I tried to teach them how. Maudie said she simply couldn't bear the sight of Mabel any more, and Mabel Muriel Murphy felt the same way. Naturally poor Mabel suffered more than ever when she found this out, and she would have gone home if she had had any home to go to. But with her brother at Panama and the rest of the family in Europe and the house closed, there was nothing to do but stay in school and try to be brave. Kittie was the only girl who was the same to Mabel right through; but you see there were things Kittie didn't know, or Mabel, either.

One Saturday afternoon, about a month after the pin was lost, Mabel sent a minim to me with a note asking me to come to her room. She was going to put new yokes in two silk blouses, and she wanted me to help, because when I don't the yokes bulge out. It is strange indeed how many different things I can do and how few things other girls can do—*well*, I mean. I went to Mabel, though I didn't really want to, and I found her on her knees before a trunk which she had just emptied. The floor was covered with clothes she had taken out of it. While she was talking to me she shook out a blouse she had picked up, and when she was going to put it down again I saw the gleam of something on it and I stopped her, a strange, mysterious instinct stirring in me the while.

"What's that?" I said. I took the blouse out of her hands and looked at it, and as I looked I could feel my eyes bulge right out of my face, I was making them look so hard. On the left shoulder of Mabel's blouse there was a little round thing. I gazed at it and then gazed at Mabel, and then we both gazed at the thing again, and gazed and gazed.

The thing was a pin about the size of a silver twenty-five-cent piece. It had six tiny seed-pearls in a circle round it—the kind that are *halves*, stuck on. In the center of the circle was a red stone a little larger than any of the pearls. It was a garnet. The pearls looked dark, as if they were soiled or stained in some way; the fastener of the pin was bent where Mabel had pinned it to her blouse.

Once more I looked at Mabel. She was looking at me. And as we looked at each other the same words fell from our pale lips in hollow, incredulous tones:

"Is *that* the rajah's pin?"

It wasn't finding the pin that surprised us. It didn't even surprise us that Mabel had worn the pin on this particular blouse, and put away the blouse until she had time to put a fresh yoke in it, and then forgotten all about it.



A BIG SUNDAY NEWSPAPER CAME OUT WITH A PICTURE OF THE PIN





"IS THAT THE RAJAH'S PIN?"

That was all natural enough—for Mabel Blossom—and both Mabel and I knew it was, and didn't stop to fuss about it. The thing that surprised us was the way that pearl pin looked!

Of course I knew it wasn't the size of a dinner-plate, as the newspapers had made it. But I did expect to see it at least the size of a silver dollar, with twenty-four great big pearls in it and a blazing ruby that dazzled the eyes. I almost remembered it that way. And there lay that little, cheap, shabby pin, looking ashamed of itself, and actually seeming to bury itself in the blouse, as if it wanted to get away from our staring, horrified eyes. I couldn't think. My brain acted as if it said to itself, "This is too much for me," and then turned its back coldly on me and the pin.

While I kept looking at Mabel, in the stupid, dazed way I felt, she turned her eyes away and sat staring straight in front of her. Finally she said, "I can't *believe* it looks like that," and then she repeated over and over and over again:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" And at last she burst into tears.

I couldn't tell her what to do. But I knew who could. There was just one person in the whole world who could advise

us in such a crisis of life as this. Need I tell the gentle reader who it was? No. I had to tell Mabel Blossom, but that was because her mind was clouded by despair.

"Take it to Sister Irmingarde," I said. We did.

We found her alone in her class-room, marking some papers, and we laid the pin down on her desk, blouse and all, exactly as we had found it. For a second she sat staring at it and at us. Then she spoke to us in short, staccato tones, strangely different from her usual way of talking.

"What's this?" she said. And before we could answer, "What's *this*?"

Mabel couldn't reply, so I answered for her.

"It's the rajah's pin, Sister," I said, dully, "with the blazing ruby from the center of his crown."

The words sounded silly, but I said them from habit. We hadn't heard much else said, you know, for a month.

Sister Irmingarde gave the pin one more look. Also, she looked at us as we stood, solemn-eyed and awe-struck, before her. Then she folded her arms on her desk and laid her head down on them—and laughed and laughed and laughed. Once before, Mabel Blossom



and I had seen her do that when we stood before her together. Perhaps you remember when, gentle reader, but I hope you don't. That time we couldn't laugh with her, but this time we could. At least I could; and I did. I began, and finally Mabel joined in, but not very heartily, and pretty soon Mabel could not stop because she was so nervous. That made Sister Irmingarde stop in a hurry.

After supper that evening Sister Irmingarde called the older girls together and gave us a little talk in the study-hall. First of all she told us the pin was found, and she explained how Mabel had put away her blouse and forgotten it. Then she waited for the applause to die away. It took a long time, for the girls were delighted on their own account and Kittie's, and glad, too, on Mabel's. They all kept nodding and smiling at Mabel while they clapped.

When they finally quieted down, Sister Irmingarde held up the pin. The girls looked, but they couldn't see it, so she marched them up to her desk six at a

time. She called out their names, and they went to her and looked and stared and stared, and then looked at one another. Nobody said much. Nobody could. After they had all seen it, Sister Irmingarde put the pin down on the desk and stood up. We knew what that meant. She was going to give us what she calls "a few thoughts to take away." Somehow, when she does that I can feel my brain bulge as I listen.

She said she had received a letter from Mabel's mother that day, written in Paris, in answer to one Sister Irmingarde had written her. Mrs. Blossom said no rajah had ever seen the pin. She said it was bought at the World's Fair in Chicago, and had cost about four dollars. Sister Irmingarde let that sink in. Then, very gently, but in words that lingered in our girlish minds a long, long time, she told us the moral of our strange experience.

But, after all, need I repeat the moral to the gentle but intelligent reader, and thus, as it were, paint the lily?

I wot not.

## The Piper

BY DONN BYRNE

I WILL take my pipes and go now, for the bees upon the sill  
 Are singing of the summer that is coming from the stars.  
 I will take my pipes and go now, for the little mountain rill  
 Is pleading with the bagpipes in tender, crooning bars.

I will go o'er hills and valleys, and through fields of ripening rye,  
 And the linnet and the throstle and the bittern in the sedge  
 Will hush their throats and listen as the piper passes by,  
 On the great long road of silver that ends at the world's edge.

I will take my pipes and go now, for the sand-flower on the dunes  
 Is a-weary of the sobbing of the great white sea,  
 And is asking for the piper, with his basketful of tunes,  
 To play the merry lilting that sets all hearts free.

I will take my pipes and go now, and God go with you all,  
 And keep all sorrow from you and the dark heart's load.  
 I will take my pipes and go now, for I hear the summer call,  
 And you'll hear the pipes a-singing as I pass along the road.



# The Second Wife

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

MORE poignant than the facts of life, with as much power as the elemental needs of the body, The Unseen still shapes the lives of vast peoples. In some black corners of the earth strange demons still call out for human sacrifice. Mysterious and powerful are these voiceless companions of men.

We alone, of all ages and peoples, have denied them; we have cut away our shadows from our spirits, and perhaps that is why the spirits of modern men seem unsubstantial, as a body would which could cast no dark silhouette behind it.

Around the paths of men The Unseen exists always, and it may come to any one and at any moment as it did to Beata and to Graham.

The mellow afternoon light shone through the quiet spaces of the room, which, simple as it was—bare almost, some would have said—had the supreme beauty of proportion. It had an air about it, a gracious gravity, which proclaimed it of the honorable lineage of lovingly built houses. It gave the effect of space, even of elegance, if for no other reason than that its three dimensions were in harmony.

For the first time its charm failed with Beata. Its beneficent dignity mocked at her, affecting her with the same anger that the unthinking beauty of a glorious day does to one in deep trouble. This room, her room, her creature—how dared it breathe peace while she suffered with unrest?

If there had been any reason for it she could have borne it. She had stood up with gallantry to all the blows that fate had handed out to her. No matter what had happened, her inner self had been serene and unshaken. And now, for no reason, with all the surfaces of life fair and smiling before her, a horror unspeakable, reasonless, invaded the secret places of her being.

She sat there saying to herself:

"I will not! I will not! I will not! They can't make me! They can't make me! They can't make me!"

And with the words once spoken it was as though her spirit cried out against something unknown, as though she fought for her own self and something very dear to her, and yet she didn't know what she was fighting.

The outward symbol of this struggle was so trivial, so meaningless, that she shivered at herself as though her reason was failing her. There was a bowl of yellow jonquils gleaming out of a dark corner of the room, reflecting themselves on the dark floor in a splash of color. Beata had been moved with an impulse to take these flowers and place them between the windows where the light would shine through them on a small, round table on which was inlaid a landscape in mother-of-pearl—a table that might have been hideous, but had turned out to be only a charming indiscretion of some cabinet-maker.

This whim, so harmless in its outer meaning, had come over her like an overpowering wave; yet it had come not as her own wish. It was as though it arose from the passionate desire of some will outside her own. To steady herself Beata sat down in the rosewood chair and said to herself: "I will not! I will not!" as though fighting for her own individuality.

This impulse, with its meaningless madness, had come as suddenly, as shatteringly, as some explosion. Dread shook her through and through—a dread that left her tense and expectant. Why, she hadn't felt that way for three years, not since she had waited for one of Alène's terrible, meaningless, heart-rending scenes—scenes that Graham and she knew were caused by Alène's illness, and yet scenes that gave the effect of wantonness, as if Alène wanted to make them suffer, too. Since her nerves were dis-



eased, since her soul was poisoned in God knows what mysterious fashion, she couldn't let them off—the two creatures dearest to her—but must encompass them also in the hell where she lived.

In spite of Beata's care and Graham's devotion, Alène had got worse and worse, until it seemed to them that madness stared from her eyes. She had died from an overdose of her sleeping-potion—an accidental death, the doctor had insisted.

This had been three years ago. After Alène's death, Graham had gone abroad, and for a year Beata hadn't seen him. Just when, after his return, she had begun to care for him, she couldn't now tell. They had drifted into it—gone in step by step. She couldn't even remember when he had asked her to marry him, so well had they understood.

She had been married six months now, and until this moment she had been happier than she had ever been in her life—happier than she had known it was possible to be. The eighteen months that she had spent nursing Alène, and the final catastrophe, had left her stunned, asking of life only quiet. She had had peace and rest and then happiness, and now it was broken—for no reason; broken—for so absurd a thing.

It was especially hard for Beata to bear; she didn't know how to meet moods—she had never had any. It was almost her first experience with any unhappiness from within, her first experience of that overwhelming misery that comes unreasoning from the inner recesses of the spirit, something more full of anguish than pain, something that makes grief seem God's compassion, and sorrow as sweet as a gray day in midsummer.

She sought for some cause of such disturbance, her trained mind running rapidly through the events of the last few days as an expert might riffle a deck of cards. There was no explanatory spot or fleck on the fair surface of the kindly and familiar events.

"I must be sick," she thought, and again sought for some symptom that might satisfy her. There was nothing. It was as ghostly to have her spirit so disturbed as for doors to slam and windows rattle when the trees remain quiet without. And while her heart beat and while the tortured nerves of her cried

out the more torturingly that she did not know the source of her pain, her tranquil head thought, "I must treat this mood as I used to Alène's."

At this thought her heart stood still—then leaped like a frightened animal in fear for its very life, and as though in actual physical terror of some unseen menace she fled toward the sunshine of the garden, glancing apprehensively behind her, not for fear of what she might see, but from a feeling as inexplicable as all the rest, that she wished no one to see her go. Not the servants, not Graham—especially not Graham. She heard his voice call to her:

"Beata—dear Beata!" So happy it was, so reassuring, that suddenly her fear vanished as though it had wakened her from torturing nightmare. She felt her actual body coming back to life as one breathes easily for the first time again after one has been overwhelmed by a crashing wave. Her heart beat freely again; the intolerable racking of her spirit passed by; color returned to her cheeks. Only as she saw Graham coming toward her through the open door she repressed an impulse to throw herself about his neck as though he had really delivered her from herself.

That evening the idea of telling Graham flitted through her mind, coming and going like a shadow cast by a flickering flame. In the end she decided not to, and, as she did, a sadness fell over her spirit, while her mind argued:

Poor Graham—why should I tell him anything so vague, and at the same time so fantastic? Hasn't he had enough of the inexplicable in his life?

Then, at this thought of Alène, it seemed as if Alène was there. Beata had all the sensation of seeing her without the actual visualization—Alène, sitting, her dark-rimmed eyes on Graham. She watched them fill slowly with tears; watched Alène's face quiver like that of a hurt child that asks, "Oh, why do you so wound me?" Beata had sat there often enough through what seemed a long lifetime of vicarious pain, pretending not to notice Graham's irrepressible discomfort; pretending not to notice Alène's gathering nerve-storm which sometimes threatened and threatened, poisoning their lives, poisoning the very air;



sometimes passing over, leaving sunlight behind.

Recalling these things, Beata let her eyes rest on vacancy. What prevented one, she wondered, from seeing with one's actual eyes any one whom one could see with what is called "the mind's eye"? There have always been people, sick and well, who could project their inner visions into space and thus behold their own imaginings and realities. Beata dwelt in this way on the image of Alène, absorbed as a devotee is absorbed in the contemplation of the attributes of Deity. After a time it was as though her visualization of Alène had been projected into space, and that this thought of her was there clothed in form and invisible, but existing somehow in another medium. She wondered if it were true that the things seen by dreamers have their real existence in some fluid which we may not perceive.

Here Graham's voice broke in upon her, asking:

"What are you thinking of, Beata, so intensely?"

She had been plunged so profoundly in her train of thought, the crystal mirror of her reflection had been shattered so unexpectedly, that she jumped nervously. It seemed as if her spirit had come swimming up from some far depth in which it had plunged itself. She realized, too, that she had been looking directly at Graham, but through him and beyond him, as if she had penetrated far enough into this land which she had so fantastically imagined, so that the things of this world had become for the moment non-existent, as are usually the things we cannot see. For a moment her mind and eyes and all of her had dwelt in some almost luminous vacancy which had been cleared of so-called actuality for a new creation of her own. Her return to the physical world, to Graham, and to familiar things in the room was a shock as of physical pain.

She had been awakened too abruptly. She looked at him, dazed, frowning, at the same time registering the troubled and anxious look on his face—a look of doubt, a look of wonder, a look of some deeper trouble also. In answer to his question came unbidden the words:

"Why do you look at me like that, Graham?"

He arose and put his arms around her, but before he spoke he swallowed, as though speech came to him with an effort. With his arms around her, his face close to hers, something snapped in Beata's mind, like a joint coming back into place. She had yet the impression of having been away a very great distance.

"What were you thinking of just now?" he repeated.

She answered with absolute truthfulness:

"I don't know—I almost seemed to be hypnotized." The shock of his voice had for the second obliterated the object of her deep absorption.

Graham shook her roughly.

"Well, don't do it again, please," he said. "I don't like your looks."

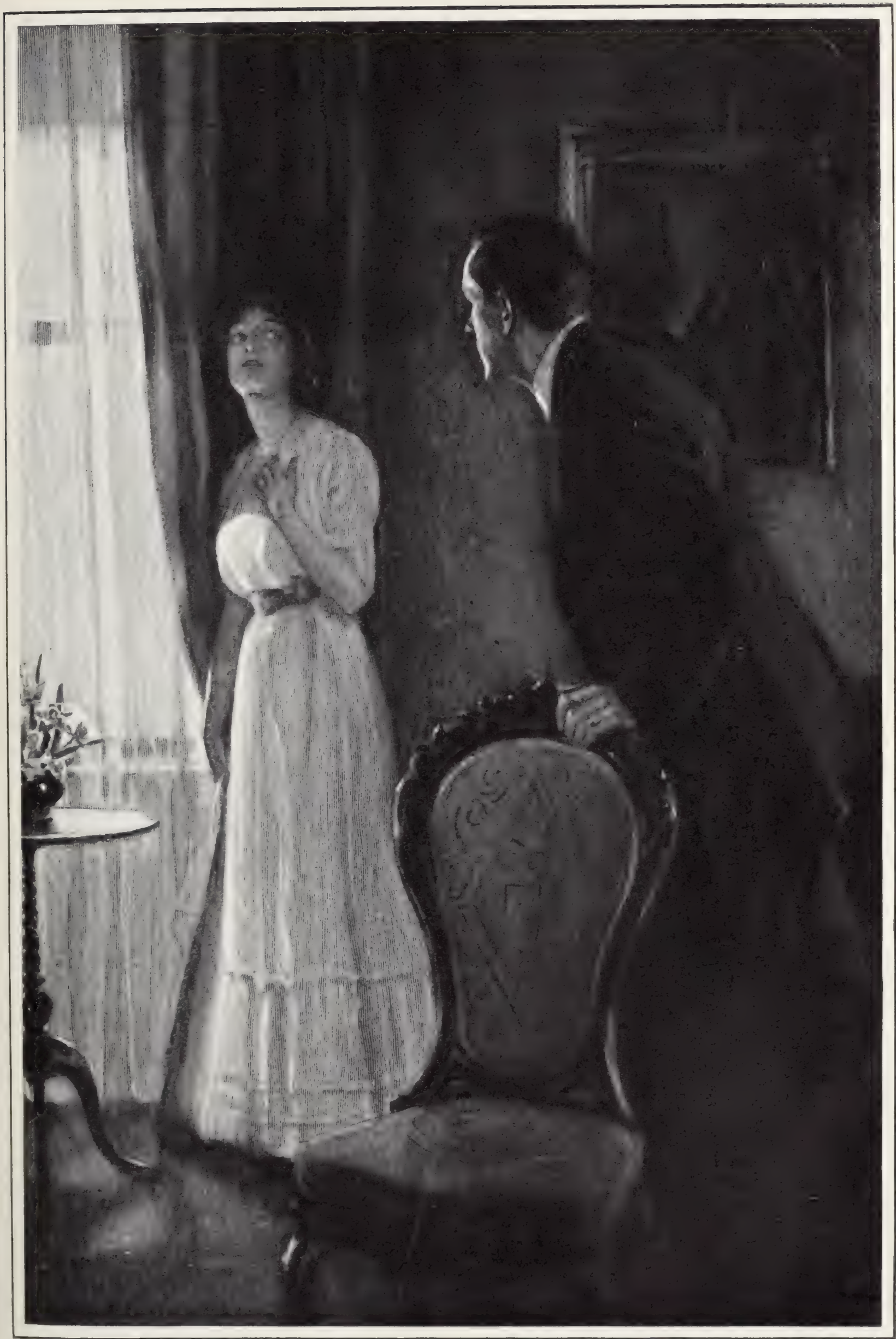
"What do I look like?" She was perfectly natural now; the whole phantasmagoria had vanished out of her spirit as though it had not been.

"I don't like your looks," he repeated—"that's all." He had the evasive and uneasy air of a man who doesn't like to tell what is in his mind.

The following day Beata succeeded in overcoming the feeling of distrust with the whole universe which the inexplicable breeds in a direct and common-sense temperament. She overcame herself, yet she didn't go into the drawing-room, and the drawing-room was as much lived in by her as was Graham's library by him; for the effect of that terrible and spectral battle remained with her as though some shadow had been cast across her spirit. Pushed into the farthest recesses of her mind was the question, "Why? Why? Why?" Nor could she rid herself of the idea that there was more to come, nor of a nameless and reasonless fear that in some strange way she had given up some of her personality.

With the passing of the days the shadow dwindled, until one day Beata went again into her room. Yellow flowers picked freshly stood in a bowl upon her secretary. At the sight of them there, hot anger surged up within her, making her tingle from head to foot. Swiftly and yet with a certain furtiveness, as though she were being watched, she picked them up and carried them back to their place in the window and





*Drawn by John A. Williams.*

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart.

"WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THE WINDOW?" HE INSISTED.







placed them on the little inlaid table between the windows where the light would shine through them. As she did so there came over her a very agony of desire to see Graham; she wanted him to come home; she wondered where he was and with whom. An impatience to go out and find him wherever he was plucked at her feet. She looked at her watch; it was almost time for his return to luncheon, and she posted herself at the window before which the flowers stood and which commanded a view of the elm-shaded street to wait for him. As she stood there in a fever of impatience and longing and affection, she felt as though her whole personality had been invaded by an emotion foreign to her own temperament. Her love had been from the first deep and profound, the surface of it radiant, but without anguish of spirit. They knew each other too well for uncertainties or surprises—they had been friends so long before they had become lovers.

The knowledge that he would soon come, that he would come when he said he would, had been enough for her; why this impatience, she wondered—where did it come from, this passionate agony of longing for the sight of his face? She stood there peering out from the window. She was so sure he must come down that road, her gaze so lost in the distance for the first glimpse of him, that she did not hear his step behind her. His words, in a tone through which a sharp anxiety pierced, "Beata, what are you doing there?" made her turn upon him, her nervous hand clutching the heavy, old-gold drapery of the curtain.

For a moment they stood gazing at each other, startled. Then she laughed with attempted lightness:

"What's the matter, Graham? You look frightened!"

"What were you doing in the window?" he insisted.

"Why—just waiting for you."

"Come—let's get out of here. If you wait staring like that—Waiting for me! Good God! One would have thought that you expected me to be brought home on a stretcher! You'll be getting yourself hypnotized again, Beata, before you know it." He put his arm around her and drew her out on the piazza. "I've

just got a letter from mother," he told her. "She's coming back."

"Oh, I *am* glad," Beata cried.

For some time during her son's first marriage Mrs. Yates had made her home with the young people, and then, under the pressure of Alène's nervous disorder and her final illness, she had left their home to live with her sister. The pressure was too much for her gentle spirit; she couldn't weather the storms which swept and devastated the household; she suffered, too, with a keen inner shame that she hadn't strength enough to help this tormented daughter of hers, whose peculiar loveliness and charm she had so cared for before illness blighted it. After Graham's second marriage she had again made his house her headquarters, finding in Beata's tranquillity something more akin to her own nature, something nearer to what her own daughter might have been than Alène's more fascinating personality had ever been able to give her.

To Beata's heartfelt "Oh, I'm glad!" Graham echoed:

"You can believe I am."

There was an unmistakable passion of relief in his tone, as if Beata's cry had voiced the hope of deliverance—as if the presence of this beloved older woman would dispel the shadow that was drifting in upon them, shutting out the sun from their lives. It was their first recognition of the nameless fear that had come over them.

Now Beata was sure that never for a moment had Graham failed to recognize this awful something which was crawling upon them like some dark spiritual tide. If only he would help her—if he would ask her what was the matter! She felt his anxious look resting on her; then he made some excuse and left her. It was as though he had deserted her in a moment of great peril. Scorn for his cowardice and for his stupidity flashed over her; then a darkness settled over her spirit. Perhaps she was going mad; perhaps her nerves were only shaken—this was what her intelligence kept telling her with irritating, ineffectual persistency, while her heart cried out that the very springs of life in her had been poisoned, the very depths of her personality shaken.



At any rate, she was adrift in a strange and unfamiliar world, and there was no one anywhere to help her. A great pity for the stricken soul of Alène poured over her. Alène had put out her hands and had pleaded to be saved from herself—and no one had helped her. Now, at the first touch of her own distress, Graham turned from her—Graham wasn't going to help her. This thought walked through her mind: "Both of us together, we could have fought it! Alone—I cannot!"

She heard the gate click and saw Graham walking down the street. No doubt he was going to meet his mother—going without her.

"He's running away from me," she thought.

They had always gone to meet Mrs. Yates together. How many times they had walked down this street side by side, long before Alène died, whenever Graham's mother came! They would go down and tell her the news and how Alène was at that moment. Now *she* was left behind while Graham walked down alone to the station to see his mother first; to warn her, no doubt, that Beata was "not quite well."

She went into the house and began shoving around the ornaments, rearranging them with a sort of bitter satisfaction, an inward glow quite out of keeping with her trivial occupation. The noise of carriage wheels checked her suddenly. She stopped, a little dazed, like a person who has forgotten what he came into a room for—as an actor searches for a cue.

Now she remembered—Graham's mother was coming, and she must run out to meet her.

For the next few days the house was as though bathed in sunshine; calm returned to it. Beata was continually with the older woman, sheltering herself in her loving presence. It was as though all around was some fog which concealed menacing and terrible shapes—some terror that walked in the darkness, but for the moment Beata could escape from it, though she felt as insecure as if she were living in a soap-bubble; in a moment the force of the invading shadows—or whatever they were—might come upon her, and the agony of her rent personality would begin again.

They were all touchingly happy—Beata as from a relief from pain, Graham in his recovered peace—until one day when the two women sat sewing in the drawing-room. Graham was lounging near them, reading. Then Mrs. Yates raised her head toward the window and said:

"There's something different about this room since I've been away. You haven't moved things, have you?"

Beata didn't answer; her spirit, it seemed, ceased to breathe. The same shock that she had felt communicated itself to Graham, and he arose and walked around restlessly.

"I don't quite make out what's changed," she pursued, with serenity. "I see you keep yellow flowers in the window the way poor Alène did— Why, Beata, what ails you, child?"

For Beata had let her sewing fall and was gazing at Graham's mother in fascinated horror. Never once to herself had she clothed her thoughts in any words. At her fixed look and hopeless gesture Mrs. Yates stared, and for a moment the two women looked one at the other, horror in the eyes of each. Mrs. Yates broke the silence with:

"Are you ill, Beata—what is it?"

"I'm faint—a sudden pain—" The words came without her volition; her hand sought her heart.

There was a second of taut silence, when the very air of the room seemed to share the suspense, while mother and son looked at each other. Then Beata arose.

"I'm better now—I'm going to lie down."

For several days she remained on a couch in Graham's library on a pretext of illness, hiding from life by her inactivity; trying by her very quietness to put off the next move in the drama, which came like an unexpected verdict of a physician, when Mrs. Yates announced, after the mail had come one day:

"Ella wants me to visit her; I think I shall go."

"When does she want you?" Beata inquired.

With that command of herself which guileless older women know so well how to use, Mrs. Yates answered in an irreproachably natural tone:

"Why, right away. I shall go to-



morrow, my dear—if you are feeling better, Beata.”

“Oh yes,” she replied. “I’m perfectly well now, I think. I’ve just been a little run down for some reason.”

“It’s very natural with this heat,” Mrs. Yates replied, tranquilly. There was not a break in her surface anywhere.

After her departure—they both took her to the train—Beata and Graham turned into the garden. Suddenly she stopped.

“Why did mother go?” she asked him.

“Why, to see Ella, of course,” Graham replied.

“You know what I mean—what was her real reason?”

Oh, how she waited for his answer—how she prayed for it in his one little second of indecision!

“You’ve had a lot of odd little streaks lately, Beata,” he said.

Beata wanted to cry aloud to him: “You know she won’t come back—you know I’ve driven her away!” But she couldn’t speak. She waited for him to help her; she was sure that if she could drag the obscure events out into the light of day and clothe them with commonplace speech it would kill their horror. But what to say—where to begin? Her heart cried out, “Now—now!” Her whole being urged her into her vague confession, while her obstinate common sense leagued itself with the shadowy impulse from without which placed itself in the way of her desire.

Again Beata fought the unknown force as of an awful voiceless conflict of wills; common sense, by paradox, fighting on the side of The Unseen. Only now Beata knew she was fighting for her very existence. She no longer struggled with something that was no more than some strange and shattering nervous attack. Herself—her own personality—was her battle. Some mysterious door had been opened that allowed to flow through it emotions and acts not her own. She guessed that the very gestures of her hands, the look of her eyes, had been used. She had seen it mirrored on Graham’s face; she had seen it in the momentary leaping horror of his glance.

But while their troubled eyes looked into each other’s with comprehension, their obstinate tongues refused to voice

their fear of this lurking peril. Peril was what it was, and Beata knew it—peril of their happiness—peril of her own sanity.

She looked at him, tears swimming in her eyes; longing to throw herself on his beloved heart and to lie there as in a safe haven and to beg him to save her, or at least to give her relief from pain. But he was gazing at her speculatively; to her racked mind it seemed that his gaze was hostile. She turned and fled to her room to give herself up for the first time in her life to the sort of weeping that made her feel that she had wept forth all the strength of her body; that with her weeping some virtue had gone out of her. She said out loud:

“There is no use fighting any more.” A melancholy sense of rest enveloped her. No one would help her, and she wouldn’t fight any more. She relaxed the muscles of her spirit. Now let the flood overwhelm her if it would; let it drown her utterly—she didn’t care.

As the last shred of her resistance died, the enveloping shadow receded. She had expected some sort of a cataclysm. She had been fighting The Unseen, whatever it was—madness, visions—with all her strength; opposing her puny might to its force. At times, it seemed to her, coming near victory—with Graham’s help, almost sure victory. But now it stood aloof.

Days passed and nothing happened. The outer surfaces of life were serene, and yet—all of life was altered, and Beata must go through her miserable treadmill of thought. She would sit long hours staring into vacancy, thinking over the minutest details of the events of the day. She dwelt on each small, meaningless act, half of whose torment lay in its very insignificance; the fact that there was nothing to tell, that you couldn’t touch or taste or explain, not to anybody, not even to yourself, without seeming to talk in terms of madness. Such things, she would say to herself, didn’t happen. And yet, while nothing happened, from one day to another there was a steady on-flow of small details—whatever it was, this nameless and faceless thing was crawling upon her, Beata realized, like some dark tide, unceasing, unresting; while she slept, while she walked; without let-up, without rest.



Oh, that something would happen to hasten it! Oh, that some tangible event would happen so that she could cry out: "I've seen! I know!"

The only thing to be seen with the eyes was that the house, her creature, was changing in aspect under her hand. Her own hand eagerly obliterated the changes she had made when she had become Graham's wife. Yet the changes came with terrible and relentless slowness. One day a shade pulled down, a window shut, a picture of her choosing suppressed, the order of some books changed—nothing more, but each change accomplished by her hand and with a sense of fierce, inner joy.

She would walk up and down, up and down, absorbed in her own emotions, unconscious of the flight of time, and obscurely conscious that time dragged, that time stood still, that the hours whirled around her unnoticed, and that she and her sick fear alone stood still in the swirling, shifting universe.

Sometimes she would fill hours with balancing up which she would prefer—this nameless horror, this thing that couldn't be, that was poisoning her, perhaps killing her—or madness. She would laugh long, silent laughter on the irony of fate that put such a choice before her, of all people—she, who had been praised always for her sanity; she, to whom Alène had turned in her first illness of the spirit as a friend.

Meantime her life with Graham went on with unbroken surface—so unbroken that she could have screamed at him. Yet she knew with a sickening certainty that he watched her covertly, from around some doors, as it were; that he was always pretending to be doing something else, and yet was watching her. He, too, with smiling face and frozen heart was living in an obscure hell, spying upon her, watching for a look of the eye, for a gesture of the hand, while he had let the whole change in the house pass by unnoticed.

Anyway, if he watched her, then she watched him, for ever growing in her was a curious distrust of him—distrust of what she couldn't tell; she didn't trust him, that was all. Her logical mind that rejected the whole situation had to go through its torment and had to ask

questions of her tormented heart. Did she distrust his love? There was no reason for it, and yet he never left the house but suspicion, nameless and groundless, filled her whole being with an ever-increasing anguish.

She suffered when he was with her; suffered from the suspicion of his suspicion—that he must read into her heart and hate and despise her for her ever-growing distrust—a distrust that didn't even seek to pin itself to anything. If she could only have accused him of something; if only for one little moment there was some real complaint against him. She herself would cry, even if she watched, even if she peered from behind a closed blind at him:

"Oh, my dear, I know you are good and true! It isn't *I* watching you—it isn't *I* accusing you—and yet I must suffer as though I knew you were waiting, a knife in your hand, to stab me when my back is turned!"

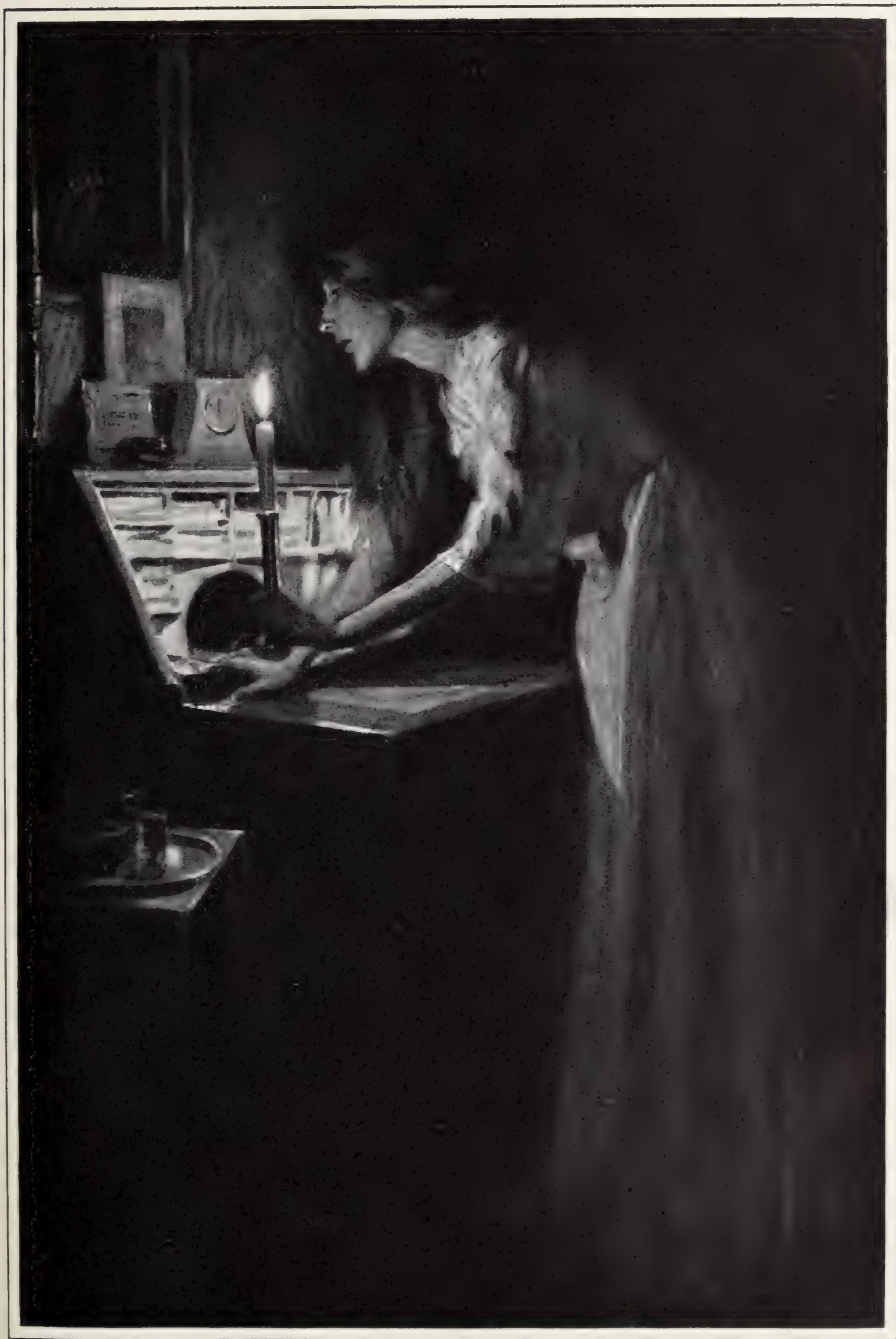
Beata waited as loving women wait who know that their hour is come when the beloved is gone from them, and, worse than that—that he lies. They must wait with loving and beating hearts for the death of their spirits to be dealt out to them, shamefully and coward-wise. And since they cannot believe their lovers cowards as well as traitors, they still believe in the face of unbelief.

This was Beata's torment: believing him upright, believing him true, she must suffer for an unbelief; knowing that he loved her alone, she must watch each mood as it passed by for corroboration of what she knew was not. She must watch all his comings and goings; she must read dislike and suspicion in his gaze—the dislike that a man has for a woman whose claims sever him from the beloved. Then, as to thousands of women before her, came the need of knowing. Certainty! Certainty was what she wanted; for good or bad, to know the torment in which she lived.

"Oh," she would think to herself, "if I could only know!" But her mind would answer, "Know what?"

She lived continually as though on the eve of some discovery. A little further, and she would know what the monstrous certainty was of which she wished to be sure. If she looked into the black pool





*Drawn by John A. Williams.*

HER LETTERS WERE WHAT SHE HAD COME TO FIND.







of her uncertainty long enough, she felt the answer would come; there must be an answer to all this that she suffered, and somehow she felt it lay in Graham—somehow in Graham she must find it. His very dumbness was to her the corroboration of his blameless guilt. She hated his smiling face; she hated his pretense; she wanted with all her strength to cry out:

“Say what you think! Say what you suspect!”

Then one night, as she sat in his room, and while their lips talked the pleasant commonplaces of happily married people, she realized that the answer to the riddle lay in his desk.

She knew it was there. There, in tangible form was the answer of all her torment and all her suspicion, if she could only look. She waited frozen in her own impatience for the slow moments to drag past on their leaden feet; she sat waiting until Graham should go upstairs and go to sleep beside her, so she could come down and find out what lay there.

There was no fight now. She, Beata—Beata with honor like a man’s honor—waited with beating heart, her breath coming short, for the evening to pass and for Graham to sleep, that she might commit the one unforgivable crime.

He slept at last. Beata got out of bed, put on her dressing-gown and slippers, and went noiselessly down the stairs. She made no sound; not a stair creaked. It was as though she went through each one of the little acts like some highly trained mechanism, as though all her life had been one rehearsal for this moment. It was as though she had been rehearsing all her life for this—that without noise she might get up, dress herself, go down-stairs without noise and light her candle in the library, then walk swiftly and with the directness of a homing pigeon to Graham’s desk—to Graham’s desk, where the answer of everything lay.

In the strange and painful universe in which Beata had been living the only certainty that she had was that there was the answer, the explanation of the riddle, and that she was about to find it. That she must find it even at the price of her own honor, at the breaking-down

of the things most essential in her nature, meant nothing.

She went unfalteringly to where the desk stood, with the candle in her hand; unfalteringly she pulled out a little drawer and took from it a bundle of letters. They were tied neatly—Graham was exact and methodical in all his ways. As she opened them a little picture fluttered down—a snapshot of herself sent to Graham long ago, and then she recognized in the letters her own handwriting—nothing else. Her letters were what she had come to find—her letters written to Graham long ago! Written during his brief absences from Alène, telling of Alène’s change from day to day; written to him when she was away. Letters for all the world to read; letters without one word of affection beyond that of a kindly friendship.

Her own letters—that was the answer! Her friendship and Graham’s—that was the key-note of this mystery! For a second she stood there, not willing to understand. Then came crowding on her memories of Alène’s looks and her sudden appearances in the room where she and Graham sat talking innocently—so innocently that no thought of what Alène meant had crossed their minds. So Beata stood motionless, her own letters in her hand, a terrible figure, as though she held there a proof of her own blood-guilt. And the question now arose to her mind:

“When did we first begin to care for each other? And was I here for Alène, or was I here for Graham’s sake?”

She had come for Alène, but she had stayed for Graham, and before Alène’s tragic death she had been the only comfort that he had had.

Then she heard his step behind her, and then his voice, and instead of her own name—“Alène!” he called. And then with a face of horror and her hands outstretched in a gesture terrible and tragic, a gesture they knew well and that was not her own, she cried:

“Yes—Alène, if you like! Why did you keep these letters—you, who never keep any letters?”

He tried to recover himself.

“Are you mad, Beata?” he said, but the sternness of his voice faltered.

“Oh,” she took up, “I wish I were—



you could shut me up then! Madness would be easy! We killed her—you and I between us killed her! She trusted us and we killed her—she trusted us and we tortured her!”

“Hush!” said Graham. “You don’t know what you’re saying, Beata. You’re not well—you’ve not been well for a long time.”

“No,” she agreed. “I’ve not been well—but you’ve said nothing about it, Graham. It’s a very strange illness I’ve had—what’s been its name, Graham? What doctors cure it? You’ve tried not to believe—what couldn’t be believed. Such things *can’t* happen—that’s what you’ve said to yourself when my face has frightened you—when you came into the room and thought Alène was standing here. But how should I have come where I am now, to find my own letters—my letters that you kept—my letters that I’ve been waiting so long to find?”

“Listen, Beata—we’ll go away. You’re ill. We’ll go away!”

She saw that he couldn’t admit what he had seen. In his man’s world such things couldn’t be. But it made no difference to her now. She held her proof in her hand.

“We’ll go away and forget these weeks,” he repeated.

“We’ll do what you like—it won’t alter anything. *We know now*,” Beata answered, dully; for she knew, as Graham did, that there was no flight possible for them, no refuge that they could take anywhere in the world, apart or together. They had heard the voice from the other side of silence; there was no country where they could take refuge, no place to go that would blot out from Graham’s memory the picture of Beata leaning over his desk, her letters in her hand.

## “When First I Wore the Sword of Love”

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

### I

WHEN first I wore the sword of Love  
Red courage sprang into my heart,  
Through all my veins the swift blood ran  
Rich fountains of new life to start.

A din of fighting filled my ear,  
And one long call on bugles rang.  
Then from my being fled all fear,  
And a strong soul within me sang.

### II

#### THE SHIELD

This timid tilt of life I fear not,  
I who have all eternity;  
Whispering caution now I hear not,  
Forward marches the heart of me.

The world is mine for my best endeavor,  
Labor and beauty, toil and art:  
For safety guards the one forever  
Who wears Love’s shield upon his heart.



## Editor's Easy Chair

"NOW," said the multiform familiar of the Easy Chair, putting on the air of genial Cynic—"now that the women have got the vote in California, and so have it in six of those hopeful Western States, don't you think it is time they should show that they deserved it?"

We fell in with his mood of cheery banter. "How long," we asked, "have women been without the vote?"

"About as long as men have been with it: say, intermittently in one place or another, about twenty-five hundred years."

"Well, then, we should think that if women showed they deserved it in another twenty-five hundred years it would be about right. We understand some men haven't shown yet that they deserved it."

The Cynic laughed. "Well, here and there one. But," he continued seriously, "two wrongs don't make a right."

The pun tempted us, and we put in: "The California women have just got the right, all the same. But if you want to know what we really think, we think that women have already shown that they have a right to their full share in political economy by their skill, their immemorial supremacy, in domestic economy."

This, as we intended, made the Cynic sit up. "Oh, come!" he challenged us.

"Government is only housekeeping 'writ large,'" we went on, "and you will admit that women have always excelled in housekeeping."

"Some," he admitted, with an ironical smile.

"They have at least excelled most men in it, and the very qualities which have fitted them to excel in it will fit them to excel in politics: system, detail, assiduity, 'keeping round after' the innumerable things needing to be done from moment to moment. Men have not excelled in government, as the history of the world can prove, because they do not *like* to govern; but women *do* like to govern."

"Any husband will agree to that," the Cynic assented.

We passed his triviality. "Men would rather hunt, or fish, or fight. They would rather fight than govern, and this fact disposes of one anxiety of those who hesitate to let woman say who shall spend her taxes and how, because in the event of war she cannot, or will not, fight. But in the just state of the future, men can and will like to do the fighting as they have done the fighting in the unjust state of the past. Or most of it," we hastened to add. "At all times, when women have given their minds, or their souls, rather, to fighting, they have fought as well as men, from Joan of Arc to the Maid of Saragossa, from Boadicea to Molly Stark. In sieges and leaguers of every kind they have as bravely suffered wounds and famine and death as men have, and will again, if need be. But they do not *like* fighting, there is no gainsaying that; and they do not excel in it as they do in governing. We have yet to see what they will do as presidents of republics, but they have abundantly shown what they can do in monarchies, not only as powers behind the throne, but as powers on it. England has had no greater rulers than Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria; Russia none greater than the Empress Catherine; Spain none greater than Isabella the Catholic—"

"What is the matter with Semiramis?" the Cynic interrupted.

"No more than with Nero, or Henry the Eighth, or Peter the Cruel," we responded. "In fact, a very little study of history—say, a very little more than you have perhaps been able to make—will teach you that the reigns of female sovereigns have been the periods of the greatest prosperity and happiness for their peoples."

"Bloody Mary," the Cynic murmured. "Isabella the Second of Spain."

"Isabella, poor thing! had her little foibles, but they were not characteristic



of queens. *All* kings have been personally immoral. As to Bloody Mary, even she was a woman of conscience, but she lived in a time when any difference of opinion in theological matters was treated by the dominant persuasion with very little difference of method. But supposing that Mary was one of the political failures of her sex, it does not prove that women are or will be political failures as a sex. In fact, as our friend Valdés shows in the most delightful of his *Papers of Doctor Angelico*, woman has a genius for politics—"

"Ah!" the Cynic exulted, "I knew that this wisdom of yours must be second-hand! Well, what does your Spanish novelist have to say that will reconcile men to the folly of California in giving the suffrage to women?"

We had the book at our elbow, and we were very willing to answer from it. "What he has to say he says in the character of the famous poetess Carmen Salazar, whom he has imagined, but perhaps not wholly, for the occasion, and he reports the talk which she brilliantly leads at one of her *tertulias* in Madrid. Of course you know what a *tertulia* is?"

"No. Do you?"

"Not exactly. It is something like a 'day' with us, but more informal. The friends of the house drop in, almost every evening, and talk as long and late as they like. In Madrid they generally drop in after the theater, at one or two o'clock in the morning, and stay till daybreak—so foreigners say. Among the friends of Señora Salazar's house, on the morning or evening in question, is the supposed reporter of the incident, Dr. Jiménez, and the talk begins with her speaking of a volume of Schopenhauer which she has been reading: 'He says that we women are the sex with long hair and short ideas. . . . He cannot forgive Christianity for modifying the happy state of inferiority in which antiquity kept us; he thinks the Oriental races are right, and understand the part that woman should play better than we do with our gallantry and our stupid veneration, the result of the development of Germano-Christian history.'

"Naturally, Jiménez (by the way, he is the Dr. Angelico of the *Papers*)

declares that Schopenhauer is wrong. He wishes to cite Doña Carmen herself, with her great achievements in poetry, as proof of the pessimistic philosopher's injustice to women; but to his immense surprise she says that she agrees with Schopenhauer in his opinion of their intellectual inferiority. She disclaims the value of what she has herself done. 'I don't deceive myself. I know that I am the first of mediocre writers, but the air I have breathed is far from being atmosphere which inspires great writers. And what I say of myself I say of all, absolutely all, of my sisters, ancient and modern. Don't suppose that I am paradoxical, or in bad humor, or wish to appear singular.'

We broke off our reading here to say, "Of course we are paraphrasing a good deal, and condensing."

"Oh, don't do that!" the Cynic entreated. "I foresee that I shall agree with all that Doña Carmen says, and I want to hear it all."

"It's all very good, but you can't; want of space forbids. She goes on to say, among other things: 'Art has not been, is not, and never will be the patrimony of woman. It is imagined that, sensibility being the quality most developed in woman, she is called to the cultivation of art. That is a profound error denied by the history of the human race. Where is the feminine Shakespeare, Dante, Cervantes, or Goethe? Where is the Michelangelo, the Rembrandt, the Titian? . . . How many names of women artists can you cite? What originality has their talent shown? . . . There is hardly any well-educated girl who is not taught music, drawing, painting, even sculpture. Do you think that if there had been born among us a Beethoven or a Rossini, she would have been satisfied to tinkle on the piano or strum the harp? She would have written operas and symphonies. . . . At the bottom of her heart woman is interested little or not at all in nature or art. When she finds herself confronted with a landscape, or a statue, or a painting, she does what she can to be enraptured, but she does not succeed and her admiration rings false. . . . When it comes to practical details, men sew and iron and embroider and scrub and wash



better than women. In all the things that women are ordinarily praised for, men excel them. Even in the making of women's clothes men beat us. You know that the great modistes of Paris are not *modistas*, but *modistos*.'

"Her flattering guests accuse her of hating her sex, but she says that she not only loves her sex, but since she has renounced literature the future of her sex is her constant preoccupation. Then they ask, if woman has no aptitude for science, for literature, for the arts; if she has as little for the industries, or even household labors, for what is she best fitted? She answers, 'For one thing only, but very important.' 'What?' they pursue, and she replies—and here we think you will drop her—'*Politics*.'"

The Cynic certainly looked a little daunted, but he plucked up assurance enough to say he would like to have her prove it.

"Well, her arguments are rather staggering. 'What,' she asks, 'is politics at bottom? It is the art of relating men justly to one another. Well, I hold that woman understands this art by intuition better than man.' Her guests cry out at this, vehemently but politely, and allege the pagan sages and the Christian saints, who unite in declaring woman inferior in public matters, and in bidding her be silent in them. But Doña Carmen is not troubled. She does not care for the pagan sages, and she declares that the fathers of the Church in wishing to repress women had in mind the women whom depraved Greek and Roman society thrust upon their view. But her friends beg Doña Carmita (as they caressingly call her in that pretty Spanish fashion of men who wish to throw dust into women's beautiful eyes) to observe that God has made woman weaker of body, as well as of intelligence, thus indicating that her rôle is inferior. 'No,' she retorts, 'God has not made her weaker of body and mind; men have.' 'We!' they protest. 'Yes, you! . . . The primitive woman in agility and strength yields little to men. The intelligence of woman, even now, is different, but it is not inferior to man's. Her physical inferiority results from men's having lived in perpetual war for many thousands of years,

while women kept apart from the struggle. Even now, at the end of thousands of years of sedentary life, which has produced our evident physical inferiority, if you gentlemen will take a thousand girls four or five years old and put them in a proper gymnasium, and oblige them to undergo the rigors of temperature, cold, heat, hunger, thirst, forced marches, to climb mountains and cross rivers; if you will discipline them in military exercises, when they come to twenty-five years you will have formed a battalion as strong and lithe as if it were formed of men, and also much more intrepid.' 'Woman is more valiant than man?' the guests demand. 'Very much more!' Doña Carmen returns. 'Women are valiant from nature; you men from vanity. Women are valiant in season; you out of season. When it comes to saving the fireside, to defending the children and the old, when the country's independence is in danger, women will fight to the death, and die with a smile on their lips.'

"Of course, her guests have nothing to answer to these historical facts, and they turn upon her with the question whether she would like women to appear in court and take part in legal contentions; and she answers, 'I would have only women appear in the tribunals; these should be formed exclusively of women; women alone should be the advocates and prosecutors; and I would have you gentlemen stay at home, and not meddle with things which do not concern you.'

"That rather takes their breath away—"

"Oh no!" the Cynic put in, derisively.

"But she goes on to say that God has endowed women with a higher sense of justice than men; that a jury composed entirely of women would always penetrate more profoundly than one of men into the depths of conscience, and distinguish more clearly there the responsible and the irresponsible. She makes her hearers confess by their silence that men do not elect the best or the dearest men to make their laws, but she claims that the worst women would not be guilty of the like dereliction, for a reason that we think even you will admit. 'The impure woman,' she contends, 'loves and venerates purity at the



bottom of her heart. The ideal of goodness, of beauty, of justice never leaves her eyes. Unlike man, even in her deepest degradation, she always believes in her own soul. Perhaps for this reason women forgive themselves more easily for their sins; they know these sins do not touch the immaculate purity of their being."

"I don't know," the Cynic said, "why you think I should have a difficulty in admitting these things. I only doubt whether impure women would act from the purity they adore."

"Yes, there is something in that. But you can't question Doña Carmen's position that man is principally an intellectual being, woman a moral being."

"No."

"Then you must accept her conclusion that politics, which relate to conduct, should be intrusted to her rather than him."

"I don't know that my acceptance of this conclusion must follow."

"Not when she admits man's superiority in art, literature, philosophy; when she only claims that woman is more fit for politics—which relate to conduct—because she is man's moral superior? One of the guests deplores the notion of woman's taking part in the legislative debates as something too squalid, too horrible. 'And why horrible?' she retorts. 'Do you find it too prosaic that she should discuss the question of the tariff, or of funding the public debt? Is it more poetic to cast up accounts with the cook: so much rice, so much flour? Or with the laundress when she gives out the soiled clothes: so many collars, so many socks? As a question in esthetics I don't see the great difference. . . . It couldn't be worse when you gentlemen raise your fists in Congress and exchange insults and swear like troopers.' Women would not do the like, she declares, and instances their continual meetings in Madrid for beneficent objects, where they organize, appoint committees, debate, and put their decisions in effect; and all passes without those lamentable incidents which occur in masculine assemblies. Woman was born for politics, because politics concern conduct, and among all those people who have reached a certain grade of culture

she is sovereign in conduct.' In illustration Doña Carmen instances the Queen Regent of Spain, who, during the minority of the present King, administered the country's laws with a wisdom, justice, and mercy almost unknown before, and she asks, 'Then, if you allow that an alien woman, not chosen, but called by the chance of birth to the political direction of a country, is fit to govern it, has judgment enough to decide for peace or war, to put her veto to laws which the representatives of the nation have voted, to appoint public functionaries, why do you deny to women, elected from among the best of the country, fitness to share in the elaboration of the laws and to decide between the just and the unjust?' We ask only the part which God has assigned us in this world—the care of the home and the scepter of justice. It is for you men to discuss the high problems of metaphysics, to sound the depths of theology, to write inspired poems, to model immortal statues and paint immortal pictures, to conquer the forces of nature and make them the submissive slaves of our well-being. It is for us women, poor things! to look after your property, to prosecute the evil-doer, to reward the good. For you the ineffable glory of conquest; for us the toil and the peril without the glory."

We closed the book with an air of finality, and the Cynic rose. He looked not bored or wearied, but, to our surprise, very much interested.

"Well?" we challenged him.

"There is a good deal of truth in all that; a great deal of just thinking, of unquestionable reason," he began, but we could not forbear interrupting:

"And if women can do this thinking, this reasoning, why do you still oppose their enfranchisement?"

"Well, for one thing, because they haven't done it."

"How, not done it?"

"Why, it is a man who has been talking, not a woman; your novelist, and not his creation," the Cynic said, as he escaped our just resentment. He looked back to add, "Even in the discovery that woman's distinctive genius is political, it is a man who has proved her superiority."



## Editor's Study

CAN a man say that his soul is his own? Sometimes, even in this era of collectivism, he does say it, and with defiant accent, proudly quoting Henley's poetic line, "I am the captain of my soul." But Henley, in a hospital, his body disappearing piecemeal under the surgeon's knife, was really only asserting the unconquerability of the soul itself and the inalienability of its powers.

It has not been the natural disposition of mankind to emphasize individuality. Man is primarily, as he is ultimately, social. However provincial his environment, he has the sense of belonging to something outside of himself—which he exalts above himself—his family and his tribe, or, in a more complex social order, his class and his nation. This is, from the first, an instinct, combating all other instincts, even that of self-preservation; and, in so far as reasonableness comes to be a controlling element in man's life, this social instinct becomes an intelligent conviction—the rule of his conduct, except toward the common enemy. The sacred law of hospitality includes even, and especially, the stranger. Any personal eminence, eagerly recognized when it implies natural superiority, becomes a common pride and possession, and very justly, since its nurture, opportunity, and significance are social.

Moreover, human life has its existence, growth, and expression through partnerships, and these partnerships are complementary, involving selections based on affinities, strains of a harmony, of which, as all-embracing, we are coming to have clear intuitions in our twentieth-century philosophy and experience. After the sophistications, confusions, and conflicts following man's departure from nature—a departure necessary to the maturity and expansion of his conscious development—we are, in returning to natural procedure of life and thought, beginning to see more clearly what the nature of the soul is, independently of notions derived

from the limitations of individual consciousness.

The social instinct was broken with the human departure from nature, still existing, for better and for worse, in its brokenness. Inevitably and for ages there was a refraction of human faculty and vision by institutional and intellectual development. Simply the holding of property in severalty resulted in a sharp distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. In passing from the primitively natural communal appropriation to the competitive, an opportunity and a temptation was offered for the emergence and development of a selfish greed and ambition hitherto unmanifested. But these ignoble manifestations were incidental, along with all the other vices of a system which permitted abnormalities and even occasional monstrosities—weeds growing with the wheat until the harvest. The main currents evoked and illustrated the noblest qualities and powers of humanity in a kind of social dynamics terribly limited through the lack of popular initiative and participation. If civilization was competitive, involving secretiveness, greed, exploitation, and privilege, of individual, of class, and even of the state, it was also heroic and expansive, after its broken and imperfect type.

We are in sight of a better harvest, where the laborers are many, and even a timely elimination of weeds is possible. After ages of wasteful conflicts and experiments, we expect an organized commonwealth to take the place, on an open and higher plane, of the close primitive communality. We now see clearly that the individual is for the commonwealth and that the commonwealth is for the individual.

But the individual passes from this human scene. Death is not the same kind of portal for the soul that birth is. Birth is an introduction to an existence which we call individual, though, because of heredity, the individuality is, in its most



peculiar traits, of various ancestral derivation. Death is a divestiture of everything directly associated with a physiological structure or with the race. Even before this divestiture some sign is given of such flight and absolution of the soul in the manifestation of creative powers which in art and speculation, in creations not indicated in any physiological term, escape the close circles of nature. "Oh, let me climb when I lie down" is the mystic poet's prayer, and this transcendence of the soul—as the dream transcends dormancy—is prophetic of what is native to it before birth and fully reclaimed in the ascendancy of death.

Obviously death, unlike birth, is the release of the soul not only from the bonds of heredity, but from the grooves, however aspiring, of a human civilization expressed in terms of material, mechanical, and intellectual progress. Only the creative powers of the soul—those by which it is participant in creative evolution itself—persist.

Thus when the creative imagination, transcending the close insulation of primitive communal faith, projected the Unseen World (known to the Greeks as Hades), it broke the integrity of that religious instinct which felt the nearness of kindred souls that had passed—a nearness like that of the night to the day. Concurrent with the detachment which was so distinctive of art, this detachment of the soul by the imagination, this removal to a realm quite distinct from the visible human scene, was the beginning of open spiritual vision—inevitably subject to the same refraction as distorted all mental conceptions, besides being subjugated by these in all forms of interpretation. The content therefore of this spiritual vision, as disclosing the nature and destiny of the soul, was for long ages hopelessly depressing, vague, and inane, lacking even the strength, comfort, and dignity of the instinctive primitive feeling it had displaced. As in all other lines of consciously rational development, the open field gained by the surrender of instinct was a wilderness of uncertainty, a wide room for errors irretrievable until the life and light of Reason should restore the integrity of nature to humanity, not as instinct, but as intuition.

The Gospel was, in the largest sense,

the first clear evangel of this new naturalism. A full revelation of spiritual dynamics, liberating the soul from tradition and traditional authority and bringing it directly face to face with the Father of spirits, disclosing a new principle of birth and inheritance, and not only this new individuation, but a new collectivity in the brotherhood and communion of souls, it was a hidden leaven during centuries of obscurity, yet all the time working in the hearts of unsophisticated multitudes, uplifting the lowly to the heights of its dream, and stimulating that very life and light of Reason which, in the fullness of time, should comprehend its eternal secret.

The fact that man is pre-eminently a social being offers to the soul a wonderful range of expansion, even beyond the bounds of collective human fellowship, and involving the sense of cosmic partnership and kinship. This sense of partnership extends into an unseen world. With the mystery which surrounds it the soul claims intimate association, and of the mystery within itself—veiled from the individual consciousness—it is the very essence.

The history of religion, philosophy, and art is that of the soul's immense wanderings and of its questionings concerning its place in the universe, its origin, and its destiny in this earthly existence and beyond the barrier set by death in front of a mystery remote and apprehensible only in the terms of faith.

In its approach to a new naturalism in faith, art, and life the soul's quest is simplified; no longer eccentric, no longer beating against its barriers for impotent conclusions, it becomes intensive, accepting and holding to reality, and finding in its living experience the source, the way, and the issue of its only possible development.

But none of us can call this strictly an individual experience. We are but parts of all our felt life—of all we meet, of all we are, and of all we enact. We are the more sensible of this partnership through the expansion of our modern consciousness, the catholicity of our sympathies, and the immense and almost unconscious organization of our modern life. Considered as an isolated individ-



ual no one, of our time or of any other, could be interesting to oneself, to say nothing of having a spiritual existence even to the extent of committing a sin.

The twentieth century finds humanity not only visibly realizing interdependence beyond the bounds of family, neighborhood, and nationality, and, through the disclosures of science, divining its intimate partnerships with the physical universe, but invisibly and intensively responsive to a harmony in which, *sub specie æternitatis*, the life of man is blended with all life.

Less than ever before in the whole course of human history can a man think of his soul as his own, or desire to—since his joy, his courage, and, above all, his freedom are realized for him only through visible association and through his participation in that invisible harmony to which, by the very nature of his soul, he eternally belongs.

Freedom is incompatible with that provincialism in which a man thinketh of his own things or of a secretive redemption of himself, of his family, of his class, or even of his race. Thought thus limited has always been a timorous concern. The greed of private appropriation of wealth, glory, or privilege is a slavery of the soul. Not merely service, but the frank acceptance of service, makes for emancipation, which is not negative only, but a positive and dynamic operation by which we enter into life. To escape the tyranny of authority is valueless unless we discover and submit to what really is authority, as bringing growth and increase of life. The truth which makes us free is catholic, inclusive of nature; it is indeed natural before it is human, if we may allow ourselves the mental indulgence of the conception of priority in a region where there is really no "before" or "after."

Our living experience, then, transcends all confinements, and least of all can it be held within the limitations implied in individuality, which is itself in constant solution and resolution and subject to ultimate dissolution. When we use the phrase "individual soul," we are simply applying to the living soul the conception of indivisibility—we are not imposing upon it a term of limitation in time and space, coexistent with the brain and its

sensorimotor functions. Maeterlinck does not deny the eternity of the soul in asserting the dissolution of individual consciousness with the death of the body. The paralysis of brain functions would result in such dissolution. We may still say with the poet:

"'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'  
Was not spoken of the soul."

Human life is fleeting—it is motion itself, in ceaseless change; but in all this motion and change there is something which persists. Sometimes we call this inherence heredity, but it is more inveterate than that, embedded in nature. Heredity itself is but nature's way of remembering "what was so fugitive." Evolution is a continuing harmony, with variations. When Bergson, in treating of creative evolution, utters the word "duration," we seem to hear music, intensively, as one harmony, and not as parts of it in succession—the past vibrates in the present. We have thus an intuition of eternity, not as quantity, but as the essential quality of life.

Duration, then, which is the term we generally use to denote static stability, becomes dynamic, and we see that only the static is unstable. When the thing so beautiful appears to Faust that he asks the happy moment to stay—that is a creative moment, with eternity in it. Herein is the eternity of art—not in the durability of the material the artist works in, the marble, the pigment, the parchment, wherefore we say that "art is long while life is fleeting." In the art of music we see clearly that eternity is in the vibrant rhythm and in the tension.

So with the term "dwelling"—in its static and limited meaning, as something cut off in space and time and held in severalty, it has the limitation and separateness connoting individuality; but as home, with all the abidingnesses and loyalties associated with it, it assumes the motions and qualities of the living soul. It is but a step to the religious faith in One who dwells in us, as expressing our inheritance and inhabitation of eternity.

The dynamic side of life is the soul side. When we translate a static into a dynamic term we have an intuition of some faculty or capacity of the soul



or of some power of nature—that is, the intuition of these in their eternal ground. Duration, whereby the past is in the present, is unconscious memory. The future as a creative aspect of the present is will, before it is volition. To know is a power of the soul—the ground of acquaintance, implying partnership and kinship beyond the bounds of an individual existence. The integrity of this power is broken in the limited individual consciousness as connected with the physical organism, so that, as Bergson said, in his recent lectures in London on the nature of the soul, the brain is an instrument of oblivion. The eternity of art and of life (in our day so closely interfused) is intuitively disclosed in that faculty and vision of the soul which we call the creative imagination.

That investiture which, in what seems an indissoluble intimacy with a physiological organism, constitutes the individuality with its sequestration and its limitations is itself a habit of the soul. But it is not a solitary habit, nor unitary in a numerical sense. Birth is a soul-habit, but not that of a single soul; and the heredity it implies involves a myriad souls, no longer, save in this way, incorporate; involves indeed, as we have said, not only a human past, but the whole preterite cycle of nature.

Death, too, on its dynamic side, winged Death, is a habit of the soul—if divestiture may be called a habit—though the way the adventure leads us is hidden, open to unsuspected partnerships in the divinely constituted harmony. In this passing, the soul is not dependent upon a single vestige of anything associated with it, physical or mental, that is capable of dissolution; it keeps only its eternities. It is even dehumanized, but without loss of creative faculty and sensibility, in their eternal ground, whereby art is possible, and love and memory and the ideal dream.

This “eternal ground” of spiritual dynamics we offer as a substitute for what has been called the “subconscious,” or “subliminal consciousness”; and we would have it, by a supreme intuition, held as pertinent to the physical universe, the dynamics of which is, in the largest sense, spiritual. The wonder of everything must be greater than the

wonder of anything, and there is no wonder that is not spiritual. There is one harmony, and creative specialization is its serial distribution. The descent of what we call the inorganic world is for the rising of the organic; and that contrapuntal harmony is continued in every complementary partnership of the physical world with cell growth and development—as, for example, in the action of light and electricity in meeting the retina with lenses. The partnership is indicated in every physiological process, and finally in the constitution of nerve and brain to meet and complete psychosis. Thought is not due to the parallelism between neurosis and psychosis; the partnership is complementary. The harmony which is the ground of all complementary affinities is not annulled by the *cæsural* pause of death, though the chord into which it passes is, in the very nature of things, beyond our hearing.

We should lay no stress upon individuality as separateness but for our habit of regarding, most of all, static conditions or, if we include motion, mechanical conditions, framing our terms of speech accordingly, using our minds as prisms and dividing what in reality is indivisible. We thus fail of the intuition of continuity. Static separateness takes the soul out of that harmony from which it is inseparable.

Conceptions derived from spatial relations are not applicable to the soul. The psychical implications of physiology are real. But such a term as “subliminal consciousness” is mechanical, giving us the image of a consciousness *below* consciousness, as if it were a compartment. The distinction between “outside” and “inside” is thus mechanically derived. One of the “unwritten” sayings of the Master was that “when the outside becomes the inside”—that is, when the distinction between them is lost—“then the kingdom of heaven is come”—that is, the intuition of the divinely constituted harmony.

To continue in that harmony does not mean anything that can be expressed in metaphysical phraseology, as when it is said that at death we are absorbed by the Absolute, or return to the Universal Soul. We simply *still are*, dynamically persistent and enduring.



## Beverly's Pneumatic Cat-Silencer

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

"MY friend Mr. Beverly's disposition toward cats, collectively and as individuals," said the Colonel, "was of the friendliest. On a previous occasion, as you doubtless remember, I have—"

"That amiable trait in Mr. Beverly's character," interrupted the Bishop, "has my warm sympathy and my lively commendation. What our home would be like without our Ginger I don't like to think! He really is one of the nicest cats that ever lived. His intelligence is something wonderful. Why, only yesterday morning, while we were at breakfast, Ginger— But pardon me, Colonel. Possibly I have spoken before the complete conclusion of your remark."

"I reckon you did, Bish," said the Doctor, "as you butted in with your Ginger smack in the middle of one of the Colonel's long-winded sentences. Go ahead, Colonel. Don't let the Bishop choke you off that way right at the start."

"The Colonel certainly knows that I have no desire to choke him off. Quite the contrary," said the Bishop, cordially. "And therefore am sure that he will pardon the interjection of my inadvertent words and will proceed."

"On a previous occasion," resumed the Colonel, a little stiffly, "I have exhibited to you the cat-loving side of Mr. Beverly's character in my detailed description of his plan for organizing, on the lines of circulating libraries, a continent-wide—and, eventually, a world-wide—system of circulating catteries: a benevolent project by which cat-lovers, at all times and in all places—on payment of fees

commensurate with the quality of cat taken out and with its length of use—could acquire temporarily (or even permanently—a feature of the scheme providing for definite purchase) the pleasing solace of cat companionship."

"You did give us that yarn, all right, Colonel," said the Doctor. "And I remem-



ADDRESSING EACH OTHER IN RASPING TERMS OF REPROACH



ber that the circulating catteries busted up before they began to circulate. Most of Beverly's things seem to have gone that way. It's likely he had the habit of biting off more than he could chew."

"The detail that Mr. Beverly's admirably conceived and theoretically perfected project was not practically realized," replied the Colonel, coldly, "is quite apart from its essential merit and its intrinsic practicality. Nor is consideration of that detail at present relevant. My reference to the matter is intended merely to exhibit convincingly what I may term Mr. Beverly's exceptionally pronounced philo-felinity; and so to emphasize the fact—creditably illustrative of his large-minded impartiality—that in inventing his Pneumatic Cat-silencer he demonstrated that his affection for cats, notwithstanding its intensity, did not blind him to what universally is regarded as the worst of cat faults."

"You interest me keenly, Colonel," said

the Bishop, with much earnestness. "A cat-silencer would be not less than a priceless boon to all humanity. Why, only last night, while I was engaged on my St. Jude's visitation sermon, such a turmoil of caterwaulings arose in our back-yard that composition became quite impossible. Rising from my desk and looking from the window, I was pained to find that our own Ginger was in the very thick of it. There was Ginger—the moonlight was bright and there was no mistaking him—close to the corner of the back fence, his back up, and his tail prodigiously distended. Facing him, just around the corner of the fence, was the Thurston cat—in like attitude and with a like tail distention. And those two cats were addressing each other in rasping terms of reproach that were simply ear-splitting. With regret I confess, as most unbecoming to my cloth, that their interrupting clamor so angered me as to bring into my mind—

not, I am glad to say, to my lips—certain almost violent expressions. Naturally, therefore, I have a most lively personal longing, Colonel, to be informed concerning Mr. Beverly's invaluable cat-silencing invention. I must not, however, be unjust to Ginger. Under ordinary conditions he is—"

"You will pardon me, I trust, Bishop," interpolated the Colonel, with a chill courtesy, "if I venture to suggest that while your disquisition upon Ginger continues—pray understand that we all take a deep interest in what you have to tell us about that engaging animal—my opportunity for satisfying your desire for enlightenment concerning Mr. Beverly's cat-silencing device is so closely circumscribed, not to say eliminated, that—"

"My dear Colonel," broke in the Bishop, heartily, "again I beg that you will pardon my really unpardonable intrust of inept loquacity. Most earnestly I ask you to accept my most earnest apology; and quite as earnestly I ask you to tell us how Mr. Beverly's admirable invention operated and how it was contrived."

"I very sincerely share in the Bishop's interest in this curious matter," added the Judge; "and I join in his request that you proceed."

"And so do I, Colonel,"



IN POINT OF FACT HE TRIED IT SIMULTANEOUSLY ON TWO CATS



said the Doctor. "If anybody has struck out a plan for keeping cats from yowling everybody awake—short of killing the cats—you may bet your sweet life I want to know what it is!"

Responding, but a trifle grudgingly, to this outburst of kindly urgency, the Colonel continued: "Mr. Beverly's P n e u m a t i c Cat-Silencer may be described more accurately as an original inventive adaptation than as an original invention outright. With a characteristic honesty and modesty he himself was most insistent that his credit in the matter was limited strictly to that of so modifying the device of another master-inventor—an attachment to the muzzles of firearms that effectively silences the disturbance incident to their discharge—as to make it effective in producing cat-aphonic results.

"As is well known, the device in question consists of a relatively short cylinder that incloses—symmetrically distributed around a central passage—a convoluted system of backward-curving projections which temporarily arrest, and which compel to find their exit by a relatively slow spiral motion through a series of intricate windings the gases generated when the piece is discharged. Thus restrained and directed, the emergence of the gases is so gradual a process, relatively speaking, that their delayed and lessened impact upon the atmosphere is practically noiseless. In a word, the silencer checks what technically is termed the muzzle-blast; and so, by abating the instantaneity of the explosion, abates the noise-producing commotion incident to a sudden and violent percussive disturbance of the air."

"And did Beverly mean to tie that thing on a cat every time it took to yowling?" asked the Doctor. "And did he think he could stop the racket by spiraling its yowls?"

"I sincerely trust," said the Bishop, with warmth, "that no such cruelty on Mr. Beverly's part, if intended, was suffered to be perpetrated. Even in the bitterness of my anger against our Ginger and the Thurston cat last night, I could not have brought myself to secure relief from their truly hideous clamor by so barbarously weighting them with heavy instruments of iron. If Mr. Beverly's plan involved such cruelty—"



PRIMITIVE MAN ENRAGED BY SLEEP-DESTROYING CAT-NOISES

"Pray calm yourself, Bishop," interposed the Colonel. "I assure you that Mr. Beverly's silencing device had no resemblance whatever to the crude process that the Doctor has evolved from the crudity of his own mind; a process that, I am charitable enough to believe, even he would perceive, upon consideration, to be at once impracticable and ridiculous. Mr. Beverly did not seek to apply the gun-silencer, unchanged, to cat-silencing. What he purposed—and what, substantially, he triumphantly accomplished—was so to modify the gun-silencer structurally as to make it absolutely effective for cat-silencing use. Omitting confusing technical details, it is sufficient to state that his device consisted of a suitably contrived cylinder, constructed of a suitably light but strong material, that embodied the essential principle of its prototype; and that this perfected instrument was provided with a suitable adjusting apparatus that made it easily and painlessly attachable to any size of cat."



"Your explanation, Colonel, appreciably relieves my mind. And I may add," continued the Bishop, "fittingly rebukes my overhasty censure of Mr. Beverly on inadequate grounds. The disposition to cavil unthinkingly, if I may be permitted to draw an improving moral by generalizing from my own delinquencies—"

"Let up on your generalized delinquencies, Bish," struck in the Doctor, "and give the Colonel a chance to tell what happened when Beverly got the thing fast to a cat. How did it work, Colonel?"

"In accordance with Mr. Beverly's logically deduced theory," resumed the Colonel, speaking with a guarded precision, "its working on a cat could not be other than identical with its working on a gun. That is to say, the cat's utterances—upon passing into the cylinder and there impinging upon the convoluted system of backward-curving projections—would be diverted from a direct into a spiral motion; would progress through the convolutions of the cylinder with a constantly decreasing impetus; and ultimately would emerge from it with their initial force—their muzzle-velocity, as I may term it—so greatly diminished that their percussive impact upon the atmosphere would be insufficient to produce, at the most, more than a mere whisper of sound."

"According to the well-established laws of dynamics," commented the Judge, "Mr. Beverly's invention certainly was sound in principle. As we know, force is divided into motive, accelerative, and retardative—the latter, of course, being constant as a deterrent quantity; and, if adequate, destructive of primary impulse. Admitting that the convolutions in the cylinder of Mr. Beverly's most ingenious device did adequately retard the cat's utterances, it follows—"

"Dynamics be blowed!" said the Doctor, with energy. "Did or did not Beverly try it on a cat?"

"Mr. Beverly did try it on a cat," replied the Colonel. "In point of fact, he tried it simultaneously on two cats—to the end that their irritant effect upon each other might provoke a free emission of the characteristic sounds which he desired to curb. Moreover, to the end that his test might be so severe as to give finality to its result, he selected cats of a great size, with phenomenally powerful lungs."

"Gosh! I wish I'd been there," exclaimed the Doctor. "And then he egged 'em on into a rumpus, I suppose, and got them to swearing at each other. Why, it must have made those cats just crazy when they found their cuss-words didn't go off! What did they do about it?"

"What they did," said the Colonel, "was appreciably aside from what Mr. Beverly expected them to do. In his eagerness to try out his invention, as he subsequently admitted, he indulged in a regrettable precipitancy that induced unfortunate results—among them the wreck of both silencers, with the consequent elimination of data on

which he could base accurate conclusions as to their aberrant practical non-conformity with their seemingly theoretically perfected design. It was his opinion, however, that their relatively defective action was due to nothing more serious than a slight error of adjustment: a trifling detail that he could have rectified easily—and that, no doubt, he would have rectified had he not just then become so deeply interested in a new invention that his cat-silencing device was laid aside.

"Whatever this minor error may have been—the matter is immaterial, since absolute silence attended what, in that essential respect, was a demonstration of the correctness of Mr. Beverly's theory—its effect was to produce within the cylinder a back-draught of great intensity, for which, at that tentative stage of experimentation, no adequate provision had been made. Under stress of this very powerful retroactive urgency, the full volume of emitted sound was returned suddenly and violently into its generating source; with the result that, coincidentally with the explosion of both silencers, the completeness of the test still further was modified by the regrettable fact that—"

"If Mr. Beverly's most ingenious device did effectively still the emitted sounds," observed the Judge, thoughtfully, "I greatly regret that he laid it aside unperfected. Being perfected, it would have been one of the most benevolent inventions of modern times. I assert with conviction that the most intolerable of the minor ills which afflict humanity is the diabolical noise made by cats during the nocturnal hours divinely set apart for slumber. In this connection, gentlemen, I use the word 'diabolical' advisedly, because of my reasoned belief that the world-wide popular association of cats with witches, and with the witches Sabbath, and so directly with the devil, is due to the truly devilish character of their passion-inspired nocturnal utterances."

"Your astute deduction, Judge," commented the Bishop, with interest, "is as apposite as it is profound. I regard it as an important addition to the science of inductive folk-lore. Inherently it is convincing, since one readily may perceive how naturally primitive man—enraged by sleep-destroying cat-noises, and noting the indubitable profanity of cat-language—did arrive at the conclusion that you so enlighteningly present. As we know, the belief in cat-devilishness—"

"Pardon me, Bishop," said the Colonel; "I venture to beg—"

"Just one moment, my dear Colonel. This phase of the matter is most interesting." The Bishop spoke with insistence, and continued: "As we know, the belief in cat-devilishness ascends to a most remote antiquity. To illustrate: Glanvil declares, in his well-known *Sadducissimus Triumphatus*, referring to witches, that 'the devil gives them a beast about the bigness and shape of a young cat, that they call a carrier';



and he adds: 'What this carrier brings them they must receive from the devil.' You thus will perceive that even in Glanvil's ancient time the connection between cats and the devil—and doubtless for the illuminating reason that the Judge so sapiently has adduced—notoriously was established. Further, in regard to the evil character of witches—a matter directly cognate to our subject in chief—you all will remember that Olaus Magnus, in his description of the witches' cauldron, tells us: 'Olla autem omnium maleficarum—'

"Jiminy crickets, Bish!" exclaimed the Doctor, "what sort of hash are you and the Judge giving us? This isn't anybody's red-hot folk-lore society! Drop it all—can't you?—and let the Colonel tell us what happened when Beverly got those two extra-sized back-yard yowlers geared fast to their muzzles and they began to let off their yowls. What did happen, Colonel? Crack on and tell us the rest."

"My little effort to interest and to amuse," said the Colonel, with dignity, "so obviously fails to accomplish its well-meant purpose that I gladly abandon it—and so yield to the Judge and the Bishop, especially to the Bishop, ample opportunity to con-

tinue the inchoate and irrelevant conversation in which so courteously, at the crisis moment of my narrative, they have seen fit to engage."

"My dear Colonel," said the Judge, cordially, "I recognize fully that my interpolated disquisition upon the connection between cats and devils, while apposite, was most ill-timed. I beg that, pardoning my unintentional rudeness, you will proceed."

"And I, my dear Colonel," added the Bishop, with a like kindly warmth, "join sincerely in the Judge's apology, and in requesting you to continue your most interesting remarks."

"And you know how I stand, Colonel," said the Doctor, heartily. "Haven't I done my best to keep these chumps quiet from the start?"

"In response to these erratic and belated manifestations of interest in what the Bishop terms my 'most interesting remarks,'" said the Colonel, in tones of chill sarcasm, "I am glad that I can conclude them—and at the same time escape from a most uncongenial environment—by uttering precisely four words. I have the honor to bid you all a very good day, gentlemen, and to utter those words, Both cats also exploded!"



### Variety is the Spice of Life

WILLIE (undergoing punishment). "Mother, may I stand in the other corner for a change?"





FREDDIE. "When I grow up I'm goin' to have something that isn't good for me at every meal."

#### Didn't Know Him

UNCLE TOBY was aghast at finding a strange ducky with his arm around his daughter Mandy's waist.

"Mandy, tell dat niggah to take his ahm 'way from round yo' waist," he indignantly commanded.

"Tell him yo'self," said Mandy, haughtily. "He's a puffect stranger to me."

#### No Difference

A LARGE crowd was gathered waiting for trolley-cars. A fat man was the recipient of several vicious jabs as an elderly woman, red in the face, very much flustered and fussy, kept digging her elbows into the convenient ribs of those about her.

Finally a particularly vicious jab caused him to wince, and he moved to one side as far as possible. She followed him and thumped him on the back. He turned, and she said:

"Say, does it make any difference which of these cars I take to go to Swan Point Cemetery?"

"Not to me, madam," he answered as he slipped through an opening in the crowd.

#### Independent

TWO little sisters had been quarreling just at bedtime. As the older one said her prayers she ended with, "Please, God, make little sister a good girl." The younger one was indignant, and, kneeling down hurriedly, said, "God, don't listen to her." Then turning to her sister she said, "You pray for yourse'f; I pray for me."

#### Striving to Please

AT an artists' club in London they tell the following, touching an eminent portrait-painter of American birth:

During the days when this portraitist was just beginning to "find himself," one of his patrons was a social leader, who, as her portrait progressed, professed to be quite satisfied with the outlook. She had but one criticism to offer. "The mouth is a trifle too large," said she. "Please make it small and curved. Of course, I am quite aware that in reality it is a straight, long mouth; but in this portrait I should like, if you see no objection, to have it very tiny."

"Not the least objection, madam, so far as I am concerned," said the painter, with no trace of sarcasm in his tone. "I'll leave it out altogether if you wish."

#### His Title to Fame

THERE is a big-hearted man editing a paper in Iowa who ever tries to say something eulogistic about every citizen of his town both during the subject's life and at his death. On one occasion he was much perplexed to know what to say in the case of a man, a resident of the town for many years and an excellent citizen. For the life of him the editor could think of nothing that his friend had done to entitle him to distinction. The following was the only fact that the writer could produce from the recesses of his memory as a climax for the eulogy that appeared in the paper:

"Mr. Jones was once prominently mentioned for the nomination as alternate delegate for the annual conclave of the Order of the Sons of America."



JONAH. "Well, 'you can't keep a good man down.'"



### A Serious Defect

A RECENT remark by the ten-year-old son of a Cleveland engineer would indicate that the youngster has been more or less conscious of the "shop talk" wherein his father naturally indulges from time to time at home.

A pug-dog belonging to neighbors who were away for the summer was intrusted to the care of this boy. The pug was so old and fat that he experienced great difficulty in breathing, a circumstance that caused him to snore when he slept.

Now the first night the dog spent in his new quarters he snored so frightfully that practically the whole family was kept awake all night long. The engineer and his wife were much perplexed, for they had agreed that their boy should care for the dog until the return of its owners. They felt, however, that they must sleep; and so after breakfast a council of war was held, during which the cause of the disturbance lay contentedly on a rug with his flat nose between his paws.

Finally the ten-year-old ventured an observation.

"I know why that dog snores," he said.

"Well, why?" asked the father.

"His nose is so short that there's no draught."

### Like Mother—Like Son

THE school-teacher had punished Tommy so often for talking during school, and the punishments being apparently without effect, that as a last resort she decided to notify Tommy's father of his son's fault.

So, following the deportment mark on his next report were these words, "Tommy talks a great deal."

In due time the report was returned with his father's signature, and under it was written, "You ought to hear his mother."



THE OPTIMIST. "By Jove! the view certainly is glorious."

### A Correction

"I BEG pardon," said the reporter, "but are you Mr. Spudde, the Potato King?"

"Yes, but I don't like that term," replied the murphy magnate, testily. "Oil kings and cattle kings and the like are so common. Call me the potatentate."

### No Recovery

DONALD, aged five, and his three-year-old sister Henrietta were allowed very little candy. One day the former, on receiving a single chocolate bonbon, devoured it greedily. Later Henrietta was given one, and as she put it in her mouth Donald lisped, excitedly, "Now remember, Henrietta, if you thwallow it you can't get it up again."





Receiving Undo Attention

### "Handle with Care"

TOMMY had partaken so freely of every course of grandmother's Thanksgiving dinner that at the close of the meal he more resembled a stuffed anaconda than a little boy. Sometime after dinner his mother found him asleep on the couch. She wakened him, and for the first time in his short life Tommy welcomed bedtime.

"Put I to bed," he requested, wearily, "but don't bend I."

### Opportunity

LITTLE Bryda had been naughty and was to be punished. She asked leave to go to her room for a few minutes first, and this was granted. Her father followed, curious to know what she was going to do, and found her kneeling beside her bed looking earnestly up at the ceiling.

"Please, God," she said, "I've been told you are good to little children. Well, now's your chance."

The punishment was not inflicted.

### Thorough

DOWN in Georgia a negro, who had his life insured for several hundred dollars, died and left the money to his widow. She immediately bought herself a very elaborate mourning outfit.

Showing her purchases to her friend, she was very particular in going into detail as to prices and all incidental particulars. Her friend was very much impressed, and remarked:

"Them sho is fine cloes, but, befo' Heaven, what is you goin' to do wid all dis black underwear."

The bereaved one sighed:

"Chile, when I mourns I mourns."

### A Safe Investment

BILL JONES was a resident of Baltimore, who, notwithstanding an impediment in his speech, prospered in his business as a broker. He moved to New York City and prospered even more. A friend from Baltimore called on him one day, and, after some familiar conversation, remarked:

"I say, Bill, it seems to me that you stutter worse here in New York than you did in Baltimore."

"V-v-very l-l-likely; it's a b-b-bigger city."

"But I say, Bill, you have made a lot of money here and I want your advice. I have sold almost everything I had in Baltimore and I have the cash in my pocket. I want you to tell me how to invest my money to the best advantage. I have ever mortgaged my house and have the money here. What would you advise me to buy for a good, safe investment?"

"B-b-buy the m-m-mortgage," replied Bill.

### Not to be Convinced

A FARMER of the old school was inveighing against cream-separators.

"I tell you they ain't no good," he said.

"But," replied his more progressive neighbor, "they do save cream. You can make more butter. Any one can tell you that."

The farmer was not to be convinced.

"If I wanted to get more cream," he said, "I'd rather get another cow."









*Painting by Howard Pyle*

Illustration for "The Crime in Jedidiah Peeble's House"

HE WAS LYING ON THE LIBRARY FLOOR IN THE MORNING



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THE FLAG ON TOP OF COROPUNA, 21,703 FEET ABOVE THE SEA

## The Ascent of Coropuna

BY HIRAM BINGHAM, PH.D., F.R.G.S.

Director of the Yale Peruvian Expedition

IN 1910 Professor Adolph Bandelier published a remarkable book on *The Islands of Titicaca and Koati*. In one of his foot-notes, which are not only scholarly, but wide in their range of subjects, Mr. Bandelier casually remarks: "It is much to be desired that the elevation of the most prominent peaks of the western or coast range of Peru be accurately determined. It is likely . . . that Coropuna, in the Peruvian coast range of the Department Arequipa, is the culminating point of the continent. It exceeds 23,000 feet in height, whereas Aconcagua, in Chile, is but 6,940 meters (22,763 feet) above sea-level."

My sensations when I read this footnote in the summer of 1910 are difficult to describe, for I did not remember ever having heard that name before. On maps of South America and on many of Peru it did not exist. Fortunately I had with me several sheets of that large-scale map made by Raimondi, the famous Peruvian geographer, and finally found "Coropuna—6,949m" (9 meters higher than Aconcagua) about one hundred miles northwest of Arequipa, near the 73d meridian west of Greenwich.

Looking up and down this meridian as it crossed Peru from the Amazon Valley to the Pacific Ocean, I saw that it lay almost entirely in an unexplored country,



and also passed near the Inca ruins of Choquequirau which I had visited in 1909, a region where I had strong hopes of finding larger and more important ruins some day. Why would it not be a good idea to make a cross-section of Peru along the line of this 73d meridian and try to solve a number of interesting problems, archæological, geological, and geographical, and incidentally see whether Coropuna really was the highest mountain in America?

It was to carry out these plans that the Yale Peruvian Expedition was organized. The advance-guard, consisting of Dr. William G. Erving, surgeon, and Mr. Kai Hendriksen, chief topographer, left New York on May 25, 1911. The rest of us, including Professor I. Bowman, geographer and geologist, Professor H. W. Foote, collector-naturalist, Mr. H. L. Tucker, archæological engineer, Mr. P. B. Lanius, assistant, and the writer sailed June 8th, landed at Mollendo, Peru, twenty days later, and took the train for Arequipa.

From all the information that I could gather, October should prove to be the best month for climbing Coropuna. The cold Peruvian winter reaches its climax in July or August, and the cloudy summer months do not commence until November. Furthermore, the middle of the year is the best time for working in the jungle country, as there is supposed to be much less rain then. So we decided to go into

the Urubamba Valley first. Of our discoveries there, and of the wonderful ruins we found at Macchu Pichu, I shall have occasion to write at another time. It was with the keenest regret that, in order to complete the latter part of our programme and test the altitude of Coropuna, I left the valley and started the mountaineering campaign by returning to Arequipa in September.

Arequipa, as everybody knows, is the home of a station of the Harvard Observatory, but Arequipa also, as everybody does not discover until they have occasion to travel by pack-train in southern Peru, is famous for its large, strong mules. Unfortunately a "mule trust" has recently been formed (needless to say, by an American), and I found it difficult to make any satisfactory arrangements. After two weeks of skirmishing, two arrieros, the Tejada brothers, appeared, who seemed willing to listen to our proposals. We offered them five hundred dollars, gold, if they would supply us with a pack-train of eleven mules for a couple of months and go with us wherever we chose, we agreeing not to travel on an average more than seven leagues a day. It sounds simple enough, but it took no end of argument and persuasion on the part of our friends in Arequipa to convince these worthy muleteers that they were not going to be everlastingly ruined by this bargain. The trouble was that they owned their mules,



COROPUNA, TAKEN FROM A POINT ABOUT TWENTY-TWO MILES SOUTH OF THE MOUNTAIN





MAP OF SOUTHERN PERU, SHOWING POSITION OF COROPUNA IN RELATION TO AREQUIPA AND MOLLEND0

knew the danger of crossing the great deserts that lay between us and Coropuna, and feared to travel on any unknown trails. Being naturally, like most *arrieros*, of a timid disposition, they magnified the imaginary evils of the road to an inconceivable pitch. The final argument that persuaded them to accept the contract was that after the first week we would so dispose the cargo that there should always be at least two mules without loads.

By the first of October everything was ready for the start. The day before, Mr. Tucker, who was to have charge of the actual climb, arrived from Cuzco. He had been a member of Professor H. C. Parker's Mount McKinley expedition in 1910, and was thoroughly familiar with the details of snow and ice climbing. I had asked him to be responsible for securing the proper equipment, and also for planning and directing the actual ascent.

Unfortunately, I am not a mountaineer, so I was only too glad our archaeological engineer was an experienced climber. Whatever success we achieved on the mountain was due primarily to Mr. Tucker's skill and foresight.

We had no Swiss guides, and had originally planned to have two other members of the Yale Expedition join us on the climb. But the exigencies of making a geological and topographical cross-section along the 73d meridian through a practically unknown region, and across some of the highest passes in the Andes (18,000 feet), had delayed the surveying party to such an extent as to make it impossible for them to hope to reach the neighborhood of Coropuna before the first of November. On account of the approach of the cloudy season, it did not seem wise to wait for their co-operation. Accordingly, I had secured in Arequipa the services of Mr. C. Watkins, an English naturalist, and of Mr. F. Hinckley, of the Harvard Observatory. It was proposed that Hinckley, who had twice ascended El Misti (19,120 feet), should accompany us to the top; while Watkins, who had only recently recovered from a severe illness, should remain at the Base Camp and read the instruments that were to be left there. On the 2d of October, Tucker, Hinckley, and I left Arequipa; Watkins followed a week later.

The first stage of the journey was by



train from Arequipa to Vitor, a distance of about thirty miles. The arrieros had sent the food-boxes by train the day before. We had brought with us the rest of the baggage, including fiber-cases, steel boxes, duffle-bags, tents, ice-axes, snow-shoes, barometers, thermometers, transit, etc. We hoped the mules would reach Vitor about the same time that we did, but that was expecting altogether too much of arrieros on the first day of their journey. So we had an all-day wait in the railway hotel.

About five o'clock, our mules, a fine-looking lot, trotted briskly into the dusty little plaza, and before seven we had left the station, bag and baggage, and started off in the moonlight for the Vitor Valley. Before we left the plateau and struck the dusty trail winding down into the cañon, we caught a glimpse of something white shimmering faintly on the horizon far off to the northwest. This was our first sight of Coropuna.

Shortly before nine o'clock we reached a little corral, where the mules were unloaded. We found near by a clean shed with a stone-paved floor, where we set up our cots, only to be awakened many times during the night by passing caravans anxious to avoid the terrible heat of the desert-by-day.

We got up about half-past four, breakfasted on eggs, cheese, and bread, and were off before seven. Then our troubles began. Either because they thought he looked like a good horseman or for reasons best known to themselves, the arrieros had given Mr. Hinckley a very spirited mule and one that disliked to be separated from the pack-train. The first thing we knew, her rider, carrying one of our mercurial barometers, a large camera, and a package of plate-holders, was pitched headlong into the sand. Fortunately no damage was done, and after a lively chase Corporal Mariano Gamarra, whom the Prefect of Arequipa had kindly sent along to act as our orderly, brought back the runaway mule, and off we started again.

For a while we rode on in peace, between corn-fields and vineyards, over paths flanked by willows and fig-trees. Then we left the oasis and after a steady climb of three-quarters of an hour reached the top of the western side of the valley,

where our expectations were gratified. We saw the snowy mass of Coropuna glistening in the sunlight seventy-five miles away to the northwest. Our view was a short one, for in less than three minutes we had to descend another cañon. It was some time before we had crossed this valley and climbed out on the desert of Sihuas.

I had just begun to feast my eyes again on our distant snow-capped goal, when Mr. Hinckley's mule trotted briskly across the trail directly in front of me, kicked up her heels, and landed him again in the sand, camera, barometer, and plates! Unluckily this time his foot had caught in the stirrup, and he was dragged some distance before he got loose. Still holding the bridle, he struggled to his feet and tried to keep the mule from running away, when a violent kick in the leg not only released his hold, but opened a vein and prevented him from going any farther. The cut was deep but not dangerous, and he was able to ride back to Vitor with Corporal Gamarra and reach Arequipa that night. His enforced departure shattered his hopes of climbing Coropuna, and made us wonder how we were going to have the necessary three-men-on-the-rope when we reached the glaciers. To be sure, there was our soldier, but would he go?

The valley of Sihuas, another beautiful oasis running through the bottom of a huge cañon, was reached about four o'clock in the afternoon. Few travelers go over this road, and there are practically no inns. We should have been compelled to camp in the open with the arrieros had not the priest at Sihuas turned out to be most kindly and hospitable. He made us welcome as long as we cared to stay.

The desert of Majes, which lay ahead of us, is perhaps the widest, sandiest, and hottest in this region, and the arrieros were unwilling to cross it in the daytime. They call it forty-five miles between water and water. So we spent the next day resting and sending telegrams to Arequipa in the vain hope of finding another prospective mountain-climber. In the evening we saddled by candle-light and started across the desert.

Toward morning as the moon was setting we entered a hilly region, and at





COROPUNA VISIBLE JUST ABOVE THE FARTHER SIDE OF THE GREAT MAJES VALLEY

sunrise began to descend a deep, winding, sandy gulch, which presently opened out so as to give us a view of the valley of Majes, in reality a cañon about five thousand feet deep and from one to two miles across. Its sides are of various colored rocks and sand. The bottom is a great garden, through which flows the rapid Majes River, too deep to be forded even in the dry season.

The contrast between the gigantic desert hills on either side of the cañon and the luxurious vegetation of the jungle was very striking, but the most beautiful thing in the whole landscape was a long, glistening, white mass just visible above the opposite side of the valley—Coropuna!

It took us three hours to descend from the level of the desert plain to a point, one thousand feet above the valley floor, where the road turns and runs parallel to the river. At eight o'clock, just as we were wondering how long it would be before we could get down to the bottom of the valley, where we were to have breakfast, we discovered, at a place called Pitas (or Cerro Colorado), a huge boulder covered with rude pictographs. Further search in the vicinity revealed more than a hundred of these volcanic boulders, each with its quota of rude drawings.

But even the interest and excitement of finding "hieroglyphic rocks," as they are called here, could not make us forget for long that we had had neither food nor sleep for a good many hours. So we

contented ourselves with taking a few photographs, and then left a vicinity which demands another and longer visit.

We crossed the Majes River on a very shaky bridge, built to last only a few months, and spent the day at Coriri, a pleasant little village, not down on the maps. It was almost impossible to sleep on account of the myriads of gnats reveling in this tropical warmth.

The next day we had a short ride along the western side of the valley to the town of Aplao, the capital of a province. Nearly everybody thereabouts calls it Majes, although on the maps that name is only applied to the river and the neighboring desert. The sub-prefect had been informed by telegraph of our coming, and invited us to an excellent dinner.

After entering the Majes Valley we had only one glimpse of Coropuna, a glorious vision that suddenly appeared for a few moments away up in the sky above the clouds.

Our arrieros rose at two o'clock the next morning, for the mules had a long, hard climb ahead of them, from an elevation of 1,000 up to 10,000 feet. After an all-day journey we camped at a place where forage could be obtained. The following day a short ride brought us into Chuquibamba, a town of 3,000 inhabitants, the capital of the province of Condesuyos, and the place which we had selected several months before as the most suitable rendezvous for the campaign on the mountain.



We were kindly received by the sub-prefect, who told us to set up our cots in the grand salon of the house where he was living. Here we received calls from the local officials, including the provincial physician, Dr. Pastór, and the director of the Colegio Nacional, Professor Alejandro Coello. The last two were keen to go with us up Coropuna. They told us that there was a hill near by called the Calvario whence the mountain could be seen, and offered to take us up there. We accepted, thinking at the same time that this would show who was best fitted to join in the climb, for we needed another man on the rope. Professor Coello easily distanced the rest of us and won the coveted place.

From the Calvario hill we had a splendid view of those white solitudes whither we were bound, now only twenty-five miles away. It was evident that the western dome was higher than the peaks to the northeast. Behind it we could just make out a northerly peak, and we wondered whether or not that might be higher than the dome which we had decided to climb. As no one knew anything about the mountain, however, and there were no native guides to be had, the wildest opinions were expressed as to the best methods of getting to the top. We did succeed in engaging a man who said he knew how to get to the bottom, so we called him "guide" for want of a more appropriate title.

The weather continued fine and clear. There had been a snow-storm on the mountain a few days before, an unusual event for this time of the year. It behooved us to waste no time, and we proceeded to arrange the mountain equipment as fast as possible. Our instruments for determining the altitude consisted of a special mountain mercurial barometer made by Henry J. Green, of Brooklyn, and capable of recording such an air-pressure as one might expect to find on top of the Himalayas (over 28,000 feet); a hypsometer loaned us by the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, with thermometers especially made for us by Green; a large mercurial barometer, borrowed from the Harvard Observatory, which, notwithstanding its rough treatment by Hinckley's mule, was

still doing good service; and one of Green's sling psychrometers. Our most serious want was an aneroid in case the mercurials came to grief.

Six months previously I had written to J. Hicks, the instrument-maker of London, asking him to construct, with special care, two Watkins mountain aneroids reading up to 25,000 feet. His reply had never reached me, nor did any one in Arequipa know anything about the barometers. Apparently my letter had miscarried. It was not until we opened our "mountain grub-boxes" here in Chuquibamba that we found, alongside of the food which had been especially packed for us by Grace Brothers in London, the two precious aneroids. We now felt that we could be reasonably sure of getting a close estimate of the altitude of our climb, although for exact measurements we depended on Chief-Topographer Hendriksen, who was due to triangulate Coropuna in the course of his cross-section along the 73d meridian. My own chief object in going up the mountain was to erect a signal at or near the top which Hendriksen could use as a station in order to make his triangulation more exact.

The desert plateau above Chuquibamba is nearly 2,500 feet higher than the town, and it was nine o'clock on October 10th before we got fairly out of the valley. Thereafter the mountain was always in sight.

We saw clearly that Coropuna is covered with snow-fields from one end to the other of its gigantic massif. So deep does the snow lie that it is generally impossible to see where snow-fields end and glaciers begin. A glance at the general topography of the mountain would seem to justify the opinion that the culminating dome, with its smooth, uneroded sides, belongs to a later volcanic period than the rest of the mountain. We could see that of the six or seven well-defined peaks the middle one is probably the lowest. The two next highest are at the right or eastern end of the massif. The northwestern peak, or great dome, seemed to be easily the highest of all. To reach it did not look difficult. Rock-covered slopes ran directly up to the snow. Snow-fields, without many rock falls, appeared to culminate in a saddle at the base of the great dome.



The eastern slope of the dome itself offered a simple and relatively easy path to the top. If we could once reach the edge of the first snow it looked as though with the aid of ice-creepers or snow-shoes we could proceed without serious trouble. But between us and the snow lay more than twenty miles of volcanic deserts intersected by cañons, quebradas, and tremendous lava flows.

Directed by our "guide," we struck across country, dodging the old lava flows and fording occasional streams in the bottom of arid cañons. At length we were able to make out the presence of a large, deep cañon, which cut right across in front of the mountain and lay between us and its lower slopes. Just then the "guide" decided to turn to the left instead of going straight toward the mountain. A dispute ensued as to how much he knew about the foot of Coropuna, after all. He denied that there were any huts whatever in the deep valley. "*Abandonado. Despoblado. Desierto.*" So he described it. Had he been there? "No, Señor." As there was no question that we ought to get to the snow-line as soon as possible, we dismissed the "guide," and made such way as we could toward this cañon.

A long slope led up to its nearer side. The altitude here was not much over 16,000 feet, but the mules showed many signs of acute fatigue and distress from mountain sickness. The arrieros began to complain loudly, but did what they could to relieve the mules by punching holes in their ears, the theory being that blood-letting is a good thing for mountain sickness. Luckily when we got to the edge of the cañon we made out two or three huts near a little stream, and some green patches, which we assured the arrieros would make good pasture.

Near the huts we found an Indian



BASE CAMP, LOOKING TOWARD THE CENTRAL PEAK

woman, who refused to furnish us with either fuel or forage, although we offered her silver. However, we proceeded to make camp near by, and took advantage of the sheltering stone wall of her corral for our fire. After everything had quieted down and it became perfectly evident that we were harmless, the door of one of the huts opened, and her husband appeared. We found that they kept a few llamas, made crude pottery, firing it with straw and llama dung, and lived almost entirely on flour made from frozen potatoes. For neighbors they had a solitary old man, who lived half a mile up nearer the glaciers, and a family living a mile and a half down the valley. Before it got quite dark the neighbors came to call, and we tried our best to persuade the men to accompany us up the mountain and help to carry the loads from the point where the mules would have to give up, but they absolutely declined to budge an inch.

I think one of the men would have gone, but as soon as his wife saw him wavering she "pitched in" and told him





READY TO LEAVE THE BASE CAMP ON THE MARCH TO THE SUMMIT  
Tucker at the left, Coello in the middle, Gamarra on the right

the mountain would eat him up, and that unless he wanted to go to heaven before his time he had better let well enough alone and stay where he was: the Indians have a theory that on top of Coropuna there is a lovely paradise containing flowers, fruits, parrots, and monkeys, where the souls of the departed stop on their upward flight. Indians hereabouts earn twenty cents a day. We offered ten times that amount, besides *coca*, *aguardiente*, and other good things. It was all in vain, and we soon realized that whatever supplies and provisions were carried up the mountain would have to be carried on our own shoulders. Our present altitude was 14,000 feet above sea-level.

As there were neither guides nor Indians, the next thing was to get the arrieros to take the pack-mules up as far as possible. This they declined to do. The mules, they said, had gone as far and farther than any mules had any business to go.

Soon after reaching camp, Tucker had gone off on a reconnaissance, and came back reporting that there was a good path leading out of the valley up to the swampy llama pastures on the lower slopes of the mountain. The arrieros denied the accuracy of his observations,

but finally agreed to go as far as there was a good path and no farther. There was no question of riding. It was simply a case of getting the loads as high up as possible before we had to begin to carry them ourselves.

During the night the soldier's mule disappeared along with Coello's horse. Gamarra was sent to look for the strays, with orders to follow us as soon as possible.

It may be imagined that the arrieros packed very slowly, although the loads were somewhat reduced. Leaving behind our saddles, ordinary supplies, and everything not considered absolutely necessary for a two weeks' stay on the mountain, we said good-by to our Indian friends and commenced to climb.

We found that we could easily go faster than the loaded mules, and we thought it best to avoid trouble by keeping pretty far ahead so as not to hear the arrieros' constant complaints. After an hour of not very hard climbing over a fairly good llama trail, they stopped and shouted to us to come back. We replied equally vociferously, calling them to come ahead, which they did for half an hour more, and then not only stopped, but commenced to unload the mules. It was



necessary to rush back down the sandy, volcanic slope and enter on a violent and acrimonious dispute as to whether the letter of the contract had been fulfilled and the mules had gone as far as they could reasonably be expected to go. The truth was, the men were terrified at approaching this mysterious mountain. They were sure it would take revenge on them by destroying their mules, who would certainly die the following day of *soroche*, or mountain sickness. Finally we offered them a bonus of three pounds sterling if they would go on for another hour (and threatened them with all sorts of things if they did not), so they adjusted the loads and started up the slopes.

The altitude was now not much over 16,000 feet, but at the foot of a rather steep hill the arrieros stopped again, and this time succeeded in unloading two mules before we could scramble down over the sand and boulders to stop them. Threats and prayers appeared to be of no avail. The only thing that would satisfy them was a legal written agreement that in case any mule or mules died as a result of this foolish attempt to get up to the snow-line I would pay twenty pounds a head for all that died, and must further agree to pay five pounds in addition if they would consent to go on until noon or until stopped by the snow. This agreement being duly drawn up by Professor Coello, was signed and sealed, and in order that there might be no dispute as to the time, my best chronometer was handed over to one of the arrieros to carry until twelve o'clock. The mules were reloaded and the ascent began again.

They struck presently some pretty bad going, on a steep slope covered with huge volcanic boulders and rather deep, black sand. We expected more trouble every minute, but, having made an advantageous bargain, the arrieros did their best to carry it out. Fortunately we reached a fairly level place near the snow-line just fifteen minutes before noon.

They lost no time in unloading, claimed their five sovereigns, promised to return in ten days, and almost before we knew it had disappeared down the side of the mountain.

We spent the afternoon setting up our tents (a 7 x 7 "wall tent" and an improved "A" tent, also 7 x 7), arranging our outfit, and getting the Base Camp settled. The "A" tent we proposed to take up the mountain with us, besides a small Mummery tent, which we were to carry to the top to use in taking observations with the hypsometer and to leave as part of the evidence of our climb. The elevation of the Base Camp was 17,300 feet, and we were surprised and pleased to find that at first we had good appetites and no *soroche*.

There was a marvelous sunset, but we were too cold and tired to enjoy it. That night we all slept badly and had some headache. The next morning, October 12th, after a good breakfast of pemmican, hardtack, erbswurst, and tea, Tucker and Coello started out with the Mummery tent and about fifty pounds of provisions and supplies to establish a *cache* as far up the mountain-side as possible, leaving me in the Base Camp to reset the 7 x 7 tent, which had become somewhat demoralized by the high wind during the night. I also reset the tripods for the barometers, took a series of ob-



CAMP NO. 3

The tripod is supporting the mercurial barometer. On top of the tent is the climbing-rope





RESTING ON THE WAY TO CAMP NO. 4

servations, and weighed the different units of the mountain grub.

This consisted of Kola chocolate in half-pound tins, rather stale and disagreeable; pemmican in  $8\frac{1}{4}$ -pound tins (the English variety); Valencia seeded raisins in 1-pound tins; chopped sugar in 4-pound tins; hardtack or cabin biscuit in  $6\frac{1}{2}$ -pound tins; jam in  $\frac{1}{3}$ -pound tins; erbswurst in  $\frac{1}{2}$ -pound sticks; Plasmon biscuit, tea, and a few of Silver's self-heating "mess-tins." Notwithstanding an unusual headache, which lasted all day long, I still had enough appetite to prepare a good, hearty pemmican pudding, with raisins, hardtack, and erbswurst, and help the others to dispose of it. My pulse after I walked slowly a hundred feet rose to 120. After I had been seated awhile it got back to 100.

Corporal Gamarra appeared during the day, having found his mule, which had strayed twelve miles down the cañon. He did not greatly relish the prospect of climbing Coropuna, but when he saw the warm clothes that we had provided for him and learned that he would get five gold sovereigns to boot, he decided to accept his duties philosophically. The weather continued fine. That night we all slept better, one reason being that the wind did not blow so hard as it had the night before.

Watkins was due to arrive the next day, but we decided not to wait for him, and after adjusting our fifty-pound loads to our unaccustomed backs, left camp just before nine o'clock. As there was no rock-work ahead of us and it was to be all snow and ice climbing, we decided to depend entirely on *crampons*. Had it been necessary to climb in the afternoon, we would have needed our snow-shoes also. But the snow was very hard until about one o'clock. By three o'clock it was almost impossible to make any progress without snow-shoes.

We wore Appalachian Mountain Club creepers, heavy Scotch mittens, knit helmets, dark-blue snow-glasses, and very heavy clothing. In order to prevent any possibility of frost-bitten feet, each man was ordered to put on four heavy pairs of woolen socks and two or three pairs of heavy underdrawers. The Peruvians wore large, heavy boots. I had on rubber overshoes and woolen puttees. Tucker improvised sandals out of pieces of rubber poncho and felt slippers.

We found that, with our loads, at this altitude we could climb a gentle ascent twenty steps at a time. On the more level places we took twenty-five or thirty steps without having to stop and rest. But each time it seemed as though the last few steps would be the last we could ever take. It did not take long, however, to recover one's wind and spirits. We were somewhat delayed by getting into a network of crevasses, none very wide, and nearly all covered with snow bridges. Fortunately no great strain was put on the rope. After this, in long stretches there was not a single crevasse. For the most part our work was simply a succession of twenty-five steps and a rest, repeated four or five times, and followed by thirty-five steps and a longer rest, taken lying down in the snow. We pegged along until about half-past two, when the rapidly softening snow made farther progress almost impossible.

The tent was pitched on a fairly level snow-field at an altitude of about 18,450 feet. The temperature fell rapidly after sundown. At 5.30 P.M. it was  $22^{\circ}$  Fahr. During the night it reached  $9^{\circ}$  Fahr. above zero. We closed the tent opening on account of the biting wind, but owing to the ventilating device at the top of the tent



managed to get along fairly well. As on the two previous nights, we noticed a considerable number of lightning flashes in the northeast. They were not accompanied by any thunder, but alarmed us considerably, for we feared they portended bad weather on top.

A racking cough (as violent as whooping-cough and frequently accompanied by nausea) began to be painfully noticeable with us at this camp, and continued until we got down to the Indians' huts again. We slept very poorly, and continually awakened one another by coughing.

With the next day came the same steady drudgery, only a little harder than the day before. We passed the *cache* made by Tucker and Coello on the 12th. We had left Camp No. 3 at 7.30, and by noon got to within a mile of the saddle that separates the great dome from the rest of the range. The altitude was 19,880 feet. Leaving me to pitch the tent and settle the camp, the other three men went back to the *cache* to bring up provisions enough to last a week or ten days, in case we should wish to stay up that long or be obliged to remain, detained by storms.

By the time the others appeared again I was so well rested that I wondered why they made such snail-like progress over the snow-field. I had forgotten the altitude. We were none of us hungry that evening, but we took the trouble to melt some snow and make a pot of tea, which would be ready to be warmed up the first thing in the morning.

Getting up at three o'clock on the morning of October 15th, the first thing we did was to thaw the tea, which had been frozen, although the teapot was hung up in the tent. The temperature outside was 7° Fahr. above zero. As there were four of us in the 7x7 tent, we were obliged to sleep close enough together to keep one another warm. Besides, we had blankets and eiderdown sleeping-bags in addition to heavy clothes and sweaters. No sooner had we got the tea thawed out and warmed up sufficiently to drink than I made an unfortunate move and kicked over the teapot, thereby causing the soldier, who slept on the down side of the tent, to beat a hasty retreat into the colder (but somewhat dryer) weather outside. Never did men keep their temper better under more aggravating circumstances. Not a word of reproach or indignation greeted an accident which necessitated a delay of nearly an hour in starting. While we were remaking the tea we warmed up some erbswurst and Irish stew, of which Tucker ate a little, and I managed to get down nearly a bowlful. Coello and Gamarra took nothing but tea. None of us had slept much during the night. I had amused myself by counting my pulse occasionally, only to find that it persistently refused to go below 120, and, if I moved, would jump up to 135. On the actual climb it went over 140.

We left camp at five o'clock in the morning. It had been hard work to set



WE FOUND IT NECESSARY TO TAKE FREQUENT RESTS





THE TOP OF COROPUNA  
From left to right: Gamarra; Tucker; Bingham

up the tent at two o'clock the preceding afternoon, as the snow was so soft one frequently went in over one's knees, but now everything was frozen hard.

We carried from Camp No. 4 to the top the small mercurial barometer, the hypsometer, a pair of Zeiss glasses, two 3A kodaks, six films, sling psychrometer, two Watkins aneroids, prismatic compass and clinometer, pocket-level, three ice-axes, a seven-foot pole, an American flag, a Yale flag, an eighty-foot red-strand mountain rope, and a regulation Mummery tent with pegs and poles.

In order to avoid any disaster from lack of food in case of storm, we also carried four of Silver's self-heating cans of Irish stew and mock-turtle soup, a cake of chocolate, and eight hardtack, besides loose chopped sugar and raisins in our pockets. Our loads weighed about twenty pounds each.

As we left Camp No. 4, the great dome seemed to rise abruptly to the northwest, but was cut off from us by gigantic ice falls. To reach it we had first to surmount the saddle east of it. From there an apparently unbroken slope extended to the top.

Our progress was distressingly slow. But when we reached the saddle there

came the greatest and most painful surprise of all. To the north of us loomed up a beautiful snowy cone that looked higher than the dome we were attacking. From the Sihuas Desert, eighty miles away, we had decided that the dome was certainly the highest point, and so we stuck to our task, although constantly facing the possibility that this cone a mile away would eventually prove to be higher.

On this last slope, which we found had an inclination of thirty degrees, we should have had to use the ice-axe had it not been for our snow-creepers, which worked splendidly. Not more than a dozen or fifteen times did steps have to be cut, but this was relatively a simple matter, as they were in frozen snow and not in ice. We zigzagged slowly up hour after hour until, just as we reached what seemed to be the top, but was clearly not as high as our enemy to the north, Tucker gave a great shout. He was first on the rope, I was second, Coello third, and the soldier brought up the rear. The rest of us were too much out of breath to ask Tucker why he was wasting his strength shouting, but when we got up over the edge of the nubbin we saw the cause of his joy, for there ahead of us lay a twenty-degree slope extending upward



three hundred feet higher than where we were standing, to climb which would undoubtedly take us above the highest point of that aggravating north peak. So with renewed courage and better spirits we pegged along, resting on our ice-axes as usual after every twenty-five steps, until at last, at half-past eleven, after six hours and a half of climbing from Camp No. 4, we stood on the top of Coropuna.

We found the top to be almost flat for an area of nearly an acre. It is oval in shape, 100 feet north and south, and 175 feet east and west. It falls off rather abruptly on the north side, moderately on the west, and very gently for some distance to the south and east.

It is almost impossible to describe the view. Snow-capped ranges lay to the north and east. Isolated peaks covered with snow and occasional glaciers sprang up here and there in the great desert solitudes, but there was hardly an atom of green to be seen anywhere. We stood on top and in the midst of a dead world. Not even a condor was in sight. We might have been on the moon.

Practically the first thing I did on reaching the summit was to unsling the aneroid which I was carrying and take a reading. To my dismay and surprise the needle showed a height of only 14.07 inches, which being translated corresponds to an altitude of 21,525 feet above sea-level. The other aneroid read 13.55 inches (22,550 feet), but even this fell 250 feet short of Raimondi's estimate, and considerably below Mr. Bandelier's statement. This was a keen disappointment, for we had hoped that the aneroids would show something more nearly like the altitude of Aconcagua. This discovery considerably dampened our enthusiasm. We could only hope the aneroids might prove to be incorrect.

Tucker's first act was to take the box containing the hypsometer, level it up carefully with a Stanley pocket-level, and then squint over it to make sure that we had not been deceived about the north peak. Each of us in turn lay down in the snow and took a squint to satisfy ourselves that we were at least a hundred and fifty feet higher than the neighboring peak and a thousand feet higher than anything else in sight.

Then the Mummery tent was pitched, the tripod set up for the mercurial, the hypsometer got under way, and with the aid of kodaks and note-books we proceeded to make as many records as we could in the four hours at our disposal before we should have to leave the top of the mountain. At two o'clock we read the mercurial, knowing that at the same hour readings were being made by Watkins at the Base Camp and by the Harvard Observatory at Arequipa. The mercury stood at 13.838 inches, the barometer being suspended from a tripod set up in the shade of the tent. The temperature of the thermometer on the barometer was exactly  $+32^{\circ}$  Fahr. At the same time inside the tent we got the water to boiling and took a reading with the hypsometer. The thermometer showed a boiling-point of  $79.3^{\circ}$  C., which corresponds to about  $174^{\circ}$  Fahr.

After taking this reading we greedily drank the water which had been heated for the hypsometer. We were thirsty enough to have drunk five times as much; but were not hungry, and made no use of any of our provisions except a few raisins, some sugar, and the Kola chocolate. Then we fastened the tent as securely as possible, banking the snow around it, and left it on top, first having placed in it one of the Appalachian Mountain Club's brass record cylinders, in which we had sealed a Yale flag, a cloth map of Peru, and two brief statements regarding the ascent.

The American flag was left on a pole planted at the northwest edge of the top, where it could be seen from the road to Cotahuasi. Here Watkins saw it a week later, and Professor Bowman two weeks later. But when Watkins returned from Cotahuasi three weeks later it had disappeared. A severe snow-storm had occurred a few days previous and probably carried it away.

Judging by the conical shape of the dome and the rough, circular character of its flat top, one is satisfied in assuming that it was originally a crater but had been filled up to, and above, the brim with snow and ice. There is no evidence here of such excessively high winds as Fitzgerald encountered in his famous attack on Aconcagua.

We left the summit at three o'clock



and arrived at Camp No. 4 two hours and fifteen minutes later. The first part of the way down to the saddle we attempted a *glissade*, but got up too much speed for comfort, and finally had to be content with a slower method of locomotion.

The next day we all felt pretty badly. None of us slept much, and we were all nauseated in the morning, as on the day before. To lighten our loads it was decided to leave behind here a gallon of kerosene, three quarts of alcohol, eight pounds of pemmican, and several other things. We left the camp at 9.20. Eighteen minutes later the *cache* was reached and a few remnants picked up. Although many things had been abandoned, our loads seemed heavier than ever. We had some difficulty about half-past eleven in negotiating a series of crevasses, but Gamarra was the only one to actually fall in, and he was easily pulled out again. About noon we heard a faint halloo, and soon made out two animated specks far down the mountain-side. The effect of seeing somebody from the outside world again was rather curious. Tucker admitted afterward that he could not keep the tears from running down his cheeks, although he never let us know it at the time, and as he was ahead on the rope we could not guess it. The specks turned out to be Watkins and an Indian boy, who came up as high as they comfortably could and relieved us of some weight. The Base Camp was reached at half-past twelve.

One of the first things we did on returning was to weigh up the loads. On the way down Tucker had carried sixty-one pounds, and the soldier sixty-four pounds, while he had given me only thirty-one pounds, and the same to Coello. This, of course, does not include the weight of our ice-creeps, axes, or rope.

The next day all of us felt very tired and drowsy. In fact, I was almost overcome with inertia. It was a fearful task even to lift one's hand. The sun had burned our faces terribly. Our lips were painfully swollen. We coughed until we whooped. It seemed best to make every effort to get back to a lower altitude as soon as possible. So we packed up the

camp, put our sleeping-bags and blankets on our backs, and went down to the Indians' huts. For several days we suffered from the effects of the snow and sun.

On the ascent I had suffered much from thirst, and had foolishly allowed myself to eat a considerable amount of snow. As a result my tongue was now so extremely sensitive that soda biscuit tasted like broken glass.

We waited two days before the mules came, and finally reached Chuquibamba on October 20th. They had told us before we left Chuquibamba that no one had ever climbed Coropuna, and that it was quite an impossible feat, so we were not at all surprised on our return to learn that they denied the fact of our reaching the summit. It did not bother them in the least that the two Peruvians who were with us stoutly maintained that we had all been to the top.

This attitude on the part of the common people so irritated our friend the sub-prefect that he decided to give us an official document, signed by himself and the secretary of the province, certifying that we had been on top. We did not accept his kind offer, although his willingness to vouch officially for a fact of which he had only hearsay evidence was delightfully characteristic.

In the early part of November Chief-Topographer Hendriksen surveyed the mountain on his way to the coast. He succeeded in getting four shots at the summit from widely separated triangulation stations. On January 6, 1912, he completed his computations from sea-level. He found a mean error of thirty feet in the calculations for the elevation of those stations, and a mean error of twenty feet in determining the altitude of the mountain from the stations, giving a mean error of thirty-five feet in the ultimate result. He computes the altitude of Coropuna at 21,703 feet, or about sixty feet higher than we estimated it with the mercurial barometer, as compared with the simultaneous readings at Arequipa. If Hendriksen's possible error should turn out to be minus thirty-five feet, his survey and the barometers would be only twenty-five feet apart.



# The Beautiful House

BY CATHERINE WELLS

MARY HASTINGS at thirty-five looked older than her age, not by any line in her handsome face, but by a dignity of carriage that went beyond her years, and by the early gray that had touched ever so lightly the waves of her abundant dark hair. Spinsterhood suited her temperament and had not faded her vitality in the slightest degree; indeed, her independence and the passage of time had marked her only with a finer gravity of bearing. Her occupation gave her abiding content, she was an able and even distinguished landscape-painter, and her sufficient income was increased by the sale of her sketches that she liked least. Her best work she either kept or gave away.

Behind her open manner she had reserves of shyness, and although circumstances and her generous nature had made her rich in friends, it was thus comparatively late, and when her youth was gone, that she formed a relationship that shone supreme. That made it all the more precious to her. It happens to most human beings to love at least once with the love that finds no flaw, and that experience came to Mary Hastings through her friendship with Sylvia Brunton, an intimacy that had its birth and ardent life, and faded and died at last, like other human things.

They became acquainted at one of those large miscellaneous art schools at which English girls with a sense of beauty are prone to mark time between the ages of twenty and thirty. Sylvia was one of the time-markers, a girl with that overpowering sense of the responsibility of life that comes to the serious young, a trust of years and opportunity which must be met, it seemed to her, and met instantly, and which she had all too hastily supposed was an obligation to paint pictures. She was fair and as slender and lovely as a stitchwort flower in a hedge, and Mary Hastings saw her, and in a manner fell in

love with her, on an occasion when she went back with the sudden fancy to sketch the place where she had worked so many years before.

With a few meetings their mutual liking flamed to intimacy.

Like all congenialities it was largely inexplicable. They liked the same things. They discovered in each other the same passion for the country and the old life of the country, the quiet interiors of eighteenth-century houses, flower-gardens, the smooth surfaces of fine china and polished wood. They liked the same books, the same poets. Between them there was that sense of rapport, that effect of rapid mutual understanding, which finds some of the happiest exemplars among women. And then to intensify their communion, they found the House, which gathered together the threads of their love, and held it as a body should its soul.

Mary Hastings had a four-roomed cottage in Sussex which she called her sketching tent, and there Sylvia came to her for a midsummer visit. It was adjacent to a farm-house, from which the farmer's wife came over to cook and clean for them. Sylvia imported a note of gay picnicking into the cottage that had never appeared there before, and a touch of adventure into their daily meals and walks that was delightfully novel and amusing to Mary. It was on their last day together that they found the House. They had taken their lunch, and raided farther in their walk indefinitely southward than they had ever done before; and in the full beauty of a July afternoon that had been cooled by a brief and exquisite shower they emerged from a little wood of willows upon an open park-like space, with gentle grass slopes that fell away in gracious sweeps, set here and there with fine beech-trees and oaks. At one side the trees thickened and arched over a rising glade, its grassy floor sun-bespattered; before them the slope rose to a trim hedge, and



over the shoulder of some trees showed a chimney-stack.

"If we are going to have the luck we deserve," Mary had remarked, "that will be an inn where we can get tea."

They came round the hedge to find a white gate, and then they saw the House.

They might perhaps have found it difficult to convey to any one but each other how supremely beautiful the House seemed to them. At the sight of it Sylvia gave a little cry of rapture and grasped Mary by the arm. It lay long and low to the south like a happy cat stretched to the sun; it was roughly of that E shape dear to the Elizabethans who had built it, with an ample porch and a little square room above marking the letter's middle stroke, and extending forward at either end as if with arms to embrace them. Its old brick walls were covered at one side with a great ivy that sprang from the earth with a gnarled trunk like a tree; the other was hung with a tangle of vine and wistaria and passion-flower wonderfully intermingled. Great bosses of green moss clustered on the old roof of red tiles that were stained, too, with gray and ocherous lichens; on either side of the bricked path that ran between the gate and the brown, nail-studded door was a space of green grass edged neatly with clipped box; and an apple-tree or two slanted their trunks to the ground.

They leaned over the gate, taking it in. "It is, it really is, the house of my utmost dreams," said Mary, softly, as if too loud a tone might blow the vision away.

"If we could only look inside," said Sylvia, desirously.

"I wonder. We might perhaps ask them if there is any place where we could get tea."

They unlatched the gate and went up the bricked path together. At the door Sylvia with a faint murmur of ecstasy laid her cheek on the sun-drenched stone that framed it. It was one of those spontaneities that freshly enchained Mary's heart. The bell clangored gently and remotely. The door stood already ajar, and softly treading feet came unhurrying along stone flags behind it. It was opened by a silver-haired old man in neat, spare black.

He was most sorry. There was no place

for tea. There *was* an inn a mile away. He conveyed that he thought the inn unworthy of them.

"Has this house a name?" asked Sylvia. "I think," she added, extenuatingly, "it's the most beautiful house I've ever seen."

The old man smiled. "Acridge Manse it is properly called," he said. "But my master, he will have it called 'Love o' Women.'"

"Love o' Women!" wondered Sylvia. "Is it as beautiful inside?"

For answer he fell back with a charming gesture of invitation. "My master is away, ma'am," he replied, to their hesitancy. "I live alone here with my wife. If you would like to come in—"

"Could we?" Their eyes consulted.

"The house is to let, as a matter of fact," the old man added.

"Oh! then . . ." and their scruples died.

It was quite as good inside, Sylvia said. It was far better, insisted Mary. They examined the low-beamed, ample rooms, at first tentatively and then exhaustively, as the allurements of the house infolded them. It couldn't have been touched, Mary rejoiced, for a hundred years at least. The hall of the stone-flagged floor spread itself wide and ample, the hospitable heart of the house; opposite the door they had entered by stood open a garden door, an oblong enchantment of translucent leaves, of hanging creeper, and distant, shining flower-color framed in the deep, cool browns of the hall. Right and left opened low-ceilinged, wide rooms, gravely walled and floored with dark old wood, and one that was larger was delicately gay with white paneling and chintz. From a corner in the hall mounted a broad staircase, barred with slenderly twisted rails.

The little library, recessed with deep window bays and low window-seats, added a fresh astonishment, for dear, familiar books were gathered there like welcoming friends. "What could we have done more," said Mary, "if we had chosen them ourselves?" "Everything we've ever talked about seems to be here," marveled Sylvia. They passed into the garden. And the garden was the garden of their dreams, grave with still lilies and sentineled with evening primrose.





*Drawn by F. Walter Taylor*

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

HE WAS MOST SORRY. THERE WAS NO PLACE FOR TEA







A little lawn led them across its soft, thick turf to a seat of old stone.

They sat down there in silence.

Mary began to speak very softly. "This is very wonderful," she said. "I have never been here before, and yet it is as familiar as if I had known it always. It feels, my dear, as if I had left it years ago, and now come back. Or as if I had already dreamed it all as clearly as I see it now."

Sylvia nodded. "As if one had been a child here," she said. "Oh, look at that old chap!"

That old chap was a laughing head and bust of stone wreathed with carven leaves, that pushed its way out of the ivy beside them and caught the sun full on its face. "Feel how warm and human it is!" said Sylvia, with her slender hands clasping his either cheek.

Mary thought of nothing else but how adorable Sylvia looked there, with the transparent pink of her skin against the old gray stone head.

The old butler met them again at the garden door and smiled. "I've taken the liberty, ma'am," he said, addressing Mary, "of putting tea in the drawing-room." His "ma'am" had a quaint leaning toward "marm" in its intonation.

"But really we mustn't," began Mary Hastings.

"My master would wish it, marm," he said, deferentially.

They abandoned themselves completely to "the spirit of the thing," as they called it. They had tea in the white-painted, chintz-furnished room, and in the midst of that Sylvia gave a sudden little cry of discovery.

"Mary!" she cried, excitedly. "This house is *to let*!"

Mary looked at her, aflush with sudden daring. "Shall we take it, then?" She tried to throw a note of facetiousness into her voice.

"We *could*, you know," said Sylvia. Her voice dropped. "Our hearts have taken it," she said.

"We could come here together," she went on. "Just whenever we wanted to. Just you and I. Mary beloved," she almost whispered, "wouldn't you like it?"

Her slender hands lay out along the table, palms turned up. Mary gathered them in her own hands and kissed them.

"I should—like it!" she said, whimsically insistent on the moderate word.

"If only the rent isn't monstrous," said Sylvia. "It ought to be, in fairness."

They put that to the old butler. But he named an astonishingly low sum.

"My master would like it occupied," he said, as if he saw that an explanation was needed. "And then—" he hesitated—"there are conditions. My master wishes me and my wife, marm, to remain and do the service."

"As if," said Sylvia afterward, "we could possibly imagine the place half as nice without the old dear."

His master, he explained, was traveling abroad. For an indefinite period. He himself would undertake, he said, to get his consent to a simple form of agreement. There would be no difficulty, he was quite sure. Meanwhile they might really consider the house quite at their disposal. "I'm so glad, marm, if I might say so," he said, "that it's you and the young lady."

"Why?" smiled Mary.

"The people I've had, marm, over it! If you're fond of a place, it's cruel. Like showing the blind, I say. And then after they've seen every stick and stone they say it's too far from a station, or not big enough, or too big, and I can't say I've been sorry, marm."

Sylvia was reminded suddenly of a forgotten question. "Why does your master call it by such an extraordinary name?" she asked.

The old man looked away above the trees, and the shadow of a smile twisted his lips. "He says it won't last long, miss," he said.

They left reluctantly. "It's literally tearing ourselves away," said Sylvia. "We've so grown up there in this afternoon that it feels as if we'd always been there."

They walked on in silence for a moment, Mary with her hand slipped through Sylvia's arm.

"There was never any fear of the other people taking it," said Sylvia. "It wasn't for them, and if it has a soul—and what should have a soul if that House hasn't?—it knew it was waiting all the time for us, till we came." . . .

Their minds apart and very much of



their talk after that was concerned with the House. Whatever else might be about them in their daily life when separated, there together they agreed to share a fastness, have there the things they both cared for most, live the kind of life they loved best, talk out their intimate thoughts. It was Mary, although she did not perceive it, who, so much the elder of the two, could picture their relationship to each other so crystalized and enduring, whose idea of the happy life was such a collection and intensification of the beautiful things she knew. Each, she agreed, should gather together that woman's litter of significant souvenirs, old letters, a photograph or so, little gifts and relics that had memories, and send them to the House. Each went about with eyes awake for little beautifications they might acquire for it, and they bought and sent to it now a china bowl, now an old book, a bit of material, an old quaintness of needlework, and such like. At last they were together and stayed in the House ten days, arranging these things in it and fondling it in its utmost detail.

The House and its surroundings and Sylvia within it filled Mary's horizon. She could never have told what it was about that young girl and about no other that so entranced her, what it was that she had and no other had for her that so filled her eye with pleasure, what mysterious alchemy touched to delight the most commonplace "something said, something done" of this particular other human creature. And Sylvia devoted herself to a half-whimsical adoration of her friend, squandered before her all the treasures of tenderness and imaginative, rich affectionateness that were stirring and growing and coming to flower in her youth and womanhood like the swelling of buds in spring. In those ten days Mary's mind unconsciously stored a hundred happy pictures; she did not know that each of these moments held its memory within it like a secret sting.

They schemed the good times they would have together at the House. They would come on the first day of every month for at least a week. "Besides every other chance," said Sylvia, "if we don't appoint some definite time that nothing shall be allowed to interfere with,

we shall end by getting here hardly at all." Mary agreed instantly. "And I can't possibly do, my dear," said Sylvia, "without seeing you at least as often as that."

Mary's heart sang within her. For her own part she intended to live at the House altogether, and it had come into her mind as at least a possibility that she might prolong Sylvia's visits to her there indefinitely, until there should be a visit at last that did not end.

Their last morning came. "Why are we going away?" said Sylvia, half plaintively, more than once. "When we've got such a good thing as the life we're living here, why don't we stick to it; stick on like limpets, Mary?"

"It won't run away," said Mary, with the happiest certainty. "Nor is anything in the world going to stop us from being here again on the first of October, is it?"

"Nothing," vowed Sylvia, and struck an attitude, hand upraised in the act of swearing to this promise.

During the rest of September Mary did not see her. Sylvia flitted about England on a series of visits, and wrote fitfully, sometimes more than once a day, and sometimes not at all for several days. She touched off the members of various households in phrases that painted them for Mary to the life, and elaborated a portrait of which Mary had had indications from her before as "my idle, beautiful relative." That was Evan Hardie, and some kind of elaborately removed third-cousinship was their blood tie. Mary wondered what kind of man could possibly be tolerable and fit Sylvia's allusion to "that winsome grimacer." But Sylvia evidently liked him. A snapshot of a house-party showed him tall, and a handsome youth even by that unflattering medium. "Squirrel-brown hair" was another of Sylvia's phrases.

The last days of September came. Mary went down to her cottage to make arrangements for dismantling it; now that they had the House, she declared she had no further use for it. Sylvia was to join her there, and go on with her for their week at the House.

Sylvia came, and after their separation was more than ever radiant to Mary's eyes, more than ever enchanting and



adorable. She brimmed over with the history of her past three weeks, and in and out of her talk laced the name of Evan Hardie. "I have seen a lot of him," she said at last, with an air of having just realized it, "and talked to him no end. He's been delightful. You don't mind, Mary darling?" she said, on the heels of this avowal, catching her by the shoulders and looking suddenly into her eyes.

"*Mind?*" Mary's tone banished almost fiercely the faintest suggestion of possible jealousy.

"I'd like you to see him," Sylvia insisted. "He's the prettiest thing, and you adore good looks, Mary. As a matter of fact"—her voice became disingenuous—"he's staying not far from us now, at his uncle's."

"Which uncle? I'm getting so mixed, Sylvia."

"Sir Stephen Hardie. He isn't *my* uncle, anyhow. Evan might come over."

And later, talking about the House, Sylvia said: "It will be delightful to show it to Evan. I expect he'll come over."

Mary had a sudden spasm of astonishment at the idea of showing it to any one.

"I've told him about it," said Sylvia, happily, taking Mary's concurrence for granted.

Mary had told no one. No one could have understood.

The following morning Evan Hardie did come over, and they walked to the House together.

Mary was alive with scrutiny of this handsomely built, square-faced, clean-shaven youth. She felt at once attracted and antagonistic to him. Actual beauty is so unusual in a man that the startling effect of him almost put out Sylvia's light. She set out to make the acquaintance of this attractive person, but she found herself, as they walked along, constantly dropping out of the three-cornered talk. It kept getting out of focus for her, and alluding to things he and Sylvia had done or seen together in the month just past. There was a running ripple of merriment between him and Sylvia, almost a frivolity of give-and-take chatter that did not fit into Mary's habit of talk; her intercourse with Sylvia had a graver note; and she

realized with surprise that this new tone, just like the one that had seemed so peculiarly and specially their own, also seemed to fit Sylvia's mind like a glove.

They reached the House, and Mary found herself reluctant to the last to see him enter it. If she could have thought even then of any device to stop him she would have done so. The whole place had become so intimate to her. She shrank from the roving glance, the careless question. But indeed, she found, she need not have been afraid.

Mary thought she had never seen the House so beautiful before. The late September sun was low in the sky, and streamed deeply into the rooms, lying on the floors in golden pools of light. With the passing of the hall-door Sylvia began to point out this or that special beauty that she loved, but Evan failed to respond. He strode through the rooms with his light, quick step, and became very amusing when he discovered that by tiptoeing to his utmost he could just brush the ceilings with his hair. Through the doors which Mary had never known before were low-pitched he had to bend his head, which he did with a quaintly puckered grimace that sent Sylvia into peals of laughter. "Of course I'd rather live in a house where I didn't have to crawl about on all-fours," he said, with a comical plaintiveness, and made much of stretching himself erect and being able to breathe naturally when he got out into the garden. He seemed to take the garden for granted as the sort of garden that does hang about a country house, but at a corner where two walls ran at right angles, and the great old ivy had stretched round its thick arms, he stopped and became serious.

"If you were to strip down that ivy," he said, with animation, "you could have a fives-court here."

"You're an unutterably brutal and philistine person," said Sylvia, and seemed to like him no whit the less.

Hardie and Sylvia talked less on the way back, but they radiated satisfaction in each other. The sun had reddened the sky and was sinking fast when they reached the farm-house by Mary's cottage, and the tall stone gate-pillars that faced it and gave it the air of an old French château, were throwing long



shadows on the grass. They crossed the yard to a hayrick, ankle-deep in sweet-scented straw that shimmered in the fading sunlight, and in a corner stood the silent kine waiting motionless for the opening of their byre. Down the quiet air sailed a homing bee. A farm-lad crossed the yard, swinging an armful of hay on the fork over his shoulder, and chanting a scrap of song in his Sussex drawl.

"If you want to choose a wife,  
Choose in the morning air-r-ly,"

he droned into the evening stillness.

"Good idea!" said Evan Hardie, as if to himself.

All that evening Evan Hardie remained very much in Mary's mind; she felt that whatever lay beneath that engaging exterior, she hadn't in the least penetrated it, and she was troubled by not being able to take hold where Sylvia seemed to have an easy grasp. And Sylvia was preoccupied and rather silent; her eyes were bright, a little smile curved her lips, and a little tune hummed in her throat. Again and again Mary began to talk, and could not touch her mind to response. It was like trying to throw straws across a gulf. Mary watched her, and wondered uneasily and dared not ask what held her thoughts.

The next morning Mary woke early, woke suddenly as if she had been called. The sun was shining into her room, and outside a bird was singing very sweetly. She got up and looked out of her open casement into the garden beneath. It was very early, and the sunshine was so thin as yet that it scarcely picked out the shadows below, but it shone keen and bright into her face. Everything was very silent. Across the gray grass-plot below, gray with heavy dew, some one's feet had already brushed a green track. And all the garden was a wonder to see, sparkling and glittering with a thousand prismatic colors, that shone from the dew-drops on the grass and from the glistening web of morning-spun gossamer that laced together every leaf.

She started. Treading on the thickly dewed grass almost as silently as ghosts, Sylvia and Evan Hardie stood beneath her window. They were looking up at

her, their faces alight with youth and happiness. Something gripped Mary by the heart.

"If you want to choose a wife,  
Choose in the morning early,"

sang Hardie, softly, up to her, and put his arm round Sylvia's shoulders.

There was no mistaking the meaning of that, nor the look in Sylvia's eyes, nor the kiss with which she presently greeted Mary good morning.

Evan stayed to breakfast and made a hilarious meal. He was in the wildest spirits. "Hungry?" he said to Mary's inquiry. "I don't believe I can ever have eaten before from the feel of things. Coffee! What a ripping idea! Here, Sylvia, don't stand and look at it; pour out the coffee, or make way for your betters. Eggs! bacon! honey! I say, Miss Hastings, what a time we're having! . . . Another egg! I've never eaten three eggs, but by Jove I will to-day!" And Sylvia laughed and ate, and was lit by a sort of radiance that made her seem to Mary more lovely than ever.

There followed a curious day for Mary. She saw these two young creatures absorbed in each other, and yet she could not get out of the background of her mind the obstinate idea that presently this dazzling irruption into her happy solitude with Sylvia would somehow cease; that somehow Evan Hardie would go away as suddenly as he had come, as if he were some bustling bumble-bee that had fallen into and would presently fall through and out of their delicately spun web of intercourse. She could not grasp yet the thing that had happened.

In the evening she and Sylvia were left alone again. They sat by the fire, and Sylvia settled into her old place at Mary's feet and asked her to read. But presently Mary looked up, to see Sylvia's eyes spellbound in dreams.

She stopped. Sylvia started, and looked round at her and laughed. "Oh, Mary!" she said, with a comical air of remorse.

Mary could not speak. She let the book fall on her knee.

Sylvia looked up into her face, regarding her. "I'm very happy, Mary," she said, softly.

"My dear!" and Mary put her lips to the golden head against her knee.





*Drawn by F. Walter Taylor*

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"YOU'RE AN UNUTTERABLY PHILISTINE PERSON," SAID SYLVIA







Sylvia turned round again and looked into the fire.

"What do you think of him, Mary?" she said, abruptly.

"Think of him?" repeated Mary, startled by the suddenly searching question.

"I want to know really what you think," persisted Sylvia, gently.

"I hardly know him yet," fenced Mary.

"No," said Sylvia, slowly. "And you won't. I don't know whether I do."

"Sylvia!"

"Tell me what you think of him, anyhow."

Mary probed her own mind. "He's utterly delightful to look at," she said. "He's charming in all sorts of ways. . . ."

"Yes?"

"And—I suppose I must say it, Sylvia—it would be something I had hidden from you if I didn't—I ask myself still, *why*—"

"I know," nodded Sylvia, with her eyes on the fire. "I know. *Why*? I wonder if I know why."

"What do you mean?" said Mary.

"I mean I wonder why it is that I am happier with him than I have ever been before in my life."

"Are you?" said Mary, steeling her heart.

"Yes. What is it makes the difference, Mary? I don't talk to him as I do to you. We've really hardly talked—real talk, I mean—at all. I don't believe I shall ever talk to him in the way you and I have talked. When we talk about impersonal things we don't get on particularly well. I mean talk doesn't flow—it's almost as if we were trying to walk toward each other through something thick and entangling. And it doesn't seem to matter."

"Doesn't it?"

"No. When we are together we don't want to talk; we want . . ." She turned her head, and, resolute to create no shadow on their mutual frankness, she forced out: "Mary, we want to kiss!"

Mary leaned forward over Sylvia and laid her cheek very gently on her soft hair. She felt suddenly old. "That's right," she said, a little huskily.

Sylvia was silent for a moment. "He's such a beautiful, beautiful thing," she said, slowly. "He's all light and color

and movement. To see his hair blowing in the wind— Oh, Mary!" she broke off, "what is the good of trying to tell you!"

"I know," said Mary. "My dear, I understand."

She understood. Something far stronger than she had claimed her beloved for its own. She told herself that she understood, that it was overwhelmingly right that it should be so, and that if it were in her power she would not change a jot of what had happened. And yet she could not sleep that night. She lay still and awake, in the weary state of one who feels the dull discomfort of oncoming pain. And when she fell asleep at last she slept uneasily and dreamed. She dreamed that she stood before the House, the dear House that enshrined her life with Sylvia. It was night, and a full moon shone that turned the house to liquid silver and the trees and shadows to velvet black. She heard a rustling among the creepers on the wall and on the roof, little noises of snapping and breaking and falling, and, looking closely, she saw that there swarmed over the house numbers of little elfish creatures, their faces pallid in the moonlight, who busied themselves with frantic haste. They were tearing the House to pieces; some were throwing down the chimneys brick by brick, others pulling off the tiles. Great dark rents gaped and widened in the roof as she looked. She tried to cry out to stop them with that voiceless agony of the dreamer that can make no sound. She saw one impish form low down on the wall stripping off the ivy with peculiar zest; one after another the long, wavering strands fell back limply with their pale, flattened rootlets stretching out like helpless human things in pain. She ran forward and seized the little wretch by the arm. He turned his face to her, and it was Evan Hardie's face, twisted into an expression of diabolical malice. He clawed viciously at the hand that held him, and stung by the pain of it she saw a long scarlet scratch start out upon her wrist.

With a cry upon her lips she woke.

There were voices under her window, voices that passed, and hurrying feet.

She got up and looked out. It was still dark, perhaps about three o'clock, but the farmer and two or three other men were out by the gate and in the



road beyond, with hastily gathered garments, it seemed, huddled about them, looking up at the sky. She looked, too, and over the dark tree-line to the south there was a red glow upon the clouds, angry and lurid.

"'Tis a fire, sure 'nuff," she heard the drawling voice of the farmer.

"'Tis too far to help 'en, then."

"'Tis likely old Baxter's ricks," said one of the men, after an immense interval.

"Na-ow," said the farmer. "'Tis two mile and more beyond 'en."

The glow reddened and faded, and reddened again. Her dream that had embodied her thoughts with such fierce symbolism was still vivid enough to make her intensely unhappy. That reddening sky, signal of loss and disaster and distress, the careless, gigantic spoliation of some human pygmy's labors, seemed to her all of a piece with the color that her world had taken on. She sat and watched it long after the farm-men had gone, watched it until its brightness faded and the soft, gray wings of the dawn at last brushed it out of the sky.

She did not tell Sylvia of her dream, but as they sat at breakfast she told her of the distant fire. Sylvia had slept through the night serenely and dreamlessly, and she hardly seemed to credit that all the world had not done the same.

There came a gentle knocking upon the door of the cottage. Mary opened it herself.

In the doorway stood the old manservant from the House, and for a moment Mary did not recognize him, he was so infinitely aged and beaten and worn. He looked at her with a white face and reddened eyes and tried to speak, but the muscles of his mouth were shaking past his control. In an instant she knew what had happened.

"Oh!" she said, needlessly, putting her hand upon his arm; "tell me—what is it?"

He looked at her, his face working with his effort to speak and stay the dull, gray tears that ran down his cheeks. At her touch he collapsed, leaning his head on his hands upon the door, and trembled and sobbed.

"All, all gone," he said, huskily—"all gone," and then the word "Fire."

For the moment all that this meant to

Mary was swamped by the tragic figure before her. Wrenched so rudely out of the house that had held him, that he had cared for and tended so long, he was infinitely pathetic, pitiful as a shelled snail.

"Is your wife safe?" she asked.

He stood up and nodded, trying to speak. "At the inn, marm," he said. "Every one . . . very kind. I had to . . . come and tell . . ." and his voice broke again.

Mary took his wrinkled, quivering hand between her own. "Thank you for that," she said. "Come in and sit down now and rest."

But he would not. The farmer's trap he had come in was waiting out in the road to take him back. "Come to me if you want anything," was all that remained for Mary to say.

He thanked her shakily. "Don't mind me, marm," were the last words she heard from him as he turned away down the path, huddled and bent.

With his disappearance beyond the hedge the full sense of her own loss fell upon her like a swooping bird. She stood still where she was, trying to bring her mind into relation with this immense disaster. Sylvia's voice came from the parlor, humming a little tune.

"Sylvia," she said, going in. "It was *our* House!"

Sylvia, surprised by her tone, turned round from the flowers she was arranging. "What was?" she asked.

"The fire."

"Mary!" she exclaimed. But it bit into Mary's heart that her voice was astonished rather than dismayed.

It was by Sylvia's suggestion that they presently set out for the House. Mary checked the excuse upon her lips and braced herself to this necessity. It was an exquisite autumn day. The air was very still and full of the woodland scents of fallen leaves, and in the flood of sunshine the trees shone red and gold. At last they stood again upon the familiar slopes of beech and chestnut trees by the House. Mary stopped in a wide space of green grass, leaf-scattered, from which radiated glades of yellow-leaved trees. She looked over the trees where they had seen for the first time the chimneys of the House rise up. They were gone, and the leafy crown of the



trees against them had gone too. In its place blackened twigs stood spectral against the sky.

Mary shut her eyes in sudden pain. She wanted intensely to see no more. In one swift, horrible vision she had imagined the charred, smoking ruins that lay beyond those trees.

Sylvia broke the silence.

"Isn't it dreadful to have lost it? *Our House*. We shall never live there now, Mary."

"No," said Mary.

They were silent, standing side by side, Mary craving with every fiber of her being for something from Sylvia, something said, she knew not what, that should touch her misery with healing.

"After all, you know, dearest, as I'm going to marry so soon, we shouldn't have come here again so very much."

The words, and still more the light melody of Sylvia's voice, fell between her and Mary's heart-aching with the steely separation of a guillotine.

Sylvia exclaimed. Up the glade in front of them, arched over by the golden-leaved trees and floored by the gold that had fallen, sat Evan Hardie motionless upon a chestnut horse. The sunlight struck through the thinned branches and turned him to a figure of beaten gold. As he sat there, conquering, triumphant, a still figure astride the shining, satin-skinned horse, he looked to be a robust, pagan Saint George, whose coat of mail was all of woven sunshine.

Sylvia ran forward to him where he stood and laid her cheek against the horse's neck. Her hair loosened as she ran and fell about her. Her gesture had the happy security of a bird that drops upon its nest.

A sudden pain seized Mary by the throat. She did not know what it meant at first, for weeping was unfamiliar to her then. But from her strained, longing eyes fell slow tears.

She told herself how glad she was, how very glad.

## Saith Opportunity

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES

SAY not that I no more may pass thy way,  
 Ah, thou so dear and negligent and blind!  
 For long as night and all-refulgent day  
 Bring star and sun, this way my road will wind.

But from thy window I shall miss the glow  
 Of fire within; thy house will silent be;  
 And though I plead with all the winds that blow  
 To shout my name, thou wilt not know of me.



# The Lottery of the Sea

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

THE little *Henriette* lay ready to go to sea. To the north side of Cameron's Wharf she was tied, and the crew had to let themselves fall horizontally out from the string-piece to grasp the rigging and swing themselves aboard. Sometimes there is no fun boarding a vessel in that fashion. Gloucester is full of anecdotes of men who had to reach out like that, and fell short, and spoiled fine new suits of clothes, and, maybe, patent-leather shoes; and your straw hat floating around for Lord knows how long under the piles before some long-sparred shipmate could reach over the side and gaff it for you, and you meanwhile drifting around among a fleet of piles all covered with barnacles and green gurry; or, it might be, a westerly wind 'd blown all the water out of the harbor and left the tide dead low, and you went chock to your ears in the soft mud. A fine mess that! And if it was night—Lord, Lord!

But this was day. Louis Vinot, who was once a fisherman but was now a rigger, and Colin MacPherson, once a fisherman but now a carpenter, were standing on the string-piece and looking down on the little *Henriette*.

"She iss pretty deep," said Colin.

"She is," said Louis.

"I don't like to see them so deep. And down by the head."

"And maybe you'd be deep if you'd thirty tons of ice in you."

"I suppose so," admitted Colin. "But"—his eye singled out a new, able fresh-halibuter across the ship—"I likes them big fellers to go to sea in myself."

"'N' me," assented Louis. "But that big brute 'd look sweet, wouldn't she, chasin' swordfish?—'nd if 'twas flat ca'm and no ingine. She's a good little boat, the *Henriette*—and a pretty name."

"Sure, a pretty name an' a great little boat, but deep—an' down by the head."

And then the skipper came along with John Cameron, and while Louis was casting off the stern line he added the last

little word to the swordfishing tale for Mr. Cameron's and the passenger's benefit.

Now the master of the *Henriette* was an all-around fisherman, and particularly a killer among swordfishermen. The record share among swordfishermen had been made by him in this same little *Henriette*, and naturally what he had to say about swordfish was worth listening to. "That fish—and he weighed all of four hundred pounds—was laying just under the water and me in the pulpit ready to iron him, when what did I see him doing? He was washing out his stomach. Yes, sir. There he was—he'd drawn his stomach up out the inside of him and was washing it."

Mr. Cameron had been a fishing-master himself, and so successful a one that he was now an owner, and everybody waited to see what he had to say to that, but he didn't say anything; he only looked steadily at the *Henriette's* skipper.

"If you don't believe that"—the *Henriette's* master looked hard at Mr. Cameron—"then can you tell me what becomes of the bones he eats? A swordfish comes along and cuts into a school o' fish, and he slashes right and left with his sword, and when he's cut enough for a good, square meal he stops and eats 'em—swallows 'em bone and all. And what becomes of the bones, tell me, if he couldn't wash his stomach out afterward?"

"I never went swordfishing," commented Mr. Cameron, and now he was looking at the roof of the marine paint-factory across the harbor. "Only had-docking and halibuting and seining mackerel, for twenty-odd year."

"—And he's the greatest coward ever was."

"Ha - a! A swordfish!" ejaculated Colin, "that drives their sword through dories, and right straight through the three-inch oak plarkin' of a vessel!"

"Yes, and kills men sometimes. But I've seen 'em, two of 'em, meet each





A KNOCKABOUT GLOUCESTER FISHERMAN

other head on in the water, and whir-h!—off they scuttle as far apart 's the points of the compass 'll let 'em, and they won't either of 'em stop going while you c'n see 'em from the masthead. Now what do you know about that?"

Nobody knew anything about that; but after a pause, so that surely no offense could be taken, the passenger said, "Too bad, Captain, you didn't get a snapshot of him washing his stomach out."

"Yes, that would be something for one of your magazines," added Mr. Cameron, with a benevolent stare at the passenger. "And did you put the iron into him, Captain?"

"I did," answered the skipper, "and got him."

"And how much did you say he weighed?"

"Four hundred and—wait now. Yes, four hundred and twenty pounds."

"A big fellow, wasn't he? And what price did you get for him?"

"What did we get for him? Oh yes—sure—nine and three-quarter."

"Man, man!—forty dollars for him alone! And did he have any kind of a sword, George?"

"He did. A whale of a sword!"

"It must have been. Lucky he didn't drive it through the vessel. Wonderful creatures, aren't they, some kinds of fish? Dan Quinn was telling about a big halibut he saw one time on the Western Bank. He saw him take his eye out one day and polish it. Halibut-skin, they say, is the finest thing in the world for polishing eyes. Dan was so interested watching him he forgot to gaff him. He was never so sorry about anything in his life, he says. He wanted to see if it was a glass eye or a real eye. Now, was you—"

"Oh, go to the devil! Cast off that bow line, will you, Colie? You people who never saw a swordfish except when he's lying stretched out stiff on the dock, of course you know all about them." The skipper swung himself aboard, the passenger followed, Colin and Charlie cast off the bow line, and the little *Henriette*, swordfisherman, was off to sea.

A fresh southwesterly was astir as we passed out by Eastern Point. With our little auxiliary engine helping us for three miles an hour, and the *Henri-*



*ette* a fair little sailer on her own account, we figured we had a chance to overhaul the big fellow; but so long as we could see him he stayed right there, and by and by in the haze we lost him. Whether he canted off to the eastward, or whether, sailing also our course for Cape Cod, he caught an increasing breeze of wind while hid in the mists and ran straight away from us, we could not say; but whoever he was, he could sail, and even when they beat you, a fast-sailing vessel is worth noting.

It was a day to make a man over as we left Eastern Point astern. Just to look at the young blue seas was life, and if you did not care for that, the soft salt air was a nerve-cure. And a morning to see pictures, when by and by the haze dissolved before us. Two home-bound salt-fishermen, both flying topsails to the strong breeze, but neither one much more than flushing her scuppers, went swinging by like a pair of twins. From the Western Banks they were, or possibly from Flemish Cap, which is half across the ocean, and the brown rocks of Cape Ann on that sunny morning must have looked to them like mother's johnny-cake on the kitchen-table. Whoo-o-sh! the sea squished through their rolling scuppers. Whoo-o-sh!—fifteen hundred miles we've come from the eastward; in the name o' Heaven—we could almost hear them saying it—don't stop us!

The sea was more than squishing through our scuppers. Our rail was good and wet as we belted across the bay, and we were rounding Cape Cod to an increasing breeze. And the little *Henriette* rolled down, and the solid water began to come aboard; and by and by a buoy-keg went floating off her house and overboard. A fine half-barrel of a buoy-keg it was, too, neatly black and white painted, smooth and tight as a drum; a beauty of a buoy, which later, on the end of a fifty-fathom warp, ought rightly to be towing after a fat swordfish; but now she was dancing to no purpose whatever atop of the swirling seas astern. We thought the skipper would put back after it, but not so. "To the devil with it! Buy a new one—and next time you'll learn to lash it."

We may have been doing nine and a quarter knots when we floated off the

buoy, and now the fresh morning south-wester had become an afternoon gale, and already anchored in a sociable sort of way under the lee of the cape were two haddockers and a seiner, and so around came the little *Henriette*; and the peace of an anchorage with the Highlands to windward was undeniable in that blow.

A quick-thinking, quick-talking, wiry little fellow was John. Big Bill couldn't keep up with him at all. Bill's right name was not Bill. Nobody knew what it was, nor cared. Bill was probably a better one, anyway. The first peek of him as he came down the dock started John, and the eye-filling curves of him as he swung himself aboard caught the crew. After that no other name could fit him. The first time he jammed himself into the boatswain chair in the pulpit—which is where the striker takes his station to harpoon fish—the skipper went down into the cabin and tore the passenger away from the table to take a snapshot of him. "If your camera is big enough across," warned the skipper.

John used to pretend that when Bill was in the pulpit there was no seeing a good part of the forward horizon. "Shuts off all of a ha'f-p'int on each bow," John estimated. Bill couldn't see anything funny in John's talk, and put it very plainly across the supper-table one afternoon. Supper was at three o'clock, dinner at half-past nine, and breakfast at five o'clock on the *Henriette*—wholesome hours. "Somebody 'll set on you right hard some day," said Bill. "All right," retorted John, "so 'tisin't you does the settin' on," and reaches over and scoops to himself another quarter-section of apple-pie.

There was another thing—John's appetite. "There was men could pick him up an' set him on their shoulder an' didn't eat no more'n he did. Nor haff," muttered Bill. "Lard, Lard, but is it you or Fred's doin' the cookin'?" asked John, at which Fred, who was over by the stove making a handle for another sword, looks up and bristles. "Ha-a-a! what iss oud mit der cooking?"

The cook, who was a good cook, had followed the sea since he was fifteen. He was now about fifty. The big ports



of the world, he knew them all, and when he wasn't busy planing or sandpapering or squinting along the edge of another handle for another sword for some friend in Gloucester or Stoneport, he would talk about them; but what he really liked to talk about was his blueberry-patch in Stoneport, where he "owned a nice little white house with a new ciment cellar, up on the hill next the isinglass factory."

Norman was the first spectacled fisherman John had ever seen; and one day when Norman laid the glasses down, John picked them up: sure enough, truly glass. And then John sat them on his nose and picked up a newspaper. And quickly removed the glasses. "Lard, Lard, they'd sp'ile a man's eyes in no time, them. A swordfish, she'd look like a whale in them, and his sword 'd be long's a vessel's bowsprit."

Norman was a tall fellow. To give an idea to some people before we sailed of how tall Norman was, John took a run down the dock and leaped into the air and made a grab at the sky. "Where me hand touched would maybe reach to his waist," explained John. Norman wasn't quite as tall as that, but he was pretty tall. He used to let his feet hang over his bunk-board and on to the locker for comfort when he turned in; and when he did that, John and some more sometimes came and sat down on them. He slept in the cabin under the overhang. Big Bill slept under the overhang, too, in the opposite bunk. One of the recreations of the crew was to see Bill kick his way into his bunk. And it took him just as long to wiggle his way out. Feet-first he used to come, and he was no Salome. On foggy nights he turned in on the locker, and that was a feat of balancing with one arm and

one leg on the cabin floor. But Bill could sleep that way—until the watch put the vessel on the other tack. Every time the vessel tacked, Bill had to tack. Sometimes he would not wake in time.

Bill stayed clear of his bunk on foggy nights because he had long ago made up his mind that he "wasn't goin' to be sent to the bottom by no steamer collision. Leastways not if he saw her comin', and he cal'lated to see her comin'!" His last word to the next on watch at night was always: "Call me soon's you see any steamer lights. An' don't wait to diskiver if it be a po't or a sta'b'd light." When on watch on a foggy day Bill never got farther away from the fog-horn box than he could make in two leaps; and Bill was no Olympic leaper. At night Bill would take the box, which was no larger than one of those boxes a woman's big hat comes in, and carry it around deck under his arm.

Whenever the passenger stood watch with Bill he could, if he wished, have the job of working the fog-horn; that is, after he got acquainted with Bill he



NORMAN WAS THE FIRST SPECTACLED FISHERMAN JOHN HAD EVER SEEN



could. It was only after two days of side-looks at the passenger that Bill spoke to the passenger at all. And his first question was, "And what might your business be?" And the passenger replied that he supposed he would be called a newspaperman; whereupon Bill said: "Newspaperman? Meanin' to sell papers?"

"No—to sort of write for them."

"Oh, a repo'ter? M-m—police co't?"

"Police courts sometimes." Whereupon, between two blasts from the fog-horn, Bill said, "I know a man's got a nevv'y a police-co't repo'ter, but he never warn't dern fool enough to take a vacation to sea in a craft this size."

"And speakin' o' police co'ts"—between blasts from the fog-horn—the same ground out by the passenger under Bill's sleepless direction—flowed a dissertation on the world's misfortunes. Who was to the bottom of three parts of our miseries? Who? Who? Did he have to name it to make hisself understandable? Well, then, wimmin! And of wimmin Bill talked profoundly, but, alas! scandalously. He submitted a hundred concrete illustrations, to two-thirds of which he was an eye-witness, or at least a listener. (The long woo-oh-h of the fog-horn came like mournful periods to Bill's pessimistic sentences.) A most understandable and contemptuous sect. Not one of 'em ever he'd trust as far as he could see a steamer light in a black fog, and any of us knew how far that be.

On that first afternoon out, we lay to anchor under the lee of the high land on Cape Cod while the southwest gale blew itself flat. At two next morning we weighed anchor. The weather had moderated. It was too moderate. We had to depend on the motor; but it was a fine chance over the shoals. We were bound to the southward and eastward of No Man's Land, which is a little island out by itself south of Nantucket. We arrived there next morning, and that forenoon we cruised thereabout, but saw no signs of swordfish nor of the fleet. Schools of big loafers of sharks lying idle under the surface there were, but sharks bring nothing in the market.

We stood on to the eastward until we spotted the fleet. Bob Jackson, of Nan-

tucket, and Bill Johnson, of Maine; John Pettipaw and Bill Rice, of Gloucester; the *Motor* and the *Yankee*, also of Gloucester; a Provincetown schooner, the *Warren*, and a big black brute of a sloop; and another stranger which nobody could name. Tom Haile was there, too—in the *Esther Ray*. We spoke Bill Rice, him of the *Mahomet*, a sixty-ton schooner, which on our skipper's rating was as smart a vessel as anything her tonnage on the coast; that is, before she put her engine in she was.

Bill Rice had been out nine days and had forty-five fish in. He "wasn't feeling over-encouraged. Looked like poor pick-in's far as he could see." We hailed Bill Johnson in passing. Bill had a few, but not many. But John Pettipaw, of the *Nokomis*, had ninety fish and was thinking of running to market; but if they were only fetching four and three-quarters when the *Henriette* left home, then he guessed he'd wait awhile. And Captain Pettipaw waved his hand, and the *Nokomis* wore off. A soft-spoken, easy-going man was John Pettipaw, and a well-modeled boat the *Nokomis*, perhaps a ton or two larger than we were, with bright-yellow dories.

No fish in sight that afternoon; but even so the skipper took his station in the pulpit. The pulpit on a swordfisherman consists of a small wooden platform surrounded by a steel guard-rail high enough to support a tall man at about his hips, and a boatswain's chair swung from the rear. The idea is to give the striker a stand sufficiently elevated to hold him clear of all but the heavy seas, and a railing sufficiently high to hold him safe when he throws his harpoon, and yet not high enough to restrict the motions of his arms or to bind his body in any way above the waist.

As the skipper went into the pulpit the lookouts, John, Ezra, and Bennie, went aloft. The entire topmast of the *Henriette* was rigged from stay to stay with stout cross-ropes and boatswain's chairs, and up there the three men perched. John was topmost, and swung in his chair just under the truck. Ezra and Bennie were just beneath him. When they grew tired of swinging in their chairs they could stand up, one cross-line in the small of their backs, another



against their chests, their arms, if the vessel was driving into a sea, wrapped around the topmast. And they clung there in many a seaway. Moderately rough water does not preclude sword-fishing. So long as a fin will show, these men will go after them. Our skipper was in the *Henriette's* pulpit one day when the bowsprit plunged into a head sea as he drove home his iron. That head sea rose straight up and forced his south-wester up and off his head. For the rest of that day he had Norman swing the vessel off before the seas; not for fear of the seas so much as the fear of missing his fish.



"AND OF WIMMIN BILL TALKED PROFOUNDLY"

John was noted among his mates for his eyesight. The skipper could tell you of incredible distances at which John could see a fin, and even pick out a swordfish's from a shark's. There is a difference, of course. A shark's fin is largely triangular, and his tail is always moving. There is a graceful wave to a shark's tail when he is cruising. A swordfish's fin is also three-cornered, but the edges of it are curved, and the tail as it slips through the water is almost without motion. When there was a slight breeze and the sea's surface was broken into a million little wavelets, every one looking like a fin, that was when John performed miracles to the masthead.

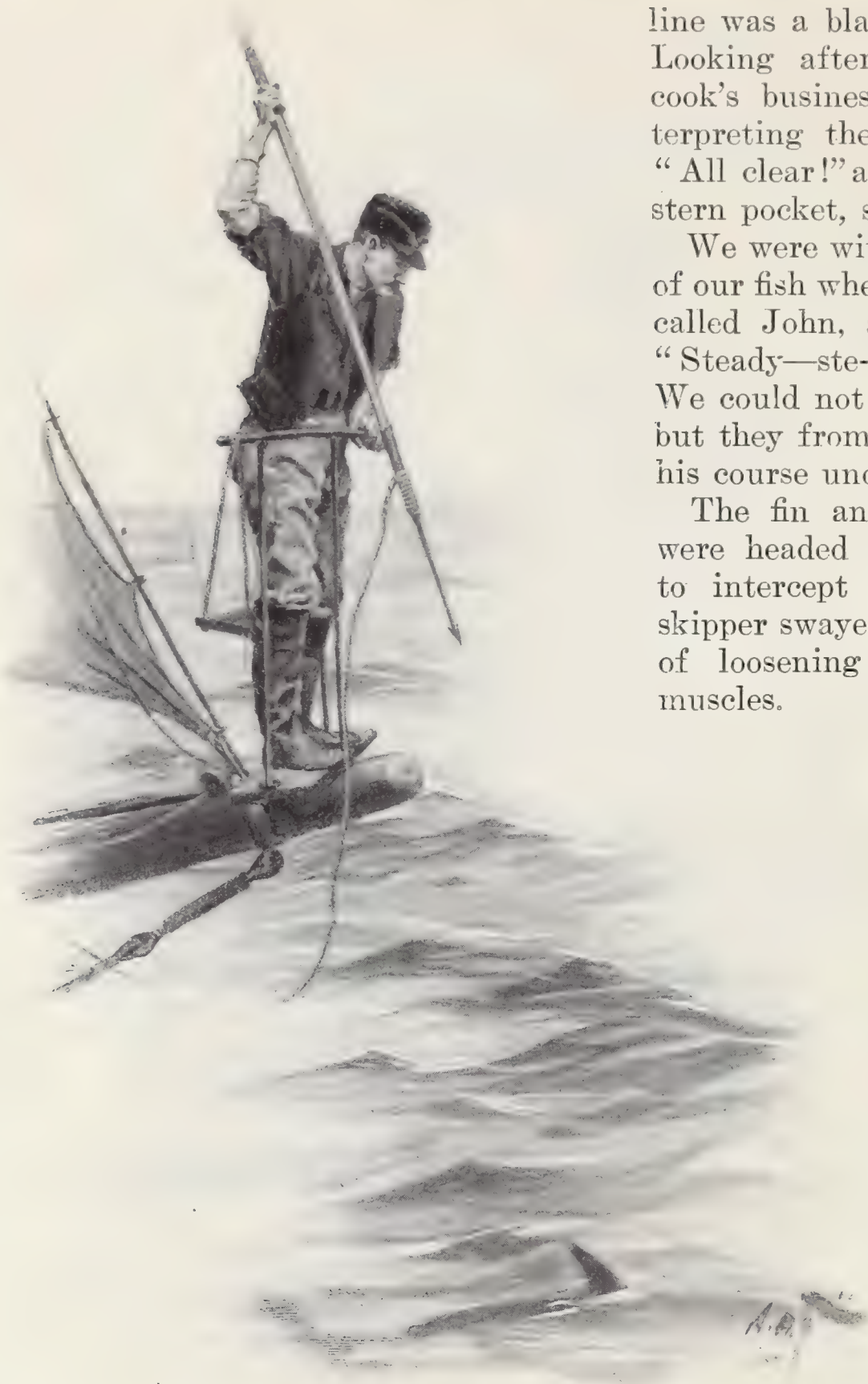
On the afternoon of that morning which saw us among the fleet we sighted fish. A cry came from aloft. The skipper stood up and unslipped his long pole. Norman's back stiffened on the wheel-

box. Bill came out of his trance, looked aloft, and shifted his gaze to leeward. The bright, bald head of the cook shone up the forecastle-hatch, and then up came himself, smoking tranquilly. He cast a peek aloft, said Fish-h! and stepped on to the deck.

"Fair abeam to loo'ard!" John called, and Norman, with eyes on the compass, put the wheel up. The passenger was looking hard, but as yet could see nothing—nothing but the corners of a million little wavelets, which might have been fish, but which he knew were not. The skipper, erect now, was balancing his pole, but without looking at it. His eyes were for fish only.

"Hard up!" came John's voice, and we all could see it swooping through the water, the curved fin and the tail moving





A SEMICIRCULAR SWOOP OF THE ARM, A BACKWARD AND DOWNWARD THRUST

steadily after it, and, judging by the distance between tail and fin, a fair-sized fellow. Our bow was swinging into line with him. Norman, at the wheel, could see nothing. "Steady!" called John. The swordfish was yet some distance ahead.

The skipper was swaying from the waist. A big-boned, rangy man the skipper, more than six feet high and wide-shouldered, with a good reach and a muscular back. He hefted his pole—a week now since he had ironed a swordfish—and looked back to see that all was clear behind him. From his iron fifty fathoms of line ran back to a tub in the waist of the vessel. To the end of that

line was a black-and-white-painted buoy. Looking after line and buoy was the cook's business; and now the cook, interpreting the skipper's look, sang out, "All clear!" and stowing his pipe in his stern pocket, stood by the tub.

We were within half the vessel's length of our fish when he disappeared. "Port!" called John, and port it was promptly. "Steady—ste-a-dy—Lard, man, steady!" We could not see the fish from the deck, but they from the masthead could follow his course under water.

The fin and tail showed again. We were headed for him, or rather headed to intercept him on his course. The skipper swayed forward and back, by way of loosening up his waist and back muscles.

We were almost on the prize now. He was cruising lazily. The skipper's right arm and shoulder were drawn back. On deck we were anticipating the stroke, but fin and tail took a sudden shoot. "Luff! luff!" yelled John. The vessel shot up, the skipper leaned far over the pulpit-rail. We, watching him, thought he was waiting too long; but looking at the surface of the water, we saw that fin and tail were in action again, the body

just under the water. From the bow-rail we could now follow the blue-black shadow, and the shadow had turned suddenly and jumped ahead; and suddenly again he was shooting diagonally across our bow. And while still wondering if the skipper would get him, after all, the passenger saw the tall man rise on his toes—and he looked nine feet tall with that long right arm raised above and behind his head—and then, whing!—a semicircular swoop of the arm, a backward and downward thrust of the pole.

"Gottim," said the cook, in his casual voice, and tossed the bight of the warp over the rail, and impassively bent on a new warp for the skipper's pole; and



the skipper, after a backward glance at the stricken fish, quickly but unhurriedly rigged a fresh iron and line to his pole. Doubtless after you have ironed a few thousand swordfish you cease to get excited over one more.

During the supreme moment of that stroke the passenger, studying the skipper, thought he would like to see him a contender in the Olympic games. The sweep and drive of arm and back as he drove the iron home—there certainly was the making of a champion javelin-thrower in the skipper.

The blue-black shadow passed back under the bilge of the vessel, and then he reappeared, but only for a moment. He was gone, deep down, and the warp was whirling out of the tub. And in no time the entire line was gone, and the buoy too. And dancing on the little wavelets went the black-and-white-painted keg at a good clip. And then under it went, but not for long. Up it came, and around in a quarter-circle, and then straight away again with a grand little wake after it. And during this time the dory had been dropped over the side, and Bill had dropped into the dory, and was now headed for the buoy.

Fishermen tell you wonderful stories of the endurance of a harpooned swordfish; our skipper told of one that towed a buoy five miles after he had been ironed through the heart. This one, we knew,

had been ironed deep, and yet he took that buoy at a lively pace, and even after Bill had caught up with the buoy and taken the warp inboard he had to let it go; and again that happened. But Bill had him at last, or so it looked to us from the vessel—buoy in, warp in, the fish alongside—and was about to put the final touch to him, to lance him in the head, when, whir-h-h! tail and sword beat the sea fiercely, and we saw Bill cast him loose.

Now if John, or Norman, or Ezra, or Bennie had that fish snubbed up under the gunwale like that, they would have finished him. If he was as long and big around as a dory, be sure they would, or would try to; but getting on to middle age was Bill, and fishing to him was a living, not an adventure. Bill probably had in mind a clear picture of every doryman that was ever killed swordfishing, and he was going after them in his own way. He'd "get 'em just the same. Just let that fish play hisself out"; which he did after an hour or so, and then Bill hauled him under the dory's quarter, and reached over and lanced him furiously. A dozen times he drove the long blade into the head. The fish flurried around, of course, and churned white water, but a dozen deep lance-thrusts did for him. And then Bill hitched him around the tail and waited for the vessel; and Norman, who had a windward eye on the dory all the time, put over to him, and the dory-



TAIL AND SWORD BEAT THE SEA FIERCELY, AND WE SAW BILL CAST HIM LOOSE



tackle was lowered and hooked under the tail-knot, and the fish hauled in. For a few seconds he hung there, tail up and head down, inside the main rigging, and then he was lowered to the deck.

A handsome fish, as are all swordfish when fresh caught, plump and tapering in body, with pointed head and large, protruding eyes, his skin a lovely, dripping blue-black, a blue-black which had not faded hours later when he was lowered into the hold to be placed on ice. And to give an idea how deep-loaded these swordfishers are sometimes with ice: in the *Henriette* the cook had a fine, large round of beef on top of the ice in the hold; but to make room for that first swordfish the cook's round of beef had to come out on deck.

But before the fish saw the hold he had to be dressed, and Bill had to do the dressing; for from the moment the others saw the fish safely ironed they had gone about their work, which was to sight and chase and iron more fish. Bill's first stroke was to cut off the sword—a moderately good sword about three feet long. And presently (he had been a handsome creature alive) the fish was become an attractive food-product, which would bring anywhere from three to fifteen cents a pound on the dock.

He weighed, possibly, two hundred and fifty pounds—a good big fellow. “And don't go to believin' he warn't lively, 'cause he was,” announced Bill. “Jist the size to fight—I don't take no chances with them kind.” And then—Bill was at that moment slicing off a fin—the passenger and the cook went looking for the mark of the iron. They had to roll him over before they could draw out the iron, which had gone diagonally through his body at its thickest part, and was now hanging out with six inches of the line on the under side of him. A superb stroke that; the cook explained that he had seen the skipper drive his iron clean through the back-bone and then on through the skin. And Norman, who was listening, added, “And 'tain't often he misses, either,” from the wheel-box.

That was our first swordfish; and getting one fish was much like getting another, except that some fought harder than the first one, and a few were larger, though most of them were smaller; but

there were no dories pierced, as is so often the case—three on the previous trip of the *Henriette*, for instance—and nobody nearly killed. But we had our excitement later.

One evening the skipper called the passenger on deck to view a sunset, and the passenger detached himself from the cook and his monologue on blueberries and went up, to discover that the skipper had an eye for color. It was the sea. More colors there than a man could name, coming and going on a surface that was lifting and falling to the most gentle swell, and smooth as oiled silk. And for sky: clear as could be overhead, but near the horizon pillared clouds with gashes of green and purple and a hundred delicate tints.

“Wind there, an easterly, and plenty of it, you'll see,” prophesied the skipper.

“Soon?”

“Ought to be here to-morrow.”

To-morrow came, but no breeze. The skipper felt put out. “I'd 'a' bet on it,” he said. That night came an ugly sunset. No translucent sea of color this time, but a gray tossing and murmuring, and, showing behind among the clouds, long, deep-red streaks paralleling the restless horizon.

The day after that it came. In the morning nothing, or at least not enough to prevent a hope of fish. “Just a good liver-shaker aloft,” was what Ezra termed it; but pleasant enough on deck until ten o'clock.

From out of the sea came a stirring, but nothing to be noticed, except for what it might presage. Another stirring, and the skipper came unhurriedly in from the pulpit, and the lookout slid easily down from the masthead. They took sail off her, all but her foresail. No orders were given to hurry over it. It came off as it had a hundred other times, quietly, quickly. The skipper looked her over, walked the quarter awhile, and then said, “I guess we'd better reef that fores'l.” And the foresail was reefed, and everybody stood around for a while. And Norman, a great fellow to keep looking clean, said he guessed he'd take a chance to shave himself, and then he took another look and said he guessed he wouldn't.



While a man would be drawing on a pair of rubber boots it came—oh, whistling. And four hours of it followed—wind to blow a man's ears off. And rain! Oh, rain! And seas! But nothing to worry over, except that John felt put out because the rain would not let him look to windward. Not rain in sheets, nothing so pleasant as that; but in drops which drove home like bullets. Following that the real thing came. For an hour or so the wind really blew. During that first four hours it may have been blowing seventy or eighty miles an hour, but now it was truly blowing. Nobody wanted to look to windward now. Nobody wanted to look any place unless he had to; and the quality of the seas was beginning to measure up to the wind. Man is a puissant being sometimes; but at other times!— We just waited and let it blow, let it roar; for there are times when the Unseen holds you as the wind holds any one of those billion trillion little drops of rain.

That wind moderated to fifty miles or so, but the seas mounted even higher. Seas to make your back ache just to look up at them. And the wind backed into the northwest and the seas came two ways together. No dodging them at all now, and the little *Henriette*, stripped to her last little white shift—a corner of a storm trysail—lay to a drogue and took it.

Now when your capable fishing-master gets down to a drogue it is bad weather. For the first time in thirty-five years in seafaring our cook saw a small vessel stand up and take a real beating. Long before this the cook had got into oilskins. And when our cook got into oilskins in the forecastle, and forgot to cook a blueberry stew, be sure it was bad weather. The little *Henriette*, the deep-laden *Henriette*—thirteen tons net register, and thirty tons of ice in her hold—she lay there and took it.

The little *Henriette*, yes; but the stout *Henriette* also. When she was building, it was the skipper himself who drove every bolt into her, and he saw to it that her timbers were heavy enough for a vessel twice her tonnage. Believe him, a vessel, the *Henriette*!—a solid block of oak. She lay there, and “Come on, damn you, and get me!” John could hear her saying plain as could be.

Of course she could not do it all herself. After all, she was no five-hundred-foot steamer that, no matter how it came, all you had to do was to let her lay, and no harm came to her. There were the moments when it was up to the skipper and her crew; but a capable master-mariner of Gloucester on her quarter, and a quick-moving, intelligent crew in her waist—when your vessel is well-found, leave the rest of it to them. Even Bill, for whom no immortal hope flamed, stood there and looked the worst of it in the eye, and, except during that bad hour, bit off his chaws of tobacco evenly. They were all there, and there on the jump, when wanted. No talk, no hesitancy—the word was passed and the word was carried out. And by seven o'clock that night the cook had shed his oilskins. The little *Henriette* had ridden out the gale in glory. To be sure, it was a thunderer of a night which followed, with seas pounding her solid little head, but the morning showed a silver sunrise and a little schooner bowing humorous-like to the puzzled ocean.

Not all the other little swordfishermen were there. Bill Johnson was there, and the big, ugly sloop, and we fancied we could see Bill Rice and another on the horizon. But where was the *Nokomis*? And the *Meteor*? And Bob Jackson? And the *Warren*, of Provincetown? We made sail, and after a time the big sloop with the ugly bow also made sail. And we jogged back to where we had left the good fishing, and, the sea having moderated sufficiently, the lookout went aloft and the skipper resumed his station in the pulpit.

But the storm had scattered the fish. There was not even the usual lot of hammer-headed sharks loafing just under the surface. So, with a notion of exchanging views, the skipper ran down to speak Bill Johnson, but as we drew near he decided to take a dory and go aboard and have a good talk.

Bill himself took our painter and passed it on to one of his crew. “No,” he said to our skipper's first question—“no sign o' fish to-day. Guess that breeze druv 'em off. If they don't show up by to-night ag'in, I'm goin' to the east'ard and see what's there. Come below.”





#### SEAS TO MAKE YOUR BACK ACHE TO LOOK UP AT THEM

The famous Bill sat on a locker, and, picking up a piece of red cedar, began to whittle it. Bill's half-bared chest seemed to be trying to burst through his undershirt, and above his shirt his seamed neck rose ruggedly. Neck, arms, and chest were burned red. His beard, red in the shadows and gold in the sun, was ten days old at least.

Our skipper selected one of Bill's cedar shavings, and putting an exquisite point to it, began to pick his teeth. "Do you know, Bill, but I'm worried about some of the fleet."

"Me too—after yestiddy." And this one and that one was mentioned. Particularly were fears expressed for the safety of the Provincetown schooner, and there was a word of Bob Jackson.

"I guess Bob 'd know, if anybody would, 'bout the surf on this coast; but if 'twas me, I wouldn't make no mistake 'bout the count, would you? Well, I hope he is all right, but I'm worrit about him, too. How'd you make out in it, George?"

"Oh, it didn't hurt us any."

"Nor us. But come nigh to it. Rolled our sheer-poles under."

"Get out!"

"Yes, sir."

"You mean once in a while?"

"Once in a while? Hell, no!—reg'lar. Canvas? Not a stitch of canvas on her to the time. Didn't leave anything loose on her deck, nuther. Washed over everything that wasn't bolted. I never see that afore—not no vessel ever I was in—not with no sail to her. And it warn't lettin' up, so I ran her off under bare poles."

"Bare poles? Go 'way!"

"I sure did. And glad not to be lost. I don't want to see another day like yestiddy. No, sir, not 's long as I live. You lose anything, George?"

"Not a thing, Bill. Never saw anything like the way she rode it. She's the greatest thing of her tonnage, that little vessel, sailin' out o' Gloucester to-day, I do believe. Had three buoy-kegs on her break, and only lashed with a little harpoon warp, and they never stirred. Dry as an oven, warn't she?" the skipper appealed to the passenger, and the passenger, recalling the time he had inadvertently stepped off the main-hatch and into enough swash in her waist to fill his boots with solid water before he could hop back; and that other time when John, happening to take a glance over his shoulder, broke a most humorous observation midway to get a quick



toehold and scramble up the trysail-hoops—the passenger, recalling these and a dozen other diverting but unordered incidents about the *Henriette*, but also remembering that the skipper was talking about his own vessel, and also trying not to be hypnotized by Bill Johnson's expanding smile, answered, "Well, there was one time, Skipper, I thought I saw a couple of spoonfuls dribble over her rail."

And the strong, even, tobacco-stained teeth of Bill Johnson broke wide apart, and Bill fetched up a most sea-going roar. "Oh, I guess there *was* a couple o' spoonfuls. I guess you had your worriments, too, George, and I'm afeard there's some of 'em had more than worriment. I'd like it a heap to hear they was all safe, for 'twas a bad day yes-tiddy."

"That's what it was, Bill. A good breeze o' wind I call it."

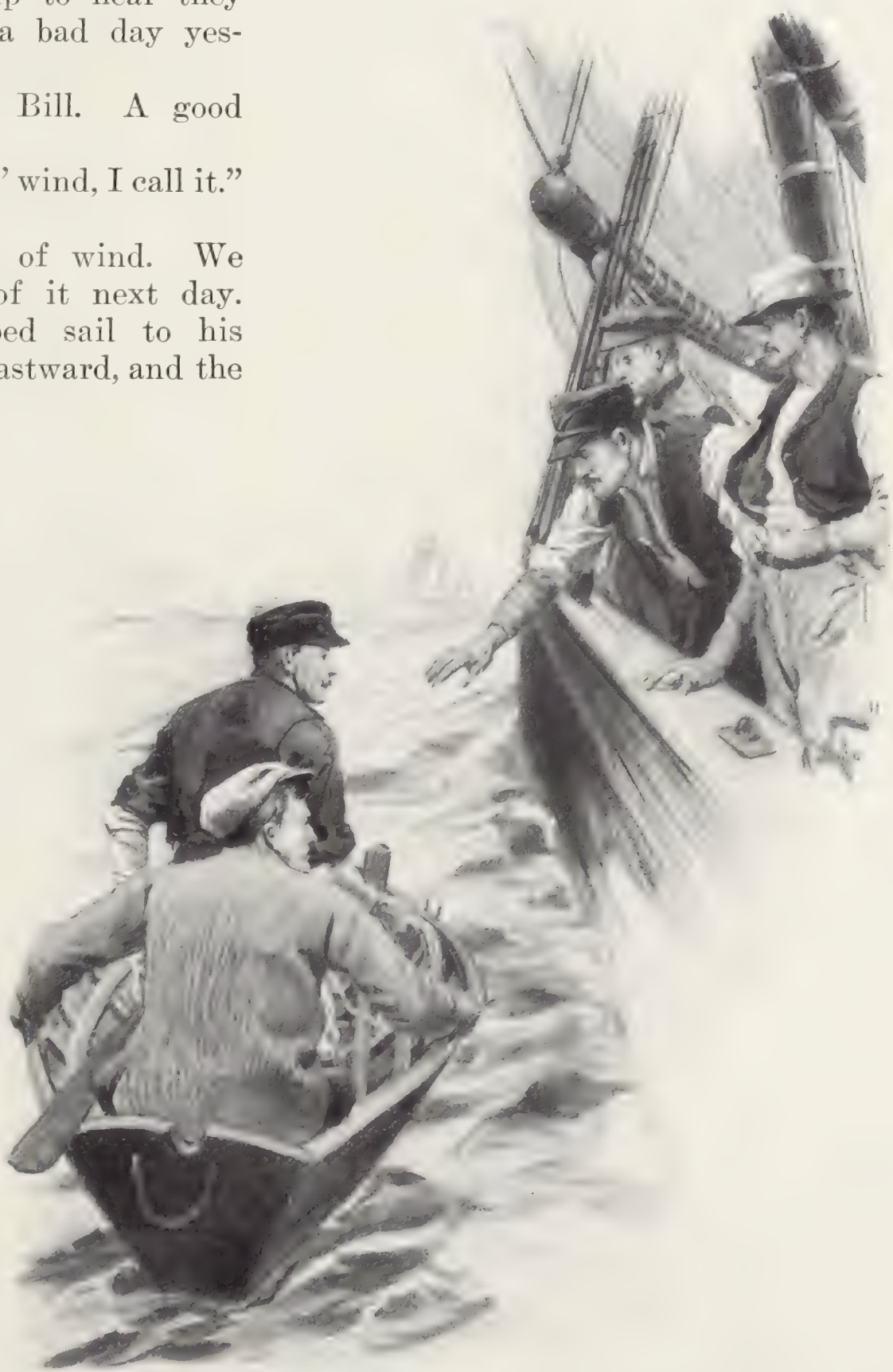
"A *damn* good breeze o' wind, I call it."

It *was* a good breeze of wind. We picked up other proof of it next day. Bill Johnson had slapped sail to his *Fannie* and gone to the eastward, and the skipper had decided to run for Newport, and so we were on our way. The middle of the morning it was, a fine day, and as we were still hoping for fish, the look-outs were aloft. Ezra called out something and pointed, and we all looked. It was part of a drifting mast, the lower part broken off raggedly from a foot or two above the saddle to the step, which sets into the keelson.

We let it drift on by, but a few minutes later Ezra pointed out a floating gasoline-barrel; and by and by another. The skipper put off in a dory and got that second barrel. A float-

ing gasoline-barrel may mean nothing—it could have been washed off her deck, off anybody's deck. But there was a hole in the head of this one—made by an ax. And only fishermen frequented the shoal water hereabouts, and fishermen don't pour oil to smooth a sea unless they are in a bad way. And then we saw a dory bottom up. "A yellow dory," somebody said. "A yellow dory," somebody else said, "and 'twas a white-painted saddle to that mast a while ago." Everybody repeated that, and then suddenly nobody seemed to be saying any more about it.

The skipper also put off to get the dory. It was some little trouble to right the capsized dory from our dory gunwale, but we did it after a while. A part of a sword



BILL HIMSELF TOOK OUR PAINTER AND PASSED IT ON TO ONE OF HIS CREW



had been driven through her bottom, which happens often and meant nothing; but there was the name on her bow—*Nokomis*. We took the dory aboard our vessel and went on. The six inches of a sword sticking through her bottom could be drawn out and the gash calked, and she yet be made to do good service.

A dory, too, could be washed off the deck of a fishing-vessel, so that didn't prove anything; but the lower end of the mast, and the oil-barrel with the hole in the head—altogether it didn't look good. And then we picked up part of a booby-hatch and, close by, two hatch-covers. And then Bill identified them as from off the *Nokomis*. He had been a trip on her that spring. Her masts were painted white from saddle to deck, and that drifting spar was about the size of a mainmast for a vessel of the *Nokomis's* tonnage.

"She's broke up. Good-by, *Nokomis*," said our skipper, and Big Bill went on to tell about John Pettipaw. "Easy-goin', nothin' worrit him. The finest kind of a chap," said Bill. "Mebbe he didn't worry enough."

And then we picked up the watermelon. Everybody knew that Pettipaw's cook, Bill said, was a great fellow to ship a few watermelons, and always kept a couple to cut on the passage home. And men don't throw watermelons overboard. This one must have floated out of her hold, which meant she had broken up: the mast, the booby-hatch, the hatch-covers, and now the melon. It was John who spied the melon from aloft, but we would have missed it only for Ezra. He made a flying leap into the dory towing astern, and, leaning far enough out to lay the dory on her side, he spread wide his hands, and the melon just naturally floated right over the gunwale and into his arms, and Ezra hugged it to his bosom.

Bill took the melon when it was passed up over the rail and tested it for soundness. "Only one little soft spot," he announced, and without any foolish delay got his dressing-knife and cut it up. "Poor old *Nokomis*, I wonder where ye be now," observed Bill, and cautiously tasted the melon. "Not a touch o' salt," he declared, and cut into it more deeply. "Poor old *Nokomis*, I'm sorry for yer,"

and handed himself a fat slice. Three melancholy bites of that and he threw the rind over the side; and he had another slice, and studied that rind, too, as it slowly sank under our quarter. Well, his old shipmates were gone, that was sure. With his tongue he worked the juicy shreds from the far corners of his mouth. He was staring outboard. Why be downcast? He faced inboard, and cast a side-look at the watermelon. He contemplated what was left of that, by now a hollow shell. At last he spoke: "Poor *Nokomis*! But a damn good-tastin' melon, warn't she?"

We raised Point Judith Light after a night of plugging and watching through a black fog, with Bill standing by the fog-horn and seeing steamer lights on all sides of him; but now we were in Newport Harbor in the reassuring dawn.

Tied up on the side of Long Wharf when we got in was the *Esther Ray*, Captain Tom Haile, whom we had not seen since before the breeze. Bill, like a good gossip, waddled over to get the news, and soon came galloping back. "The *Nokomis* is gone." Well, we expected that. "But what d'y' know—four of 'em saved! Tom Haile he picked 'em up, yes. No, Pettipaw ain't among 'em. Tom he picked 'em up in a dory. They was adrift."

"In a dory? In the breeze?"

"In part of it."

"Well, what d'y' know about that!"

"They had buoy-kegs to their risin's."

"That's what saved 'em, maybe, but even with the kegs, how'd they live through it?"

"I dunno. They don't know themselves—not yet. It's too soon. But here they're comin' back in tow o' Charlie Cross. Charlie an' Tom Haile an' some of the fish-buyers here chipped in an' took 'em up the street to rig 'em out."

Charlie Cross began to sputter forty feet away. "That three-stranded, left-handed, double-twisted robber of a clothin'-dealer, what d'y' think of *him*? Told 'm the story, but d'y' think he'd take a cent off? Not an ossified cent, the cross-eyed old rat! But there was a Jew we got the shoes of, and he gave 'em for what they cost. The Jew was



all right. He takes a look at Shorty there. 'Gan id be possible such a leedle fellow go through such terrible habbenings?' he said. What d'y' think of Shorty's new rig, anyway? Show 'em, Shorty."

Shorty stood forth, and Cross revolved him for inspection. "We had to saw a foot off the pants for him—see?" explained Charlie, "and the coat comes kind o' low down; but not so bad, heh, for ten bucks?"

"I suppose you'll be right back again, Shorty?" somebody asked.

"Where? Inside old South Shoal? Not me, boy." He threw both hands high. "Never again!"

Three days later the passenger was standing on Cameron's Wharf in Gloucester with Colin MacPherson, Louis Vinot, and Mr. Cameron.

The *Nokomis*, the *Warren*, and the stranger were known to be lost. Three of that little fleet of eleven were gone, and Bob Jackson not heard from. The stories were crossing one another in the air. Across the slip lay the *Meteor*, with both masts and her bowsprit broken off short; not a thing left on her deck except a few twisted yarns of her shrouds; and the *Yankee*, with her flag at half-mast, was in after a hard experience.

And down to Cameron's Wharf came Shorty, and he told how he felt when the sea washed over him while he was at the masthead of the *Nokomis*, just before she started to break up in the shoal water.

"And what were you thinking of that time, Shorty?"

"Thinkin'? I wasn't thinkin'. I was just hangin' on. But I could just see a light-green color over my head when it was passin'."

"Some wet, Shorty?"

"Wet? Wet! I looks myself over after it passed and I says to myself: 'If somebody was to come along now and give you a cigar and a match, where would you light your match? Not on the seat o' your pants, Shorty, that's sure.' And we had a hundred and seven fish in our hold and was goin' home next day!"

"A hundred and seven fish?" Mr. Cameron stroked his beard and did some lightning figuring. "The way the mar-

ket is to-day, Shorty, you'd share a hundred and fifty dollars. Hard luck."

And then Colin MacPherson butted in. "Did the *Henriette* take any seas over her bow?" he demanded of the passenger.

"She was taking them over both bows one time."

"Hah!" squealed Colin, and pointed one lean forefinger, curved like a fish-hook, at Louis Vinot. "Didn't I say she wass down by the head going out? Didn't I? 'She hass thirty tons of ice in her, and she iss down by the head,' I said."

"You said?"

"Yess, I said."

And then along came Shorty's chum, Pat Ryan, with a suit-case; and possibly a good thing, too, for Colin and Louis could by now be heard up on Main Street.

"Where you going, Pat?"

"I got a chance on the *Henriette*—going to squeeze in one more trip sword-fishing before the season's over."

"I thought you were done with sword-fishing down South Shoal way?"

"I thought so, too, but I haven't heard the gover'ment's paying any pensions to wrecked fishermen, have you? I've a wife and two children at home."

"And you, too, Shorty?"

"Sure."

"I thought it was never again for you?"

"Aw-w!" Shorty took one voluptuous drag from his fat five-cent cigar and whoofed the smoke out toward the harbor. "I've had a couple o' nights' good sleep since then."

"What d'y' think of 'em, Colin?"

"Crazy," said Colin. "But a man hass to make a leaving some way, I s'pose. Look at me, hass to put in ten hours a day ship-carpenterin'."

"How about me?" demanded Louis.

Two hours later, with his long forefinger Colin indicated to Louis a little schooner warping out of the slip. "There iss that one going again, and she hass thirty tons of ice in her, and down by the head again."

"That one" was the little *Henriette*, swordfisherman, and Shorty and Pat were hoisting her jibs, and the others of the old crew, except Bill and Bennie, were waving cheerful so-longs from her waist and quarter.



# Mary Felicia

BY ALICE BROWN

WHEN Larry Gordon came back to East Windsor to look at his grandfather's place, just inherited, and make up his mind about selling it, he found the little neighborhood in an uproar. Mary Felicia Blake had left her uncle's house, where she was the adopted daughter and "kindly treated," and walked fifteen miles on the road to running away. Larry himself had run away years before because he wanted to be an artist, and he had ended in turning out a very creditable architect. Therefore there was understanding in his tone when he asked his aunt, Mrs. Littleton:

"What did she run away for?"

Mrs. Littleton was sitting by the window they always called the grape window, it was so embowered, hulling strawberries. She was a blond, redundant lady with a fine pink complexion and a tremulous double chin. Larry, himself blond and abounding in the brightness of youth, thought what a dear she was, and how the high light of her gold-rimmed glasses became her face. Only that morning he had been watching the light on Uncle Pike's bald head while they knelt in prayer. It fascinated him. He sometimes considered high lights the most absorbing thing in nature. Aunt Littleton tossed him over a strawberry, dark red and colossal in girth, and he caught it so lightly that not a cushiony boss of it was scarred. She spoke in her warm, throaty contralto.

"Well, I 'most think it's on account o' the weddin'."

"Whose wedding?"

"Hers. She's goin' to marry Aaron Randolph."

"I didn't know Aaron Randolph had a son."

"Why, he ain't. He ain't never been married. It's Aaron Randolph himself."

"What! That old pill?" inquired Larry. "Why, he's twenty years older than I am."

"He's a real nice man," said Aunt Littleton, prudently, remembering he was a neighbor. "He owns 'most all the property on the Branch Road."

"How old's Mary Felicia?" asked Larry, in a quick perversity of argument.

"Oh, I guess she's eighteen."

"Poor little beggar! And they're going to marry her to auld Robin Gray!"

"No, no," said Aunt Littleton, who was not widely conversant with ballads. "It's Aaron Randolph."

Larry got up and walked to the stove where the kettle was boiling for tea. He lifted the kettle-cover absently, burned his fingers, and dropped it with a clang.

"You might put in a dipperful o' cold," said Aunt Littleton, comfortably. "I don't like to have it bile all away to emptins."

Larry did it deftly, but he kept muttering. Hands in pockets, he confronted his aunt.

"Did she really run away?" he inquired, as if he dared her to deny it.

"Well, if you can call it that," said Aunt Littleton. "Anyways, she walked fifteen mile on the Glass-works Road, an' when her uncle overtook her Herman Slate happened to be ridin' by, an' he heard her say she didn't know where she was goin'. So her Uncle Peacham he says to her: 'Then you jump in here an' I'll show you where you're goin'. You're goin' home 'long o' me.'"

"The old Mormon!"

"No, no, Larry," said Aunt Littleton. "He ain't a Mormon. He ain't had but one wife, an' he's a real kind, indulgent man."

"Then you don't think he's pushing Mary Felicia on to marry Robin Gray?"

"Aaron Randolph 'tis. Why, yes, I s'pose he is. He's forehanded himself, an' he's lookin' out for her good. He'll bring it to pass, too. They're God-fearin' folks, but if they see it's best for a thing to be done, they'll hang on



till they fetch it. Look how they got the new school-house opposite to their house when it seemed as if every single voter but Peacham wanted it on Ox Hill."

"Yes," Larry muttered. "They did want it, and they got it, and it served 'em right. They blotted out the most stunning view an obstinate old heathen ever had from his unworthy veranda."

"Well," said Aunt Littleton, peaceably, "you couldn't blame 'em for wantin' to board the teacher. I s'pose they thought that would bring 'em in full as much as the view. Here's father. Now you come to supper, an' mebbe 'fore dark we shall hear somethin' about Mary Felicia."

Larry grunted in a manner that indicated unclassified emotions, and talked very fast and hard all through supper, because he was clever as to the ways of folks, and he knew aunt and uncle thought it brilliant and liked it. But once he broke short off in a description of London's underground railway and asked:

"When's she going to be married?"

"Who?" Aunt Littleton asked, and uncle stared at him mildly.

"Mary Felicia."

"Oh! Wednesday, they say. That was the day 'twas set for."

"And this is Monday," said Larry. "By George!"

Then he went on talking about ventilation underground.

In about an hour from that time Mary Felicia, alone in her little back chamber, heard a knock at the front door below. She waited a full five minutes, wondering whether she ought to answer it. Aunt and uncle had gone to the Street to carry the eggs, and had bidden her not to leave the house. She had given them her "solemn promise," and quite willingly, because escape looked very futile now, and, after the way uncle had talked to her and aunt had cried, almost disgraceful. But the knock came again, and she smoothed her hair and went down.

There on the step, outside the screen, she saw what her surprised mind at once classified as a beautiful young man. Larry had his hat off, and he was smiling at her. The smile was warm and sweet from his indignant sympathy,

consciously sweet because he meant to make himself as charming as he could; but it flickered away from his mouth and up into his eyes when he saw how enchanting she was: a slip of a thing with pale, tossed hair and lovely brows, and eyes all a sad dismay. Larry wished his painting hand were as expert as he had once tried to make it. She needed only a child's head against her slender shoulder to look the half-divine mother stepped in haste into summer from her dewy spring. Larry spoke softly in a most persuasive voice.

"Are you Mary Felicia?"

She nodded and smiled a little. This was only to be kind, for the sad eyes kept their distended gloom.

"I came to see you," said Larry. "I've got to see you. Could you come out and walk a step, so nobody will hear?"

Mary Felicia felt not the slightest distrust of him or of his methods. She behaved exactly like the little four-footed folk that were such friends of Larry, and he found he had known she would. She pushed open the screen door a hospitable space.

"Nobody 'll hear now," she said, in her clear, girlish voice. "I'm all alone."

Larry at once stepped in, and she led him to the kitchen at the end of the hall. Just why she had not chosen the sitting-room Mary Felicia did not know. Perhaps it was because the kitchen had a light and seemed more welcoming. There she stood in the middle of the room and waited for him to speak, and the dark beams above her head made a setting for her golden beauty.

Larry drew out a chair from among its mates, arow against the wall, and placed it for her. Mary Felicia took it quietly, and the pale rose mounted to her cheeks. Perhaps no one had ever given her a chair in that manner before. Then Larry fell upon Grandfather Peacham's old arm-chair by the fireplace and pulled it out for himself with no such impressive implication that it was important whether he sat down or not. Now he was opposite her and rather near. Mary Felicia was very straight in the high-backed chair, and Larry could not, as Aunt Littleton would have put it, "keep his eyes off her" for admiration.





THE KNOCK CAME AGAIN, AND SHE SMOOTHED HER HAIR AND WENT DOWN

"Mary Felicia," said he, "are you going to be married on Wednesday?"

It was as if his hand had struck her face and left it white and smitten. But she did not answer.

"You've got to tell me," said Larry. He was hardening his heart against that look of hers, because he knew he had got to strike her again. "Are you going to marry Aaron Randolph?"

Then she put her hands to her face and began to sob. They were dry sobs, and they seemed to rend her delicate body. Larry looked on for one second, and he found they were more than he could bear. He got on his feet and raged up and down the room. He took the tin dipper from the sink shelf and threw it against the wood-box with an angry force. Mary Felicia's hands dropped from her face, and she stared at the misused dipper lying face downward among the wood. A little smile crinkled up her eyes.

"Only see," she said, just as Aunt

Littleton might have spoken, "how you've dented it."

Larry gave a shout of laughter that was half a joyous pæan. It seemed to him he had done excellently well.

"I'll straighten it up before I go," he said. He took out his watch. "Mary Felicia, how soon will they be home?"

"Perhaps not for an hour," said Mary Felicia. She had a beautiful low voice with thrilling tones in it. Those notes seemed to prophesy the measure of what she would have to say if great emotions made their welcome call to her. Larry returned the watch to his pocket and resumed his chair.

"Now, Mary Felicia," said he, "you've got to answer and answer sharp. Do you want to marry that old mummy?"

Her face answered for her. She did not move an eyelash, but looked at him as sternly as he looked at her. The look seemed to ask him what business his intruding feet were making in her sad young life.



"Very good," said Larry, as if she had answered. "Now, when are you going to see Randolph again?"

This time she spoke.

"Wednesday." Her dumb lips seemed hardly to manage it.

"The day he expects to marry you?"

"Yes."

"And not before?"

The time had come, she saw, to speak, for the little that was left of her maiden pride demanded it.

"I told them I couldn't see him. If he came before—if I saw him once—I couldn't marry him."

"And yet you're going to marry him. Mary Felicia, you're a fool."

He thought he was lashing her into some spirit by that, but she only looked at him wistfully, and her pretty head abased itself.

"Yes," she said, "I guess I am."

Larry put out his hands toward her. She was so much a child that he had a quick impulse to beg her to come to him to be comforted. But she was a maiden grown, and he could not. He ventured the one tremendous question. It would rouse her into something.

"Do you love him?"

It did rouse her. She sprang from her chair so violently that it fell behind her.

"No," she cried, and the thrilling voice rang beautifully.

"Then," said Larry, also on his feet, "what are you marrying him for?"

"You don't understand," said Mary Felicia, in a hurry of hot words. "They took me when my mother died. They're fond of me. I'm fond of them. They've set their hearts on it."

"That's not all," said Larry. He watched her steadily. "Those are silly reasons for a brave girl like you."

"Oh," she cried, "do you know everything?"

"Pretty nearly," said Larry, keeping a grip on himself. "But you tell me, just the same, what's the real reason?"

Her lips began to tremble, her hands too. She spoke chatteringly, as one who has a chill.

"There's my brother. He lives out West. He took money. They paid it back. But he'll take more. And he said—he said—"

"Who said? Randolph?"

She nodded. "He said whatever happened he'd keep an eye on him. He'd make it his responsibility."

There she stood shuddering, and Larry looked at her. His eyes were hot, and he didn't care. He wished he could have cried outright to persuade her to it also.

"Mary Felicia," said he, softly, "you're an angelic little fool." He picked up the chair, and she sank upon it. "Now," said Larry, "what are you going to do?"

She looked at him as if he were a delivering angel. Larry was standing, hands in his pockets, frowning introspectively.

"In the first place," said he, "discard that argument. Shuffle again. Old Randolph thinks he'll stand by, but he won't, at least if it means money."

"Oh yes, he will," returned Mary Felicia. "His word is as good as his bond." This she said as if she had been rehearsed in it.

"Very well," conceded Larry, "say he will. But you don't love him, and you can't marry him. I forbid it."

Mary Felicia looked at him without surprise or questioning; only in adoration.

"I've got to give myself away," said Larry. "I came over here to-night to rescue you, but I've changed my mind." The look of panic swept into her eyes, but she did not speak. "I meant to get you out of your hole," said Larry, "and set you on the road to freedom. I'm always getting things out of traps. Always was, since I was a boy. Rather do it than eat. But now I've seen you, I find I've got to set a trap for you myself. Mary Felicia, won't you walk into it? Do please walk into it." He was half laughing now and very much confused, and Mary Felicia, feeling for his mysterious distress, tried smiling at him.

"The trouble is," said Larry, "I don't want you to marry Aaron. I want you to marry me." He remembered how Aunt Littleton would put it, and tried the vernacular. "Don't you think you could fetch it, Mary Felicia?"

Mary Felicia had never been so astonished in her life. She was not confused; only sobered by the wonder of it.

"Why," said she, "you don't know me."

"Well, when it comes to that," said Larry — "when it comes to that, you don't know me. Who am I?"





"THEN WHAT ARE YOU MARRYING HIM FOR?"

Mary Felicia looked at him a full minute, and passed her hand across her eyes as if he were a vision.

"I don't know," said she. Then they both laughed.

"Well," said Larry, "I'll tell you who I am—in a minute. But first I think it will be nicer to play the other way. They used to do that in old times. The prince and princess used to love each other even when they didn't know they were prince and princess. I'm in love with you, Mary Felicia. What do you think of that?"

She thought excellently well of it, he

could see. A little flush ran into her cheeks. Her delicate lips were opening to quicker breath.

"I've been in love twice before," said Larry, hurriedly. It seemed possible she might not take this well. "Once because she had red hair. I used to follow her round, and when I got presented to her I found she liked bacteria through a microscope. The other one got married, and I've forgotten her name. I've been a decent fellow. I haven't done anything I can't tell you. Mary Felicia, what do you think?"

He was gazing at her with that warm,



fascinating smile he sometimes used to make shy children bolder. But it was an honest smile. He really liked the children, and as for Mary Felicia, he adored her. She couldn't answer. Her wondering eyes dwelt on his face, questioning, and, he could not help seeing, amazingly gracious toward him.

"Well," said Larry. His lip trembled a little. He felt that, and held it firm. "Going to be in love with me, Mary Felicia?"

"Oh!" she breathed. It sounded as if he had invited her to come straight-way into a fairy-tale. "I guess so."

Then Larry wanted to kiss her, and, thinking he ought not at such short notice, when he might really be charming her with no lasting spell save her longing to escape old Aaron, yet put out his arms to her. She was walking into them, fascinated, as he saw; but something within her must have sounded a recalling note. She stopped. Royal color swept into her face and her blue eyes darkened.

"Why," said Mary Felicia, "I can't do that. I'm engaged to him."

"So you are," said Larry, watching her and liking her better and better.

"I should be a horrid girl if I did that," said Mary Felicia, in a rage at herself. Larry wanted to know one thing very much, and scoffed inwardly at himself for caring. Yet it was a gleeful scoffing, after all. He was glad he was not too worldly wise to care.

"Mary Felicia," said he, as shame-facedly as a boy, "has old Aaron ever kissed you?"

She looked at him hotly. He thought her as pretty a vision of virginity insulted as he had ever seen, and longed for brush and canvas, a surer eye, a defter hand.

"No," said she, "nor nobody else. And I never did myself, never in my life—and Aunt Peacham only once or twice."

"Then Aunt Peacham doesn't realize her privileges," said Larry, happy-heartedly.

Mary Felicia blushed a little here. It evidently seemed to her that hypothesis had reached its reasonable limit.

"She's real nice," said she, "but she ain't the kissing kind."

"Well, you are," said Larry, confidently, "and you'll kiss me."

She turned her head. She was listening in the tense pose of maiden goddesses or nymphs midway in flight.

"Are they coming?" she faltered, as if to her fainting heart and not to him.

Again Larry was watching her. He had, it seemed to him, a great deal to learn about her. "Are you afraid?" he asked her.

Mary Felicia turned to him. The color had gone out of her face. Her eyes looked sad and dull. Yet she answered steadfastly, "No."

"Now I'll tell you who I am," said Larry, seeing the time was short. "My name is Gordon, and Mrs. John C. Littleton's my aunt."

Mary Felicia stared at him. "Oh," said she at last, "then you can't mean any of those things."

"What things?"

"The things you said."

"Why can't I?"

"Because you're—you're 'way up in the world."

Now it was Larry who caught the sound of hoofs. "Come," said he—"come with me this instant over to Aunt Littleton's. She'll be as good as gold to you. And there you'll stay till I can flax round and get the license."

She shook her head. Her mouth had hardened into an iron resolve. Larry's nerves came into revolt and he gave them their head. He laid his hands on Mary Felicia's shoulders and shook her briefly.

"You little minx," said he, "do you mean to say you don't love me, after all?"

"Oh yes," said Mary Felicia, "I love you fast enough."

"Then come along."

"I sha'n't," said she.

His hands dropped and he glowered at her.

"Kiss me good night then, and I'll come in the morning."

"I sha'n't kiss you," said Mary Felicia. "I'm engaged to another man."

"You are, are you?" said Larry, possessed with angry admiration. "Then promise me—"

"I sha'n't promise you anything," said Mary Felicia, "till I've taken back my promise to him."

There was the sound of wheels. She opened the door into the hall and signed to him to go. Larry looked at her in an



agony of doubt that sickened him. But he went.

"I'll tell you one thing, Mary Felicia," he said, while she was opening the front door and the wheels rattled past into the yard, "if you are soldering on your handcuffs with some ridiculous New England notion, it won't work, that's all. And if next Wednesday you stand up to be married to Aaron Randolph, I shall walk in here and knock old Aaron down and throw you over my shoulder and make off with you. Do you hear?"

"Hurry," said Mary Felicia, in an agony. "They're talking in the shed." Then she bent forward to him through the dark. "Oh," she said, in a quick, passionate whisper that drew him back again, "can't you see? I've got to do it all myself. If you weren't so—so—what you are, maybe I'd be a coward, same's I was when I ran away. But I can't ever be a coward now. And you needn't come back. It wouldn't be right, for I don't know a thing—I've only been to district school and you're 'way up. But I shall always remember, and I won't ever do a thing you wouldn't like. No, I never will."

But just as Larry had possessed himself of her resisting hands and drawn her toward him, she snatched them from him, and he stood alone on the step, the door between them.

A little later, when he walked into the fore-room where Aunt Littleton was sitting up for him, he met her look with rather a quizzical smile.

"Uncle thought he'd poke off to bed," said Aunt Littleton, rattling together the newspaper over which she could always fall asleep. "Where you been?"

"Oh," said Larry, vaguely, "'round."

"Well, I guess you've been walkin' fast," said good Aunt Littleton.

Larry did smile at that, rather ironically. "Yes," said he, "I've been going some."

He went to the sink to pump himself a draught, and there he laughed, half ruefully.

"What is it?" inquired Aunt Littleton, expectant whether she understood or not.

"I didn't pick up the dipper," said Larry. "The dipper never 'll be the same again." And he went off to bed.

Next morning he was down before breakfast, put off for his especial sake, was ready. Uncle Pike sat at the little side-table, glasses pushed up on his benevolent forehead and the Bible open before him to the chapter of the day.

"Uncle," said Larry, "who's town clerk?"

"Why," said Uncle Pike, as if he had to think it over, "Aaron Randolph's town clerk."

"The devil he is," said Larry, and Aunt Littleton let the kettle-cover clang. "Then," continued Larry, defending his too fervid ejaculation, "do you s'pose he's made out a license for himself to marry Mary Felicia?"

"Why, I s'pose so," said Uncle Pike. "I s'pose he'd have to."

"Well, then, he's a worse old codger than I thought," said Larry.

"Why, I don't see's it's any worse to make out a license for't than 'tis to do it."

"I don't, either," said Larry.

Then they had breakfast and Uncle Pike went out to work. But Larry, while Aunt Littleton began her dishes, fidgeted about the kitchen until he made her, so she told him, as nervous as a witch. Larry stopped before her and laid down the kitchen-knife he had been absently using on a stick of wood.

"Aunt Littleton," said he, "will you do something for me?"

"'Course I will," said Aunt Littleton. "You ain't cut you with that knife?"

"I want you to go over to the Peachams and see that little Mary Felicia."

"Why, I don't know's I really could poke off over there," said Aunt Littleton. "She's goin' to be married to-morrer, an' they'll be all up in arms."

Larry was busy detaching something from his fob.

"You go over there and make a call. While she's in the room, you say this. You needn't say it to her. Say it to anybody. 'My nephew, Larry Gordon,'s going to England in a week. He's got his stateroom all engaged, and his chum that was going with him is summoned home to California. So he's got the stateroom on his hands.'"

"Why, yes, I know that," said Aunt Littleton, wondering. "But I dunno's they'll be much concerned with 't."



"Oh, they might as well think I'm a person of importance," said Larry. "You just tell 'em I've got a whole stateroom on my hands, and if I can't get anybody to go with me, I'm going alone."

"Well!" said Aunt Littleton. Larry was queer, she knew, with a queerness that presupposed his mysterious knack at building churches; but this was the oddest streak of all.

"There's another thing," said he. "I want that little Mary Felicia to have a wedding present. You take this ring—"

"Why," said Aunt Littleton, caught by the glow of the deep-blue stones and wondering more and more, "that's your mother's ring, the one you give her."

"Yes," said Larry, "I gave it to her after my first job. And mother gave it back to me those last days, and said, 'When you find a girl—' Well, well! I'm going to give it to that little Mary Felicia. Now, Aunt Littleton, do exactly what I tell you. You get her by herself—"

"Why, it's as much as your life is worth," said Aunt Littleton. "They keep pretty close watch of her these last days."

"Can't help that. You do it. Call out when you're going down the path and she'll run to see what's got you. Then slip this into her hand and say, 'He sent it to you.' Just that. No more."

"I ain't goin' on any such fool's errand," said Aunt Littleton. "What do you s'pose I should have to say to Mis' Peacham when she comes out, too?"

"Say a wasp stung you. Here's your shawl. Oh, get your bonnet! I can't wait."

Aunt Littleton firmly put aside the old blanket-shawl he was pressing on her, the one Uncle Pike had been using for a rug when he wanted to step on the newly painted floor.

"If I'm goin'," said she, "I guess I'll go decent, an' not as if 'twas winter weather an' I come out o' the ark. Larry Gordon, I never see your beat. You've only got to whistle an' anybody 'll go anywhere you say, an' if they make a fool o' themselves it's all one to you."

But she took her umbrella and set

forth down the road, and the little ring was in her hand. As for Larry, he walked up and down the garden path until she hove in sight again, and then he hurried forth to meet her. Aunt Littleton looked more than agitated; her worried forehead wove itself into a map of lines, and across its moist surface her hair strayed in wisps, as if she had brushed it by a hand distraught.

"Larry," said she, "what under the sun do you s'pose has happened?"

"I don't know, Aunt Littleton; I don't know." He slipped his hand under her elbow beguilingly and led her on. "Tell what you heard, now there's a dear."

"I dunno," said Aunt Littleton, "whether you've got me into some kind of a hurrah's nest with them foolish messages nor whether you ain't. You needn't be so coaxin'. I'll tell ye fast enough. Le's se' down here on the doorstep. My knees are as weak as water. Well, I went in an' se' down, an' Mary Felicia wa'n't there. But Mis' Peacham was, an' so was he, both in rockin'-chairs, lookin' at each other, an' she was pale as a cloth an' he was red as fire. An' there was the dishes in the sink, an' the milk-pails settin' just as he brought 'em in. An' I realized wherever my place was, certain it wa'n't there. I tried to make talk, but I vow if they heard me any one of 'em, an' there I stood like a fool, that ring clutched in my hand, an' the stones a-cuttin' me. I can see the mark now. An' 'fore I turned to go, the door opened an' in come Mary Felicia, all dressed up in her Sunday hat, the one with that old pink rose, an', if you'll believe it, she had on her gloves. An' Peacham an' Mis' Peacham no more see me than you see the dead. They just looked at Mary Felicia, an' if his look could ha' killed, I guess 'twould then, an' Mis' Peacham wrinkled up her face as if she's goin' to cry.

"'Mary Felicia,' says Peacham, 'where you been?' An' Mary Felicia stood there in the middle o' the kitchen, an' she held her head so high I thought, my soul! it 'd touch the ceilin'. 'Where I told you,' says she. 'I've been to see Aaron Randolph.' By that time I'd made myself pretty small, I can tell ye. I'd got outside the door, but there was that ring diggin' into my hand. I dunno what



got hold o' me. I guess I was addled, take it all in all, an' I give a kind of a cough, an' I says: 'Here's a bee. Mary Felicia, you come an' take it out.' 'What is it, Mis' Littleton?' says she, an' she run to the door, an' I ketched her hand an' I jammed the ring into it, an' I says, 'That was Larry's mother's, an' he's sent it to you.' Now d'you ever see a bigger fool 'n I be?"

"You're a love," said Larry. He was in an ecstasy of delight, and he kissed her pink cheek resoundingly. He knew Aunt Littleton liked them loud. They seemed more affectionate so. "Did you say the other thing, about my going abroad?"

"No, I didn't," said she. "I never once thought on't. An' I guess you wouldn't, either, if you'd seen them Peachams settin' there lookin' at Mary Felicia. You'd thought you'd git out while 'twas so you could."

All that forenoon Larry made a great deal of noise. He sang, he whistled, he repeated German poetry to Aunt Littleton, and once he told her he did not ask a kiss, he did not ask a smile, and said it with such seriousness that she returned: "There! there! I guess you want your dinner early." And at dinner he asked Uncle Pike if he could recall that other spring and having vine leaves in his hair. But they were all used to Larry. Uncle Pike also had concluded

SHE TOOK HER UMBRELLA AND SET FORTH DOWN THE ROAD

long ago that his being so queer was the condition of his being so remarkable.

After dinner Larry disappeared, but when Aunt Littleton had changed her dress and placed herself by the grape-window, she saw her nephew coming up the path. He was singing what she thought a very pretty song, and he looked very gay and young.

"Larry," said she, "I guess you won't never grow up. Where you be'n?"

Larry came to the window and rested his arms on the sill.

"I've been over to see Aaron Randolph," he said.

Aunt Littleton laid her sewing down.

"You have?" said she. "You ain't been meddlin' about Mary Felicia?"

"Well, her name did come into the conversation," said Larry. "But I went to have him make out a paper, that's all."







"THE DOOR OPENED AN' IN COME MARY FELICIA"

"You ain't been an' sold the place?"

"No," said Larry, soberly. "I don't believe I shall sell it. We may want to come here summers. Aunt Littleton, I've asked him to make me out a license, but before I can get it, Mary Felicia's got to go with me. I'm going to marry Mary Felicia."

"My soul an' body!" said Aunt Littleton, "be you crazy? How long do you think 'tis sence you've even heard the mention of her name?"

"Centuries," said Larry. "And I'm going over now to tell her so."

Mary Felicia was not expecting him. But she saw him coming and met him in the garden walk. She looked shy

and very beautiful; but she held herself proudly and she wore the sapphire ring. Larry saw Aunt Peacham at the window and Uncle Peacham over by the well. So he put his arms about Mary Felicia and kissed her soberly.

"Little love," said he, "I didn't say a word to you about your brother, did I?"

"No," said Mary Felicia.

"Well," said Larry, "I rather think we can hang on to him together. Anyhow, we'll try."

And seeing Aunt Peacham in the doorway now and Uncle Peacham advancing from the well, he put her hand to his lips and kissed it, and then, holding it, led her on to meet them.



# The Street Called Straight

## A NOVEL

By the Author of "The Inner Shrine"

### CHAPTER VIII

FINDING the door of her father's room ajar, Miss Guion pushed it open and went in.

Clad in a richly quilted violet dressing-gown, with cuffs and rolled collar of lavender silk, he lay asleep in the chaise-longue, a tan-colored rug across his feet. On a table at his left stood a silver box containing cigars, a silver ash-tray, a silver match-box, and a small silver lamp burning with a tiny flame. Each piece was engraved with his initials and a coat-of-arms. On his right there was an adjustable reading-stand, holding an open copy of a recent English review. One hand, adorned with an elaborately emblazoned seal-ring, hung heavily toward the floor; a cigar that had gone out was still between the fingers. His head, resting on a cushion of violet brocade, had fallen slightly to one side.

She sat down beside him, to wait till he woke up. It was a large room, with white doors and wainscoting. It had been the late Mrs. Guion's room, and expressed her taste. Everything in it was costly, from the lace coverlet on the bed to the Persian rugs on the floor.

Olivia looked vaguely about her, as on an apartment she had never seen. She found herself speculating as to the amount these elaborate furnishings would fetch if sold. She recalled the fact, forgotten till now, that when the Berringtons' belongings, purchased with reckless extravagance, passed under the hammer, they had gone for a song. She made the reflection coldly, drearily, as bearing on things that had no connection with herself.

Her eyes traveled back to her father. With the muscles of the face relaxed in sleep, he looked old and jaded. The mustache sagged at the corners, the mouth sagging under it. His eyelids quivered

like those of a child that has fallen asleep during a fit of weeping.

There was something piteous about him, something that silenced reproaches, that disarmed severity. She had come up-stairs staggered, incredulous—incredulous and yet convinced—outraged, terrified; but now the appeal of that fagged face and those quivering lids was too strong for her. It wrought in her not so much sympathy as comprehension, an understanding of him such as she had never before arrived at.

Looking at him now, it came over her for the first time that she must be a disappointment to him. He had never given her reason to suspect it, and yet it must be so. First among the aims for which he had been striving, and to attain to which he had hazarded so much, there must have been the hope that she should make a brilliant match. That, and that alone, would have given them as a family the sure international position which he had coveted, and which plenty of other Americans were successful in securing.

With the growth of her own independent social judgment, she had been able to look back over the past and see the Guions as in the van of that movement of the New World back upon the Old, of which the force was forever augmenting. As Drusilla Fane was fond of saying, it was a manifestation of the nomadic, or perhaps the predatory, spirit characteristic of Anglo-Saxon peoples. It was part of that impulse to expand, annex, appropriate, which had urged the Angles to descend on the shores of Kent, and the Normans to cross from Dives to Hastings. Later, it had driven their descendants over the Atlantic, as individuals, as households, or as "churches"; and now, from their rich, comfortable, commonplace homes in New England, Illinois, or California, it



bade later descendants still lift up their eyes and see how much there was to be desired in the lands their ancestors had left behind—fair parks, stately manors, picturesque châteaux, sonorous titles, and varied, dignified ways of living.

A people with the habit of compassing sea and land to get whatever was good to have found the voyage back as nothing, especially in the days of easy money and steam. The Guions had been among the first to make it. They had been among the first Americans to descend on the shores of Europe with the intention—more or less obscure, more or less acknowledged, as the case might be—of acquiring and enjoying the treasures of tradition, by association, or alliance, or any other means that might present themselves. Richard Guion, grandfather of Henry Guion, found the way to cut a dash in the Paris of the early Second Empire, and to marry his daughter, Victoria Guion, to the Marquis de Melcourt. From the simple American point of view of that day and date it was a dazzling match, long talked of by the naïve press of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.

By the more ambitious members of the Guion house it was considered as the beginning of a glorious epoch, but looking back now Olivia could see how meager the results had been. Since those days a brilliant American society had sprung up on the English stem, like a mistletoe on an oak; but while Henry and Carlotta Guion would gladly have struck their roots into that sturdy trunk, they lacked the money essential to parasitic growth. As for Victoria Guion, French life, especially the old royalist phase of it, which offers no crevices on its creaseless bark in which a foreign seed can germinate, absorbed her within its tough old blossom as a pitcher-plant sucks in a fly. Henceforth the utmost she could do for her kith and kin was to force open the trap from time to time, so that Olivia, if she liked, could be swallowed, too. In that task the old lady was not only industrious but generous, offering to subscribe handsomely toward the *dot*, as well as giving it to be understood that the bride-elect would figure in the end as her residuary legatee. Owing to this prospect Olivia had been compelled

to decline a comte and a vicomte of crusading ancestry, procured at some pains by Madame de Melcourt; but when she also refused the eminently eligible Duc de Berteuil, whose terms in the way of dowry were reasonable, while he offered her an historic name and background, the Marquise not unnaturally lost her temper, and declared that she washed her hands of her grandniece once for all.

Not till this minute had Olivia ever considered that this reluctance on her part to be "well established" must have been something like a grief to her father, for he had never betrayed a sign of it. On the contrary, he had seemed to approve her decisions, and had even agreed with her in preferring the mistletoe to the pitcher-plant. He welcomed her back to Tory Hill, where her residences were longer, now that she ceased to be much with Madame de Melcourt, and yet was always ready with money and his consent when she had invitations from her friends abroad. On her engagement to Rupert Ashley he expressed complete satisfaction, and said in so many words that it was a more appropriate match for her than any French alliance, however distinguished. His tenderness in this respect came over her now as peculiarly touching, unsealing the fount of filial pity at a moment when other motives might have made for indignation and revolt.

He opened his eyes without giving any other sign of waking.

"Hallo! What are you looking at me for?"

The tone was not impatient, but she heard in it an implication of fear.

"Papa, are your troubles anything like Jack Berrington's?"

He gazed at her without moving a muscle or changing a shade. She only fancied that in the long look with which he regarded her there was a receding, sinking, dying light, as though the soul within him was withdrawing.

"What makes you ask that?"

The intonation was expressionless, and yet, it seemed to her, a little wary.

"I ask chiefly because—well, because I think they are."

He looked at her for a minute more, perhaps longer.

"Well, then—you're right."



Again she had the sensation, familiar to her since yesterday, of the world reeling to pieces around her, while her own personality survived. When she spoke, her voice sounded as if it came out of the wildness of a surging wreck.

"Then that's what you meant in saying yesterday that when everything was settled you still wouldn't be able to pay all you owed."

"That's what I meant—exactly."

He lay perfectly still, except that he raised his hand and puffed at his extinct cigar. She looked down at the rug beside his couch.

"I suppose it's the Clay heirs and the Rodman heirs you owe the money to?"

"And the Compton heirs, and old Miss Burnaby, and the two Misses Brown, and—"

"Haven't they anything left?"

"Oh yes. It isn't all gone, by any means." Then he added, as if to make a clean breast of the affair and be done with it: "The personal property—what you may call the cash—is mostly gone. Those that have owned real estate—like the Rodmans and Fanny Burnaby—well, they've got that still."

"I see." She continued to sit looking meditatively down at the rug. "I suppose," she ventured, after long thinking, "that that's the money we've been living on all these years?"

"Yes; in the main." He felt it useless to quibble or to try to extenuate the facts.

"How many years would that be?"

"I'm not very sure; on and off, it's about ten since I began using some of their money to—help out my income. Latterly—you may as well know it—I haven't had any real income of my own at all."

"So that their money has been paying for—for all this."

Her hands made a confused little gesture, indicating the luxury of his personal appointments and of the room.

He shrugged his shoulders and arched his eyebrows in a kind of protest, which was nevertheless not denial. "W-well! If you choose to put it so!"

"And for me, too," she went on, looking at him now with a bewildered opening of her large, gray eyes; "for my visits—my clothes—my maid—everything!"

"I don't see any need," he said, with a touch of peevishness, "for going so terribly into detail."

"I don't see how it can be helped. It's so queer—and startling—"

"You mustn't think it was deliberately planned—" he began, weakly.

"And now the suggestion is," she interrupted, "that Mr. Davenant should pay for it. That seems to me to make it even worse than before."

"I confess I don't follow you there," he complained. "If he doesn't—then I go to Singville."

"Wouldn't you rather?"

He raised himself stiffly into a sitting posture. "Would *you*?"

She did not hesitate in her reply. "Yes, papa. I *would*—if I were you."

"But since you're not me—since you are yourself—would you still rather that I went to Singville?"

There was a little lift to her chin, a faint color in her face as she replied: "I'd rather pay—however I did it. I'd rather pay—in any way—than ask some one else to do it."

He fell back on the cushion. "So would I—if I had only myself to think of. We're alike in that."

"Do you mean that you'd rather do it if it wasn't for me?"

"I've got to take everything into consideration. It's no use for me to make bad worse by refusing a good offer. I don't want to take Davenant's money. It's about as pleasant for me as swallowing a knife. But I'd swallow a knife if we could only hush the thing up long enough for you to be married—and for me to settle some other things. I shouldn't care what happened after that. They might take me and chuck me into any hole they pleased."

"But I couldn't be married in that way, papa dear. I couldn't be married at all to—to one man—when another man had a claim on me."

"Had a claim on you? How do you mean?"

"He'll have that—if he pays for everything—pays for everything for years and years back. Don't you see?"

"A claim on you for what, pray?"

"That's what I don't know. But whatever it is, I shall feel that I'm in his debt."



"Nonsense, dear. I call that morbid. It is morbid."

"But don't you think it's what he's working for? I can't see anything else that—that could tempt him; and the minute we make a bargain with him we agree to his terms."

There was a long silence before he said, wearily:

"If we call the deal off we must do it with our eyes open to the consequences. Ashley would almost certainly throw you over—"

"No; because that possibility couldn't arise."

"And you'll have to be prepared for the disgrace—"

"I shall not look on it as disgrace so much as—paying. It will be paying for what we've had—if not in one sort of coin, then in another. But whatever it is, we shall be paying the debt ourselves; we sha'n't be foisting it off on some one else."

"Why do you say we?"

"Well, won't it be we? I shall have my part in it, sha'n't I? You wouldn't shut me out from that? I've had my share of the—of the wrong, so I ought to take my share in the reparation. My whole point is that we should be acting together."

"They can't put *you* in Singville."

"No; but they can't keep me from sitting outside the walls. I shall want to do that, papa, if you're within. I'm not going to separate myself from you—or from anything you're responsible for. I couldn't if I wanted to; but as it happens, I shouldn't try. I should get a kind of satisfaction out of it, shouldn't you?—the satisfaction of knowing that every day we suffered, and every night we slept through or wept through, and every bit of humiliation and dishonor, was so much contributed to the great work of—paying up. Isn't that the way you'd take it?"

"That's all very fine now, dear, when you're—what shall I say?—a little bit *exaltée*; but how do you think you'll feel when they've—when they've"—he continued to speak with his eyes shut convulsively—"when they've arrested me, and tried me, and sentenced me, and locked me up for ten or fifteen years?"

"I shall feel as if the bitterness of death were past. But I should feel worse than that—I should feel as if the bitter-

ness of both death and hell were still to come if we didn't make an effort to shoulder our own responsibilities."

There was more in the same vein. He listened for the greater part of the time with his eyes closed. He was too unutterably tired to argue or to contest her point of view. Beyond suggesting that there were sides to the question she hadn't yet considered, he felt helpless. He could only lie still and let come what might. Fate, or God, would arrange things either in the way of adjustment or of fatal ruin without interference on his part.

So as he lay and listened to his daughter he uttered some bit of reason, or some feeble protest, only now and then. When, occasionally, he looked at her, it was to see her—somewhat deliriously—white, slim, ethereal, inexorable, like the law of right.

Among the various ways in which he had thought she might take his dread announcement this one had never occurred to him; and yet, now that he saw it, he recognized it as just what he might have expected from the almost too rigid rectitude and decidedly too uncompromising pride that made up her character. It was the way, too, he admitted, most worthy of a Guion. It was the way he would have chosen for himself if he had nothing to consider but his own tastes. He himself was as eager in his way to make satisfaction as she; he was only deterred by considerations of common sense. From the point of view of a man of business it was more than a little mad to refuse the money that would pay his creditors, hush up a scandal, and keep the course of daily life running in something like its accustomed channel, merely because for the rest of his days he must be placed in a humiliating moral situation. He wouldn't like that, of course; and yet everything else was so much worse—for his clients, even more than for himself. This was something she did not see. In spite of the measure in which he had agreed with her heroic views of "paying," he returned to that thought after she had kissed him and gone away.

During the conversation with him Olivia had so completely forgotten Davenant that when she descended to the oval sitting-room she was scarcely sur-



prised to find that he had left, and that Drusilla Fane was waiting in his place.

"You see, Olivia," Mrs. Fane reasoned, in her sympathetic, practical way, "that if you're not going to have your wedding on the 28th, you've got to do something about it now."

"What would you do?"

Olivia brought her mind back with some effort from the consideration of the greater issues to fix it on the smaller ones. In its way Drusilla's interference was a welcome diversion, since the point she raised was important enough to distract Olivia's attention from decisions too poignant to dwell on long.

"I've thought that over," Drusilla explained, "mother and I. If we were you we'd simply scribble a few lines on your card and send it round by post."

"Yes? And what would you scribble?"

"We'd say—you see, it wouldn't commit you to anything too pointed—we'd say, simply, 'Miss Guion's marriage to Colonel Ashley will not take place on October 28th.' There you'd have nothing but the statement, and they could make out of it what they liked."

"Which would be a good deal, wouldn't it?"

"Human nature being human nature, Olivia, you can hardly expect people not to talk. But you're in for that, you know, whatever happens now."

"Oh, of course."

"So that the thing to do is to keep them from going to the church next Thursday fortnight, and from pestering you with presents in the mean while. When you've headed them off on that you'll feel more free to—to give your mind to other things."

The suggestion was so sensible that Olivia fell in with it at once. She accepted, too, Drusilla's friendly offer to help in the writing of the cards, of which it would be necessary to send out some two hundred. There being no time to lose, they set themselves immediately to the task, Drusilla at the desk, and Olivia writing on a blotting-pad at a table. Seated thus, they worked for twenty minutes or half an hour in silence.

"Miss Guion's marriage to Colonel Ashley will not take place on October 28th." "Miss Guion's marriage to Colonel Ashley will not take place on October

28th." "Miss Guion's marriage to Colonel Ashley will not take place on October 28th."

The words which to Olivia had at first sounded something like a knell presently became, from the monotony of repetition, nothing but a sing-song. She went on writing them mechanically, but her thoughts began to busy themselves otherwise.

"Drusilla, do you remember Jack Berrington?"

The question slipped out before she saw its significance. She might not have perceived it so quickly even then had it not been for the second of hesitation before Drusilla answered.

"Y-es."

The amount of information contained in the embarrassment with which this monosyllable was uttered caused Olivia to feel faint. It implied that Drusilla had been better posted than herself; and if Drusilla, why not others?"

"Do you know what makes me think of him?"

Again there was a second of hesitation. Without relaxing the speed with which she went on scribbling the same oft-repeated sentence, Olivia knew that her companion stayed her pen and half turned round.

"I can guess."

Olivia kept on writing.

"How long have you known?"

Drusilla threw back the answer while blotting with unnecessary force the card she had just written: "Two or three days."

"Has it got about—generally?"

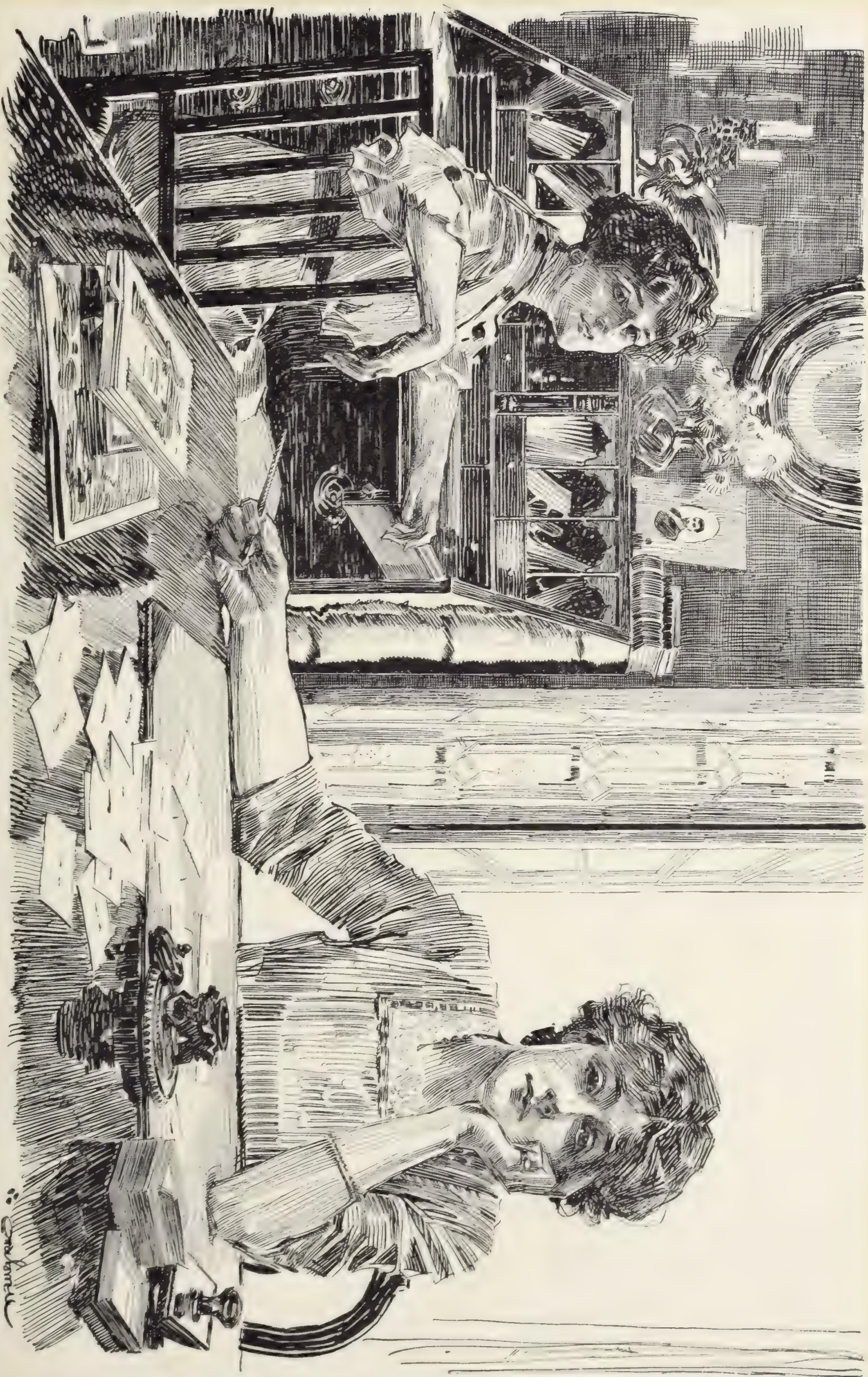
"Generally might be too much to say. Some people have got wind of it; and, of course, a thing of that kind spreads."

"Of course."

After all, she reflected, perhaps it was just as well that the story should have come out. It was no more possible to keep it quiet than to calm an earthquake. She had said just now to her father that she would regard publicity less as disgrace than as part of the process of paying up. Very well! If they were a mark for idle tongues, then so much the better, since in that way they were already contributing some few pence toward meeting the immeasurable debt.

"I should feel worse about it," Drusil-





Drawn by Orson Lowell

"WHO ON EARTH SHOULD I BE IN LOVE WITH?" INQUIRED DRUSILLA







la explained, after a silence of some minutes, "if I didn't think that Peter Davenant was trying to do something to—to help Cousin Henry out."

Olivia wrote energetically. "What's he doing?"

"Oh, the kind of thing men do. They seem to have ways of raising money."

"How do you know he's trying it?"

"I don't know for certain; I've only an idea. I rather gather it by the queer way he comes and goes. The minute a thing is in Peter's hands—"

"Have you such confidence in him?"

"For this sort of thing, yes. He's terribly able, so they say, financially. For the matter of that, you can see it by the way he's made all that money. Bought mines, or something, and sold them again. Bought them for nothing, and sold them for thousands and thousands."

"Did I ever tell you that he once asked me to marry him?"

Drusilla wheeled round in her chair and stared, open-mouthed, at her friend's back.

"No!"

"Oh, it was years ago. I dare say he's forgotten it."

"I'll bet you ten to one he hasn't."

Olivia took another card and wrote rapidly. "Do you suppose," she said, trying to speak casually, "that his wanting to help papa out has anything to do with that?"

"I shouldn't wonder. I shouldn't wonder at all."

"What *could* it have?"

"Oh, don't ask me! How should I know? Men are so queer. He's getting some sort of satisfaction out of it, you may depend."

Drusilla answered as she would have liked to be answered were she in a similar position. That an old admirer should come to her aid like a god from the machine would have struck her as the most touching thing in the world. As she wheeled round again to her task it was not without a pang of wholly impersonal envy at so beautiful a tribute. She had written two or three cards before she let fall the remark:

"And now poor, dear old mother is manœuvering to have *me* marry him."

The idea was not new to Olivia, so

she said, simply: "And are you going to?"

"Oh, I don't know." Drusilla sighed wearily, then added: "I sha'n't, if I can help it."

"Does that mean that you'll take him if you can't do better?"

"It means that I don't know what I shall do at all. I'm rather sick of everything—and so I might do anything. I don't want to come back to live in America, and yet I feel an alien over there, now that I haven't Gerald to give me a *raison d'être*. They're awfully nice to me—at Southsea—at Silchester—everywhere—and yet they really don't want me. I can see that as plainly as I can see your name on this card. But I can't keep away from them. I've no pride. At least, I've got the pride, but there's something in me stronger than pride that makes me a kind of craven. I'm like a dog that doesn't mind being kicked so long as he can hang about under the dining-room table to sniff up crumbs. With my temperament it's perfectly humiliating, but I can't help it. I've got the taste for that English life as a Frenchman gets a taste for absinthe—knows that it 'll be the ruin of him, and yet goes on drinking."

"I suppose you're not in love with any one over there?"

There was no curiosity in this question. Olivia asked it, she could scarcely tell why. She noticed that Drusilla stopped writing and once more half turned round, though it was not till long afterward that she attached significance to the fact.

"Who on earth should I be in love with? What put that into your head?"

"Oh, I don't know. Stranger things have happened. You see a great many men—"

So they went skimming over the surface of confidence, knowing that beneath what they said there were depths below depths that they dared not disturb. None the less, it was a relief to both when the maid came to the door to summon them to luncheon.

## CHAPTER IX

DURING the next day and the next Guion continued ill, so ill that his daughter had all she could attend to in



the small tasks of nursing. The lull in events, however, gave her the more time for thinking, and in her thoughts two things struck her as specially strange. Of these, the first and more remarkable was the degree to which she identified herself with her father's wrong-doing. The knowledge that she had for so many years been profiting by his misdeeds produced in her a curious sense of having shared them. Though she took pains to remind herself that she was morally guiltless, there was something within her—an imaginative quality perhaps—that rejected the acquittal. Pity, too, counted in her mental condition, as did also that yearning instinct called maternal, which keeps women faithful to the weak and the fallen among those they love. To have washed her own hands and said, "See here! I am innocent!" would have seemed to her much like desertion of a broken old man, who had no one but her to stand by him. Even while she made attempts to reason herself out of it, the promptings to the vicarious acceptance of guilt, more or less native to the exceptionally strong and loyal, was so potent in her that she found herself saying, in substance if not in words, "Inasmuch as he did it, I did it, too." It was not a purposely adopted stand on her part; it was not even clear to her why she was impelled to take it; she took it only because, obeying the dictates of her nature, she could do nothing else.

Nevertheless, it occasioned her some surprise, whenever she had time to think of it, to note the speed with which she had adapted herself to the facts. Once revealed, she seemed to have always known them—to have shared that first embarrassment for ready money that had induced her father to borrow from funds so temptingly under his control, and to have gone on with him step by step through the subsequent years of struggle and disaster. They were years over which the sun was already darkened and the moon turned into blood. Looking back on them, it was almost impossible to recapture the memory of the light-heartedness with which she had lived through them. It was incredible to her now that they had been years of traveling and visiting and dancing and hunting and

motoring and yachting, of following fashion and seeking pleasure in whatever might have been the vogue of the minute. Some other self, some pale, secondary, astral self, must have crossed and recrossed the Atlantic, and been a guest in great houses, and become a favorite in London, Paris, Biarritz, Florida, Scotland, Rome! Some other self must have been sought out for her society, admired for her style, and privileged to refuse eligible suitors! Some other self must have met Rupert Ashley in the little house at Southsea and promised to become his wife! From the standpoint of the present it seemed to her as if an unreal life had ended in an unreal romance, that was bringing to her, within a day or two, an unreal hero. She was forced again face to face with that fact—that the man who was coming to marry her was, for all practical knowledge that she had of him, a stranger. In proportion as calamity encompassed her he receded, taking his place once more in that dim world she should never have frequented, and in which she had no longer lot nor part.

But the second odd fact she had to contemplate was the difficulty of getting a new mode of life into operation. Notwithstanding all her eagerness to "pay," the days were still passing in gentle routine, somewhat quietly because of her father's indisposition, but with the usual household dignity.

She was reduced to drawing patience from what Guion told her as to his illness checking temporarily the course of legal action. Most of the men with whom it lay to set the law in motion, notably Dixon, the District-Attorney, were old friends of his, who would hesitate to drag him from a sick-room to face indictment. He had had long interviews with Dixon about the case already, and knew how reluctant that official was to move in the matter, anyhow; but as soon as he, Guion, was out and about again, all kindly scruples would have to yield. "You'll find," he explained to her, "that the question as to breaking camp will settle itself then. And besides," he added, "it 'll be better to wait till Ashley comes and you know what he's likely to do for you."

With the last consideration she could



not but agree, though she shrank from his way of putting it. It was some satisfaction at least to know that, since the two hundred cards she had sent out had reached their recipients, the process of public penance must in some measure have been started. She had seen no one who could tell her what the effect had been; her bridesmaids evidently knew enough to consider silence the better part of sympathy; not even Drusilla Fane had looked in or called her on the telephone during the last day or two; but she could imagine pretty well the course that comment and speculation must be taking through the town. There would be plenty of blame, some jubilation, and, she felt sure, not a little sympathy withal. There was among her acquaintance a local American pride that had always been jealous of her European preferences, and which would take the opportunity to get in its bit of revenge, but in general opinion would be kindly.

There came an afternoon when she felt the desire to go forth to face it, to take her first impressions of the world in her own relationship toward it. She had not been beyond their own gate since the altered conditions had begun to obtain. She had need of the fresh air; she had need to find her bearings; she had need of a few minutes' intercourse with some one besides her father, so as not to imperil her judgment by dwelling too incessantly on an *idée fixe*. Rupert Ashley would land that night or the next morning. In forty-eight hours he would probably be in Boston. It was prudent, she reflected, to be as well poised and as sure of herself as possible before his arrival on the scene.

Her father was slightly better. He could leave his bed and lie on the chaise-longue. As she made him snug he observed with a grim smile that his recovery was a pity. He could almost hear, so he said, Dixon and Johnstone and Hecksher and others of his cronies making the remark that his death would be a lucky way out of the scrape.

She had come, dressed for the street, to tell him she was walking down to the Temples', to see what had become of Drusilla Fane. She thought it needless to add that she was inventing the

errand in order to go out and take notes on the new aspect the world must henceforth present to her.

He looked at her with an approval that gradually merged into a sense of comfort. "She'll be all right," he said, consolingly, to himself. "Whatever happens she's the kind to come out on top. Rupert Ashley would be a fool to throw over a superb, high-spirited creature like that. He'll not do it. Of that I feel sure."

The conviction helped him to settle more luxuriously into the depths of his couch and to relish the flavor of his cigar. He was quite sincere in the feeling that if she were but safe he should be more or less indifferent to the deluge overwhelming himself.

"Papa," she ventured at last, watching carefully the action of the little silver button-hook as she buttoned her gloves, "if that Mr. Davenant came while I'm gone, you wouldn't change your mind, would you?"

"I don't think he's in the least likely to turn up."

"But if he did?"

"Well, I suppose you'll be back before long. We couldn't settle anything without talking it over in any case."

Forced to be content with that, she kissed him and turned away.

She found a comfort in getting into the open air, into the friendly streets, under the shade of the familiar trees, that surprised her. The absence of pose characteristic of the average American town struck her for the first time as soothing. With none of the effort to make life conform to a rigid standard of propriety, which in an English community would be the first thing to notice, there was an implied invitation to the spirit to relax. In the slap-dash, go-as-you-please methods of building, paving, and cleaning she saw a tacit assumption that, perfection being not of this world, one is permitted to rub along without it. Rodney Lane, which in Colonial days had led to Governor Rodney's "Mansion," had long ago been baptized Algonquin Avenue by civic authorities with a love of the sonorous, but it still retained the characteristics of a New England village street. Elms arched over it with the



regularity of a Gothic vaulting, and it straggled at its will. Its houses, set in open lawns, illustrated all the phases of the national taste in architecture as manifested throughout the nineteenth century, from the wooden Greek temple with a pillared façade of the early decades to the bizarre compositions, painted generally in dark red and yellow, with many gables and long sweeps of slanting roof, which marked that era's close. In most cases additions had been thrown out from time to time, ells trailing at the back, or excrescences bulging at the sides, that were not grotesque only because there had been little in the first effect to spoil. In more than one instance the original fabric was altered beyond recognition; here and there a house she could remember had altogether disappeared; a new one had replaced it that before long might be replaced by a newer still. To Olivia the consoling thought was precisely in this state of transition, to which rapid vicissitude, for better or for worse, was something like a law. It made the downfall of her own family less exceptional, less bitter, when viewed as part of a huge impermanency, shifting from phase to phase, with no rule to govern it but the necessities of its own development.

Until this minute it was the very element in American life she had found most distasteful. Her inclinations, carefully fostered by her parents, had always been for the solid, the well-ordered, the assured, evolved from precedent to precedent till its conventions were fixed and its doings regulated as by a code of etiquette. Now, suddenly, she perceived that life in shirt-sleeves possessed certain advantages over a well-bred existence in full dress. It allowed the strictly human qualities an easier sort of play. Where there was no pretense at turning to the world a smooth, impeccable social front, toil and suffering, misfortune and disgrace, became things to be less ashamed of. Practically every one in these unpretentious, tree-shaded houses knew what it was to struggle upward, with many a slip backward in the process, and sometimes a crashing fall from the very top. These accidents were understood. As she descended the hill, therefore, she felt, as she had never felt

before, the comforting assurance of being among brethren, before whom she should not have the wearisome task of "keeping up appearances," and by whom she would be supported, even at the worst, through a fellow-feeling with her cares.

This consciousness helped her to be firm when, a few minutes later, having reached the dike by the border of the Charles, she came face to face with Peter Davenant. She saw him from a long way off, but without recognition. She noticed him only as an unusually tall figure, in a summery gray suit and a gray felt hat. He was sauntering in a leisurely way toward her, stopping now and then to admire a beautiful dog sniffing the scent of water-rats in the weeds, or some group of babies tumbling on the sand; or a half-naked undergraduate sculling along the serpentine reaches of the river, or a college crew cleaving the waters with the precision of an arrow, to a long, rhythmic swing of eight slim bodies and a low, brief grunt of command. The rich October light striking silvery gleams from the walls of the Stadium brought all the hues of fire from the rim of autumnal hills on the western horizon, and wrought indefinable glories in the unkempt marshes, stretching away into shimmering distances, where factory windows blazed as if from inner conflagration, and steam and smoke became roseate or iridescent.

On recognizing Davenant her impulse was to pass him with the slightest recognition, but on second thoughts it seemed best to her to end the affair impending between them once for all.

"I'm sorry you didn't wait for me to come down-stairs the other day," she said, after they had exchanged greetings, "because I could have told you that my father agreed with me—that it wouldn't be possible for us to accept your kind help."

"I hope he's better," was Davenant's only answer.

"Much better, thank you. When he's able to see you I know he will want to express his gratitude more fully than I can."

"I hoped he'd be able to see me to-day. I was on my way to Tory Hill."

She was annoyed both by his persistency and by the coolness of his manner,





*Drawn by Orson Lowell*

SHE FOUND COMFORT IN GETTING INTO THE OPEN AIR







as, leaning on his stick, he stood looking down at her. He looked down in a way that obliged her to look up. She had not realized till now how big and tall he was. She noticed, too, the squareness of his jaw, the force of his chin, and the compression of his straight, thin lips beneath the long curve of his mustache. In spite of his air of granite imperturbability, she saw that his fair skin was subject to little flushes of embarrassment or shyness, like a girl's. She said of his blue eyes, resting on her with a pensive directness, as though he was studying her from a long way off, that they were hard. Deep-set and caverned under heavy, overhanging brows, they more than any other feature imparted to his face the frowning *farouche* effect by which she judged him. Had it not been for that, her hostility to everything he said and did might not have been so prompt. That he was working to get her into his power became more than ever a conviction the minute she looked into what she called that lowering gaze.

All the same, the moment was one for diplomatic action rather than for force. She allowed a half-smile to come to her lips, and her voice to take a tone in which there was frank request, as she said: "I wish you wouldn't go."

"I shouldn't if it wasn't important. I don't want to annoy you more than I can help."

"I don't see how anything can be important, when—when there's nothing to be done."

"There's a good deal to be done if we choose to do it; but we must choose at once. The Benn crowd is getting restive."

"That doesn't make any difference to us. My father has decided to take the consequences of his acts."

"You say that so serenely that I guess you don't understand yet just what they'd be."

"I do—I do, perfectly. My father and I have talked it all over. We know it will be terrible; and yet it would be more terrible still to let some one else pay our debts. I dare say you think me monstrous, but—"

"I think you mistaken. I don't want to say more than that. If I find Mr. Guion of the same opinion—"

"I see. You don't consider my word sufficient."

"Your word is all right, Miss Guion," he tried to laugh. "What you lack is authority. My dealings are with your father. I can't settle anything with—a substitute."

She colored swiftly. "I don't presume to settle anything. I only thought I might give you some necessary information. I hoped to save you a little trouble in sparing you the walk to Tory Hill."

He looked away from her, his eyes wandering up the reach of the river, over which the long, thin, many-oared college craft shot like insects across a pool.

"Why should you be so bent on seeing your father follow Jack Berrington, when it could be avoided?"

"Why should you care? What difference does it make to you? If you'd only explain that—"

"It explains itself. If I saw a woman leap into the river I should pull her out. The more she insisted on being drowned, the more I should try to save her."

"But, you see, I'm not leaping into a river. On the contrary, I'm getting out of one. It seems to me that you'd be only forcing me back and making my last state worse than the first."

It took him a minute to grasp the force of this. "That would depend, of course, on the point of view. As a matter of fact, it's something with which I've nothing to do. It concerns you, and it concerns Mr. Guion, but it doesn't concern me. For me the whole thing is very simple. I've offered to lend Mr. Guion a sum of money. It's for him to take or to leave. If he refuses it, I sha'n't be offended; and if he doesn't refuse it—"

She was some minutes silent, her eyes ranging over the river and the marshes, like his own.

"If you urged it on him," she said at last, "I think he'd take it."

"Then so much the better, from my point of view."

"Precisely; but then your point of view is a mystery. Not that it makes any difference," she hastened to add. "If my father accepts your loan, it will be for me to pay it back, in one way or another—if I ever can."

"We could talk of that," he smiled,



trying to be reassuring, "after more important things had been settled."

"There wouldn't be anything more important—for me."

"You wouldn't find me an importunate creditor."

"That wouldn't help matters—so long as I owed the debt. After all, we belong to that old-fashioned, rather narrow-minded class of New England people to whom debt of any kind is the source of something like anguish. At least," she corrected herself, "*I* belong to that class."

It was on his lips to remind her that in her case there could be no present release from indebtedness, there could only be a change of creditors; but he decided to express himself more gracefully.

"Wouldn't it be possible," he asked, "to put the boot on the other foot, and to consider me as the person to whom the favor is shown in being allowed to do something useful?"

She lifted her chin scornfully. "That would be childish."

"But it would be true. It's the way I should take it."

She confronted him with one of her imperious looks. "Why?"

In the monosyllable there was a demand for complete explanation, but he met it with one of his frank smiles.

"Couldn't you let me keep that as my secret?"

"So that you would be acting in the daylight and we in the dark."

"You might be in the dark, and still have nothing to be afraid of."

She shook her head. "But I *should* be afraid. It was in the dark, according to the old story, that the antelope escaped a lion by falling into a hunter's trap."

"Do I look like that kind of a hunter?" He smiled again at the absurdity of her comparison.

"You can't tell anything from looks—with men. With men a woman has only one principle to guide her—to keep on the safe side."

"I hope you won't think me uncivil, Miss Guion, if I point out that, at present, you haven't got a safe side to keep on. That's what I want to offer you."

"I might ask you why again, only that we should be going round in a circle. Since you don't mean to tell me, I must

go without knowing; but I'm sure you can understand that to some natures the lion is less to be feared than—the hunter."

"*He* doesn't feel so." He nodded his head in the direction of Tory Hill.

"He *feels* so;—he's only a little—wavering."

"And I guess you're a little wavering, too, Miss Guion, if you'd only own up to it."

He watched her straighten her slight figure, while her delicate features hardened to an expression of severity. "I'm not wavering as to the principle, nor because of anything I should have to face myself. If I have any hesitation, it's only because of what it would mean for papa."

He allowed an instant to pass, while he looked down at her gravely. "And he's not the only one, you know."

His hint, however, was thrown away. With a slight nod of the head, dignified rather than discourteous, she departed, leaving him, to the great interest of the passers-by, leaning on his stick and staring after her.

## CHAPTER X

AS Olivia continued on her way toward Rodney Temple's she was able to make it clear to herself that a chief reason for her dislike of Davenant sprang from his immovability. There was something about him like a giant rock. She got the impression that one might dash against him forever and hurt no one but oneself. It was a trait new to her among American men, whom she generally found too yielding where women were concerned. This man had an aloofness, too, that was curiously disconcerting. He made no approaches; he took no liberties. If he showed anything that resembled a personal sentiment toward her, it was dislike. For the time being this personal element in the situation loomed larger than any other. It challenged her; it even annoyed her. At the same time it gave Davenant an importance in her eyes which she was far from willing to concede.

Having arrived at Rodney Temple's door, it was a relief to Olivia, rather than the contrary, to learn that the ladies



were not at home, but that Mr. Temple himself would be glad to see her if she would come in. He had, in fact, espied her approach from his study window, and had come out into the hall to insist on her staying. Within a minute or two she found herself sitting in one of his big, shabby arm-chairs saying things preliminary to confidence.

It was a large room, with windows on three sides, through which the light poured in to find itself refracted by a hundred lustrous surfaces. The first impression received on entering what Rodney Temple called his workroom was that of color—color unlike that of pictures, flowers, gems, or sunsets, and yet of extraordinary richness and variety. Low bookcases, running round the room, offered on the broad shelf forming the top space for many specimens of that potter's art on which the old man had made himself an authority.

As Olivia sat and talked, her eye traveled absently from barbaric Rouen cornucopias and cockatoos to the incrustated snails and serpents of Bernard Palissy, resting long on a flowered jardinière by Veuve Perrin, of Marseilles. She had little technical knowledge of the objects surrounding her, but she submitted to the strange and soothing charm they never failed to work on her—the charm of stillness, of peace, as of things which, made for common, homely uses, had passed beyond that stage into an existence of remoteness and serenity.

"When you spoke the other day," she said, after the conversation had turned directly on her father's affairs—"when you spoke the other day about a pillar of cloud, I suppose you meant what one might call an overruling sense of right."

"That might do as one definition."

"Because in that case you may like to know that I think I've seen it."

"I thought you would if you looked for it."

"I didn't look for it. It was just—there!"

"It's always there; only, as in the case of the two disciples on the Emmaus road, our eyes are holden so that we don't see it."

"I should have seen it easily enough; but if you hadn't told me, I shouldn't

have known what it was. I didn't suppose that we got that kind of guidance nowadays."

"The light is always shining in darkness, dearie; only the darkness comprehendeth it not. That's all there is to it."

He sat at his desk, overlooking the embankment and the curves of the Charles. It was a wide desk, littered with papers. On the side remote from where he sat was a life-sized bust of Christ, in fifteenth-century Italian terra-cotta, once painted, but now worn to its natural tint, except where gleams of scarlet or azure showed in the folds of the vesture. While the old man talked, and chiefly while he listened, the fingers of his large, delicately articulated hand, stroked mechanically the surfaces of a grotesque Chinese figure carved in apple-green jade. It was some minutes before Olivia made any response to his last words.

"Things *are* very dark to me," she confessed, "and yet this light seems to me absolutely positive. I've had to make a decision that would be too frightful if something didn't seem to be leading me into the Street called Straight, which papa says he had got out of. Did you know Mr. Davenant had offered to pay our debts?"

He shook his head.

"Of course I couldn't let him do it."

"Couldn't you?"

"Do you think I could?"

"Not if you think differently. You're the only judge."

"But if I don't, you know, papa will have to go—" She hesitated. "You know what would happen, don't you?"

"I suppose I do."

"And I could prevent it, you see, if I let papa take this money. I have to assume the responsibility of its refusal. It puts me in a position that I'm beginning to feel—well, rather terrible."

"Does it?"

"You don't seem very much interested, Cousin Rodney. I hoped you'd give me some advice."

"Oh, I never give advice. Besides, if you've got into the Street called Straight, I don't see why you need advice."

"I do. The Street called Straight is all very well, but—"

"Then you're not so sure, after all."

"I'm sure in a way. If it weren't for



papa I shouldn't have any doubt whatever. But it seems so awful for me to drive him into what I don't think he'd do of his own accord." She went on to explain Davenant's offer in detail. "So you see," she concluded, "that papa's state of mind is peculiar. He agrees with me that the higher thing would be not to take the money; and yet if I gave him the slightest encouragement he would."

"And you're not going to?"

"How could I, Cousin Rodney? How could I put myself under such an obligation to a man like that?"

"He could probably afford it."

"Is he so very rich?" There was a hint of curiosity in the tone.

Rodney Temple shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, rich enough. It would pretty well clean him out; but then that would do him good."

"Do him good—how?"

"He's spoiling for work, that fellow is. Since he's had all that money he's been of no use to himself or to anybody else. He's like good capital tied up in a stocking instead of being profitably invested."

"And yet we could hardly put ourselves in a humiliating situation just to furnish Mr. Davenant with an incentive for occupation, could we, Cousin Rodney?"

"I dare say not."

"And he isn't offering us the money merely for the sake of getting rid of it—do you think?"

"Then what is he offering it to you for?"

"That's exactly what I want to know. Haven't you any idea?"

"Haven't you?"

She waited a minute before deciding to speak openly. "I suppose you never heard that he once asked me to marry him?"

He betrayed his surprise by the way in which he put down the little Chinese figure and wheeled round more directly toward her.

"Who? Peter?"

She nodded.

"What the dickens made him do that?"

She opened her eyes innocently. "I'm sure I can't imagine."

"It isn't a bit like him. You must have led him on."

"I didn't," she declared, indignantly. "I never took any notice of him at all. Nothing could have astonished me more than his—his presumption."

"And what did you say to him? Did you box his ears?"

"I was very rude. That's all I can remember about it, and it's partly the trouble now. I feel as if he'd been nursing a grudge against me all these years—and was paying it."

"In that case he's got you on the hip, hasn't he? It's a turning of the tables."

"You see that, Cousin Rodney, don't you? I *couldn't* let a man like that get the upper hand of me—"

"Of course you couldn't, dearie. I'd sit on him if I were you, and sit on him hard. I'd knock him flat—and let Delia Rodman and Clorinda Clay go to the deuce."

She looked at him wonderingly. "Let who go to the deuce?"

"I said Delia Rodman and Clorinda Clay. I might have included Fanny Burnaby and the Brown girls. I meant them, of course. I suppose you've been doing a lot of worrying on their account."

"I—I haven't," she stammered. "I haven't thought of them at all."

"Then I wouldn't. They've got no legal claim on you whatever. When they put their money into your father's hands—or when other people put it there for them—they took their chances. Life is full of risks like that. You're not responsible for them, not any more than you are for the fortunes of war. If they've had bad luck—then that's their own lookout. Oh, I shouldn't have them on my mind for a minute."

She was too startled to suspect him of ruse or strategy.

"I haven't had them on my mind. It seems queer—and yet I haven't. Now that you speak of them, of course I see—" She passed her hand across her brow. There was a long, meditative silence before she resumed. "I don't know what I've been dreaming of that it didn't occur to me before. Papa and Mr. Davenant both said that I hadn't considered all the sides to the question; and I suppose that's what they were thinking of. It seems so obvious—now."



She adjusted her veil and picked up her parasol as though about to take leave; but when she rose it was only to look at, without seeing it, a plaque hanging on the wall.

"If papa were to take Mr. Davenant's money," she said, after long silence, "then his clients would be as well off as before, wouldn't they?"

"I presume they would."

"And, now, I suppose, they're very poor."

"I don't know much about that. None of them were great heiresses, as it was. Miss Prince, who keeps the school, told your cousin Cherry yesterday that the Rodman girls had written her from Florence, asking if she could give them a job of teaching Italian. They'll have to teach away like blazes now—anything and everything they know."

She turned round toward him, her eyes misty with distress.

"See this bit of jade?" he continued, getting up from his chair. "Real jade that is. Cosway, of the Gallery, brought it me when he came home from Pekin. That's not real jade you've got at Tory Hill. It's jadeite."

"Is it?" She took the little mandarin in her hand, but without examining him. "I've no doubt you've been dreadfully worried about them—papa's clients, I mean."

"Well, a little—or, rather, not at all. That is, I should have been worried if it hadn't been for the conviction that something would look out for them. Something always does, you know."

The faint smile that seemed to have got frozen on her lips quivered piteously. "I wish you could have that comfortable feeling about me."

"Oh, I have. That 'll be all right. You'll be taken care of from start to finish. Don't have a qualm of doubt about it. There's a whole host of ministering spirits—angels some people call them—I don't say I should myself—but there are legions of mighty influences appointed to wait on just such brave steps as you're about to take."

"That is, if I take them!"

"Oh, you'll take 'em all right, dearie. You'll not be able to help it when you see just what they ought to be. In a certain sense they'll take you. You'll be passed along from point to point as safe-

ly as that bit of jade"—he took the carving from between her fingers and held it up—"as safely as that bit of jade has been transmitted from the quarries of Tibet to brighten my old eyes. It's run no end of risks, but the Angel of Beauty has watched over all its journeys. It's been in every sort of queer, mysterious place; it's passed through the hands of mandarins, merchants, and slaves; it's probably stood in palaces and been exposed in shops; it's certainly come over mountains, and down rivers, and across seas; and yet here it is, as perfect as when some sallow-faced dwarf of a craftsman gave it the last touch of the tool a hundred years ago. And that's the way it 'll be with you, dearie. You may go through some difficult places, but you'll come out as unscathed as my little Chinaman. The Street called Straight is often a crooked one; and yet it's the surest and safest route we can take from point to point."

As, a few minutes later, she hurried homeward, this mystical optimism was to her something like a rose to a sick man—beautiful to contemplate, but of little practical application in alleviating pain. Her mind turned away from it. Under the stress of the moment the only vision to which she could attain was that of the Misses Rodman begging for the pitiful job of teaching Italian in a young ladies' school. She upbraided herself for her blindness to the most obviously important aspect of the situation. Now that she saw it, her zeal to "pay," by doing penance in public, became tragic and farcical at once. The absurdity of making satisfaction to Mrs. Rodman and Mrs. Clay, to Fanny Burnaby and the Brown girls, by calling in the law, when less suffering—to her father at least—would give them actual cash, was not the least element in her humiliation.

She walked swiftly, seeing nothing of the cheerful stir around her, lashed along by the fear that Peter Davenant might have left Tory Hill. She was too intent on her purpose to perceive any change in her mental attitude toward him. She was aware of saying to herself that everything concerning him must be postponed; but beyond that she scarcely thought of him at all. Once the



interests of the poor women who had trusted to her father had been secured, she would have time to face the claims of this new creditor; but nothing could be attempted till the one imperative duty was performed.

Going up the stairs toward her father's room, the sound of voices reassured her. Davenant was there still. That was so much relief. She was able to collect herself, to put on something like her habitual air of quiet dignity, before she pushed open the door and entered.

Guion was lying on the couch, with the rug thrown over him. Davenant stood by the fireplace. He was smoking one of Guion's cigars, which he threw into an ash-tray as Olivia came in.

Conversation stopped abruptly on her appearance. She herself walked straight to the round table in the middle of the room, and for a second or two, which seemed much longer in space of time, stood silent, the tips of her fingers just touching a packet of papers, strapped with rubber bands, which she guessed that Davenant must have brought.

"I only want to say," she began, with a kind of panting in her breath—"I only want to say, papa, that if . . . Mr. Davenant will . . . lend you the money . . . I shall be . . . I shall be . . . very glad."

Guion said nothing. His eyes, regarding her aslant, had in them the curious receding light she had noticed once before. With a convulsive clutching of the fingers he pulled the rug up about his chin. Davenant stood as he had been standing when she came in, his arm resting on the mantelpiece. When she looked at him, with one hasty glance, she noticed that he reddened hotly.

"I've changed my mind," she went on, impelled by the silence of the other two to say something more. "I've changed my mind. It's because of papa's clients—the Miss Rodmans and the others—that I've done it. I couldn't help it. I never thought of them till this afternoon. I don't know why. I've been very dense. I've been cruel. I've considered only how we—papa and I—could exonerate ourselves, if you can call it exoneration. I'm sorry."

"You couldn't be expected to think of everything at once, Miss Guion," Davenant said, clumsily.

"I might have been expected to think of this; but I didn't. I suppose it's what you meant when you said that there are sides to the question that I didn't see. You said it, too, papa. I wish you had spoken more plainly."

"We talked it over, Miss Guion. We didn't want to seem to force you. It's the kind of thing that's better done when it's done of one's own impulse. We were sure you'd come to it. All the same, if you hadn't done it to-day, we'd made up our minds to—to suggest it. That's why I took the liberty of bringing these things. Those are bonds that you've got your hand on—and the checks make up the sum total."

"I've been explaining to Davenant," Guion said, in a muffled voice, "that things aren't quite so hopeless as they seem. If we ever come into Aunt Vic's money—"

"But there's no certainty of that, papa."

"No certainty, but a good deal of probability. She's always given us to understand that the money wouldn't go out of her own family; and there's practically no one left now but you and me. And if it *should* come to us, there'd be more than enough to—to square everything. You'd do it, dear, wouldn't you, if Aunt Vic were to leave the whole thing to you? I think she's as likely to do that as not."

"Mr. Davenant must know already that I shall give my whole life to trying to pay our debt. If there's anything I could sign at once—"

Davenant moved from the fireside. "There's nothing to sign, Miss Guion," he said, briefly. "The matter is ended as far as I'm concerned. Mr. Guion has got the money, and is relieved from his most pressing embarrassments. That's all I care about. There's no reason why we should ever speak of it again. If you'll excuse me now—"

He turned toward the couch with his hand outstretched, but during the minute or two in which Olivia and he had been facing each other Guion had drawn the rug over his face. Beneath it there was a convulsive shaking, from which the younger man turned away. With a nod of comprehension to Olivia, he tiptoed softly from the room. As he did so he



could see her kneel beside the couch and kiss the hand that lay outside the coverlet.

She overtook him, however, when he was down-stairs, picking up his hat and stick from the hall table.

She stood on the lowest step of the stairs, leaning on the low, white pillar that finished the balustrade. He was obliged to pass her on his way to the door. The minute was the more awkward for him owing to the fact that she did not take the initiative in carrying it off. On the contrary, she made it harder by looking at him gravely without speaking.

"It's relief," he said, nodding with understanding toward the room up-stairs. "I've seen men do that before—after they'd been facing some danger or other with tremendous pluck."

He spoke for the sake of saying something, standing before her with his hat and stick in his hand, not seeing precisely how he was to get away.

"It's a relief to me, too," she said, simply. "You can't imagine what it's been the last few days—seeing things go to pieces like that. Now, I suppose, they'll hold together somehow, though it can't be very well. I dare say you think me all wrong—"

He shook his head.

"I couldn't see any other way. When you've done wrong as we've done it, you'd rather be punished. You don't want to go scot-free. It's something like the kind of impulse that made the ascetics submit to scourging. But it's quite possible that I shouldn't have had the courage to go through with it—especially if papa had broken down. As you said from the first, I didn't see what was truly vital."

"I shouldn't blame myself too much for that, Miss Guion. It often happens that one only finds the right way by making two or three plunges into wrong ones."

"Do you think I've found it now?"

There was something wistful in the question, and not a little humble, that induced him to say with fervor, "I'm very sure of it."

"And you?" she asked. "Is it the right way for you?"

"Yes; and it's the first time I've ever struck it."

She shook her head slowly. "I don't know. I'm a little bewildered. This morning everything seemed so clear, and now!—I understand," she went on, "that we shall be taking all you have."

"Who told you that?" he asked, sharply.

"It doesn't matter who told me; but it's very important if we are. *Are we?*"

He threw his head back in a way that, notwithstanding her preoccupation, she couldn't but admire. "No; because I've still got my credit. When a man has that—"

"But you'll have to begin all over again, sha'n't you?"

"Only as a man who has won one battle begins all over again when he fights another. It's nothing but fun when you're fond of war."

"Didn't I do something very rude to you—once—a long time ago?"

The question took him so entirely unawares that, in the slight, involuntary movement he made, he seemed to himself to stagger backward. He was aware of looking blank, while unable to control his features to a non-committal expression. He had the feeling that minutes had gone by before he was able to say:

"It was of no consequence, Miss Guion—"

"Don't say that. It was of great consequence. Any one can see that—now. I was insolent. I knew I *had* been. You must have been perfectly aware of it all these years; and—I *will* say it!—I *must* say it!—you're taking your revenge—very nobly."

He was about to utter something in protest, but she turned away abruptly and sped up the stairs. On the first landing she paused for the briefest instant and looked down.

"Good-by," she faltered. "I must go back to papa. He'll need me. I can't talk any more just now. I'm too bewildered—about everything. Colonel Ashley will arrive in a day or two, and after I've seen him I shall be a little clearer as to what I think; and—and then—I shall see you again."

He continued to stand gazing up the stairway long after he had heard her close the door of Guion's room behind her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



# The Dollivers' Old Dears

BY MARGARET CAMERON

IT was the afternoon of a very hot Sunday in July. The Dollivers, humming through the city and out into the green country ways, saw street-cars and trains packed to the steps with pushing, swaying, perspiring humanity, and were more than ever thankful for the little touring-car which had been Page's gift to Marjorie a few weeks before; and more than ever willing to practise the economies its operation entailed, since through its magic properties urban limitations ceased to bind them, and the whole wide beautiful countryside became their playground.

"Marjorie, how much do you really love your fellow-man?" whimsically asked her husband, slowing up at the point of transfer of two suburban trolley lines, on each of which a crowded car was giving up, not without violent internal paroxysms, a half-score of panting, em-purpled passengers, who swarmed across the road to force their way into the car on the other track.

"Heaps—in the abstract, and at a suitable distance," she dryly returned, following his thought.

"In other words, you respect his spirit, but your own flesh," he translated.

"Well, I shouldn't deliberately choose to be pressed into a sort of human head-cheese with him, if that's what you mean. Not by way of recreation on a holiday, at least," she rejoined. "Of the two, I should much prefer to sit on the peak of a desert island, eating breadfruit and watching for a sail."

"You pain me, Marjorie," he drawled. "You pain me deeply. Can it be that you're a snob?"

"It can," she placidly returned. "All really nice people are," whereat they both laughed, and Page increased the speed, the way being clear again.

The little automobile darted ahead of the following trolley-car, but they had covered a comparatively short distance when Dolliver stopped abruptly, exclaiming:

"By George!"

"What?" asked his wife, startled. "What is it?"

"Did you see those two old ladies standing by the side of the road?"

"Yes." Marjorie twisted in her seat beside him to look back at them. "Why? Who are they?"

"I don't know who they are, but they're waiting for that car, where there isn't standing-room for a fishing-rod. Let's go back and pick them up. Shall we?"

"Oh, let's!" she joyfully echoed. "That is—of course—" She twinkled a little, glancing at him askance.

The Dollivers had long cherished a dream of the pleasure they would have and give, should they ever own an automobile, in sharing it occasionally with unknown, chance pedestrians along their way, but their only experiment thus far had been so disastrous in its consequences that Page wrathfully vowed he would never repeat it. That incident, briefly stated, had been as follows: They had seen a shabby old man trudging along a hot, dusty road one day, and had carried him on to his destination. The following day, in the natural course of business, Dolliver had innocently approached one Galen Corbin, the wealthy and eccentric president of a railroad, in an effort to sell him a large amount of draught-gear, and had been genuinely astonished to recognize in him their casual guest of the preceding day. Corbin, however, had wholly refused to credit the disinterestedness of the young man's philanthropy, and had placed his order elsewhere, declaring that "Golden-Rule Dolliver," as he dubbed Page, was "just a little too smooth"; whereupon that young man had sworn picturesquely, by his tribal gods, never again to offer succor, support, or transportation to any one whose name, age, antecedents, and condition of servitude were unfamiliar to him.



"I know," he now said, replying to his wife's mischievous twinkle, "but—confound it, Marjorie, these are women! Frail, sweet-looking little old women. And they'd be crushed to pulp in that car in no time. We can't deliberately abandon them to that. I'm going back."

"Of course you're going back, you Joy-forever," she gloried, with shining eyes. "Oh, Page, you're such a *satisfying* person to live with!" He grinned appreciatively, but said only:

"You ask 'em, Marjoricums. I might scare 'em. They look shy."

So, as the car stopped, pretty Mrs. Dolliver leaned out toward the old ladies, her manner the more cordial because they withdrew a pace, with the look of startled suspicion which the uninvited speech of a stranger brings to many faces.

"If you're going up the road, won't you let us take you?" she began. "We'd like to."

One of the old ladies was short, slender, and very erect, and was dressed in silvery-gray silk trimmed with cut-steel beads. The other, in black, was tall and a little bent, and seemed fragile. They glanced at each other uncertainly, and then the smaller one replied, rather stiffly:

"Thank you. We won't trouble you. The car is coming now."

"Yes, it's coming, but it's already packed full," gently urged Marjorie. "We passed it a moment ago, and there is hardly standing-room in it—and everybody's so hot and steamy and horrid! Do let us take you wherever you're going, won't you?"

Meanwhile, Page had stepped out from his place behind the wheel, and was standing, cap in hand, holding open the door of the tonneau and hospitably smiling.

"It would give us very great pleasure," he said, genially. "We should hate to think of you in that crowded car, when we have empty seats here."

"Why—you're very kind," hesitated the taller of the two, "very thoughtful, but—" She and the other exchanged indecisive glances again. "But isn't there some mistake?"

"No, indeed; we truly want you to come. How could there be any mistake

about that?" Marjorie's manner was very winning.

"Oh, I remember!" suddenly exclaimed the old lady in black, softly, in a relieved tone. Then, with penitent affability: "I do hope you'll pardon my



FRAIL, SWEET-LOOKING LITTLE OLD WOMEN

sister and me if we seemed just a little ungracious at first. We're getting old and absent-minded—and to tell the truth, we don't see as clearly as we might, my dear." As she spoke, she stepped toward the automobile, followed by her sister, and Marjorie sprang out, exclaiming:

"Oh, goody! This is delightful! Now I'm going to ask you," to the taller one, who was evidently the elder, "to sit in front beside my husband, and your sister and I will sit in the tonneau."

The young couple solicitously helped their elderly guests into their seats, and while Page went to crank the engine, Marjorie pulled a couple of dust-rugs off





"DO LET US TAKE YOU WHEREVER YOU'RE GOING?"

the rod. As she turned to shake them out, she heard the little old lady in the tonneau ask, in a sharp whisper:

"Sallie, who are they?"

"Mrs. Holden's friends—don't you remember? I've forgotten their names," replied the sister in front.

"Nonsense! They were brother and sister," retorted the first. "These two are married."

"Are they? Well, perhaps they were married all the time," placidly returned the other. "Perhaps we misunderstood. We often do. Anyway, they evidently know us—and they are very nice," she concluded.

"Oh, aren't they darlings?" murmured Marjorie to her husband, as he took the rugs from her.

"Perfect old dears," he whispered. "No dregs in this loving-cup, girlie. This is the real thing."

As they were about to start, the trolley-car whirred past, and the old lady

beside Page looked after it with dismayed eyes.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed. "Emily, we never could have squeezed into that car in the world! How terrible for people to be herded together so—especially in such weather! And here—why, here there is actually a breeze!"

"Almost too much of a breeze," laughed Marjorie, gathering in the ends of her long azure veil, which had blown across the face of the lady in gray. "I beg your pardon! I'll try to keep it in order," an effort, be it said, in which she was only partially successful. "I can't bear to tie it up tight under my chin in this heat, and it's attached to my bonnet, so I can't easily take it off." Then, noticing that the other was fussing at a refractory glove-button, "May I help you with that? Perhaps I can button it more easily than you."

"No, thank you," said the little gray lady, whose manner was still guarded.



"There, it's off! No matter. Don't trouble."

"Here it is." Marjorie caught the tiny disk as it slipped down over the linen laprobe, and returned it to the gray, silk-covered hand held out for it, her face lighting charmingly in response to the first spontaneous smile the other had yielded.

"Now, where shall we take you?" asked Dolliver, when again they had left the trolley-car behind.

"We were going home," said the one called Sallie.

"And 'home' is—?"

"I thought you knew. We just live across the street from the Holdens."

"I'm afraid I shall have to ask a little more explicit directions than that," he confessed. "Is it Hastings? Or Irvington? Or Tarrytown?"

"Why, Dobbs Ferry, of course. Didn't we meet you and your wife at Mrs. Holden's the other day?"

At this moment the one called Emily, who had been conducting investigations of her own on the back seat, exclaimed:

"There, Sallie, what did I tell you? These are not Mrs. Holden's friends at all! They *were* brother and sister! I'm sure they were!"

"Then who—when— I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid I don't remember where we did meet you," faltered the other, looking at Page in bewilderment.

"I think we've never met before," he told her, gently, "but that seemed to us a poor reason for letting you be crushed and pushed and stepped on in that street-car, when we were going the same way, with an empty tonneau behind us."

"Why—that's very kind! Emily, isn't that *very* kind?"

"You see," eagerly broke in Marjorie, "we've always said that half the fun of owning an automobile would be in sharing it occasionally with some of the nice people who hadn't one, regardless of whether or not we knew them socially."

"What a beautiful idea!" commented the sister in front.

"It sounds like Socialism," said the little lady beside Marjorie, severely. "Are you Socialists?"

"Oh, mercy, no!" laughed Mrs. Dolliver. "We're just—just *people*, who happen to have a new car, and want to

get all the fun we can out of it, for ourselves and others."

"It sounds to *me* like practical Christianity—a liberal application of the Golden Rule," said the gentle Sallie.

"Oh, *please!*" begged Marjorie, laughing again, but conscious that Page flushed and turned away his face. "You'll embarrass my husband terribly if you say that. Somebody called him Golden-Rule Dolliver the other day, and he didn't like it a bit. He says this is just a new kind of game we've made for ourselves, and we hope other people—people like you—are going to enjoy playing it with us."

"I think there can be little doubt of that," said the lady beside Page.

"Under the circumstances, however, it is high time that we should introduce ourselves," asserted the other, crisply. "I am Miss Manchester, my sister is Mrs. Whitney, and we live together in Dobbs Ferry. You, I take it, are Mrs.—Dolliver?"

"Yes," affirmed Marjorie. "Page Dolliver is my husband's name, and we now live in New York, although we are really Western people."

It transpired that Mrs. Whitney and Miss Manchester had once been West, and the talk thereafter was all of Pikes Peak and the Grand Cañon, Yellowstone, and Yosemite, until, twenty minutes later, Page stopped the car before their house, a dignified old structure, set back amid smooth lawns and surrounded by fine trees.

Then said Miss Manchester, sharply, after some hasty fumbling in her lap and about her feet:

"Sallie, have you my purse?"

"Your purse? Why, no, Emily. Why should I have it?" wonderingly returned her sister.

"Well, it isn't here! I had it—but it isn't here!" declared the other. "It's *gone!*" She regarded Dolliver with startled eyes.

"Perhaps it slipped down to the floor of the car," he suggested. "If you'll step out, we'll look for it. Don't be alarmed, Miss Manchester. It must be here, you know, if you had it."

"If I had it? Of course I had it," she asserted. "I paid the car-fare going down. You remember that, Sallie, be-



cause you said you'd left your purse at home."

"Yes, I remember that," said Sallie. "You did have it, going down."

"What kind of a purse is it, Miss Manchester?" questioned Marjorie.

"It's a small, silver-meshed thing—just a coin-purse. I use it for car-fare, and carried it in my hand."

"Well, it must be here somewhere," cheerfully assumed Mrs. Dolliver. By this time they were all standing about the car, and Page had removed and shaken the dust-rags. Now he began searching behind and beneath all the cushions. "It's so easy to overlook one of those little chain-purses," reassuringly continued his wife, "because they crumple up into such small space. I have one, and it's always eluding me and giving me a fright. We'll surely find yours in a minute. Page dear, it *must* be there! Did you look in the pockets?"

"How could it get into a pocket?" he asked, but he obediently searched through them, while she stepped nearer, eagerly watching.

"I do hope you haven't lost it," sighed Mrs. Whitney.

"I don't quite see how I *could* have lost it." Miss Manchester spoke in a careful undertone, gazing steadily at her sister.

"Oh, my dear! You don't mean—!" the elder whispered, gasping, and turned an agitated glance upon the unheeding Dollivers. "Oh—*Emily!* How *can* you!"

"'Sh!" warned the little gray lady. "If we manage it right, it probably won't be necessary to say anything definite. I hope we may be spared—publicity."

"But—Emily, they're such *nice* people!"

"They do seem nice," admitted Emily, "but you never can tell. I see Dick Holden over there. I'm going to tell him."

"Oh no, not Dick!" whispered the other, in a flutter. "You wouldn't do *that*, Emily! Not yet! Do wait!" But Miss Manchester, seizing a moment when the backs of the busy Dollivers were turned, beckoned imperatively to a young man lounging on the veranda of a house across the way. "Perhaps you dropped

it as you got out," Mrs. Whitney was urging, and began an anxious scrutiny of the ground around the car.

"Good afternoon," called the young man, as he approached. "Anything the matter, Miss Emily? Can I help?"

"I hope you can," she replied, disregarding her sister's imploring glance and slight deprecating gesture. "My purse is—missing." Something in her tone made both Page and Marjorie turn sharply toward her, but she was looking at the new-comer—a clean-cut, steady-eyed fellow of thirty or thereabout.

"Missing!" he repeated, glancing at the Dollivers. "You mean you've lost it?"

"Y-yes, I seem to have lost it—though I don't see how I could. Anyway, it can't be found now, and—what shall I do?"

"Well, I should say scurry back wherever you've been and look for it," he recommended. "Been motoring?"

"N-no—" began Miss Manchester, but her sister interrupted.

"Yes. That is—not exactly. We were on our way home from Harriet's, and were waiting for the trolley-car, when these young people came along and very kindly offered to bring us home. Let me present you. Mrs. Dolliver—Mr. Dolliver—this is our friend and neighbor, Mr. Holden."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Dolliver," said the young man, cordially shaking hands with Page, after bowing to Marjorie.

"Mr. Holden is also our deputy sheriff," mentioned Miss Manchester, in a casual tone, and again both Page and Marjorie looked sharply at her and then at each other. Holden, too, threw her a puzzled glance, which developed a twinkle as he turned it upon the Dollivers, though he was obviously embarrassed.

"'Some are born great, some achieve greatness,'" he began, flushing and laughing a little, but Mrs. Whitney fluttered anxiously into the conversation again.

"My sister and I are very proud of Mr. Holden's office," she explained. "In this day of saloon-keeping politicians, one rarely finds a gentleman who stands ready to do his duty and bear his share of the civic responsibility."

"Oh, come, Mrs. Whitney," remon-





"IT'S SO EASY TO LOSE ONE OF THOSE LITTLE CHAIN-PURSES"

strated Holden, red and laughing. "it isn't as bad as all that! Some of the boys thought it would be rather a joke to have me appointed a deputy," he added, turning to Dolliver, "and I didn't refuse the office, as I was expected to do. So I'm sort of an accident, officially. The duties of my exalted position thus far have been conspicuously few, however, and I'm not getting half the fun out of it that you might think."

"Don't be discouraged, Dick," dryly advised Miss Manchester. "You may be called upon sooner than you anticipate."

"It was at the Holdens' that we thought we had met you, you know," Mrs. Whitney here made haste to remind Marjorie.

"At our house?" puzzled her neighbor.

"Yes. But we learned later that we had never met Mr. and Mrs. Dolliver before at all," Miss Manchester explained, regarding him steadily.

"Oh?" Again he turned upon the young couple a perplexed, scrutinizing glance, which ended in a smile. "I see. You have never met them before, either."

"Even now we seem to have achieved that honor through a misapprehension," whimsically explained Page. "We saw these ladies waiting for the car, and as we had just passed it and knew it to be crammed full already, and we had plenty of room, we asked them to come on with us."

"And Sallie immediately jumped to the conclusion that they were those young people whom we met at your house



last week. I *told* her those two were brother and sister," said Emily, "but she was quite positive."

"Anyway, it was simply the more kind of Mr. and Mrs. Dolliver, since they didn't know us," persisted Mrs. Whitney. Little red spots were burning in her withered cheeks and her speech was quick and nervous. "They said it was a new kind of game they had made for themselves—sharing their car with people—even perfect strangers like us—whom they might help. Isn't that a beautiful idea, Richard?"

"Well, certainly it's an ingenious way of enlarging one's experience," he returned, dryly. "Faithfully put into practice, I should say that idea might be productive of many interesting complications."

"You're quite right about that," affirmed Dolliver, with a dubious little smile. "It has been." Holden's keen, quiet glance touched him for a moment, and then swept the others of the group.

"But what about the purse?" he asked. "Where does that come in?"

"It comes in right there," said Miss Manchester. "We accepted the very thoughtful invitation of these young people, still supposing them to be your friends, Dick, and they brought us home."

"Directly?"

"Directly. And when we got here—I couldn't find my purse."

"Sure you had it?"

"Why, of course I had it!" she indignantly returned. "Haven't I told you that I paid the car-fare?"

"Coming back?"

"N-no—but I intended to pay it coming back. Sallie had no money with her."

"Then isn't it possible that you didn't have the purse, after all? That you left it down at Harriet's?" he suggested.

"Certainly not. I never leave my things about," she replied, somewhat curtly. "Certainly not. Absurd!"

"Now, Emily, perhaps you did," hopefully ventured Mrs. Whitney. "Why not telephone—"

"I'm perfectly certain I did *not*," interrupted her sister, fixedly regarding Holden, who met her gaze with a questioning glance, which he almost immediately averted. "I had the purse in my hand when I entered that automobile."

"Then, unless you have it still, it must be in the tonneau. I'm going to look myself," said Marjorie, stepping into the car.

"Was there much in it?" asked Holden.

"Not much money," slowly replied Miss Manchester, "but there were three diamond rings."

"Emily! Grandmother's rings!" cried her sister, distressfully.

"I took them off, because they wear holes in a silk glove, and dropped them into my purse—and I can't lose them, you know. They must—we must find them."

"We'll find them, Miss Manchester," said Dolliver, in a determined tone meant to be reassuring; but Holden, whose face was beginning to set in grave lines, instantly bent upon him a more searching glance. "We'll find them, if we have to hunt all night. Now, tell us, if you can, just when you remember actually having the purse last. You are positive you had it when you entered the car?"

"Absolutely. Because I remember looking into it, while we were waiting for the trolley, to see whether I had the exact change."

"If you had seen that trolley-car, Richard, you would realize from what these delightful young people saved us," interpolated Mrs. Whitney, with tremulous haste. "It was packed! We are so grateful—"

"*That's* when it was!" triumphantly announced Miss Emily. "I had it then, because just after that car passed us one of my glove-buttons came off, and I dropped it into my purse. *You* must remember that?" She turned sharply toward Mrs. Dolliver, the others followed her example, and then all stood staring, startled by Marjorie's appearance.

She was standing in the tonneau, both hands clutching the long, full folds of her veil together below an ashen face, and in her eyes an expression curiously resembling fear. In response to Miss Manchester's question she nodded mutely. Then, as they waited for further reply, she said, with apparent difficulty:

"Yes. I remember. You did have it—then."

"Then where is it now?" demanded the spinster.

"I beg your pardon," said Marjorie,





"I CAN'T LOSE THEM YOU KNOW—WE MUST FIND THEM"

her voice shaking a little. "Do I understand that you are asking—*me*—where your purse is?"

"You misinterpret Miss Manchester, dear," Dolliver told her, steadily. "She is, naturally, disturbed over the loss of her purse and her rings, but she understands perfectly," with a level glance at the lady in question, "that we are quite as desirous of finding them as she can be."

Miss Manchester murmured something non-committal, Holden transferred his keen gaze from Marjorie to her husband and back again to her agitated face, and Mrs. Whitney hastened to reiterate her belief that her sister had dropped the purse on the ground as she got out of the car, and to urge everybody to look for it there.

"Nonsense! Don't be absurd, Sallie," counseled the younger sister. "I hadn't stirred from my seat when I missed it." Nevertheless, Holden and Mrs. Whitney began another search of the ground around the car.

"Don't worry, dear," Page quietly said to Marjorie. "It has just slipped out of sight somewhere. We'll find it presently."

"Of course we'll find it," she replied, clearly. "I'm not worried—not in the least. Why should I be? I'm only sorry." But although her color presently returned with feverish brightness, she still clutched the veil in one tense, nervous fist, and there was in her roving eyes an unnatural gleam. Page watched her openly, with anxious sympathy, Miss Manchester eyed both of them sharply now and then, and Holden stole speculative, troubled glances at them all. Meanwhile the fruitless search went on.

"You haven't—I suppose you haven't a pocket?" tentatively suggested Holden.

"A pocket? Certainly not! No properly dressed woman has anything as sensible as a pocket in these ridiculous days, even at my age," tartly returned Miss Manchester.

"Could it have been dropped out of the car in any way?"

"My dear Richard! Even if I had kept it in my hand, I do not ordinarily fling my arms about, and a silver-meshed purse, though it is light, is certainly not elastic, so it couldn't well have bounced out of my lap and over the side on a perfectly smooth road."



"No, I suppose not," dejectedly admitted Holden. "Still, it doesn't seem to be here, so suppose we run back over the road and see if we can find it. Mr. Dolliver will take us, I'm sure."

"Gladly," said Page.

"Don't be absurd, Dick!" Miss Manchester was growing impatient. "I tell you I had the purse in my hand after I entered that automobile, it could not possibly have jumped overboard by itself, and I missed it before I got out of the car here. Therefore, it must be here somewhere, and it—*must—be—found*."

"Very well," he acquiesced. "What do you suggest?"

"I see nothing for it but to make another—and more thorough—search." Again she met his glance with steady and significant eyes.

"Page, I suggest that we turn the car over to Miss Manchester and Mr. Holden," said Marjorie, her tone hard beneath its lightness. "Thus far we have done most of the hunting, and we have failed. Perhaps they will be more successful. Mr. Holden can search it, and Miss Manchester can superintend matters from the front seat. I'll abdicate." She stepped out of the tonneau and nodded to Holden. "Will you see if you can find it? We may have missed it, after all."

They were looking at her, her husband with startled wonder in his eyes and a little pucker between his brows, Mrs. Whitney hopefully, Miss Manchester suspiciously, and Holden keenly, his face now very stern. When he turned to Dolliver, Page met his glance with clear, steady eyes.

"Will you try?" he invited. "Perhaps we'd all be better satisfied."

"Thank you," said the deputy sheriff, and stepped into the tonneau.

"Page, help Miss Manchester into the front seat," continued Marjorie, in the same hard, bright tone. "She sat in the tonneau, and I want her to watch that search and be perfectly convinced that her purse is not there." Steadily smiling, she took the arm of the little gray lady, who stood beside her on the sidewalk, and piloted her around the car, where Dolliver met them. He noticed that the linen rugs had been tossed in a heap on the floor; and the spinster stood a moment

on the step, Marjorie still supporting her elbow, while he reached in and pulled them out of her way. Then she established herself in the seat her sister had occupied and watched Holden, with a satirical and expectant smile, as he made a very thorough and elaborate search of the tonneau.

Meanwhile Marjorie withdrew to the sidewalk, at a little distance, where she leaned against a tree, regarding the couple in the car with bright, mocking eyes. As soon as possible her husband joined her.

"Don't, dear," he urged, gently. "Don't let yourself get nervous over this. It's bound to come out all right."

"Nervous!" she echoed, with a hard little laugh. "Page, you know perfectly well what that woman thinks!"

"Dear girl, she doesn't think," he said, humorously. "She jumps at conclusions. And when we find her purse, as we shall presently—for she's perfectly right in saying that it must be here somewhere—she's going to feel so much worse about this than you do now that you'll be sorry for her."

"Sorry for her? Not I!" scoffed his wife.

"Yes, you will. She's going to have the worst attack of remorse you ever saw. Just wait a little—and keep cool, girlie, keep cool! It isn't going to help matters a bit if you lose your head and put yourself in a false light, you know."

She squared her shoulders and looked away for a moment before she asked, in pinched tones:

"Do you expect me to take a humorous view of it when they finish with the car, and—and search *me*?"

"They won't search you," he said, quietly. "Don't think of that for a moment. They won't search you, dear. Just keep your balance a little longer."

"I'll try," she replied, after another blank stare into space. "I'll—try, Page. But you must go away. If you talk to me, I—I shall cry."

"All right." He smiled at her, and turned back to the car at once, and Mrs. Whitney, seeing Marjorie standing apart and alone, quickly joined her.

At that moment Holden stood up in the tonneau, having gone through the last pocket, and looked from one to the other of the group, shaking his head.





REGARDING THE COUPLE IN THE CAR WITH BRIGHT, MOCKING EYES

"It's not here," he said; then, to Miss Manchester: "You see. It's not here."

"It's somewhere," she returned, grimly. "I insist that it shall be found."

"What do you wish me to do now?" he asked.

"Continue the search." For an instant their glances met, his questioning and hers determined. "Continue until you find it."

"You mean—?"

"I rely upon you."

"Very well." He stepped out of the tonneau. "I think no one has examined the front part of the car. If you will change places with me, I'll look there next."

"Ridiculous," she protested, still half kneeling in the front seat, her hands on its back, as she had been throughout

his search of the tonneau. "How could it be here? I sat back there, with Mrs. Dolliver. Why waste time?"

"I prefer to make sure," he quietly persisted, holding up his hand to assist her. "Will you—" He stopped short, apparently staring at her feet for a moment, ejaculated, "By George!" and began to laugh.

"What? What is it? Have you found it?" they all cried.

"Ladies," he turned a quizzical face to Mrs. Whitney and Marjorie, both of whom were approaching, the elder woman hastily and Mrs. Dolliver more slowly, "is it—I ask in all humility, for these are mysteries no man may fathom" — his eyes were all atwinkle again — "but is it the custom now to use silver purses to

decorate the ends of sashes? This is a sash, isn't it?" He lifted the narrow strip of silk which fell at Miss Manchester's side, from her belt almost to the hem of her dress, and there, depending from the fringe of cut-steel beads with which it was finished, hung the object of their search, quite inconspicuous against the silvery tones of her gown.

"Why! Why!" Miss Manchester stared at her feet and sank into the seat again, holding the little purse in her hand. "I—why, how—the end of that sash must have been in my lap, and when I put the button away I must have closed my purse on a thread or two of the fringe. Oh, my dear!" remorsefully to Marjorie. "I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry to have given you and your husband all this trouble and anxiety. Can you ever forgive me?"



"Pray don't speak of it." Marjorie inclined her head slightly, with a chill little smile. "It is the greatest relief to us that you have at last found your purse."

"And caught in your own sash! Oh, Emily!" softly exclaimed Mrs. Whitney.

"And I trust you will find its contents quite undisturbed," continued Marjorie. "Perhaps you had better make sure."

"Oh, Mrs. Dolliver, please!" begged Miss Manchester. "And you won't—you *can't* go now! You will at least come in and let us give you a cup of tea? Mr. Dolliver, you will? Do help me persuade her!"

"Yes, at least for a cup of tea," echoed Mrs. Whitney, urgently.

Page looked at his wife, who replied that it would be quite impossible, since they had promised to take tea with friends several miles farther on, and were already late. Her only suggestion of warmth was in her farewell to gentle Mrs. Whitney, and promptly, the men having exchanged cards, she and Page got away.

Dolliver turned to his wife with a chuckle. "This is a great game we've invented, isn't it?"

"Oh, Page—Page! Wasn't it awful?" she gasped. "The idea of that woman supposing—the idea of her *daring* to think—!" Sudden sobs choked her.

"Dearie, can't you see that it was a perfectly natural suspicion under the circumstances?" he asked, gently. "It *did* look queer for a while—especially you," he added, with another irrepressible chuckle. "Now that it's all over, I don't mind telling you that you were the very picture of guilt."

"Page, I—"

"Oh, I understood," he assured her. "I knew you were just startled and angry—and a little frightened. But if I'd been that deputy sheriff, and a total stranger to you, I'd have been dead sure that you had that purse."

"Page," she swept the veil aside again, and both face and tone were tragical, "I did have it!"

"What?"

"I did have the purse. She didn't close it on her steel fringe at all, but on a fold of my veil." She jerked out the words between sobs.

"But—why didn't you say so?"

"Because I didn't discover it—the veil is long and full—I never knew the thing was there until after that sheriff person appeared on the scene, and then—well, you see what they'd have thought then if I had produced the purse and told this improbable tale about just having found it hanging from my veil. They *never* would have believed I didn't give it up rather than have him find it!"

"But how, in the name of all that's black-magical, *how* did it come on the end of her sash, then?"

"I had to do *something* with it," sobbed Marjorie. "She meant to have me searched—yes, she did, too, Page! She suspected me from the very first! Then I saw the sash—and I made up my mind that if that purse was found on anybody, it would be on her! Horrid, suspicious old thing! That's the reason I made them search the tonneau. I knew it looked queer. I called you—but really *I* helped her into the car—and I took good care to be on the sash side! I knew there'd be some chance—and while she waited, on the step, for you to get those rugs out of the way, I—I did it!"

"Well, by gad!" ejaculated her husband. "Suppose somebody had caught you at it? What then?"

"But they didn't," she submitted, a smile gleaming through her tears. "You were quite right about one thing, though, dear. We won't play this automobile game any more. Never, never again!"

"Oh, I don't know," parleyed Dolliver. "It's not such a bad game. To be sure, Miss Emily was—Miss Emily, and you don't see the humorous side of her yet—"

"Humorous!"

"But that Holden chap is a good sort, and as for Mrs. Whitney, she's a perfect old duck!"

"Y-yes, she's a dear," Marjorie granted.

"Well, then? Besides, that street-car was no place for two old women, and we did save them that. It's not such a bad game, now, is it, dearest? Let's play it some more—with discretion. Shall we?"

"Oh, Page," she sighed, still half sobbing, tucking her hand under his arm, "you're such a blessed, big, comforting, *understanding* sort of person to play with! After all, nothing else matters very much, does it?"



# Mrs. Greenhow\*

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER

THESE pages record the story of the woman who cast a pebble into the sea of circumstance—a pebble from whose widening ripples there rose a mighty wave, on whose crest the Confederate States of America were borne through four years of civil war.

Rose O'Neal Greenhow gave to General Beauregard information which enabled him to concentrate the widely scattered Confederate forces in time to meet McDowell on the field of Manassas, and there, with General Johnson, to win for the South the all-important battle of Bull Run.

Mrs. Greenhow's cipher despatch—nine words on a scrap of paper—set in motion the reinforcements which arrived at the height of the battle and turned it against the North. But for the part she played in the Confederate victory Rose O'Neal Greenhow paid a heavy price.

During the Buchanan administration Mrs. Greenhow was one of the leaders of Washington society. She was a Southerner by birth, but a resident of Washington from her girlhood; a widow, beautiful, accomplished, wealthy, and noted for her wit and her forceful personality. Her home was the rendezvous of those prominent in official life in Washington—the “court circle,” had America been a monarchy. She was personally acquainted with all the leading men of the country, many of whom had partaken of her hospitality. President Buchanan was a close personal friend; a friend, too, was William H. Seward, then Senator from New York; her niece, a granddaughter of Dolly Madison, was the wife of Stephen A. Douglas. It was in such company that she watched with burning interest the war clouds grow

and darken over Charleston Harbor, then burst into the four years' storm; she never saw it end.

Among her guests at this time was Colonel Thomas Jordan, who, before leaving Washington to accept the appointment of Adjutant-General of the Confederate army at Manassas, broached to Mrs. Greenhow the subject of a secret military correspondence. What would *she* do to aid the Confederacy? he asked her. Ah, what would she not do! Then he told her how some one in Washington was needed by the South; of the importance of the work which might be done, and her own especial fitness for the task. And that night before he left the house he gave her a cipher code, and arranged that her despatches to him were to be addressed to “Thomas John Rayford.”

And so he crossed the river into Virginia and left her, in the Federal capital, armed with the glittering shield, “Justified by military necessity,” and the two-edged sword, “All's fair in love and war”;—left her, his agent, to gather in her own way information from the enemy, her former friends, where and from whom she would.

It was in April, '61, that she took up her work; in November, Allan Pinkerton, head of the Federal Secret Service, made to the War Department a report in which he said—in the vehement language of a partisanship as intense as Mrs. Greenhow's own:

It was a fact too notorious to need reciting here, that for months . . . Mrs. Greenhow was actively and to a great extent openly engaged in giving aid and comfort, sympathy and information; . . . her house was the rendezvous for the most violent enemies of the government, . . . where they were furnished with every possible information to be obtained by the untiring energies of this very remarkable woman; . . . that since the commencement of this rebellion this woman, from her long residence at the

\* To Mrs. Richard Price, Recording Secretary of Cape Fear Chapter Three, United Daughters of the Confederacy, at Wilmington, North Carolina, acknowledgment is made for her courtesy in permitting the use of data relating to Mrs. Greenhow.



capital, her superior education, her uncommon social powers, her very extensive acquaintance among, and her active association with, the leading politicians of this nation, has possessed an almost superhuman power, all of which she has most wickedly used to destroy the government. . . . She has made use of whoever and whatever she could as mediums to carry into effect her unholy purposes. . . . She has not used her powers in vain among the officers of the army, not a few of whom she has robbed of patriotic hearts and transformed them into sympathizers with the enemies of the country. . . . She had her secret and insidious agents in all parts of this city and scattered over a large extent of country. . . . She had alphabets, numbers, ciphers, and various other not mentioned ways of holding intercourse. . . . Statistical facts were thus obtained and forwarded that could have been found nowhere but in the national archives, thus leading me to the conclusion that such evidence must have been obtained from employees and agents in the various departments of the government.

Thus she worked throughout the opening days of the war. Washington lay ringed about with camps of new-formed regiments, drilling feverishly. Already the press and public had raised the cry, "On to Richmond." When would they start? Where would they first strike? It was on those two points that the Confederate plan of campaign hinged. It was Mrs. Greenhow who gave the information. To General Beauregard at Manassas, where he anxiously awaited tidings of the Federal advance, there came about the 10th of July the first message from Mrs. Greenhow. The message told of the intended advance of the enemy across the Potomac and on to Manassas via Fairfax Court-house and Centreville. It was brought into the Confederate lines by a young lady of Washington, Miss Duval, who, disguised as a market-girl, carried the message to a house near Fairfax Court-house, occupied by the wife and daughters (Southern born) of an officer in the Federal army. General Beauregard at once commenced his preparations for receiving the attack, and sent one of his aides to President Davis to communicate the information and to urge the immediate concentration of the scattered Confederate forces.

But still the Federal start was delayed,

and the precise date was as indefinite as ever. It was during this period of uncertainty that G. Donellan, who, before joining the Confederates, had been a clerk in the Department of the Interior, volunteered to return to Washington for information. He was armed with the two words "Trust Bearer" in Colonel Jordan's cipher, and was sent across the Potomac with instructions to report to Mrs. Greenhow. He arrived at the very moment that she most needed a messenger. Hastily writing in cipher her all-important despatch, "Order issued for McDowell to move on Manassas to-night," she gave it to Donellan, who was taken by her agents in a buggy, with relays of horses, down the eastern shore of the Potomac to a ferry near Dumfries, where he was ferried across. Cavalry couriers delivered the despatch into General Beauregard's hands that night, July 16th.

And the source of Mrs. Greenhow's information? She has made the statement that she "*received a copy of the order to McDowell.*" Allan Pinkerton was not wrong when he said that she "had not used her powers in vain among the officers of the army."

At midday of the 17th there came Colonel Jordan's reply:

Yours was received at eight o'clock at night. Let them come; we are ready for them. We rely upon you for precise information. Be particular as to description and destination of forces, quantity of artillery, etc.

She was ready with fresh information, and the messenger was sent back with the news that the Federals intended to cut the Manassas Gap Railroad to prevent Johnson, at Winchester, from reinforcing Beauregard. After that there was nothing to be done but await the result of the inevitable battle. She had done her best. What that best was worth she learned when she received from Colonel Jordan the treasured message:

Our President and our General direct me to thank you. We rely upon you for further information. The Confederacy owes you a debt.

When the details of the battle became known, and she learned how the last of Johnson's 8,500 men (marched to Gen-



eral Beauregard's aid because of *her* despatches) had arrived at three o'clock on the day of the battle and had turned the wavering Federal army into a mob of panic-stricken fugitives, she felt that the "Confederacy owed her a debt," indeed.

In the days immediately following Bull Run it seemed to the Confederate

sympathizers in the city that their victorious army had only to march into Washington to take it. "Everything about the national Capitol betokened the panic of the Administration," Mrs. Greenhow wrote. "Preparations were made for the expected attack, and signals were arranged to give the alarm. . . . I went round with the principal officer in charge of this duty, and took advantage of the situation. . . .

Our gallant Beauregard would have found himself right ably seconded by the rebels in Washington had he deemed it expedient to advance on the city. A part of the plan was to have cut the telegraph wires connecting with the various military positions with the War Department, to make prisoners of McClellan and several others, thereby creating still greater confusion in the first moments of panic. Measures had also been taken to spike the guns in Fort Corcoran, Fort Ellsworth, and other important points, accurate drawings of which had been furnished to our commanding officer by me." Doubtless it was these same drawings concerning which the New York *Herald* commented editorially a month later:

. . . We have in this little matter [Mrs. Greenhow's arrest] a clue to the mystery of those important government maps and

plans which the rebels lately left behind them in their hasty flight from Fairfax Courthouse, . . . and we are at liberty to guess how Beauregard was so minutely informed of this advance, and of our plan of attack on his lines, as to be ready to meet it at every salient point with overwhelming numbers.

Poor Mrs. Greenhow—from the very

first doomed to disaster. Her maps and plans (if these, indeed, were hers) were allowed to fall into the enemy's hands; despatches were sent to her by an ill-chosen messenger, who, too late, was discovered to be a spy for the Federal War Department; her very cipher code, given her by Colonel Jordan, proved to be an amateurish affair that was readily deciphered by the Federal War Office. She never had a chance to escape detection. Concerning the cipher, Colonel Jor-



MRS. GREENHOW AND HER DAUGHTER  
From a War-time Photograph

dan wrote to Confederate Secretary of War Judah P. Benjamin, October, '61 (the letter was found in the archives of Richmond four years later): "This cipher I arranged last April. Being my first attempt and hastily devised it may be deciphered by any expert, as I found after use of it for a time. . . . That does not matter as of course I used it with but the lady, and with her it has served our purpose. . . ." It had, indeed, served their purpose, but in serving it had brought imprisonment and ruin to the woman.

When the War Department began to shake itself free from the staggering burden placed upon it by the rout at Bull Run, almost its first step was to seek out the source of the steady and swift-flowing stream of information to



Richmond. Suspicion at once fell upon Mrs. Greenhow. Many expressed their secession sentiments as openly as did she, but there was none other who possessed her opportunities for obtaining Federal secrets. Federal officers and officials continued their pleasant social relations with her, and she was believed by the War Office to be influencing some of these. Thomas A. Scott, Assistant Secretary of War, sent for Allan Pinkerton and instructed him to place Mrs. Greenhow under surveillance; her house was to be constantly watched, as well as all visitors from the moment they were seen to enter or to leave it, and, should any of these visitors later attempt to go South, they were immediately to be arrested. The watch on the house continued for some days; many prominent gentlemen called—men whose loyalty was above question. Then on the night of August 22d, while Pinkerton and several of his men watched during a hard storm, an officer of the Federal army entered the house. Pinkerton removed his shoes and stood on the shoulders of one of his men that he might watch and listen at a crack in the shutters. When the officer left the house he was followed by Pinkerton (still in his stocking feet) and one of his detectives. Turning suddenly, the officer discovered that he was being followed; he broke into a run, and the three of them raced through the deserted, rain-swept streets straight to the door of a station of the Provost-Marshal. The pursued had maintained his lead and reached the station first; he was its commanding officer, and instantly turned out the guard. Allan Pinkerton and his agent suddenly found that the quarry had bagged the hunters.

The angry officer refused to send word for them to Secretary Scott, to General McClellan, to the Provost-Marshal—to any one! He clapped them into the guard-house—"a most filthy and uncomfortable place"—and left them there, wet and bedraggled, among the crowd of drunken soldiers and common prisoners of the streets. In the morning, when the guard was relieved, one of them, whom Pinkerton had bribed, carried a message to Secretary Scott, by whom they were at once set free. In his report Allan Pinkerton says:

... The officer then [immediately after Pinkerton was put under arrest] went upstairs while I halted and looked at my watch. Said officer returned in twenty minutes with a revolver in his hand, saying that he went up-stairs on purpose to get the revolver. The inquiry arises, was it for that purpose he stayed thus, or for the more probable one of hiding or destroying the evidence of his guilt obtained of Mrs. Greenhow or furnished to her? . . .

This report goes no further into the charge, but that very day, August 23d, within a few hours of his release, Allan Pinkerton placed Mrs. Greenhow under arrest as a spy.

Of the events of that fateful Friday Mrs. Greenhow has left a graphic record, complete save that it does not tell why such events need ever have been, for she had been warned of her proposed arrest—warned in ample time at least to have attempted an escape. The message which told of the impending blow had been sent to her, Mrs. Greenhow tells, by a lady in Georgetown, to whom one of General McClellan's aides had given the information. The note said also that the Hon. William Preston, Minister to Spain until the outbreak of the war, was likewise to be arrested. To him Mrs. Greenhow passed on the warning, and he safely reached the Confederate army. But Mrs. Greenhow—why did she stay? Did escape seem so improbable that she dared not run the risk of indubitably convicting herself by an attempted flight? Did she underestimate the gravity of her situation and depend upon "influence" to save her? Or was it, after all, some Casabianca-like folly of remaining at her "post" until the end? Whatever the reason, she stayed.

Day after day she waited for the warning's fulfilment. Though waiting, she worked on. "'Twas very exciting," she told a friend long afterward. "I would be walking down the Avenue with one of the officials, military or state, and as we strolled along there would pass—perhaps a washerwoman carrying home her basket of clean clothes, or, maybe, a gaily attired youth from lower Seventh Avenue; but something in the way the woman held her basket, or in the way the youth twirled his cane, told me that news had been received, or that news was



wanted—that I must open up communications in some way. Or as we sat in some city park a sedate old gentleman would pass by; to my unsuspecting escort the passer-by was but commonplace, but to me his manner of polishing his glasses, or the flourish of the handkerchief with which he rubbed his nose, was a message.”

Days full of anxious forebodings sped by until the morning of the 23d of August dawned, oppressively sultry after the night of rain which had so bedraggled Allan Pinkerton and his detective. At about eleven o'clock that morning Mrs. Greenhow was returning home from a promenade with a distinguished member of the diplomatic corps, but for whose escort she believed she would have been arrested sooner, for she

knew she was being followed. Excusing herself to her escort, she stopped to inquire for the sick child of a neighbor, and there they warned her that her house was being watched. So, then, the time had come! As she paused at her neighbor's door, perhaps for the moment a trifle irresolute, one of her “humble agents” chanced to be coming that way; farther down the street two men were watching her; she knew their mission.

To her passing agent she called, softly: “I think that I am about to be arrested. Watch from Corcoran's corner. I shall raise my handkerchief to my face if they arrest me. Give information of it.” Then she slowly crossed the street to her house. She had several important papers with her that morning; one, a tiny note, she put into her mouth and destroyed; the other, a letter in cipher, she was unable to get from her pocket without being observed; for the oppor-

tunity to destroy it she must trust to chance. As she mounted the short flight of steps to her door, the two men—Allan Pinkerton and his operative, who had followed her rapidly—reached the foot of the steps. She turned and faced them, waiting for them to speak.

“Is this Mrs. Greenhow?”

“Yes,” she replied, coldly. As they still hesitated, she asked, “Who are you, and what do you want?”

“I have come to arrest you,” Pinkerton answered, shortly.

“By what authority? Let me see your warrant,” she demanded, bravely enough except for what seemed a nervous movement of the fluttering handkerchief. To the detectives, if they noticed it, it was but the tremulous gesture of a wom-

an's fright. To the agent lingering at Corcoran's corner it was the signal.

“I have no power to resist you,” she said; “but, had I been inside of my house I would have killed one of you before I had submitted to this illegal process.” They followed her into her house and closed the door.

“It seemed but a moment,” she tells, “before the house became filled with men, and an indiscriminate search commenced. Men rushed with frantic haste into my chamber, into every sanctuary. Beds, drawers, wardrobes, soiled linen—search was made everywhere! Even scraps of paper—childrens' unlettered scribbings—were seized and tortured into dangerous correspondence with the enemy.”

It was a very hot day. She asked to be allowed to change her dress, and permission was grudgingly given her, but almost immediately a detective followed



LITTLE ROSE GREENHOW  
From a War-time Photograph





THE OLD CAPITOL PRISON

to her bedroom, calling, "Madam! Madam!" and flung open the door. She barely had had time to destroy the cipher note that was in her pocket. Very shortly afterward a woman detective arrived, and "I was allowed the poor privilege of unfastening my own garments, which one by one were received by this pseudo-woman and carefully examined."

Though wild confusion existed within the house, no sign of it was allowed to show itself from without, for the house was now a trap, baited and set; behind the doors detectives waited to seize all who, ignorant of the fate of its owner, might call. Anxious to save her friends, and fearful, too, lest she be compromised further by papers which might be found on them when searched, Mrs. Greenhow sought means to warn them away. The frightened servants were all under guard, but there was one member of the household whose freedom was not yet taken from her—Mrs. Greenhow's daughter, Rose, a child of eight. It is her letters which have supplied many of the details for this story. Of that day, so full of terror and bewilderment, the mem-

ory which stands out most clear to her is that of climbing a tree in the garden and from there calling to all the passers-by: "Mother has been arrested! Mother has been arrested!" until the detectives in the house heard her, and angrily dragged her, weeping, from the tree.

But in spite of the efforts of the "humble agent" who had waited at Corcoran's corner for the handkerchief signal, in spite of the sacrifice of little Rose's freedom, the trap that day was sprung many times. Miss Mackall and her sister, close friends of Mrs. Greenhow, were seized as they crossed the threshold, and searched and detained. Their mother, coming to find her daughters, became with them a prisoner. A negro girl—a former servant—and her brother, who were merely passing the house, were induced to enter it, and for hours subjected to an inquisition.

Night came, and the men left in charge grew boisterous; an argument started among them. Mrs. Greenhow tells—with keen enjoyment—of having egged on the disputants, pitting nationality against nationality—English, Ger-



man, Irish, Yankee—so that in the still night their loud, angry voices might serve as a danger signal to her friends. But the dispute died out at last—too soon to save two gentlemen who called late that evening, a call which cost them months of imprisonment on the never-proved charge of being engaged in “contraband and treasonable correspondence with the Confederates.”

Soon after midnight there came the brief relaxing of vigilance for which Mrs. Greenhow had watched expectantly all day. She had taken the resolution to fire the house if she did not succeed in obtaining certain papers in the course of the night, for she had no hope that they would escape a second day’s search. But now the time for making the attempt had come, and she stole noiselessly into the dark library. From the topmost shelf she took down a book, between whose leaves lay the coveted despatch; concealing it in the folds of her dress, she swiftly regained her room. A few moments later the guard returned to his post at her open door.

She had been permitted the companionship of Miss Mackall, and now as the two women reclined on the bed they planned how they might get the despatch out of the house. When Mrs. Greenhow had been searched that afternoon her shoes and stockings had not been examined, and so, trusting to the slim chance that Miss Mackall’s would likewise escape examination, it was determined that the despatch should be hidden in her stocking; and this—since the room was in darkness save for the faint light from the open door, and the bed stood in deep shadow—was accomplished in the very presence of the guard. They planned that should Miss Mackall, when about to be released, have reason to believe she was to be searched carefully, she must then be seized with compunction at leaving her friend, and return.

Between three and four o’clock Saturday morning those friends who had been detained were permitted to depart (except the two gentlemen, who, some hours before, had been taken to the Provost-Marshal), and with Miss Mackall went in safety the despatch for whose destruction Mrs. Greenhow would have burned her house.

But though she had destroyed or saved much dangerous correspondence, there fell into the hands of the Federal secret service much more of her correspondence, by which were dragged into the net many of her friends and agents. A letter in cipher addressed to Thomas John Rayford in part read:

Your three last despatches I never got. Those by Applegate were betrayed by him to the War Department; also the one sent by our other channel was destroyed by Van Camp.

Dr. Aaron Van Camp, charged with being a spy, was arrested, and cast into the Old Capitol Prison. In a stove in the Greenhow house were found, and pieced together, the fragments of a note from Donellan, the messenger who had carried her despatch to Beauregard before Bull Run. The note introduced “Colonel Thompson, the bearer, . . . [who] will be happy to take from your hands any communications and obey your injunctions as to disposition of same with despatch.” The arrest of Colonel Thompson, as of Mrs. Greenhow, involved others; it was all like a house of cards—by the arrest of Mrs. Greenhow the whole flimsy structure had been brought crashing down.

Of the days which followed the beginning of Mrs. Greenhow’s imprisonment in her own house, few were devoid of excitement of some sort. After a few days Miss Mackall had obtained permission to return and share her friend’s captivity. It was she who fortunately found and destroyed a sheet of blotting-paper which bore the perfect imprint of the Bull Run despatch! The detectives remained in charge for seven days; they examined every book in the library leaf by leaf (too late!); boxes containing books, china, and glass that had been packed away for months were likewise minutely examined. Portions of the furniture were taken apart; pictures removed from their frames; beds overturned many times.

“Seemingly I was treated with deference,” Mrs. Greenhow tells. “Once only were violent hands put upon my person—the detective, Captain Denis, having rudely seized me to prevent me giving warning to a lady and gentleman on the



first evening of my arrest (which I succeeded in doing)." She was permitted to be alone scarcely a moment. "If I wished to lie down, he was seated a few paces from my bed. If I desired to change my dress, it was obliged to be done with open doors. . . . They still presumed to seat themselves at table with me, with unwashed hands and shirt-sleeves." Only a few months before this the President of the United States had dined frequently at that very table.

Her jailers sought to be bribed to carry messages for her—in order to betray her; their hands were ever outstretched. One set himself the pleasant task of making love to her maid, Lizzie Fitzgerald, a quick-witted Irish girl, who entered keenly into the sport of sentimental walks and treats at Uncle Sam's expense—and, of course, revealed nothing.

On Friday morning, the 30th of August, Mrs. Greenhow was informed that other prisoners were to be brought in, and that her house was to be converted into a prison. A lieutenant and twenty-one men of the Sturgis Rifles (General McClellan's body-guard) were now placed in charge instead of the detective police. The house began to fill with other prisoners—all women. The once quiet and unpretentious residence at 398 Sixteenth Street became known as "Fort Greenhow," and an object of intense interest to the crowds that came to stare at it—which provoked from the *New York Times* the caustic comment:

Had Madam Greenhow been sent South immediately after her arrest, as we recommended, we should have heard no more of the heroic deeds of Secesh women, which she has made the fashion.

Had the gaping crowds known what the harassed sentries knew, they would have stared with better cause. They sought to catch a glimpse of Mrs. Greenhow because of what she had done; the guards' chief concern was with the Mrs. Greenhow of the present moment. For during the entire time that she was a prisoner in her own house Mrs. Greenhow was in frequent communication with the South. How she accomplished the seemingly impossible will never be fully known.

She tells of information being con-

veyed to her by her "little bird"; of preparing "those *peculiar, square* despatches to be forwarded to our great and good President at Richmond"; of "tapestry-work in a vocabulary of colors, which, though not a very prolific language, served my purpose"; and she gives, as an example of many such, "a seemingly innocent letter," which seems innocent, indeed, and must forever remain so, since she does not supply the key whereby its hidden meaning may be understood.

Then there is the story of the ball of pink knitting-yarn, a story which, unlike the yarn ball, was never unwound to lay its innermost secrets bare. Now and then the prisoners passed one another when being marched for their period of exercise in the garden or back into the house again; and it was thus that Mrs. Greenhow one day met Mrs. Philips in the hall. Behind each stalked an armed guard; the ladies might not pause even long enough to bid each other good day. But as she passed on into the house, Mrs. Philips called, "I found your ball of pink yarn in the shrub-bush under your window, and tossed it into your room." Pink yarn! Women-talk!—not worth a soldier's heed, and the sentries gave it none. Out in the garden Mrs. Greenhow restlessly paced up and down; for the first time the brief half-hour seemed too long; for the first time, too, she was glad to be marched back to her room again. Yes! there on the floor in a band of sunlight lay the pink ball—safe. As she dropped it carelessly into her work-basket the guard watched her narrowly, then again languidly seated himself at her door. That is all of the story—except that the ball of pink yarn was wound around a little roll of paper, a cipher message from the South.

By such means she was able to outwit her many guards—though not as invariably as at the time she believed that she had done. Allan Pinkerton reports to the War Department, with a mixture of irritation and complacency:

She has not ceased to lay plans, to attempt the bribery of officers having her in charge, to make use of signs from the windows of her house to her friends on the streets, to communicate with such friends and through them as she supposed send in-

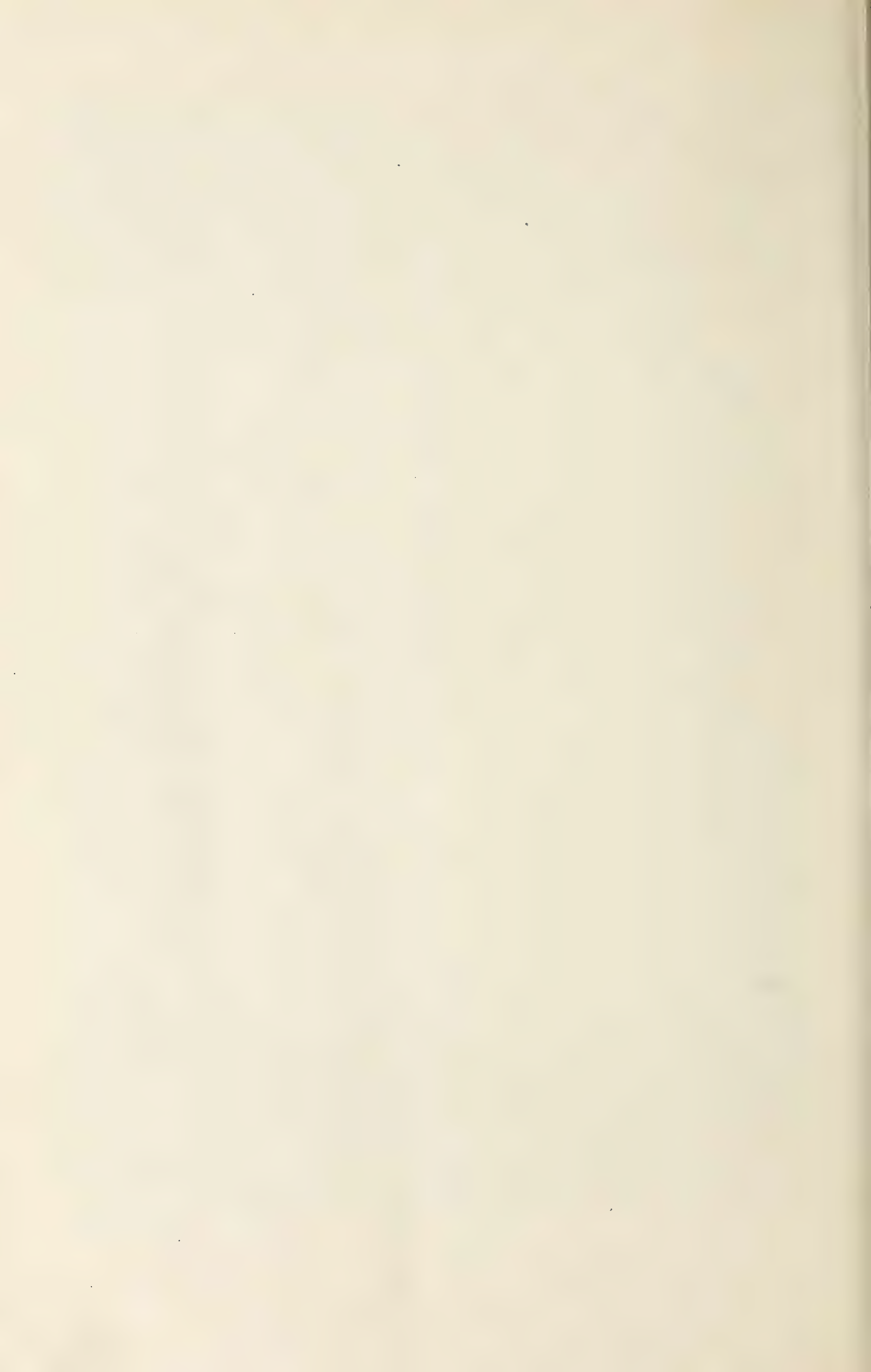




*Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs*

THE BARRED WINDOW LOOKED OUT UPON THE PRISON YARD







formation to the rebels in ciphers requiring much time to decipher—all of which she supposed she was doing through an officer who had her in charge and whom she supposed she had bribed to that purpose, but who, faithful to his trust, laid her communications before yourself.

But Mrs. Greenhow evidently made use of other channels as well, for the copy of her first letter to Secretary Seward safely reached the hands of those friends to whom it was addressed, and by them it was published in the newspapers, North and South, thereby showing to all the world that a tendril of the grapevine telegraph still reached out from "Fort Greenhow." It was not this alone which made officialdom and the public gasp—it was the letter itself. In tone it was calm, almost dispassionate—a masterly letter. The blunt Anglo-Saxon words which set forth in detail the indignities which she suffered from the unceasing watch kept over her came like so many blows. She pointed out that her arrest had been without warrant; that her house and all its contents had been seized, and that she herself had been held a prisoner more than three months without a trial, and that she was yet ignorant of the charge against her. The letter was strong, simple, dignified, but it brought no reply.

The heat of midsummer had passed and autumn had come, and with it many changes. Miss Mackall was one day abruptly taken away and sent to her own home; the two friends were never to meet again. Other prisoners were freed or transferred elsewhere, and yet others came—among them a Miss Poole, who almost immediately sought to curry favor by reporting that little Rose, who for some time had been allowed to play, under guard, on the pavement, had received a communication for her mother; and the child was again confined within the four walls. "This was perhaps my hardest trial—to see my little one pining and fading under my eyes for want of food and air. The health and spirits of my faithful maid also began to fail." The attempt of several of the guard to communicate information was likewise reported by Miss Poole, and the thumb-screws of discipline were tightened by many turns. The kindly

officer of the guard, Lieutenant Sheldon, was ordered to hold no personal communication with Mrs. Greenhow; the guard was set as spies upon one another and upon him; they, too, were forbidden under severe penalty to speak to her or to answer her questions. An order was issued prohibiting her from purchasing newspapers, or being informed of their contents. At times it seemed as though her house, and she in it, had been swallowed, and now lay within the four walls of a Chillon or a Château d'If; it was added bitterness to her to look about the familiar room and remember that once it had been home!

Miss Mackall had been making ceaseless efforts to be allowed to visit her friend, but permission was steadily denied. Then the news sifted into "Fort Greenhow," and reached its one-time mistress, that Miss Mackall was ill, desperately ill; for the first time Mrs. Greenhow ceased to demand—she pleaded to see her friend; and failed. Then came the news that Miss Mackall was dead.

Among those friends of the old days who now and then were allowed to call was Edwin M. Stanton, not yet Secretary of War. Mrs. Greenhow endeavored to engage him as counsel to obtain for her a writ of *habeas corpus*, but he declined.

Friends—with dubious tact—smuggled to her newspaper clippings in which the statement was made that "Mrs. Greenhow had lost her mind," and that "it is rumored that the government is about to remove her to a private lunatic asylum." "My blood freezes even now," she wrote, "when I recall my feelings at the reception of this communication, and I wonder that I had not gone mad." When the Judge-Advocate, making a friendly, "unofficial" call, asked, "To what terms would you be willing to subscribe for your release?" she replied, with unbroken courage:

"None, sir! I demand my unconditional release, indemnity for losses, and the restoration of my papers and effects."

The day after Christmas Mrs. Greenhow wrote two letters. The one, in cipher, was found in the archives of the Confederate War Department when Richmond was evacuated; it was deciphered and published in the Official Records:



December 26th

In a day or two 1,200 cavalry supported by four batteries of artillery will cross the river above to get behind Manassas and cut off railroad and other communications with our army whilst an attack is made in front. For God's sake heed this. It is positive. . . .

The grape-vine telegraph lines were still clear both into and out of "Fort Greenhow."

The other was a second letter to Secretary Seward—a very different sort of letter from the first, being but a tirade on the ethics of the Southern cause, purposeless, save that "Contempt and defiance alone actuated me. I had known Seward intimately, and he had frequently enjoyed the hospitalities of my table." Unlike its worthy predecessor, this letter was to bear fruit.

On the morning of the 5th of January a search was again commenced throughout the house. The police were searching for the copy of the second letter. But, as in the first instance, the copy had gone out simultaneously with the original. When Mrs. Greenhow was allowed to return to her room she found that the window had been nailed up, and every scrap of paper had been taken from her writing-desk and table.

It was this copy of the second letter to Secretary Seward which sent Mrs. Greenhow to the Old Capitol Prison.

It was published as the first had been, thereby clearly showing that Mrs. Greenhow was still able to communicate with the South almost at will in spite of all efforts to prevent her. It was the last straw. The State Department acted swiftly. On January 18th came the order for Mrs. Greenhow to prepare for immediate removal elsewhere; two hours later she parted from her faithful and weeping maid, and she and the little Rose left their home forever. Between the doorstep and the carriage was a double file of soldiers, between whom she passed; at the carriage—still holding little Rose by the hand—she turned on the soldiers indignantly. "May your next duty be a more honorable one than that of guarding helpless women and children," she said.

Dusk had fallen ere the carriage reached the Old Capitol; here, too, a guard was drawn up under arms to pre-

vent any attempt at rescue. The receiving-room of the prison was crowded with officers and civilians, all peering curiously. Half an hour later she and the child were marched into a room very different from that which they had left in the house in Sixteenth Street. The room, 10x12, was on the second floor of the back building of the prison; its only window (over which special bars were placed next day) looked out upon the prison-yard. A narrow bed, on which was a straw mattress covered by a pair of unwashed cotton sheets, a small feather pillow, dingy and dirty, a few wooden chairs, a table, and a cracked mirror furnished the room which from that night was to be theirs during months of heart-breaking imprisonment.

An understanding of those bitter days can be given best by extracts from her diary:

"*January 25th.*—I have been one week in my new prison. My letters now all go through the detective police, who subject them to a chemical process to extract the treason. In one of the newspaper accounts I am supposed to use sympathetic ink. I purposely left a preparation very conspicuously placed, in order to divert attention from my real means of communication, and they have swallowed the bait and fancy my friends are at their mercy. *January 28th.*—This day as I stood at my barred window the guard rudely called 'Go 'way from that window!' and leveled his musket at me. I maintained my position without condescending to notice him, whereupon he called the corporal of the guard. I called also for the officer of the guard, . . . who informed me that I must not go to the window. I quietly told him that, at whatever peril, I should avail myself of the largest liberty of the four walls of my prison. He told me that his guard would have orders to fire upon me. I had no idea that such monstrous regulations existed. To-day the dinner for myself and child consists of a bowl of beans swimming in grease, two slices of fat junk, and two slices of bread. . . . I was very often intruded upon by large parties of Yankees, who came with passes from the Provost-Marshal to stare at me. Sometimes I was amused, and generally contrived to find out what was going on.



. . . Afterward I requested the superintendent not to allow any more of these parties to have access to me. He told me that numbers daily came to the prison who would gladly give him ten dollars apiece to be allowed to pass my open door. *March 3d.*—Since two days we are actually allowed a half-hour's exercise in the prison-yard, where we walk up and down, picking our way as best we can through mud and negroes, followed by soldiers and corporals, bayonets in hand. . . . Last night I put my candle on the window, in order to get something out of my trunk near which it stood, all unconscious of committing any offense against prison discipline, when the guard below called, 'Put out that light!' I gave no heed, but only lighted another, whereupon several voices took up the cry, adding, 'Damn you, I will fire into your room!' Rose was in a state of great delight, and collected all the ends of candles to add to the illumination. By this the clank of arms and patter of feet, in conjunction with the furious rapping at my door, with a demand to open it, announced the advent of corporal and sergeant. My door was now secured inside by a bolt which had been allowed me. I asked their business. Answer, 'You are making signals, and must remove your lights from the window.' I said, 'But it suits my convenience to keep them there.' 'We will break open your door if you don't open it.' 'You will act as you see fit, but it will be at your peril!' They did not dare to carry out this threat, as they knew that I had a very admirable pistol on my mantelpiece, restored to me a short time since, although they did not know that I had no ammunition for it." The candles burned themselves out, and that ended it, save that next day, by order of the Provost-Marshal, the pistol was taken from the prisoner.

But it was not all a merry baiting of the guards—there was hardship connected with this imprisonment. In spite of the folded clothing placed on the hard bed, the child used to cry out in the night, "Oh, mamma, mamma, the bed hurts me so!" The rooms above were filled with negroes. "The tramping and screaming of negro children overhead was most dreadful." Worse than mere sound

came from these other prisoners: there came disease. Smallpox broke out among them, also the lesser disease, camp measles, which latter was contracted by the little Rose. She, too, had her memories of the Old Capitol; in a recent letter she wrote:

"I do not remember very much about our imprisonment except that I used to cry myself to sleep from hunger. . . . There was a tiny closet in our room in which mother contrived to loosen a plank that she would lift up, and the prisoners of war underneath would catch hold of my legs and lower me into their room; they were allowed to receive fruit, etc., from the outside, and generously shared with me, also they would give mother news of the outside world." Thus the days passed until Mrs. Greenhow was summoned to appear, March 25th, before the United States Commissioners for the Trial of State Prisoners.

Of this "trial" the only record available is her own—rather too flippant in tone to be wholly convincing as to its entire sincerity. Her account begins soberly enough: the cold, raw day, the slowly falling snow, the mud through which the carriage labored to the office of the Provost-Marshal in what had been the residence of Senator Guin—"one of the most elegant in the city; . . . my mind instinctively reverted to the gay and brilliant scenes in which I had mingled in that house, and the goodly company who had enjoyed its hospitality." There was a long wait in a fireless anteroom; then she was led before the Commissioners for her trial. "My name was announced, and the Commissioners advanced to receive me with ill-concealed embarrassment. I bowed to them, saying: 'Gentlemen, resume your seats. I recognize the embarrassment of your positions; it was a mistake on the part of your government to have selected gentlemen for this mission. You have, however, shown me but scant courtesy in having kept me waiting your pleasure for nearly an hour in the cold.'" The prisoner took her place at the long table, midway between the two Commissioners, one of whom, General Dix, was a former friend; at smaller tables were several secretaries; if there were any spectators other than the newspaper reporters, she



makes no mention of them. The trial began.

"One of the reporters now said, 'If you please, speak a little louder, madam.' I rose from my seat, and said to General Dix, 'If it is your object to make a spectacle of me, and furnish reports for the newspapers, I shall have the honor to withdraw from this presence.' Hereupon both Commissioners arose and protested that they had no such intention, but that it was necessary to take notes. . . ." The examination then continued "in a strain in no respect different from that of an ordinary conversation held in a drawing-room, and to which I replied sarcastically, . . . and a careless listener would have imagined that the Commission was endeavoring with plausible arguments to defend the government rather than to incriminate me. . . ." The other Commissioner then said, "'General Dix, you are so much better acquainted with Mrs. Greenhow, suppose you continue the examination?' I laughingly said, 'Commence it, for I hold that it has not begun.'"

Mrs. Greenhow's account makes no mention of any witnesses either for or against her; the evidence seems to have consisted solely in the papers found in her house. The whole examination—as she records it—may be summed up in the following questions and answers:

"'You are charged with treason.' 'I deny it!' 'You are charged, madam, with having caused a letter which you wrote to the Secretary of State to be published in Richmond.' 'That can hardly be brought forward as one of the causes of my arrest, for I had been some three months a prisoner when that letter was written.' 'You are charged, madam, with holding communication with the enemy in the South.' 'If this were an established fact, you could not be surprised at it; I am a Southern woman.' . . . 'How is it, madam, that you have managed to communicate, in spite of the vigilance exercised over you?' 'That is my secret!'" And that was practically the end, save that the prisoner said she would refuse to take the oath of allegiance if this opportunity to be freed were offered her.

April 3d the superintendent of the Old Capitol read to her a copy of the

decree of the Commission: she had been sentenced to be exiled. But the days passed and nothing came of it. Tantalized beyond endurance, she wrote that she was "ready" to go South. General McClellan, she was then told, had objected to her being sent South at this time. (Federal spies—secret-service men, who, under Allan Pinkerton, had arrested Mrs. Greenhow—were on trial for their lives in Richmond; it was feared that, were she sent South, her testimony would be used against them.) "Day glides into day with nothing to mark the flight of time," the diary continues. "The heat is intense, with the sun beating down upon the house-top and in the windows. . . . My child is looking pale and ill. . . . *Saturday, May 31st.*—At two o'clock today [Prison Superintendent] Wood came in with the announcement that I was to start at three o'clock for Baltimore." The end of imprisonment had come as suddenly as its beginning.

Disquieting rumors had been reaching Mrs. Greenhow for some time in regard to removal to Fort Warren. Was this, after all, a mere Yankee trick to get her there quietly? She was about to enter the carriage that was to bear her from the Old Capitol, when, unable longer to bear the suspense, she turned suddenly to the young lieutenant of the escort: "Sir, ere I advance further, I ask you, not as Lincoln's officer, but as a man of honor and a gentleman, are your orders from Baltimore to conduct me to a Northern prison, or to some point in the Confederacy?" "On my honor, madam," he answered, "to conduct you to Fortress Monroe and thence to the Southern Confederacy." Her imprisonment had, indeed, ended. There was yet the Abolition-soldier guard—on the way to the station, on the cars, in Baltimore, on the steamer; there was yet to be signed at Fortress Monroe the parole in which, in consideration of being set at liberty, she pledged her honor not to return north of the Potomac during the war; but from that moment at the carriage-door she felt herself no longer a prisoner.

To the query of the Provost-Marshal at Fortress Monroe she replied that she wished to be sent "to the capital of the Confederacy, wherever that might be." That was still Richmond, he told her, but





*Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs*

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

MRS. GREENHOW AND THE TWO OTHER PASSENGERS DEMANDED TO BE SET ASHORE







it would be in Federal hands before she could reach there. She would take chances on that, was her laughing rejoinder. And so she was set ashore at City Point by a boat from the *Monitor*, and next morning, June 4th, she and little Rose, escorted by Confederate officers, arrived in Richmond. And there, "on the evening of my arrival, our President did me the honor to call on me, and his words of greeting, 'But for you there would have been no battle of Bull Run,' repaid me for all I had endured."

Could the story be told of the succeeding twenty-seven months of Mrs. Greenhow's life, much of the secret history of the Confederacy might be revealed. It is improbable that the story ever will be told. Months of effort to learn details have resulted in but vague glimpses of her, as one sees an ever-receding figure at the turns of a winding road. Her daughter Rose has written: "Whether mother did anything for the Confederacy in Richmond is more than I can tell. I know that we went to Charleston, South Carolina, and that she saw General Beauregard there." Then came weeks of waiting for the sailing of a blockade-runner from Wilmington, North Carolina; quiet, happy weeks they were, perhaps the happiest she had known since the war began. She was taking little Rose to Paris, to place her in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, she told her new-made friends. One morning they found that she and little Rose had gone. A blockade-runner had slipped out during the night and was on its way with them to Bermuda.

Many have definitely asserted that Mrs. Greenhow went to England and France on a secret mission for the Confederacy. No proof of this has ever been found, but the little which has been learned of her sojourn in Europe strongly supports the theory of such a mission there. The ship which bore them to England from Bermuda was an English man-of-war, in which they sailed "at President Davis's especial request." Then there were President Davis's personal letters to Messrs. Mason and Slidell, requesting them that they show to Mrs. Greenhow every attention. In France she was given a private audience with Napoleon III.; in London, presented to England's Queen.

A letter written to her by James Spence, financial agent of the Confederates in Liverpool, shows her to have been actively engaged in support of the interests of the South from her arrival in England. But of any secret mission there is not a trace—unless her book, *My Imprisonment, or the First Year of Abolition Rule in Washington*, may thus be considered. The book was brought out in November, 1863, by the well-known English publishing-house of Richard Bentley & Son; immediately it made a profound sensation in London—particularly in the highest society circles, into which Mrs. Greenhow had at once been received. *My Imprisonment* was a brilliant veneer of personal war-time experiences laid alluringly over a solid backing of Confederate States' propaganda. Richmond may or may not have fathered it, but that book in England served the South well.\* None who knew Mrs. Greenhow ever forgot her charm; she made friends everywhere—such friends as Thomas Carlyle and Lady Franklin, and a score more whose names are nearly as well known to-day. She was betrothed to a prominent peer.

All in all, this is but scant information to cover a period of more than two years. Only one other fact has been obtained regarding her life abroad, but it is most significant in support of the belief that she was a secret agent for the Confederacy. In August, 1864, Mrs. Greenhow left England suddenly and sailed for Wilmington on the ship *Condor*. Though her plans were to return almost at once, marry, and remain in England, the fact that she left in London her affianced husband, and her little Rose in the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Paris, while she herself risked her life to run the blockade, seems strong evidence that her business in the Confederate States of America was important business, indeed. The *Condor* was a three-funneled steamer, newly built, and on her first trip as a blockade-runner—a trade for which she was superbly adapted, being swift as a sea-swallow. She was commanded by a veteran captain of the Crimean War—an

\* Many of the passages in this article have been quoted from Mrs. Greenhow's own narrative.



English officer on a year's leave, blockade-running for adventure — Captain Augustus Charles Hobart-Hampden, variously known to the blockade-running fleet as Captain Roberts, Hewett, or Gulick.

On the night of September 30th the *Condor* arrived opposite the mouth of the Cape Fear River, the entry for Wilmington, and in the darkness stole swiftly through the blockade. She was almost in the mouth of the river, and not two hundred yards from shore, when suddenly there loomed up in the darkness a vessel dead ahead. To the frightened pilot of the *Condor* it was one of the Federal squadron; he swerved his ship sharply, and she drove hard on New Inlet bar. In reality the ship which had caused the damage was the wreck of the blockade-runner *Nighthawk*, which had been run down the previous night. The *Condor's* pilot sprang overboard and swam ashore. Dawn was near breaking, and in the now growing light the Federal blockaders which had followed the *Condor* were seen to be closing in. Though the *Condor*, lying almost under the very guns of Fort Fisher—which had begun firing at the Federal ships and was holding them off—

was for the time being safe, yet Mrs. Greenhow and the two other passengers, Judge Holcombe and Lieutenant Wilson, Confederate agents, demanded that they be set ashore. There was little wind and there had been no storm, but the tide-rip ran high over the bar, and the boat was lowered into heavy surf. Scarcely was it clear of the tackles ere a great wave caught it, and in an instant it was overturned. Mrs. Greenhow, weighted down by her heavy black silk dress and a bag full of gold sovereigns, which she had fastened round her waist, sank at once and did not rise again. The others succeeded in getting ashore.

The body of Mrs. Greenhow was washed up on the beach next day. They buried her in Wilmington—buried her with the honors of war, and a Confederate flag wrapped about her coffin. And every Memorial Day since then there is laid upon her grave a wreath of laurel leaves such as is placed only upon the graves of soldiers. Long ago the Ladies' Memorial Society placed there a simple marble cross, on which is carved: "Mrs. Rose O'Neal Greenhow. A Bearer of Despatches to the Confederate Government."

## When I am Gone

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

WHEN I am gone,  
 Over the silent sky  
 The birds will fly;  
 Ah! how the birds will sing—  
 When I am gone;  
 And the blue eye  
 Of some unborn and beautiful young thing  
 Will watch them fly,  
 And her young heart will break to hear them sing—  
 When I am gone.



# Common Sense and Life-Saving

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

I WISH to put to you a serious question: If you had a polar bear named Gerald, and if you were asking some friend to come home with you and see that bear, which way would you say it—would you say, "Come and see Gerald," or would it be, "Come and see my polar bear"?

The point may be rather a fine one, but the answer is obvious: you would think of him primarily as a polar bear, and only secondarily as Gerald. He would be first and foremost a member of a different species—namely, polar bears. The fact that he was also an individual being, named Gerald, would be subordinate.

Very good, then. Let me remind you of this: As with polar bears, so with women. Most people—or, rather, I should have said, most women—do not realize it, but they are practically as alien a genus to mankind as bears. Fond of them as we may be, they are women to us first, and individuals to us afterward. It is shown by the very way one speaks of them. I say, "I know a girl named Hattie"; never, "I know Hattie, a girl." Both forms, I may add, are partly lies. I know lots of things about Hattie, but I can't know all, because I am a man and she is something else. I know all I need to about her, you understand. The point simply is that as women are a different order of beings, there are limits to our knowledge. That is why we can find no way to correct some of their queer, impossible notions about how men should act. That is why, also, I cannot fully explain to you the part Hattie played, that time I became engaged to Angelica Perry.

When I was younger I was engaged to another girl, named Hilda, but that girl went to China. A missionary uncle of hers, whose sole ambition, it seems, was "reaching" Chinamen, invited her to join him, and in spite of all my warnings she felt she had better do it. I

was sorry. Much as I hate sentimentality and much as I commend the unemotional attitude, it is a pretty discouraging business to lose a fiancée. I postponed all further search for a helpmate, and, indeed, if it hadn't been for Hattie, I might have continued indefinitely a bachelor. Hattie, however, really troubled me by trying to make me out a romantic figure. She talked everywhere about what she called my chivalrous loyalty to the memory of Hilda; and she talked so much and so often that the thing became by degrees a—became notorious. I acutely disliked it.

At last, one afternoon in the park, I met her out walking with this Angelica Perry, and she introduced us. "Angelica," she said, "let me introduce my handsome old friend and cousin, Niblo Sims, the one thoroughly faithful bachelor of my acquaintance." Angelica Perry gave me a brimming glance, I looked—a little intensely, perhaps—at her (she was an awfully pretty girl), and then, to my very considerable astonishment, we fell in love.

It was sudden, yes, but it wasn't as remarkable, after all, as one might think. In the first place, Angelica, having broken off her engagement to a wild young friend of hers named Minott Broderick, was in just the right mood to appreciate a somewhat more mature person like myself. In the second place, it wasn't a romantic love. As we looked at each other I merely got the impression that she was charming, that we were *en rapport*, and that she would be intelligently tractable. This roused, quite naturally, a feeling of fondness; but there was nothing hot or feverish about it. The phase of it that captivated me was simply her apparent combination of submission and intelligence—one so seldom finds just that in women.

When I say that all this was not romantic, I mean that I myself did not



feel it to be so. Angelica felt differently. She had heard of my previous engagement, and she had liked me not only for being "loyal" to it, but for promptly discarding this supposed loyalty upon meeting with herself. That is the way romantic women reason. I did not discover until after we were formally engaged, however, that she was this kind, and that there was an eager, jump-down-your-throaty quality in her manner, very difficult for a thoughtful man to deal with. She would sit on the carpet with her head resting on my lap, until my knees were quite stiff, asking about what deeds of daring I had done when a boy, and how soon I had learned to walk when a baby. She gave me quick little hugs in the street, she kissed her hand to me from doorsteps. It was nice, yet—well—disconcerting. I went through a week of it, and then, finding that she was getting even more emotional rather than less, I decided that I would speak of it to Hattie.

The contrast between the two girls was really interesting. Picture to yourself a blond, delicate creature, with snapping eyes, a petulant, wilful manner, a desire to pet and to be petted to the fullest, and there you have Angelica Perry. Picture an older and steadier woman quite the opposite of this, dark, still, firmly built, and with a large and you might perhaps say a stolid sort of face, and you have Hattie.

The minute I spoke confidentially to Hattie about Angelica's attitude and ways she became so frank that I was startled.

She said to me: "Niblo Sims, this engagement was a mistake. If you are beginning to find it out, so much the better; for you cannot go on this way, you know, forever. I am your cousin, and I do not like it. I feel that you are making our family ridiculous."

"May I ask," said I, "what you mean by this extraordinary statement?"

"What is extraordinary about it, Niblo?"

"Passing over the word 'ridiculous,'" I retorted, "which you are probably using for some womanish reason, or in some womanish sense that I need not investigate, it seems to me sufficiently extraordinary that you should speak of my 'going on in this way.' In what way are you talking about?"

"Getting engaged to girls whom there is no earthly probability of your really marrying."

I told her that I was the one to judge of the probabilities, not she, and inquired what she meant by "girls." Why the plural? She explained that she was thinking not only of my present engagement, but of my previous one to that other girl—the one named Hilda. She spoke of it as though that, too, had been a mistake.

"Why have you been praising me for being 'faithful' to it, then?" inquired I.

"I'd rather see you being loyal to a single blunder," she rejoined, "than constantly stumbling into others. If you are going to keep your eyes tight shut all your life, Niblo Sims, you had better stand just as still as you know how. Every step a man takes blindly—"

"What step have I taken blindly?" I demanded.

"Why, you've engaged yourself to a girl whose ways you object to."

"But that is no evidence of blindness," I quickly informed her. "Don't be so silly. These ways that I object to can be changed."

"How?" laughed Hattie.

"How?" shouted I. "How? Why, that is just what I came to see you about: that is exactly what I am asking you."

She laughed again. Hattie does a good deal of laughing.

I had left Angelica down-stairs during this interview, and now, finding that I could get no satisfaction out of Hattie, I marched off to get her. Hattie lives in a cheap little room in the Hotel Van Boskirk, which has that famous florist's establishment in the lower story; and, as Angelica seemed to be fond of flowers, I had allowed her to wait for me down in the shop. It proved to have been a frightfully expensive arrangement. That conversation with Hattie cost me twenty-seven dollars. I couldn't say anything very well, because Angelica was so merry about it all, and so urgent that I should come over to see Hattie often and let her wait in the florist's. But I did tell her about not being too romantic; and she immediately promised me she never would, and pinned a red and conspicuous flower in my buttonhole. She



seemed to be tractable enough in a way, but I saw she was flighty. No wonder young Minott Broderick couldn't control her.

On our way home we made a little *détour* to avoid some blasting, and in going through Ames Street we passed a pawnbroker's, where Angelica, peering in the window, spied a hero medal. She darted in at once.

"I wish to buy that medal, please," she informed the proprietor. "What is the price of it?"

"My dear girl—" I protested.

"Ah, Niblo," she urged, "do let me. Do not be jealous, dear. I want it for you, Niblo. You are my hero."

"I'll earn my own hero medals, thank you," said I. "Somebody else's certainly is no use to us. And I don't know what you mean by jealous, Angelica."

"I could keep it in my bureau drawer," she reflected.

The pawnbroker handed it over to her with a flourish. "Twenty dollars," he mumbled. He saw me glaring at him. "Twenty dollars," he continued, hurriedly, "is the price I'd ought to be getting for this beautiful object, but while business is dull this way, I could give it you for ten."

My fiancée was fingering the disk affectionately. "Oh, thank you," she said. "I'll take it. I am so sorry your business is dull to you. You ought to keep a bird-store instead; it would be much more cheery, and I know you would be kind to them. Will you pay the man ten dollars, please, Niblo?"

"I haven't the money," I said, handing her my pocketbook, the contents of which, after the purchase of those flowers, consisted of three one-dollar bills and a two.

"Oh," cried Angelica, examining it. "I must ask you to sell it to me for five dollars, please, because that is all there is in this pocketbook."

The proprietor gave a series of gloomy coughs. "Well, ma'am," he began, but she interrupted to ask whether he had a box he could put it in, and went on to advise him further as to keeping birds. He commenced uneasily to wrap it up.

I put in my oar again: "We sha'n't be able to take tea at Fleuret's, Angelica, if we have no money left."

Angelica looked sympathetically at the proprietor. "Oh, see, we can't give you five dollars, after all," she explained, "because that would leave us nothing for tea at Fleuret's."

He knit his brows, laid the package on the counter, and exhaled a long breath. "Would you very kindly tell me, ma'am," he slowly inquired, "just exactly what you are offering me for this medal?"

"Why, I could give you three dollars, I think," she said. "That would leave us plenty for our tea."

The proprietor dazedly held out his hand for the money.

"No. I'll tell you," frowned Angelica, "I won't buy it at all to-day. We'll come in to-morrow and give you ten. I'm sure it is worth ten dollars, isn't it, Niblo?"

We turned to go. The pawnbroker spluttered out something about ladies being so changeable that he would really rather sell it to-day for three, "owing to business," but Angelica was firm, and we left.

"He doesn't understand, poor man!" she told me.

I intimated that it was she who didn't understand, and took her to task pretty sharply for her childishness. We argued about it all during tea-time, and the next day when I refused to take her back there, we almost quarreled.

"It's not a thing to buy," I kept explaining. "One doesn't buy hero medals, Angelica; one must deserve them."

"How soon could you deserve one for me, then, Niblo?" she asked; and finding that I did not go out at once and attend to it, she cried, and said that of course I would have done it for Hilda, and that she always knew I did not love her. I contended that I did. She cried still more. And in conversation with Hattie, a few days later, I learned that Angelica had been putting her any quantity of questions—such as why I never matched her (Angelica's) frocks with my neckties or handkerchiefs; why I didn't bring her flowers; why my face didn't "light up," as she put it, when I entered the room; why I signed all my letters "Yours truly." Well!—I am a reasonable man, I have no objection to humoring people in these unimportant little matters; but anybody who signs himself "Yours truly" a dozen



times a day can't always remember to make it "Yours devotedly" when he is writing his betrothed; and as to wearing an incandescent face, why, I don't know how. I again had to beg Angelica to be more sensible.

She lived in the Windmere Apartments on the west side of the park, I upon the east. Between us in the center of this park was a reservoir which Angelica began to call the Hellespont, and across which she once told me I ought to swim. There was no earthly reason for swimming it, of course. It had an excellent path around its banks.

One afternoon in December, a little after sunset, I was walking along this path on my way to the Windmere, when I saw my fiancée some distance ahead of me, waving her arms and wildly calling me to hurry. I jogged along toward her.

"Oh, hurry, Niblo," she cried; "there's a woman here, drowning!"

I looked over the picket fence down the stone embankment. A dark object, which I presently realized was a woman's hat, was floating on the water. With Angelica's screams echoing in my ear I proceeded at once to jerk off one of my shoes. As soon as I put my stocking foot on the path, however, and felt the chill of it, I was reminded that it was December. I paused. That path was like ice.

I have been told that when people are in peril their lives pass in review before them in an instant; similarly, in my case, a whole train of considerations crossed my mind. I thought of how, for instance, a man could ever make his way down that steep embankment; of how, if he did, he could possibly get back up; of where I had better put my watch while I tried it; of how I had been walking briskly to get warm, was warm, and would now get chilled. These were all highly necessary thoughts, and while they were flashing through my consciousness I took another look at the water. It was absolutely still, I noticed. The hat was still, too. "That hat isn't moving," I told Angelica. "It's no use my going in, my dear. Either there's no woman there or she's drowned already. You wait while I fetch a policeman." And I put my shoe on again.

Angelica couldn't seem to understand me: amazement, anger, and disgust passed speechlessly over her face, and then returned in a body, as it were, and fought for utterance. I resented it. I thought to myself that it was all very well for her to feel that way, but how would she have been feeling if she had been me? A woman's idea is that a man is "supposed" to behave in a certain manner, and therefore he should. I don't accept any such therefore. I say that a man should do the intelligent thing—he should use his common sense. I promptly started off upon the run.

"Niblo," she called, "come back this instant! O Niblo! For shame!"

For shame, eh? The pin-headed girl! What good could I possibly accomplish by spilling myself down that embankment and then groping about in a large, ice-cold reservoir? If there was anybody in there, she would almost certainly be dead, even if I did succeed in finding her. If there wasn't, what an ass I'd have been to jump in at the sight of a hat! The sensible thing was to give the alarm, to get help. I ran faster than ever.

The reservoir was soon left behind. Angelica's cries grew faint and then inaudible as I sped on, and yet I did not meet a single passer-by, let alone a policeman. The park seemed deserted. I decided to try the driveway—surely a policeman would be there. On a path beside the drive I saw something move behind a bush, and rushed toward it. It fled me with shrill squeaks—it was only a woman. "Like some infernal nightmare, all this," I thought, bitterly; "why should I be mixed up in it? What a fuss to make about a hat in the water!"

Just then I spied a policeman on a bench ahead of me, with his grizzled old head hanging forward on his chest and his two hands folded peacefully over his stomach. "Officer!" I cried. "Hey, officer! There is a woman drowning in the reservoir!" I ran up in front of him.

He got up from the bench, pulled his hat over his eyes, and blinked stupidly at me.

"Run, man," I shouted, "run! Come quickly!" He never budged.

"I can't go to that reservoir, friend; it's off my post."



I seized him by the arm. "Never mind your post, hang it!" I told him.

"Get the reservoir policeman to help you," he said, roughly. "My duty's right here."

His hesitation made me furious. I shook him by the shoulder.

"You leggo my shoulder," he commanded.

"You come to that reservoir," I yelled, "or I'll report you."

A dull anger spread slowly over his face. "Where is it, then?" he inquired, shortly.

"I'll show you," I rapped out, and started off once more upon the run, the policeman following.

He was a stoutish type, like most of the park squad. What an absurd practice it is to button up a lot of tired old men in blue uniforms and label them police! This one was in no condition whatever to do much running, and he kept losing wind quite unnecessarily besides, by uttering a long string of things under his breath. Things about how he couldn't run so fast, and why didn't those guys rescue the party themselves, and his duty was to stay on his own post, like he had been ordered. "Why didn't you rescue her yourself?" he shouted, finally. A pretty way for an officer to talk! Did he think visitors were under any obligation to keep leaping into reservoirs? Against park rules, too? I pretended not to hear.

His breathing was getting more and more distressed, and his feet were thudding along that path like the hoofs of a moose. "Is it much farther?" I heard him gasp.

"I don't believe so," I answered—and then began to slow up, with a sudden suspicion dawning in my mind. This wasn't the way. "Dear me," I exclaimed, "we have come the wrong side of the reservoir."

He stopped dead in his tracks, his legs trembling, his shoulders slumping forward. He didn't look at me at all. "The wrong side," he said, thickly, and rolled his eyes skyward.

"Don't waste time," I admonished him; "we've got to hurry." I detached his clinging fingers from the fence.

It was in the worst possible of humors on each side that we retraced our steps.

I sha'n't repeat the remarks the fellow made. He was as surly as a ticket-seller; he refused point-blank to do any further running; and as we neared what I saw to be the place, he first began arguing that he could never climb the fence, anyhow, and, when I pooh-poohed this, insisted that at least he must have a bench to help him over. We arrived accordingly, marching single file, with the bench between us.

To my surprise Angelica was not there. I knew the spot, however, because it was just around a little bend in the path, near a clump of beech-trees.

"This is the place," I informed the policeman. "I left a lady here, but she seems to be gone"; and I looked over the railing to see where the hat was.

"Gone?" he echoed. "You might have known it. 'Seems to be gone'? Well, say! Did you expect her to put off drowning while you was fetching me?"

"I was referring to my fiancée," I absently explained, still looking over the railing. I couldn't see the hat anywhere.

The policeman sat heavily down upon the bench and stared at me with a sort of admiring horror. "Well, you're a cool one," he said. "This was your feeonsay as was drowning, was it? That must be quite a inconvenience to you. But never mind; everything seems to go wrong some days. Probably you got out of bed this morning left foot foremost."

I paid no attention to him. My mind was busy with conjectures about that hat. It might have sunk, of course—did hats sink for the third time? I fantastically speculated—or somebody else might have come and saved the woman. I wondered how somebody else had managed to scale the embankment. It occurred to me for one unpleasant moment that Angelica herself might have performed a rescue, and thus have put me in a very unwelcome and even a grotesque position. This was not at all probable, but the feeling that she would have liked to do it if she could, made me angry.

The policeman was still talking away. I became conscious that he was asking for my name and address.

"What do you want my name for?" I inquired, suspiciously.



"You made me leave my post, didn't you? And I've got to turn in my report, haven't I? Well, then, the names and addresses of all parties has to be took down in that report, or it's not legal, that's why. I want name and address of yourself and feeonsay for my report."

I was preparing to debate this point with the fellow, when another policeman appeared behind us, and asked my companion what he was doing off post. We started to explain, and I was just telling him about seeing the hat, when he interrupted. That was all right, he said; the reservoir watchman had fished the hat out ten minutes ago and restored it to its owner. Nobody drowned. Lady's hat blew off, lady hunted up watchman, watchman fished out hat. Lady and one or two bystanders had then gone toward the gate.

So I had had my run for nothing. There had been no one in the reservoir, no danger of any kind, nothing but an attack of romantic hysteria on the part of Angelica. Was it wise for me to marry a girl like that? I gave my name to the old policeman, who was saying quite a good deal about what a run he, too, had had for nothing; and I left the park determined to have another and fuller talk with Hattie that very moment.

When I got there, I found that Angelica had preceded me and was marching up and down the flat, rolling her eyes and twitching at her collar. "And I tell you plainly, Hattie," she cried, when I came in, "that I never could marry him, never. He just won't be a hero. I am going to marry Minott Broderick."

I felt glad and sorry. Glad to be rid of Angelica, who, I now saw, had had

only a very superficial appreciation of my character and no real understanding of it whatever. Sorry, because I was again without a fiancée.

"I am going to marry Minott," Angelica repeated.

"And whom is my common-sense cousin going to marry?" asked Hattie, giving me a look, and trying in what I thought a rather forced manner to make us all comfortable again.

Angelica observed that it would be better if a man like me remained a bachelor.

"And kept on getting engaged in this way all his life?" protested Hattie. "No, Angelica, the family would prefer to see Niblo married to *some* one."

I suddenly experienced a dislike for the whole wretched business. Here was I—rich, social, good-humored, not unattractive—involved in a most undesirable situation and not getting anywhere. I knew plenty of women; but either they kept me at arm's-length, or they went to China, like Hilda, or they turned foolish on my hands, like this Angelica. There was no understanding them. They were as remote as polar bears. The only one I could talk in the least freely with was Hattie herself. I came to a decision.

"Hattie," I said, "I think I had better marry you."

"I think so too," smiled Hattie, tapping her fingers quietly together.

"What?" squealed Angelica. "Oh, Hattie! Don't let Niblo Sims make you his wife!"

Hattie's face wore a curious expression. "I'll put it this way," she said, thoughtfully: "my intention is to let Niblo Sims be my husband."





# Mark Twain

SOME CHAPTERS FROM AN EXTRAORDINARY LIFE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

FIFTH PAPER

IT was the fashion among papers of Virginia City to permit reporters to use the editorial columns for ridicule of one another. This custom was especially in vogue during the period when Dan de Quille and Mark Twain and The Unreliable (Clement T. Rice) were the shining journalistic lights of the Comstock. Scarcely a week went by that some apparently venomous squib or fling or long burlesque assault did not appear in the *Union* or the *Enterprise*, with one of those jokers as its author and another as its target.

The author of *Roughing It* tells of a literary periodical called the *Occidental*, started in Virginia City by a Mr. F. This was the "silver-tongued Tom Fitch" of the *Union*, an able speaker and writer, vastly popular on the Coast. Fitch came to Clemens one day and said he was thinking of starting such a periodical, and asked him what he thought of the venture. Clemens said:

"You would succeed if any one could, but start a flower-garden on the Desert of Sahara; set up hoisting-works on Mount Vesuvius for mining sulphur; start a literary paper in Virginia City; Hell!"

Which was a correct estimate of the situation, and the paper perished with one issue, as related. It was of no consequence except that it contained what was probably the first attempt at that modern literary absurdity, the composite novel. Also, it died too soon to publish Mark Twain's first verses of any pretension—though still of modest merit—"The Aged Pilot Man," which were thereby saved for *Roughing It*.

To one visiting Virginia now it seems curious that any of these things could have happened there. The Comstock has become little more than a memory; Virginia and Gold Hill are so quiet, so voiceless, as to constitute scarcely an echo of the past. The International Hotel, that once so splendid edifice through whose portals the tide of opulent life ebbed and flowed, is all but deserted now. One may wander at

will through its quiet corridors and among its old splendors, seeking in vain for the boisterous welcome of a vanished day. Those things were not lacking once, and the stream of wealth tossed up and down the stairs and billowed up C Street, an ebullient tide of metals and men from which millionaires would be struck out and individuals known to national affairs. William M. Stewart, one day to become a United States Senator, was there, an unnoticed unit, and John W. Mackay and James G. Fair, one a Senator by and by, and both millionaires, but poor enough then—Fair with a pick on his shoulder, and Mackay a broker in a small, unprosperous way. Once in those days Mark Twain banteringly offered to trade business with Mackay.

"No," Mackay said, "I can't trade. My business is not worth as much as yours. I have never swindled anybody, and I don't intend to begin now."

Neither of these men could dream that within ten years both their names would be international property—that in due course Nevada would propose statues to their memory.

High-strung and nervous, the strain of newspaper work and the tumult of the Comstock told on Mark Twain. As in later life, he was subject to bronchial colds, and more than once that year he found it necessary to drop all work and rest for a time at Steamboat Springs, a place near Carson City where there were boiling springs and steaming fissures in the mountain-side, and a comfortable hotel. He contributed from there sketches somewhat more literary in form than any of his previous work.\* "Curing a Cold" is a more or less exaggerated account of his ills.

A portion of a playful letter to his mother, written from the Springs, still exists.

You have given my vanity a deadly thrust [he writes]; behold I am prone to boast of

\* Collected in "Sketches, New and Old."



having the widest reputation as a local editor of any man on the Pacific Coast, and you gravely come forward and tell me "if I work hard and attend closely to my business, I may aspire to a place on a big San Francisco daily, some day." There's comment on human vanity for you! Why, blast it, I was under the impression that I could get such a situation as that any time I asked for it. But I don't want it. No paper in the United States can afford to pay me what my place on the *Enterprise* is worth. If I were not naturally a lazy, idle, good-for-nothing vagabond, I could make it pay me \$20,000 a year. But I don't suppose I shall ever be any account. I lead an easy life, though, and I don't care a cent whether school keeps or not. Everybody knows me, and I fare like a prince wherever I go, be it on this side of the mountain or the other. And I am proud to say I am the most conceited ass in the Territory.

You think that picture looks old? Well, I can't help it—in reality, I'm not as old as I was when I was eighteen.

Which was a true statement, so far as his general attitude was concerned. At eighteen, in New York and Philadelphia, his letters had been grave, reflective, advisory. Now they were mostly banter and froth, lightly indifferent to the serious side of things, though perhaps only pretendedly so, for the picture did look old. From the shock and circumstance of his brother's death he had never recovered. He was barely twenty-eight. From the picture he could be a man of forty.

It was that year that Artemus Ward (Charles F. Browne) came to Virginia City. There was a fine opera-house in Virginia, and any attraction that billed San Francisco did not fail to play to the Comstock. Ward intended staying only a few days to deliver his lectures, but the whirl of the Comstock caught him like a maelstrom, and he remained three weeks.

He made the *Enterprise* office his headquarters, and fairly reveled in the company he found there. He and Mark Twain became boon companions. Each recognized in the other a kindred spirit. With Goodman, De Quille, and McCarthy, and E. P. Hingston—Ward's agent, a companionable fellow—they usually dined at Chaumond's, Virginia's high-toned French restaurant.

Those were three memorable weeks in Mark Twain's life. Artemus Ward was in the height of his fame, and he encouraged his new-found brother humorist, and prophesied great things of him. Clemens, on

his side, measured himself by this man who had achieved fame, and perhaps with good reason concluded that Ward's estimate was correct—that he too could win fame and honor, once he got a start. If he had lacked ambition before Ward's visit, the latter's unqualified approval inspired him with that priceless article of equipment. He put his soul into entertaining the visitor during those three weeks, and it was apparent to their associates that he was at least Ward's equal in mental stature and originality. Goodman and the others began to realize that for Mark Twain the rewards of the future were to be measured only by his resolution and ability to hold out. On Christmas Eve, Artemus Ward lectured in Silver City, and afterward came to the *Enterprise* office to give the boys a farewell dinner. The *Enterprise* always published a Christmas carol, and Goodman sat at his desk writing it. He was just finishing as Ward came in.

"Slave, slave," said Artemus. "Come out and let me banish care from you."

They got the boys, and all went over to Chaumond's, where Ward commanded Goodman to order the dinner. When the wine came on, Artemus lifted his glass and said:

"I give you Upper Canada."

The company rose, drank the toast in serious silence; then Goodman said:

"Of course, Artemus, it's all right, but why did you give us Upper Canada?"

"Because I don't want it myself," said Ward, gravely.

Then began a rising tide of humor that could hardly be matched in the world to-day. Mark Twain was young then; Artemus Ward was in his prime. They were giants of a race that became extinct when Mark Twain died. The youth, the whirl of lights and life, the tumult of the shouting street—it was as if an electric stream of inspiration poured into those two human dynamos and sent them into a dazzling, scintillating whirl. All gone—as evanescent, as forgotten as the lightnings of that vanished time. Out of that vast feasting and entertainment only a trifling morsel remains. Ward now and then asked Goodman why he did not join in the banter. Goodman said:

"I'm preparing a joke, Artemus, but for the present I'm keeping it."

It was near daybreak when Ward at last called for the bill. It was \$237.00.



"What!" exclaimed Artemus.

"That's my joke," said Goodman.

"But I was only exclaiming because it was not twice as much," returned Ward.

He paid the bill amid laughter, and they went out into the early morning air. It was fresh and fine outside, not yet light enough to see clearly. Artemus threw his face up to the sky and said:

"I feel glorious. I feel like walking on the roofs."

Virginia is built on the steep hillside, and the eaves of some of the houses almost touch the ground behind them.

"There is your chance, Artemus," Goodman said, pointing to a row of these houses, all about of a height.

Artemus grabbed Mark Twain, and they stepped out upon the long string of roofs and walked their full length, arm in arm. Presently the others noticed a solitary policeman drawing his revolver and getting ready to aim in their direction. Goodman called to him:

"Wait a minute. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to shoot those burglars," he said.

"Don't for your life. Those are not burglars. That's Mark Twain and Artemus Ward."

That was the beginning of a week of glory. The farewell dinner became a series. At the close of one convivial session Artemus went to a concert-hall, the Melodeon, blacked his face, and delivered a speech.

He got away from Virginia about the close of the year. A day or two later he wrote from Austin, Nevada, to his new-found comrade as "My dearest Love," recalling the happiness of his stay:

"I shall always remember Virginia as a

bright spot in my existence, as all others must or rather cannot be, as it were."

Then reflectively he adds:

"Some of the finest intellects in the world have been blunted by liquor."

Rare Artemus Ward and rare Mark Twain! If there lies somewhere a place of meeting and remembrance, they have not failed to recall there those closing days of '63.

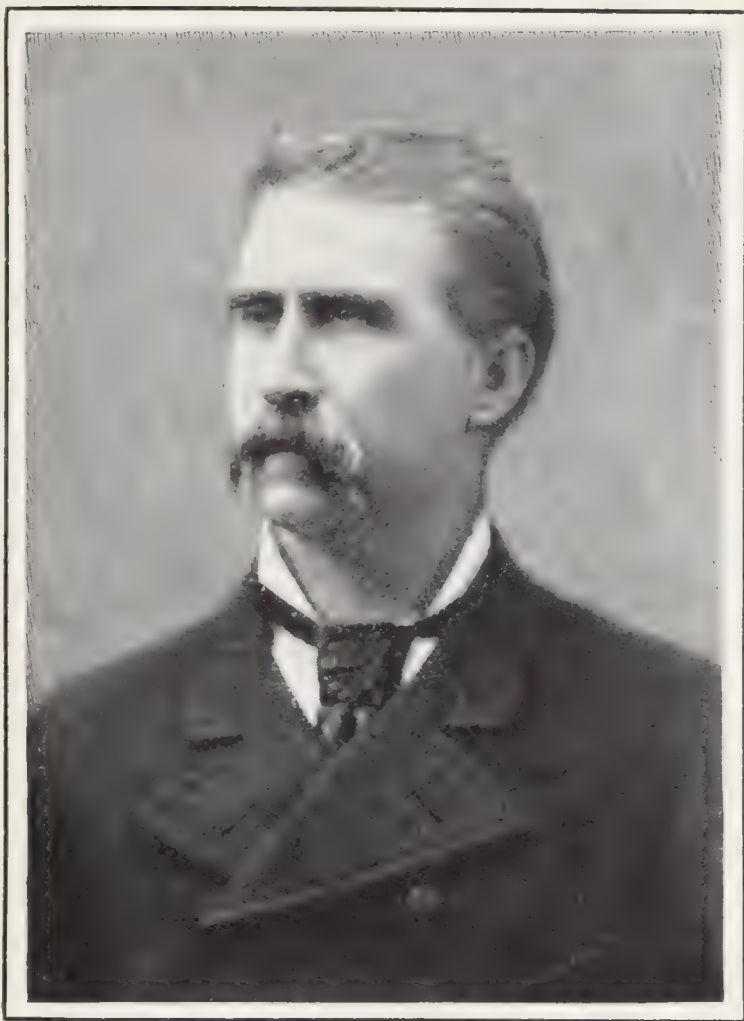
With Artemus Ward's encouragement Clemens began to think of extending his audience eastward. The *New York Sunday Mercury* published literary matter. Ward had urged him to try this market, and promised to write a special letter to the editors, introducing Mark Twain and his work. The latter prepared a sketch of the Comstock variety—scarcely refined in character and full of personal allusion—a humor not suited to

the present-day reader. Its general subject was children; it contained some absurd remedies, supposedly sent to his old pilot friend, Zeb Leavenworth, and was written as much for a joke on that good-natured soul as for profit or reputation.

"I wrote it especially for Beck Jolly's use," the author declares, in a letter to his mother, "so he could pester Zeb with it."

We cannot know to-day whether Zeb was pestered or not. A faded clipping is all that remains of the incident. As literature, the article properly enough is lost to the world at large. It is only worth remembering as his metropolitan beginning. Yet he must have thought rather highly of it (his estimation of his own work was always unsafe), for in the letter above quoted he adds:

I cannot write regularly for the *Mercury*; of course, I sha'n't have time. But I sometimes throw off a pearl (there is no self-con-



JOHN W. MACKAY  
From an Early Photograph



ceit about that, I beg you to observe), which ought for the eternal welfare of my race to have a more extensive circulation than is afforded by a local daily paper. . . .

And if Fitzhugh Ludlow (author of *The Hasheesh Eater*) comes your way, treat him well. He published a high encomium upon Mark Twain (the same being eminently just and truthful, I beseech you to believe) in a San Francisco paper. Artemus Ward said that when my gorgeous talents were publicly acknowledged by such high authority I ought to appreciate them myself, leave sagebrush obscurity, and journey to New York with him, as he wanted me to do. But I preferred not to burst upon the New York public too suddenly and brilliantly, so I concluded to remain here.

He was in Carson City when this was written, preparing for the opening of the next Legislature. He was beyond question the most conspicuous figure of the Capital now; also the most wholesomely respected, for his influence had become very large. It was said that he could control more votes than any legislative member, and with his friends Simmons and Clagget could pass or defeat any bill offered. The *Enterprise* was a powerful organ—to be courted and dreaded—and Mark Twain had become its chief tribune. That he was fearless, merciless, and incorruptible, without doubt had a salutary influence on that legislative session. He reveled in his power, but it is not recorded that he ever abused it. He got a bill passed largely increasing Orion's official fees, but this was a crying need and was so recognized. He made no secret promises—none at all that he did not intend to fulfil. "Sam's word was as fixed as fate," Orion records, and it may be added that he was morally as fearless.

The success—such as it was—of his occasional contributions to the New York *Sunday Mercury* stirred Mark Twain's ambition for a wider field of labor. Circumstance, always ready to meet his wishes, offered assistance, though in an unexpected form.

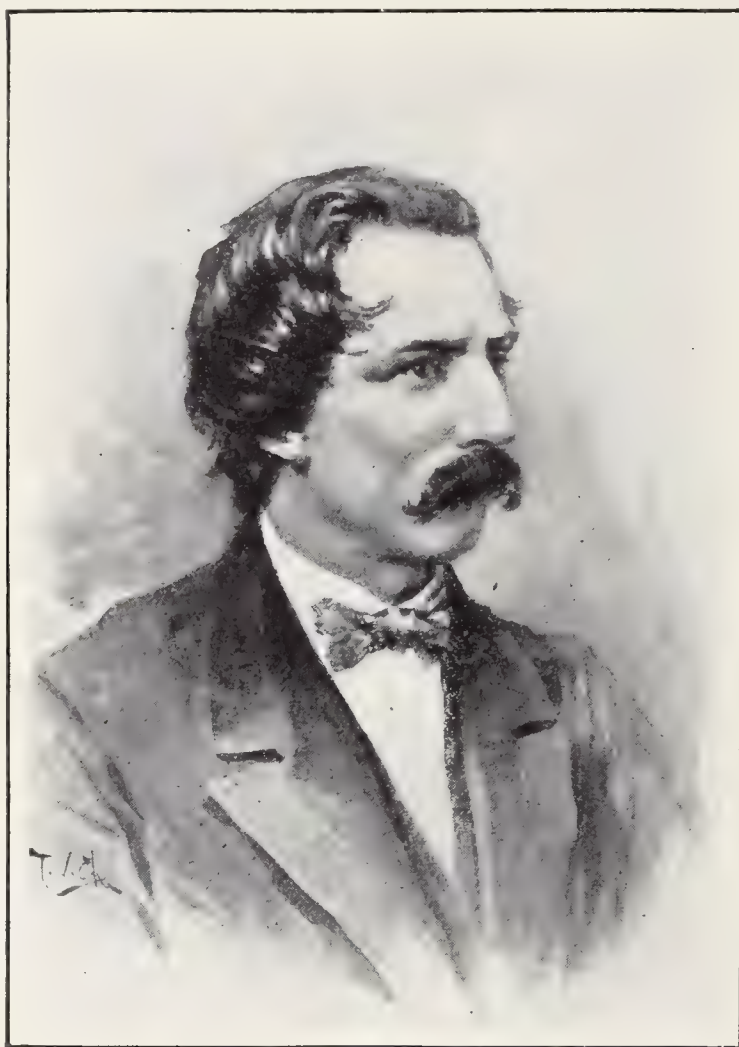
Goodman, temporarily absent, had left

Clemens in editorial charge. As in that earlier day when Orion had visited Tennessee and returned to find his paper in a hot personal warfare with certain injured citizens, so the *Enterprise*, under the same management, had stirred up trouble. It was just at the time of the "Flour Sack Sanitary Fund"—the story of which is related at length in *Roughing It*—and in the general hilarity of the occasion, certain *Enterprise* paragraphs of criticism or ridicule had incurred

the displeasure of various individuals whose cause had naturally enough been espoused by a rival paper, the *Union*. Very soon the original grievance, whatever it was, had been lost sight of in the fireworks and vitriol-throwing of personal recrimination between Mark Twain and one of the owners of the *Union*, a Mr. Laird.

A point had been reached at length when only a call for bloodshed—a challenge—could satisfy either the staff or the readers of the two papers. Men were killed every week for milder things than the editors had spoken each of the other. Joe Goodman himself, not so long before, had fought a duel with the *Union* editor, Tom Fitch, and shot him in the leg, so making of him a friend and a lame man for life. In Joe's absence the prestige of the paper must be maintained.

Mark Twain himself has told in burlesque the story of his duel. No blood was shed,



ARTEMUS WARD

Drawn from an Early Photograph



but a severe law against dueling had just been enacted, and to avoid complications he and Gillis departed hurriedly for San Francisco.

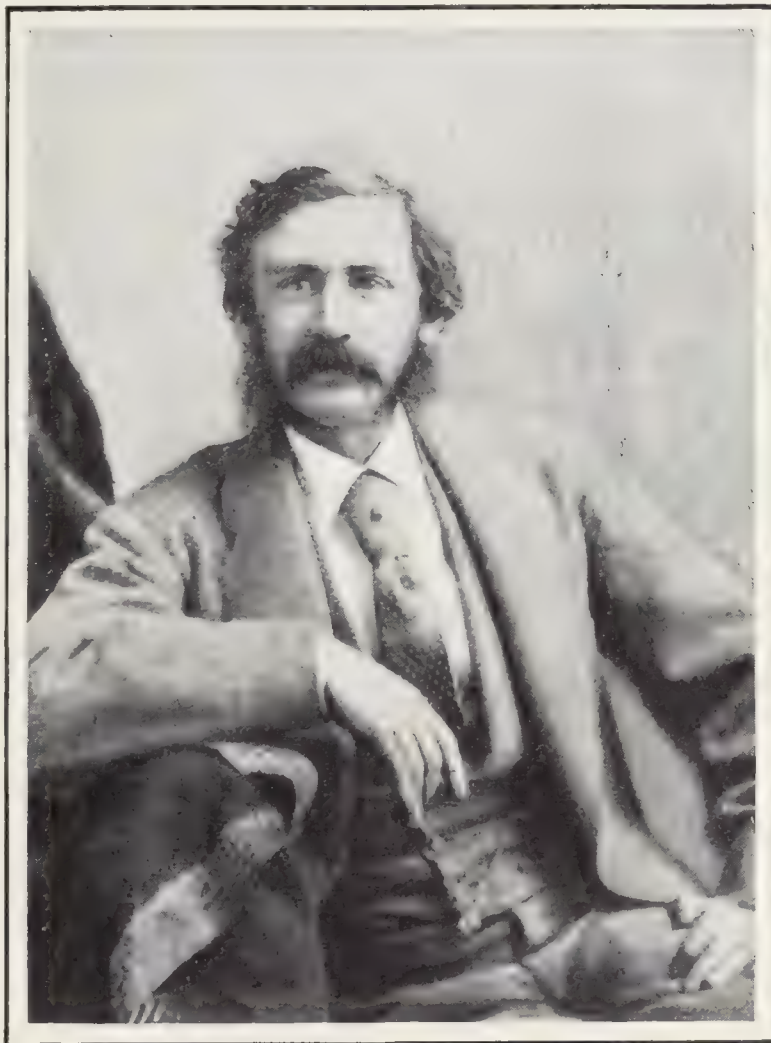
This was near the end of May, 1864. The intention of both Gillis and Clemens was to return to the State, but once in San Francisco both presently went to work, Clemens as reporter and Gillis as compositor, on the *Morning Call*.

From *Roughing It* the reader gathers that Mark Twain now entered into a life of butterfly idleness on the strength of prospective riches to be derived from the "half a trunkful of mining stocks," and that presently, when the mining bubble exploded, he was a pauper. But a good many liberties have been taken with the history of this period. Undoubtedly he expected opulent returns from his mining stocks, and was disappointed—particularly in an investment in Hale and Norcross shares, held too long for the large profit which could have been made by selling at the proper time. The rest is mainly fiction.

The fact is, he spent not more than a few days, a fortnight at most, in "butterfly idleness" at the Lick House before he was hard at work on the *Call*, living modestly with Steve Gillis in the quietest place they could find—never quiet enough, but as far as possible from dogs and cats and chickens and pianos, which seemed determined to make the mornings hideous when a weary night reporter and compositor wanted to rest. They went out socially, on occasion, arrayed in considerable elegance; but their recreations were more likely to consist of private midnight parties, after the paper had gone to press—mild

dissipations in whatever they could find to eat at that hour.

His position on the *Call* was uncongenial from the start. San Francisco was a larger city than Virginia; the work there was necessarily more impersonal, more a routine of news-gathering and drudgery. He set down his memories of it once in his own fashion.



FRANCIS BRET HARTE

At nine in the morning I had to be at the police court for an hour and make a brief history of the squabbles of the night before. They were usually between Irishmen and Irishmen, and Chinamen and Chinamen, with now and then a squabble between the two races for a change.

During the rest of the day we raked the town from end to end, gathering such material as we might, wherewith to fill our required columns—and if there were no fires to report, we started some. At night

we visited the six theaters, one after the other, seven nights in the week. We remained in each of those places five minutes, got the merest passing glimpse of play or opera, and with that for a text we "wrote up" those plays and operas, as the phrase goes, torturing our souls every night in the effort to find something to say about those performances which we had not said a couple of hundred times before.

It was fearful drudgery—soulless drudgery—and almost destitute of interest. It was an awful slavery for a lazy man.

On the *Enterprise* he had been free, with a liberty that amounted to license. He could write what he wished and was personally responsible to the readers. On the *Call* he was simply a part of a news-machine—restricted by a policy—the whole a part of a still greater machine: politics. Once he saw some butchers set their dogs on an unoffending Chinaman, a policeman looking on with amused interest. He wrote



an indignant article criticizing the city government and raking the police. In Virginia this would have been a welcome delight. In San Francisco it did not appear.

At another time he found a policeman asleep on his beat. Going to a near-by vegetable stall, he borrowed a large cabbage leaf, came back, and stood over the sleeper, gently fanning him. It would be wasted effort to make an item of this incident; but he could publish it in his own fashion. He stood there fanning the sleeping official until a large crowd collected. When he thought it was large enough he went away. Next day the joke was all over the city.

Only one of the several severe articles he wrote criticizing officials and institutions seems to have appeared, an attack on an undertaker whose establishment formed a branch of the coroner's office. The management of this place one day refused information to a *Call* reporter, and the next morning its proprietor was terrified by a scathing denunciation of his firm. It began, "Those body-snatchers," and continued through half a column of such scorching strictures as only Mark Twain could devise. The *Call's* policy of suppression evidently did not include criticisms of deputy coroners.

Such liberty, however, was too rare for Mark Twain, and he lost interest. He confessed afterward that he became indifferent and lazy, and that George E. Barnes, then publisher of the *Call*, at last allowed him an assistant. He selected from the counting-room a big, hulking youth by the name of McGlooral, with the acquired prefix of "Smiggy." Clemens had taken a fancy to Smiggy McGlooral—on account of his name and size, perhaps—and Smiggy, devoted to his patron, worked like a slave gathering news nights—daytime, too, if necessary—all of which was demoralizing to a man who had small appetite for his place anyway. It was only a question of time when Smiggy alone would be sufficient for the job.

There were other and pleasanter things in San Francisco. The personal and literary associations were worth while. At his right hand in the *Call* office sat Frank Soule, a gentle spirit, a graceful versifier who believed himself a poet. Mark Twain deferred to Frank Soule in those days. He thought his verses exquisite in their workmanship; a word of praise from Soule gave him happiness. In a luxurious office up-

stairs was another congenial spirit, a gifted, handsome fellow of twenty-four who was secretary of the Mint, and who presently became editor of a new literary weekly, the *Californian*, which Charles Henry Webb had founded. This young man's name was Francis Bret Harte. Originally from Albany, Harte had been for a time a miner and school teacher on the Stanislaus, later a compositor, finally contributor, on the *Golden Era*. His fame scarcely reached beyond San Francisco as yet; but among the little coterie of writing folk that clustered about the *Era* office his rank was high. Mark Twain fraternized with Bret Harte and the *Era* group generally. He felt that he had reached the land, or at least the borderland, of Bohemia, that *Ultima Thule* of every young literary dream.

San Francisco did, in fact, have a very definite literary atmosphere and a literature of its own. Its coterie of writers had drifted from here and there, but they had merged themselves into a California body-poetic, quite as individual as that of Cambridge, even if less famous, less lavish in emoluments than the Boston group. Joseph E. Lawrence, familiarly known as "Joe" Lawrence, was editor of the *Golden Era*, and his kindness and hospitality were accounted sufficient rewards even when his pecuniary acknowledgments were modest enough. He had a handsome office, and the literati, local and visiting, used to gather there. Names that would be well known later were included in that little band. Joaquin Miller recalls from an old diary, kept by him then, having seen Adah Isaacs Menken, Prentice Mulford, Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, Fitzhugh Ludlow, Mark Twain, Orpheus C. Kerr, Artemus Ward, Gilbert Densmore, W. S. Kendall, and Mrs. Hitchcock assembled there at one time. The *Era* office would seem to have been a sort of Mount Olympus—or Parnassus, perhaps, for these were mainly poets who had scarcely yet attained to the dignity of gods. Miller was hardly more than a youth, and this grand assemblage impressed him as did the imposing appointments of the place.

"The *Era* rooms were elegant [says Miller], the most grandly carpeted and most gorgeously furnished that I had ever seen. Even now in my memory they seem to have been simply palatial. I have seen the world well since then—all of its splendors worth





JOE GOODMAN ON JACKASS HILL

seeing—yet those carpeted parlors, with Joe Lawrence and his brilliant satellites, out-shine all things else, as I turn to look back.”

More than any other city west of the Alleghanies, San Francisco has always been a literary center, and certainly that was a remarkable group to be out there under the sunset, dropped down there behind the Sierras, which the transcontinental railway would not climb yet for several years. They were a happy-hearted, aspiring lot, and they got as much as five dollars sometimes for an *Era* article, and were as proud of it as if it had been a great deal more. They felt that they were creating literature—as, in fact, they were. A new school of American letters mustered there.

Mark Twain and Bret Harte were distinctive features of this group. They were already recognized by their associates as belonging in a class by themselves, though as yet neither had done any of the work for which he would be remembered later. They were a good deal together, and it was when Harte was made editor of the *Californian* that Mark Twain was put on the weekly staff at the then unexampled twelve-dollar-per-article rate. The *Californian* made larger pretensions than the *Era* and perhaps had a heavier financial backing.

With Mark Twain on the staff and Bret Harte in the chair, himself a frequent contributor, it easily ranked as first of San Francisco periodicals. A number of the sketches collected by Webb later, in Mark Twain's first little volume, *The Celebrated Jumping Frog, etc.*, appeared in the *Era* or *Californian* in 1864 and 1865. They were smart, bright, direct—not always refined, but probably the best humor of the day. Some of them are still preserved in his volume of *Sketches*. They are interesting in what they promise rather than in what they present, though some of them still are delightful enough. “The Killing of Julius Cæsar Localized” is an excellent forerunner of his burlesque report of a gladiatorial combat in *The Innocents Abroad*. The “Answers to Correspondents,” with their vigorous admonition of the “statistical moralist,” could hardly have been better done at any later period. The “Jumping Frog” itself was not originally of this harvest. It has a history of its own, as we shall see a little further along.

Mark Twain's reportorial experience in San Francisco was of brief duration. Even the great earthquake of that day did not awaken in him any permanent enthusiasm for the drudgery of the *Call*. He had lost interest; and when Mark Twain lost in-



terest in a subject or an undertaking, that subject or that undertaking were better dead, so far as he was concerned. The conclusion of his service with the *Call* was certain, and he wondered daily why it was delayed so long. He took no pains to avert it.

The connection had become equally unsatisfactory to proprietor and employee. They had a heart-to-heart talk presently, with the result that Mark Twain was free. He used to claim in after years, with his usual tendency to confess the worst of himself, that he was discharged, and the incident has been variously told. George Barnes himself has declared that Clemens resigned with great willingness. It is very likely that the paragraph at the end of Chapter LVIII in *Roughing It* presents the situation with fair accuracy, though the author makes it as unpleasant for himself as possible.

At last one of the proprietors took me aside, with a charity I still remember with considerable respect, and gave me an opportunity to resign my berth and so save myself the disgrace of a dismissal.

As an extreme contrast with the suppositious "butterfly idleness" of his beginning in San Francisco—and for no other discoverable reason—he doubtless thought it necessary in the next chapter of that book to depict himself as having reached the depths of hard luck, debt, poverty.

I became an adept at slinking [he says]. I slunk from back street to back street. . . . I slunk to my bed. I had pawned everything but the clothes I had on.

This is pure fiction. That he occasionally found himself short of funds is likely

enough—a literary life invites that sort of thing—but that he ever clung to a single "silver ten-cent piece," as he tells us, and became the familiar of mendicancy, was a condition supplied altogether by his later imagination, to satisfy what he must have regarded as an artistic need. The fact is that almost immediately following his separation

from the *Call* he arranged with Goodman to write a daily letter for the *Enterprise*, reporting San Francisco matters after his own fashion, with a free hand. His payment for this work was thirty dollars a week, and he had an additional return from his literary sketches. The arrangement was an improvement both as to labor and income.

Those who remember Mark Twain's *Enterprise* letters (they are no longer obtainable) declare them to have been the greatest series of daily philippics

ever written. However this may be, it is certain that they made a stir. Goodman permitted him to say absolutely what he pleased upon any subject. San Francisco was fairly weltering in corruption, official and private. He assailed whatever came first to hand with all the fierceness of a flaming indignation long restrained.

Quite naturally he attacked the police, and with such ferocity and penetration that as soon as copies of the *Enterprise* came from Virginia, the City Hall began to boil and smoke and threaten trouble. Martin G. Burke, then chief of police, entered libel suit against the *Enterprise*, prodigiously advertising that paper, copies of which were snatched as soon as the stage brought them.

Mark Twain really let himself go then. He wrote a letter that on the outside was marked: "Be sure and let Joe see this



CHARLES HENRY WEBB  
From a Picture Taken in about 1863





JIM GILLIS'S CABIN, WHERE MARK TWAIN FOUND A REFUGE

before it goes in." He even doubted himself whether Goodman would dare to print it, after reading. It was a letter depicting in the boldest terms the city's corrupt morals under the existing police government.

"You can never afford to publish that," the foreman said to Goodman.

"Let it all go in, every word," Goodman answered. "If Mark can stand it, I can."

It seemed unfortunate at the time that Steve Gillis should select this particular moment to stir up trouble that would involve both himself and Clemens with the very officials whom the latter had undertaken to punish. Passing a saloon one night alone, Gillis heard an altercation going on inside, and very naturally stepped in to enjoy it. Including the barkeeper, there were three against two. Steve ranged himself on the weaker side and selected the barkeeper, a big bruiser, who, when the fight was over, was ready for the hospital. It turned out that he was one of Chief Burke's minions, and Gillis was presently indicted on a charge of assault with intent to kill. He knew some of the officials in a friendly way, and was advised to give a straw bond and go into temporary retirement. Clemens, of course,

went his bail, and Steve set out for Virginia until the storm blew over.

This was Burke's opportunity. When the case was called and Gillis did not appear, Burke promptly instituted an action against his bondsman with an execution against his loose property. A watch which had been presented to him by his admirers in the Territorial Legislature came near being thus sacrificed in the cause of friendship, and was only saved by a skilful manipulation, which seems hardly worth detailing here.

Now, it was down in the chain of circumstances that Steve Gillis's brother, James N. Gillis, a gentle-hearted hermit—a pocket-miner of the halcyon Tuolumne district—the "Truthful James" of Bret Harte—happened to be in San Francisco at this time, and invited Clemens to return with him to the far seclusion of his cabin on Jackass Hill. In that peaceful retreat was always rest and refreshment for the wayfarer, and more than one weary writer besides Bret Harte had found shelter there.

Gillis himself had a fine literary instinct, but remained a pocket miner because he loved that quiet pursuit of gold, the company of his books, and the solitude of the hills. He regularly shared his cabin with





JACKASS HILL TO-DAY

one Dick Stoker (Dick Baker of *Roughing It*), another genial soul who long ago had retired from the world to this forgotten land.

It was the 4th of December, 1864, when Mark Twain arrived at Jim Gillis's cabin. He found it a humble habitation made of logs and slabs, partly sheltered by a great live-oak tree, surrounded by a stretch of grass. It had not much in the way of pretentious furniture; but there was a large fireplace, and a library which included the standard authors. A younger Gillis boy, William, was there at this time, so that the family numbered five in all, including Tom Quartz, the cat. On rainy days they would gather about the big, open fire, and Jim Gillis, with his back to the warmth, would relate diverting yarns, creations of his own, turned out hot from the anvil, forged as he went along. He had a startling imagination, and he had fostered it in that secluded place. His stories usually consisted of wonderful adventures of his companion, Dick Stoker, portrayed with humor and that serene and vagrant fancy which builds as it goes, careless as to whither it is proceeding, and whether the story shall end well or ill, soon or late, or ever. He always pretended that these extravagant tales of Stoker were

strictly true, and Stoker—forty-six, and gray as a rat—earnest and tranquil, would smoke and look into the fire and listen to those astonishing things of himself, smiling a little now and then, but saying never a word. What did it matter to him?—he had no world outside of the cabin and the hills—he would live and die there—no affairs—*his* affairs had all ended long ago.

A number of the stories used in Mark Twain's books were first told by Jim Gillis, standing with his hands crossed behind him, back to the fire, in the cabin on Jackass Hill. The story of "Dick Baker's Cat" was one of these; the "Jaybird and Acorn" story of the *Tramp Abroad* was another; also the story of the "Burning Shame"; and there are others. Mark Twain had little to add to these stories; in fact, he never could get them to sound as well, he said, as when Jim Gillis had told them.

It was the rainy season, the winter of 1864 and 1865, but there were many pleasant days when they could go pocket-hunting, and Samuel Clemens soon added a knowledge of this fascinating science to his other acquirements. Sometimes he worked with Dick Stoker, sometimes with one of the Gillis boys. He did not make his fortune at pocket-mining, he only laid its cornerstone. In the old note-book he kept of



that sojourn we find that with Jim Gillis he made a trip over into Calaveras County soon after Christmas, and remained there until after New Year's, probably prospecting; and he records that on New Year's night at Vallecito he saw "a magnificent lunar rainbow in a very light, drizzling rain." A lunar rainbow is one of the things people seldom see. He thought it an omen of good fortune.

They returned to the cabin on the hill, but later in the month, on the 23d, they crossed over into Calaveras again and began pocket-hunting not far from Angel's Camp. The note-book records that the bill of fare at the camp hotel consisted wholly of beans and something which bore the name of coffee; also that the rains were frequent and heavy.

They had what they believed to be a good claim. Jim Gillis declared the indications were promising, and if they could only have good weather to work it they were sure of rich returns. For himself, he would have been willing to work, rain or shine. Clemens, however, had different views on the subject. His part was carrying water for washing out the pans of dirt; and carrying pails of water through the cold rain and mud was not very fascinating work. Dick Stoker came over before long to help. Things went a little better then, but most of their days were spent in the bar-room of the dilapidated tavern at Angel's Camp enjoying the company of a former Illinois River pilot, Ben Coon,\* a solemn, fat-witted person who dozed by the stove or told endless stories without point or application. Listeners were a boon to him, for few came and not many would stay. To Mark Twain and Jim Gillis, however, Ben Coon was a delight. It was soothing and comfortable to listen to his endless narratives, told in that solemn way, with no suspicion of humor. Even when his yarns had point he did not recognize it. One dreary afternoon, in his slow, monotonous fashion, he told them about a frog, a frog that had belonged to a man named Coleman, who had trained it to jump, and how it failed to win a wager because the owner of a rival

\* This name has been variously given as "Ros Coon," "Coon Drayton," etc. It is given here as set down in Mark Twain's notes, made on the spot. Coon was not (as has been stated) the proprietor of the hotel (which was kept by a Frenchman), but a frequenter of it.

frog had surreptitiously loaded the trained jumper with shot. The story had circulated among the camps, and a well-known journalist named Samuel Seabough had already made a squib of it; but neither Clemens nor Gillis had ever happened to hear it before. They thought the tale in itself amusing, and the "spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn, without ever smiling, was exquisitely absurd." When Coon had talked himself out, his hearers played billiards on the frowsy table, and now and then one would remark to the other:

"I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog," and perhaps another would answer:

"I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog I'd bet you."

Out on the claim, between pails of water, Clemens, as he watched Jim Gillis or Dick Stoker "washing," would be apt to say: "I don't see no p'int about that pan o' dirt that's any better'n any other pan o' dirt." And so they kept it up.

Then the rain would come again and interfere with their work. One afternoon when Clemens and Gillis were following certain tiny sprayed specks of gold that were leading them to a pocket somewhere up the long slope, the chill downpour set in. Gillis as usual was washing, and Clemens carrying water. The "color" was getting better with every pan, and Jim Gillis believed that now, after their long waiting, they were to be rewarded. Possessed with the miner's passion, he would have gone on washing and climbing toward the precious pocket, regardless of everything. Clemens, however, shivering and disgusted, swore that each pail of water was his last. His teeth were chattering, and he was wet through. Finally he said in his deliberate way:

"Jim, I won't carry any more water. This work is too disagreeable."

Gillis had just taken out a panful of dirt.

"Bring one more pail, Sam," he pleaded.

"Oh hell, Jim, I won't do it! I'm freezing!"

"Just one more pail, Sam," he pleaded.

"No, sir, not a drop, not if I knew there were a million dollars in that pan."

Gillis tore a page out of his note-book and hastily posted a thirty-day-claim notice by the pan of dirt, and they set out for Angel's Camp. It kept on raining and



storming, and they did not go back. A few days later a letter from Steve Gillis made Clemens decide to return to San Francisco. With Jim Gillis and Dick Stoker he left Angel's and walked across the mountains to Jackass Hill in the snow-storm—"the first I ever saw in California," he says in his notes.

In the mean time the rain had washed away the top of the pan of earth they had left standing on the hillside and exposed a handful of nuggets—pure gold. Two strangers, Austrians, had come along, and observing it, had sat down to wait until the thirty-day claim notice posted by Jim Gillis should expire. They did not mind the rain—not with all that gold in sight—and the minute the thirty days were up they followed the lead a few pans farther and took out—some say ten, some say twenty thousand dollars. In either case, it was a good pocket. Mark Twain missed it by one pail of water. Still, it is just as well, perhaps, when one remembers that vaster nugget of Angel's Camp—the Jumping Frog. Jim Gillis always declared, "If Sam had got that pocket he would have remained a pocket-miner to the end of his days, like me."

In the old note-book occurs a memorandum of the frog story—a mere casual entry of its main features:

Coleman with his jumping frog—bet stranger \$50—stranger had no frog, and C. got him one:—in the mean time stranger filled C.'s frog full of shot and he couldn't jump. The stranger's frog won—

It seemed unimportant enough, no doubt, at the time; but it was the nucleus around which was built a surpassing fame. The hills along the Stanislaus have turned out some wonderful nuggets in their time, but no other of such size as that.

The note-book contains also a burlesque report of "The Great Vide Poche Mine" on "Mt. Olympus," Calaveras County, with maps and plans of the same. The map is an amusing absurdity, and the report correspondingly so. This feature, at the time, was doubtless thought to be of real value. There is no record of its ever having found its way into print.

From the note-book:

February 25, arrived in Stockton 5 P.M. Home again—home again at the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco—find letters from Artemus Ward asking me to write a sketch for his

new book of Nevada Territory Travels, which is soon to come out. Too late—ought to have got the letters three months ago. They are dated early in November.

He was sorry not to oblige Ward, sorry also not to have representation in his book. He wrote explaining the circumstances and telling the story of his absence. Steve Gillis, meantime, had returned to San Francisco and settled his difficulties there. The friends again took up residence together.

Mark Twain resumed his daily letters to the *Enterprise* without further annoyance from official sources. Perhaps there was a temporary truce in that direction, though he continued to attack various abuses—civic, private, and artistic—becoming a sort of general censor, establishing for himself the title of the "Moralist of the Main." The letters were reprinted in San Francisco, and widely read. Now and then some one had the temerity to answer them, but most of his victims maintained a discretionary silence.

He wrote verses sometimes, and lightened his *Enterprise* letters with jingles. Goodman remembers that Clemens and Gillis were together again on California Street at this time, and that they used to sing "The Doleful Ballad of the Rejected Lover"—another of Mark Twain's compositions. It was a wild outburst, and the furious fervor with which Mark and Steve delivered it, standing side by side and waving their fists, did not render it less objectionable. Such memories as these are set down here, for they exhibit a phase of that robust personality, built of the same primeval material from which the world was created—built of every variety of material, in fact, ever incorporated in a human being, equally capable of writing these wild songs and that rarest and most tender of all characterizations, the *Recollections of Joan of Arc*.

Along with his *Enterprise* work Clemens continued to write occasionally for the *Californian*; but for some reason he did not offer the story of the "Jumping Frog." For one thing, he did not regard it highly as literary material. He knew that he had enjoyed it himself, but the humor and fashion of its telling seemed to him of too simple and mild a variety in that day of boisterous incident and exaggerated form. By and by Artemus Ward turned up in San Francisco, and one night Mark Twain told him his experiences with Jim Gillis



in Angel's Camp; also of Ben Coon and his tale of the Calaveras frog. Ward was delighted.

"Write it," he said. "There is still time to get it into my volume of sketches. Send it to Carleton, my publisher in New York."

Clemens promised to do this, but delayed fulfilment, and by the time the sketch reached Carleton, Ward's book was about ready for the press. It did not seem worth while to Carleton to make any change of plans that would include the frog story. The publisher handed it to Henry Clapp, editor of the *Saturday Press*, a perishing sheet, saying:

"Here, Clapp, here's something you can use in your paper." Clapp took it thankfully enough, we may believe.

"Jim Smiley and His Jumping Frog" appeared in the *Saturday Press* of November 18, 1865, and was immediately copied and quoted far and near. It brought the name of Mark Twain across the mountains, bore it up and down the Atlantic coast, and out over the prairies of the Middle West. Away from the Pacific slope only a reader here and there had known the name before that. Now, every one who took a newspaper was treated to the tale of the wonderful Calaveras frog, and received a mental impress of the author's signature. The name Mark Twain made a strong bid for national acceptance.

As for its owner, he had no suspicion of these momentous happenings for a considerable time. The telegraph did not carry such news in those days, and it took a good while for the echo of his victory to travel to the coast. When at last a lagging word of it did arrive, it would seem to have brought disappointment rather than exaltation to the author. Even Ward's opinion of the story had not increased Mark Twain's regard for it as literature. That it had struck the popular note meant, as he believed, failure for his more highly regarded work. In a letter to Jane Clemens, written January 20, 1866, he says these things for himself:

I do not know what to write; my life is so uneventful. I wish I was back there piloting up and down the river again. Verily, all is vanity and little worth—save piloting.

To think that after writing many an article a man might be excused for thinking tolerably good, those New York people should single out a villainous backwoods sketch to

compliment me on! "Jim Smiley and His Jumping Frog"—a squib which would never have been written but to please Artemus Ward, and then it reached New York too late to appear in his book.

But no matter—his book was a wretchedly poor one, generally speaking, and it could be no credit to either of us to appear between its covers.

This paragraph is from the New York correspondence of the San Francisco *Alta*:

"Mark Twain's story in the *Saturday Press* of November 18th, called 'Jim Smiley and His Jumping Frog,' has set all New York in a roar, and he may be said to have made his mark. I have been asked fifty times about it and its author, and the papers are copying it far and near. It is voted the best thing of the day. Cannot the *Californian* afford to keep Mark all to itself? It should not let him scintillate so widely without first being filtered through the California press."

It is difficult to judge the "Jumping Frog" story to-day. It has the intrinsic fundamental value of one of Æsop's fables.\* It contains a basic idea which is essentially ludicrous, and the quaint simplicity of its telling is convincing and full of charm. It appeared in print at a time when American humor was chaotic, the public taste unformed. We had a vast appreciation for what was comic, with no great number of opportunities for showing it. We were so ready to laugh that when a real opportunity came along we improved it, and kept on laughing and repeating the cause of our merriment, directing the attention of our friends to it. Whether the story of "Jim Smiley's Frog" offered for the first time to-day would capture the public and become the initial block of a towering fame is another matter. That the author himself underrated it, is certain. That the public receiving it at what we now term the psychological moment may have overrated it, is by no means impossible. In any case, it does not matter now. The stone rejected by the builder was made the

\* The resemblance of the frog story to the early Greek tales must have been noted by Professor Sidgwick, who synopsisized it in Greek form and phrase for his book, *Greek Prose Composition*. Through this originated the impression that the story was of Athenian root. Mark Twain himself was deceived until 1899, when he met Sidgwick, who explained that the *Greek* version was the translation, and Mark Twain's the original—that he had thought it unnecessary to give credit for a story so well known. See *The Jumping Frog*, (Harper & Brothers, 1903), page 64.



corner-stone of his literary edifice. As such it is immortal.

In the letter already quoted, Clemens speaks of both Bret Harte and himself having quit the *Californian*, and mentions that in future they expected to write for Eastern papers. He adds:

Though I am generally placed at the head of my breed of scribblers in this part of the country, the place properly belongs to Bret Harte, I think, though he denies it, along with the rest. He wants me to club a lot of old sketches together with a lot of his and publish a book. I wouldn't do it, only he agrees to take all the trouble. But I want to know whether we are going to make anything out of it, first. However, he has written to a New York publisher, and if we are offered a bargain that will pay for a month's labor, we will go to work and prepare the volume for the press.

Nothing came of the proposed volume or of other joint literary schemes these two had in mind. Neither of them would seem to have been optimistic as to their future place in American literature; certainly in their most exalted moments they could hardly have dreamed that within half a dozen years they would be the head and front of a new school of letters—the two most-talked-of men in America.

Whatever Mark Twain's first emotions concerning the success of "Jim Smiley's Frog" may have been, the sudden astonishing leap of that batrachian into American literature gave the author an added prestige at home as well as in distant parts. Those about him were inclined to regard him, in some degree at least, as a national literary figure and to pay tribute accordingly. Special honors began to be shown to him. A fine new steamer, the *Ajax*, built for the Sandwich Island trade, carried on its initial trip a select party of guests, of which he was invited to make one. He did not go, and reproached himself sorrowfully afterward.

If the *Ajax* were back I would go quick, and throw up my correspondence. She had fifty-two invited guests aboard—the cream of the town—gentlemen and ladies, and a splendid brass-band. I could not accept because there would be no one to write my correspondence while I was gone.

In fact, the daily letter had grown monotonous. He was restless, and the *Ajax* excursion which he had been obliged to forego made him still more dissatisfied. An idea occurred to him: the sugar industry of the

islands was a matter of great commercial interest to California, while the life and scenery there, picturesquely treated, would appeal to the general reader. He was on excellent terms with James Anthony and Paul Morrill, of the *Sacramento Union*; he proposed to them that they send him as their special correspondent to report to their readers, in a series of letters, the life, trade, agriculture, and general aspect of the islands. To his vast delight, they gave him the commission, and he sailed by the *Ajax* on her next trip.

It was the 18th of March, 1866, when he arrived at Honolulu, and his first impression of that peaceful harbor remained with him always. In fact, his whole visit there became one of those memory-pictures, full of golden sunlight and peace, to be found somewhere in every human past.

The letters of introduction he had brought and the reputation which had preceded him guaranteed him welcome and hospitality. Officials and private citizens were alike ready to show him their pleasant land, and he fairly reveled in its delicious air, its summer warmth, its quiet repose.

It was near the end of June when he returned to Honolulu after a tour of the islands, fairly worn out and prostrated. He expected only to rest and be quiet for a season, but, all unknown to him, startling and historic things were taking place in which he was to have a part—events that would mark another forward stride in his career.

The *Ajax* had just come in, bringing his Excellency Anson Burlingame, then *en route* for his post as Minister to China; also General Van Valkenburg, Minister to Japan, Colonel Rumsey, and Minister Burlingame's son Edward, then a lively boy of eighteen. Young Burlingame had read the "Jumping Frog" and was enthusiastic about Mark Twain and his work. Learning that he was in Honolulu, laid up at his hotel, the party sent word that they would call on him next morning.

Clemens felt that he could not accept this honor, sick or well. He crawled out of bed, dressed and shaved himself as quickly as possible, and drove to the American Minister's, where the party was staying. They had a gloriously good time. When he returned to his hotel he sent them, by request, whatever he had on hand of his work.

A still greater event was imminent. On



that very day, June 21 (1866), there came word of the arrival at Sanpahoe, on the island of Hawaii, of an open boat containing fifteen starving wretches who on a short ten-day ration had been buffeting a stormy sea for forty-three days. A vessel, the *Hornet*, from New York, had taken fire and burned on the line, and since early in May on that meager sustenance the sufferers had been battling with hundreds of leagues of adverse billows, seeking for land.

A few days following the first report, eleven of the rescued men were brought to Honolulu and placed in the hospital. Mark Twain, of course, recognized the great news importance of the event. It would be a splendid beat if he could interview the castaways and be the first to get the story of it to his paper. There was no cable in those days; a vessel for San Francisco would sail next morning. It was the opportunity of a lifetime, and he must not miss it. Bedridden as he was, the undertaking seemed beyond his strength.

But just at this time the Burlingame party descended on him, and almost before he knew it he was on the way to the hospital, on a cot, escorted by the heads of the joint legations of China and Japan. Once there, Anson Burlingame, with his splendid human sympathy and handsome, courtly presence, drew from those enfeebled wanderers all the story of their long privation and struggle that had stretched across forty-three distempered days and four thousand miles of sea. All that Mark Twain had to do was to listen and make the notes.

He put in the night, writing against time. Next morning, just as the vessel for the States was drifting away from her dock, a strong hand flung his bulky envelope of manuscript aboard, and if the vessel arrived, his great beat was sure. It did arrive, and the three-column story on the front page of the *Sacramento Union*, in its issue of July 19, gave the public the first detailed history of the terrible *Hornet* disaster and the rescue of those starving men. The telegraph carried it everywhere and it was featured as a sensation.

Mark Twain always adored the name and memory of Anson Burlingame. In his

letter home, he tells of Burlingame's magnanimity in "throwing away an invitation to dinner with princes and foreign dignitaries" to help him. "You know I appreciate that kind of thing," he says.

Once Burlingame said to him:

"You have great ability. I believe you have genius. What you need now is the refinement of association. Seek companionship among men of superior intellect and character. Refine yourself and your work. Never affiliate with inferiors — always climb."

Clemens never forgot that advice. He did not always observe it, but he rarely failed to realize its gospel.

Burlingame urged him to travel. "Come to Pekin next winter," he said, "and visit me. Make my house your home. I will give you letters and introduce you. You will have facilities for acquiring information about China."

It is not surprising, then, that Mark Twain never felt his debt to Anson Burlingame entirely paid. Burlingame came more than once to the hotel, for Clemens was really ill now, and they discussed plans for his future betterment. He promised, of course, to visit China, and when he was alone put in a good deal of time planning a trip around the world which would include the great capitals.

Under date of July 4, 1866, the Sandwich Island note-book says:

Went to a ball 8.30 P.M.—danced till 12.30; stopped at General Van Valkenburg's room and talked with him and Mr. Burlingame and Ed Burlingame until 3.00 A.M.

From which we may conclude that he had altogether recovered. A few days later the legation party had sailed for China and Japan, and on the 19th Clemens himself set out by a slow sailing vessel to San Francisco. They were becalmed and were twenty-five days making the voyage.

It was August 13 when he reached San Francisco, and the note-book entry of that day says:

Home again. No—not home again—in prison again, and all the wild sense of freedom gone. The city seems so cramped and so dreary with toil and care and business anxiety. God help me, I wish I were at sea again!



# My Little Son

BY DOROTHY GREEN

MY little son, my little son,  
Lies in my arms at rest;  
His baby fingers clutch my gown,  
His cheek to mine is pressed.

O prophet-love of motherhood  
That scans the years unborn,  
And sees the noonday triumph glow  
At first faint flush of morn!

With eyes grown dim I gaze afar  
And dream of days to be—  
My little son, my little son,  
Heart o' the world to me!

I hear the roll of summoning drums,  
The tramp of marching feet;  
A sound of cheering runs apace  
Along the narrow street.

One rides before the ordered ranks,  
To whom I call in vain.  
His eager eyes flash keen; his hand  
Impatient grips the rein.

The lust of battle stirs his blood;  
Through tears I dimly see  
A stranger son, a bearded son,  
No longer mine to me.

The crimson sunset burns the west,  
And dark against the glow  
Across the plain a little train  
Comes mournfully and slow.

Victor yet vanquished, from the fight  
They bear him to my door;  
Their faces fade,—as through a haze  
I see his face once more.

With passionate tears I clasp him close,  
And bitter memories flee.  
My little son, my little son,  
Comes back at last to me!



# The Crime in Jedidiah Peeble's House

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR

A STONE behind a hedge is not perhaps the most comfortable spot imaginable to nap on, sitting upright, but the man who sat there apparently found it an adequate resting-place, since his sleep was profound. The time at least was well suited to dozing. Beyond the hedge, wagons were rumbling home through the thick dust in the late afternoon. In the factory town which the returning vehicles had but shortly left behind, the thrum of reels and treadles had ceased.

The man was in appearance at once mild, timid, provincial, and of an eminent respectability. The wide felt hat which shaded his eyes was almost clerical in cut, and there was about the rest of his wren-like garments the same precise, formal air. Of his face itself not much was visible below the hat-brim but its spare outlines and the tufts of faintly colored hair that edged the cheek-bones closely. A light-weight dust-coat thrown over one arm, and a neat cloth bag and a stick with an ivory top—together with a pair of well-soled yet comically old-maidish shoes—completed an unassuming equipment for a walking expedition, evidently, across country fields now rendered charming by an intangible hint of autumn, on bush and tree, and in the bluish atmosphere, still touched by the summer's heat. The traveler's somewhat jaded condition bore witness to the fact that his vacation from his duties had not begun to-day, but had been initiated some days back.

So heavy was his slumber, his chin sunk on his chest, that he did not hear a couple of women's voices rising humorously along the highway from town, mingled with which were the friendly and asthmatic guffaws of an old gentleman.

"Gracious, but Thomas 'll have a spasm when he sees I've bought me a yellow dress. He thinks I look such a fright in yellow!"

"Never mind; I'm sure you bought

ugly black aprons to please him—and the red check's so pretty. Mercy, what a thing 'tis to have a husband!"

"A fuss-budget hung 'round your neck forever like a mill-wheel!"

"I wouldn't have one for worlds! If a millionaire was gettin' down on his knees in the dust to me this minute to ask me to marry him, I wouldn't so much as look at him."

"La, Susan, not even if he was young and handsome in the bargain?"

"Pooh! he'd soon fade. Wasn't those remnants of lace sweet?"

"Lovely. If I just could 'a' made up my mind to the pattern with roses!"

"You had time enough while I went up to Abby's to take that pail of cheese."

"No, not time enough!—with Thomas as close as the bark on a hickory."

"Oh, to be sure—Thomas slipped my mind for a second."

Not until there was poked over the top of the hedge, by means of a stile half hidden in the thorns near the locust-tree, two hard bonnets nodding with artificial nosegays, and a high, old-fashioned straw hat that had been through the wars, as well as a melancholy derby, followed respectively by the two humorous creatures in petticoats and by a stout old individual with his neck-tie unfastened, and a sallow young man who said nothing whatever, did the sleeper awake with a start. It was too late now to avoid the human deluge descending upon him. He pulled his hat the more timidly over his eyes with an unobtrusive gesture, and waited for the intruders to go by, raising his chin in a disturbed manner.

But the new-comers were in no hurry to go on their way. The situation beneath the tree's shade in the mellowing afternoon light was an excellent one in which to get one's breath, a hygienic office plainly imperative for the old gentleman, who bade fair to strangle with his exertions and his asthmatic



wheezes and his happy laughter. He sat down, puffing and blowing, on the dry, short grass, the young man submitting to his example. The two women disposed themselves on the stile's lower step, the bundles of their shopping stowed on their knees.

"My, my!" exclaimed the old gentleman, mopping a scarlet, grizzled, and perspiring countenance vigorously with a blue cotton handkerchief, drawn from a pocket in his coat-tails, "how refreshin' and revivin' it is for a city man to get out in the country!" No sooner had he polished off his countenance to his satisfaction than he drew from a pocket in his ample breeches an orange, which he fell immediately to devouring.

"You ought to come out oftener to stay to supper, Uncle Catwood," one of the ladies declared; "you ought to take a vacation every now 'n' then more'n you do from your store and your seeds and your rabbits in the window!" She was the one thought by a candid connubial judgment to look such a fright in yellow. She did not look very well, either, in the dark print dress in which she was at present attired, owning remarkably knobby proportions and an exceedingly weather-beaten complexion, but she was redeemed for any shade by a pair of twinkling eyes.

"You ought, indeed, Uncle Catwood. Ain't we the equal of rabbits?" said the other, with the identical friendliness and hospitality of what could only have been her sister from the strong resemblance between them, varied by a few natural differences. If the millionaire of whom she had spoken had been able, getting down on his knees, to induce her to accept his ardent advances, he would have been rewarded by the gift of a tiny, sharp-edged personage of probably fifty, with a wrinkled, sickly, witty face—a personage who was perpetually putting an unbecoming bonnet on straight above her front of hair, because the front, being manifestly false, was also slippery.

"Can't git away very often from business," said the old gentleman, "and them two rabbits in my store winder air harder to leave 'n twins. I don't know 'bout anything or anybody a-bein' the equal of *them*!" He bore unmistakable evidence of keeping a seed-store in town,

such a quantity of little round seeds lay in the folds of his waistcoat and flew out of his pockets as he dived into them. That there were pet rabbits in his window to attract the notice of passers-by on the street to his wares might very nearly be inferred, too, from the hearty, selfish fashion in which he ate his lunch, a fashion that could easily have been caught by a simple old storekeeper addicted to the habit of watching affectionately the hungry citizens of his hutch.

"I had to come this time," he continued, with a wheeze of laughter and a meaning glance toward the young man, "to fetch *him* out and cheer *him* up."

It could be gathered from the chaffing and bantering which ensued upon this remark, as well as the serious questions and suggestions, what was the reason that the silent young man needed cheering. He was, it was brought out casually, Mr. Catwood's grandson Noah—as the two ladies appeared to be his nieces Harriet and Susan—and though nothing could have been conceived of as much more cadaverous and unhealthy-colored, much more bony and dim and homely than he, his sad abstraction arose nevertheless from the fact that he had one too many feminine admirers.

Things had gone well enough with him and he had been cheerful enough as long as he possessed only one admirer, as good as she was beautiful, who worked beside him daily in the tailor shop that hired him also, and to whom he had seriously thought of engaging himself. But lately there had come into his life another, quite as beautiful, if less good, who was employed in a laundry, and whose fond advent made him waver. He was unable to choose between them, and he was dejectedly afraid of ruining his happiness to come by a mistake in preference.

"There's somebody else waitin' for you somewhere, Noah," his married aunt warned, after an expressed leaning toward the first young lady, "if you can't make up your mind quicker 'n this."

"Don't let neither of 'em hurry you," the sharp little spinster advised, sagely.

"I tell him," old Mr. Catwood cried out, in a burst of triumphant logic, "that there ain't no use in his wearin' himself to a shadder, and everybody 'round besides, a-worryin' 'bout which





*Painting by Howard Pyle*

THE TRAVELER FOUND THE STONE BEHIND THE HEDGE A RESTING-PLACE







one of 'em he ort to marry, since he ain't got 'nough money to marry nobody on, and more'n likely never will have!"

But his grandson Noah paid no heed to these observations excepting by a feeble smile, and remained with his eyes fixed in a brooding contemplation upon the pasture and his future, whose fairness he was at such pains not to mar.

At this juncture in confidences the family party made a stir preparatory to going on. But the old gentleman's niece Harriet checked the preparation by settling down again unexpectedly. "I haven't had a chance yet," she said to her sister, "to ask you about Abby."

"Abby?" inquired the old gentleman, settling down once more, too. He was in a pleasant and continual state of inquisitiveness like a canary.

"Susan's friend, Abby Hutchins," she explained. "She went to see her and to take her a pailful of cottage cheese."

"Dear me," he said, with a lively expression. "It's well she didn't drop in at my store and leave that pail on the counter till she was ready to go up to Abby's. I'm a great friend to cottage cheese myself!"

"You can have a dishful as big as your head for supper, Uncle," returned his niece, for his comfort.

Old Mr. Catwood playfully put his hands up to this generous member of his anatomy in a meditative and anticipatory measurement.

"Abby's well, with company," answered the little spinster. "She's got a friend visiting her from Ricksburg."

The stranger on the stone glanced up slightly.

"Ricksburg?" put in the old gentleman, with much interest. "Up toward the middle of the State?"

"I b'lieve so, Uncle Catwood. At any rate, it is a considerable distance off."

"I went through it once, several years ago," he declared, "travelin' 'cross country in a cart with tins, before I went into seeds. An awful quiet place 'twas. I says to myself when I seen it: Bill Catwood, if it has occurred to ye that this is jest about the stupidest hole—and the sleepest—you ever got into, you ain't more'n a thousand miles from the truth of the situation. Everything in it a-molderin' to pieces and fallin'

down, and sittin' with its eyes shut, so to speak. Only one good house in the place—a Jedidiah Peeble's house."

"Jedidiah Peeble's house!" exclaimed his niece Susan. "Is it possible you saw *his* house?"

The stranger beneath the locust-tree shifted mildly on the stone.

"Abby's friend a Peeble, mebbe?" queried the old gentleman, pleasantly.

"Oh no, no, Uncle Catwood. She's a Miss Luretta Skates. But it's so strange you saying the name of that house—of Jedidiah Peeble's house!"

There was something in her voice, from which all traces of humor had suddenly vanished, which caught the attention of every one, even of the absent-minded Noah.

"Well," said the old gentleman, briskly, "why not! Jedidiah Peeble's house ain't a-goin' to go to molderin' to pieces, or a-fallin' asleep, too, is it, if I mention it 'thout askin' its permission? 'Tain't been managin' to set a good example to Ricksburg, or anything, has it? But I'll bet it ain't. I'll put up money on Ricksburg 'bout the same!"

Susan's tiny visage, moved by an emotion it had not previously worn, set toward him gravely.

"If Ricksburg was ever quiet as you saw it, Uncle Catwood, if it was ever asleep and stupid as you say, it's not that way now. Though it may be mold-erin' still!"

"Dear me," said old Mr. Catwood, "what's gone wrong in it—or right in it—to set it afire?"

"Something's gone wrong in it, Uncle Catwood, Luretta Skates says, and Ricksburg is stirred enough now to make up for all lost time."

"Must hev been somethin' turrible!" the old gentleman observed, still with a determined jocoseness, but his niece Harriet interrupted him.

"Why, Susan, you look pale," she said.

The little creature gave a shudder. "I feel pale, Harriet. It's what Luretta Skates told Abby and me, with Abby giving us tea. I've been trying and trying to put it out of my mind, but now it's back again!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed her uncle, opening his mouth widely in an impetuous and whetted curiosity. "What was it?"



"Oh, goodness, what was it?" said Harriet, still staring in astonishment at her pale face.

The interest spread to Noah. He raised himself nearly decisively upon his elbow. "What was it, Aunt Susan?" he asked. He spoke in a spiritless sing-song, through his nose.

Mr. Catwood's niece Susan put her bonnet on straight with such a reproving thrust of trepidation that it fell yet more unbecomingly over her other ear. "It 'll take too long—"

"There's time aplenty," said her sister. "I sha'n't move a step until I hear what Luretta Skates told. It's not our supper hour yet. And if 'tis, Thomas can wait. He'll have something real to fuss about for once in his born days!"

"But Noah, brought out to be cheered up—"

"It 'll take his mind off hisself!" Noah's grandfather urged, impatiently.

The woman's eyes in her small face, from which the faint color had fled, went from one to the other of the group. "Well, if nobody's in a hurry, Luretta Skates told Abby and me about what happened a week ago in Jedidiah Peeble's house."

The stranger on the stone glanced up again.

"In the first place," she began, "it's a big house, as Uncle Catwood recollects, and a fine one, set down on the river that crosses Ricksburg. The year the house was built in is told in iron figures over the door. No such a pleasant place, as Uncle Catwood says, to look at anywhere about. Woodbine growing along the brick walls, and the grounds kept trim, with graveled walks and flower-beds, and an avenue of cedars where a few old guinea-fowls stay."

There was something sinister, coupled with her thin, flat, frightened tones, in the very brightness of Jedidiah Peeble's house, the very prevalence of the blooming flowers, having below them the sound of the river with its eddying currents and the ripples of its quiet wash.

"Inside the house is as nice as it is outside. All the rooms furnished with handsome things that have been handed down and cherished. Green rep furniture of his father's day in the library in

which Jedidiah Peeble loved to sit, green rep, and a queer old-timey safe, bound with brass bands, and with a brass lock to which he always kept the key."

There was something in her hurrying voice which nevertheless stopped to dwell on what she was last saying, of foreboding for this room upholstered in the fine, enduring color of green, and containing the ancient safe, a room looking out, maybe, on the trim beds and the old fowls under the trees.

"In the second place, a week ago yesterday Jedidiah Peeble was an old man, and more than that a rich one, and more than that he was good. If ever there was a saint on this wicked earth, Luretta Skates says, it was Jedidiah Peeble in his handsome house. He'd made his money in oil. There's oil wells up in that part of the State as there's factories here. But when he'd laid his fortune by he didn't rest with that as some rich men do, but set about to give it away in good deeds. No end was to his deeds of mercy and loving-kindness. If anybody was in want in or about Ricksburg, Jedidiah Peeble getting wind of it, he didn't want long. If anybody was discouraged and went wrong, and Jedidiah Peeble got the news and could do anything, he was set on his feet again and started up again for good or ill as the case might be and his backbone might be — though Jedidiah Peeble always thought it was for good. Once a poor man in Ricksburg got into his house, and the silver pitcher he stole from his sideboard was proved against him. But Jedidiah Peeble got him off, and told him how much better it was to be honest than not, and gave him more money than the pitcher was worth to help him take hold of life in a better way. The meanest and the lowest seemed worth saving to the good old man. Yet it was always folks in adversity that he was patient with. He wasn't a milk-sop. He could be stern enough and hard, too, with those that had plenty of ease and opportunities for good and yet chose a crooked path.

"Nobody was ever seemingly more grateful to him than this poor, low-down thief he saved. He appeared to straighten up altogether afterward and to try to support his wife and children



by honest work, and to keep a dreadful strict eye on himself.

"He was only one among a thousand that owed more than they could repay to the old man in the brick house. His deaf cousin Mehitabel, to whom he gave a home and comforts, kept house for him, as he'd never married. The servants were all made up of those he'd taken in. An old lame woman in the kitchen that he'd fetched out of the poorhouse because she wasn't treated well, and a girl to help her that had tried to kill herself in despair, and a boy in his stable that had been a bad one for sure, and dear knows who else besides. The place was full, too, of other things he'd befriended and brought home—old horses and old dogs, old cats and birds—"

"And old rabbits, I'll be bound!" cried out Mr. Catwood.

"Anything old or sick or friendless, man or beast, Uncle Catwood, that he could lay his hands on. One other person was in the house, in addition to those I've said—some one, though he paid him a salary, he loved and trusted like a son. This was the one who helped him with his money affairs and his charity—his secretary, Jonas Clegg, unmarried like himself. More than any other person, maybe, he owed everything to Jedidiah Peeble. One night, when he was a younger man, Jedidiah came back from a railroad trip somewheres, carrying a ragged child—a little, half-starved, whimpering thing that he'd come across, abandoned on to the world. Little Jonas Clegg had no one else to claim him, so Jedidiah Peeble claimed him, and brought him up like his own, feeding and clothing and educating him, and taking the greatest interest in him from the beginning, for Jonas Clegg was apt and bright. Once he nursed him through a sickness himself, a deal more tender than many a boy's own father. Then when his charge had come to be a man he made him his secretary—he needed some one to help him with his deeds of mercy. He was as proud of him as could be, for Jonas Clegg showed the same aptness for being the secretary of mercy and charity as he'd showed for other things. All the reward Jedidiah Peeble said he wanted for what he'd done for him was Jonas Clegg's growing up into such a

good man. More and more as he grew older he wanted to have him near him. The two were almost always seen together, the old man and the younger one. Jedidiah Peeble was tall, and clear-looking as old people get, with beautiful long white hair, though his face, Luretta Skates says, was plain. Jonas Clegg was shorter than he. There was a scar on his forehead that he'd had when Jedidiah Peeble found him, and a finger was gone from one of his hands. But folks never noticed much about him but his proper ways. He wasn't much more striking than a pussy-cat, nor inclined to put himself forward. No one got at all acquainted with him.

"Some people used to think that Jedidiah would leave him his fortune, but the old man said No, for he didn't intend to have any fortune to leave. It was his intention to give it all away, all but enough to make his cousin Mehitabel comfortable for the rest of her days, and to care for those of his friends—he called everybody he'd befriended his friends—that were sick or helpless and couldn't care for themselves.

"But though Jonas Clegg couldn't expect to inherit a fortune, Jedidiah Peeble's house was his—with a love like a father's—and a generous salary to put away from for himself, which he did. Folks knew this much about Jonas Clegg, that he liked to lay money by. To save money and to keep in the background was the two aims Jonas Clegg had."

Something in the little creature's scared dwelling on Jedidiah Peeble and his good deeds made her hearers in the group beside her look aghast as though struck with a premonition of some impending doom. The stranger on the stone drew more unobtrusively against the tree.

"Everybody worshipped Jedidiah Peeble," she went on, "but one person."

"One person!" growled out the old gentleman, indignantly, his face getting red. "How could there hev been one person onwillin' to worship such a man as that?"

"Ah, you may well ask that question, Uncle Catwood. How could there have been? But there was. For a good while lately, off and on at irregular intervals, Jedidiah Peeble had been missing con-



siderable sums of money from the house. He was used to keeping plenty of money near him, as rich people are in little places, and he felt easy in doing it because of his brass-bound safe. He worried about the money going, in a sad way, not on account of the loss, but because he hated to think of the wrong act itself, and of a human being sinking below the best that was in him. And he couldn't think how the safe could be gotten into, with him always having the key to it, and the safe locked just the same as common when he found the money gone. It was his secretary, Jonas Clegg, who suggested to him who it was that was robbing him with a false key, that he must have made for himself to the old-timey lock of the safe. Jedidiah Peeble cried out against the thought, and for a long time refused to believe it; but he was well along in years, and Jonas Clegg by dint of saying what he had to say over and over—he'd shake his head and act as if he was so sorry about it, too—had his effect. Jedidiah Peeble came to believe in the end that the thief was the same poor thief he'd once saved. He was heart-broken, for he'd had such faith in him, which had seemed to be justified. He let Jonas Clegg sleep in the library nights to watch out for him—he knew he'd have to resort to hard measures, much as he didn't want to—but the poor thief wasn't caught. He was a dreadful slick one, Jonas Clegg said.

"But for a few weeks past the thefts had stopped, and Jedidiah Peeble said he was sure they would never happen again. Such was his faith in human nature that a week ago last night before he went to bed he locked up a larger sum 'n common in the safe, and wouldn't even let Jonas Clegg stay down-stairs to watch it.

"But the good old man trusted human nature too far. His deaf cousin Mehitabel—she was the only one besides himself and Jonas that slept in that part of the house—woke up in the night to see a light in the up-stairs hall. She put her head out of the door and saw Jedidiah Peeble going down-stairs in his dressing-gown and soft slippers. It was his habit if he couldn't sleep to get a book and read, so she knew what he

was after and went back to bed. But in hunting up a book, Jedidiah Peeble must have surprised the thief, with his false key, at the safe. For a week ago last night Jedidiah Peeble was murdered in his own house. He was lying on the library floor in the morning, his head crushed in by a heavy blow, and his white hair dabbled with blood."

A horrified silence followed her words.

Her sister was the first to speak. "What! Murdered! Don't tell me that, Susan!"

"It's what Luretta Skates told Abby and me."

The old gentleman's face turned quite purple. "That low-down wretch!" he gasped, "that rascal! I knowed from the minute I heerd about his stealin' that silver pitcher off the sideboard no good would ever come out of *him*."

He let his horror and wrath take in the man on the stone familiarly. But the man sat with his hat-brim over his eyes.

The little spinster shook her head with emphasis. "There was somebody, not the poor thief Jedidiah Peeble had saved, gone out of Ricksburg, Uncle Catwood, a week ago this morning, with the money from the empty safe. Somebody that left behind stained, bloody garments up a chimney, that he'd changed for others, clothes that were pulled down and recognized. Somebody whose name an old man, left for dead, managed to write down on a slip of paper before he died, to clear an innocent person that might be suspected, somebody that was trusted—"

"'Twas that mis'erable old lame woman in the kitchen!" cried Mr. Catwood. "I've suspected *her* all along!"

He let his horror take in the stranger's hat-brim again, in his necessity for a wide expression of it.

But his niece shook her head as emphatically as before. "Not any of the other servants in the house. They were all there a week ago this morning to weep for their best friend. 'Twas somebody Jedidiah Peeble loved and trusted like a son—"

"Don't tell me it was Jonas Clegg!" said her sister. "Not Jonas Clegg that owed him everything!"

"They were Jonas Clegg's bloody clothes," the little creature answered,



slowly, "and 'twas Jonas Clegg who was gone, and it's Jonas Clegg, when he's found, that 'll stand trial for the murder of one that was like a father to him."

"The monster!" burst forth the old gentleman, when he could get his breath. "I knowed from the start there was something wrong with *him*. Jonas Clegg always looked awful bad to me. You can't never trust a pussy-cat."

His consternation overflowed once more unavailingly from his family group to the trunk of the locust-tree.

"He looks bad to other folks, looking back on him now, Uncle," said his niece. "Like a man that was so fond of money that he'd rob his benefactor to add to the sum he was laying by. Like a man who would put the blame on some one else when the money was missed—and like a man that 'd commit a brutal crime in his terror at being found out, as he was found out when Jedidiah Peeble surprised him at his safe, as he must have done. There's no knowing how much money he took besides, that the old man didn't miss. Most of the sums for mercy and charity went through his fingers."

"The monster!" said the old gentleman again. "I'd like to lay my hands on him for a few minutes. *I'd scrunch him all to pieces.*"

He brandished his arm ferociously. He did not look any more toward the stranger for sympathy in his feelings.

"Uncle Catwood!" said his niece Harriet, "you wouldn't do that! But you'd deliver him over to justice, as we all would if we could lay hands on him—deliver him over to justice as Jedidiah has done with his dying hand."

He did not stop brandishing his arm. "I'd deliver him over to justice, then, and let him get hung of himself!"

"He'll be hung," said his grandson Noah, firmly, "if he don't escape."

"Luretta Skates says the wretched being can't escape," said the little spinster. "They're hunting for him high and low. It's only a question of time."

"He can't escape!" said the old gentleman, with much satisfaction. "They'll get him sure." He sat bolstering himself back into peacefulness with this notion.

Although it was getting late for a family party, with supper on hand, to

stay away from its destination, no one made a movement to go on. The crime had cast a spell on the innocent field. It seemed impossible to do anything else than to sit on and on, talking over an evil deed with hushed voices.

Mr. Catwood gradually grew apoplectic again, and would presently have burst forth with an increased violence had not his niece Harriet reluctantly collected together the bundles on her knees.

"Come," she said, "we must not stay any longer, poor Jedidiah Peeble or not. Thomas has been waiting so long I'll warrant he's turned into vinegar."

"I'll warrant!" said the little spinster.

One by one they clambered stiffly from their places in a stir toward leaving.

This time the old gentleman checked the departure, though more briefly than his niece Harriet had done. He pointed suddenly with a child-like forefinger to the sky, where a patch of white clouds floated against the horizon. The others looked whither he pointed. By a curious chance the clouds appeared to form the venerable outlines of an old man's head, crowned by angelic hair. "How queer!" said his niece Susan. Her sickly face was touched with awe. While they looked the clouds assumed a sunset tinge. The beams of the expiring day rested on the pasture and gave to everything swiftly an altered appearance. The locust-tree was illumined. The hedge shone. The sparrows that chirped among the thorns fluttered about momentarily with burnished bodies.

Themselves grown resplendent, the intruders moved away at last, in the midst of the miracle of transfiguration. Until they disappeared through a gate in the distance, the old gentleman's arm struck out, every now and then, stoutly from his shoulder.

Left alone, the man on the stone did not return to his interrupted sleep. He struggled agitatedly to his feet. As he crept off in a timid haste over the stile he stared down at himself with a terrified aspect. He, too, had received a color from the sky. There was red on the hand lacking one finger which grasped his neat bag; there was red on his precise coat and vest, and there was even the semblance of a crimson stain on his prim, old-maidish shoes.



# The Seventh Sense in Man and Animals

BY EDWARD A. AYERS, A.M., M.D.

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IF a manager had seven bright and faithful messengers fetching him specialty information continuously through passing years, he would be thought strangely stupid if he knew only five of them. But if one was timid and insignificant, and another only appeared when the manager was ill or highly disturbed, his ignorance would be less marked. Five of our special sense organs—those of sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch—have always been known to us. The sixth, our muscle-pressure sense, had to be dragged from a dim corner by physiologists to be recognized; while the seventh sense, insufficiently named equilibration, seldom makes itself known to consciousness; is, in fact, an automatic sense.

So fundamental is equilibration in animal mechanism, it may even be said to have preceded consciousness in functional evolution. It is our oldest special sense, and the last to receive recognition. Biologically the semicircular canal of the ear, which is our organ of equilibration, was the stem on which was grafted the organ of hearing—the cochlea. The two are anatomical bed-fellows, occupying a bone cavern—the labyrinth—like dwellers in a double house using the same vestibule. They are bathed by a fluid that flows freely from one to the other, the limpid lymph which quivers responsive to every vibration of sound playing against the outer drum of the ear. Hence, though we see no occupational relationship between semicircular canal equilibration and cochlear hearing, they must be described together.

No living product of the vegetable kingdom finds use for equilibration aids, for they are one with Mother Earth, and leave all questions of gravity, motion, and balancing to her. Nor in the animal kingdom do home bodies like the oyster,

anchored to one spot for life, find need of such aids. Nature bestows no luxuries, no organs that cannot be serviceably employed. The oyster could do nothing with eyes or ears if it had them. But the day that locomotion is acquired by any creature, a sense organ of equilibration is needed. It is the privilege of the six senses mentioned to keep us informed of our surroundings, to flood the mind at all times with unsifted information of light, sound, scent, form, quality, and weight—of the *outer* world in its bearing on our self-preservation. It is the function of the equilibration sense to inform us of our relations to the outer world—in the absence of all other sense information. I say “inform,” but hardly that, because it guides without asking permission, being automatic, and actually performs a magnificent and essential service while ignoring our inflated conscious ego.

There is such an extensive overlap in the service of our special senses that the loss of one may not disable us. And it is a rare situation in which we find ourselves solely dependent upon the equilibration canals for guidance. If blind, one may still walk naturally over an open plain, fairly well on a sidewalk with a cane, but scarcely at all by stones over a brook. Touch and muscle-pressure in the soles of the feet and body generally aid. But a blind man with locomotor-ataxic loss of sole sensations could not even stand erect, although here his equilibration sense should carry him through the difficulties. But though sole touch is dead, one can stand and walk if one can see, just as some deaf mutes can learn to speak without hearing their own voices.

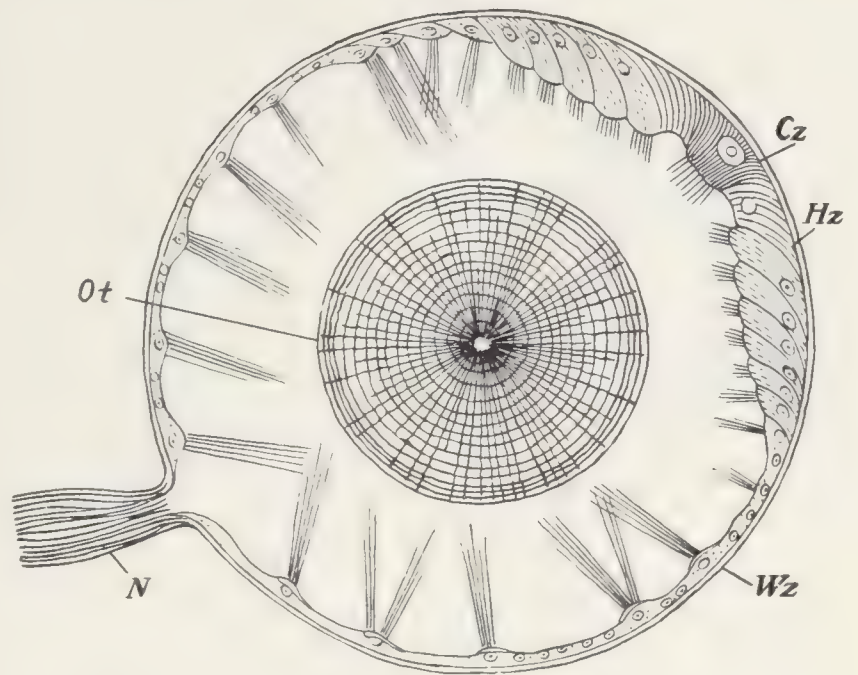
Our knowledge of the pull of gravity we accept as a matter of course, so constant is its impress from earliest consciousness. Naturally we have slight



opportunity to get acquainted with our internal gravity-finders. Let us assume a situation of sole reliance upon our semicircular canals for guidance. To find such a situation we must take on the anatomical habiliments of a fish—while retaining our human intelligence. We are submerged in water; there is no glimmer of light; there is no movement in the water, and we are of the same specific gravity as the water, with no tendency to sink or rise. It is just as easy to swim in one direction as another. Now which way lies the center of the earth, and which way leads back to terra firma? We each have some 200,000 touch sentinels distributed in the cuticle, and every one is lapped by briny water; but all are telephoning the identical message, “briny waters.” No organ, not even the semicircular canals, can sense our earth’s axial motion, nor its eighteen-thousand-miles-per-second orbital flight. A man in a submerged submarine will possess a half-dozen direction sign-posts. But we will have possibly one—the semicircular canals; or two—our internal gravity of blood if we lie head downward; or three—the weight of a full stomach when facing the stars. But if we must quickly get back to air to breathe, not one of these will serve in the panic that would come upon us. A fish in such condition is a composed creature gently sustaining perpendicularity with waving fins. Yet our equilibration organs appear far superior evolutionally to the simple sacs found in fishes. So we must have been making greater use of them, or they would have joined the “has been” ranks with appendices.

Now if we, as conscious egos, alert to all bodily sensations, find we cannot physically conduct ourselves naturally without normal service of the semicircular canal structures, and cannot get them to work through our conscious minds, how may we discover what they do and how they do it?

The temporal bone of the skull, which extends underneath the brain in its middle portion, is hollowed to form a Liliputian cavern, a cast of which forms the labyrinth, or inner ear. In it lie the sensing structures of hearing and equilibration. If it were many times larger than it is, it would still be the



A primary form of the organ of equilibrium, found in the heteropod mollusk. (After Claus.) *N*, the nerve (called auditory nerve, but is an equilibration nerve in primary form). *Ot*, an otolith, or ear-stone, floating in fluid; *Wz*, sensory hair-cells; *Hz* and *Cz*, other forms of sensory hair-cells

most complex and puzzling structure ever created. As it is, there are many diamonds large enough to contain it.

Let us, therefore, move down the Nature scale to her simplest toy beginnings, and consider jellyfish and prawns. First forms of sense organs are very simple indeed. The first form of inner ear-labyrinths is a simple sac opening freely to the water. Its chief function is equilibration, and so far as it acts in hearing, it only senses the incidental by-product of sounds—wave quiverings.

If an inventor were asked to design a gravity-compass that would not infringe on the pendulum or magnetic compass, he might suggest a hollow sphere, filled with fluid, having many pins just piercing the shell, all pointing to the center; and a small ball slightly heavier than water lying in the fluid; the outer heads of the pins to be wired through a battery cell to an annunciator, so that when the ball settled to rest on several pin-points, a current would be established which would show on the dial of the annunciator the place where the ball lay, and therefore just what is the undermost part of the sphere. Substitute a chalky pebble for the ball, sensory cells with fine hairs floating in the fluid for the pins, nerves for wires, a nerve ganglion for the battery cell, and more or less conscious ego for the annunciator, and we find an infringement



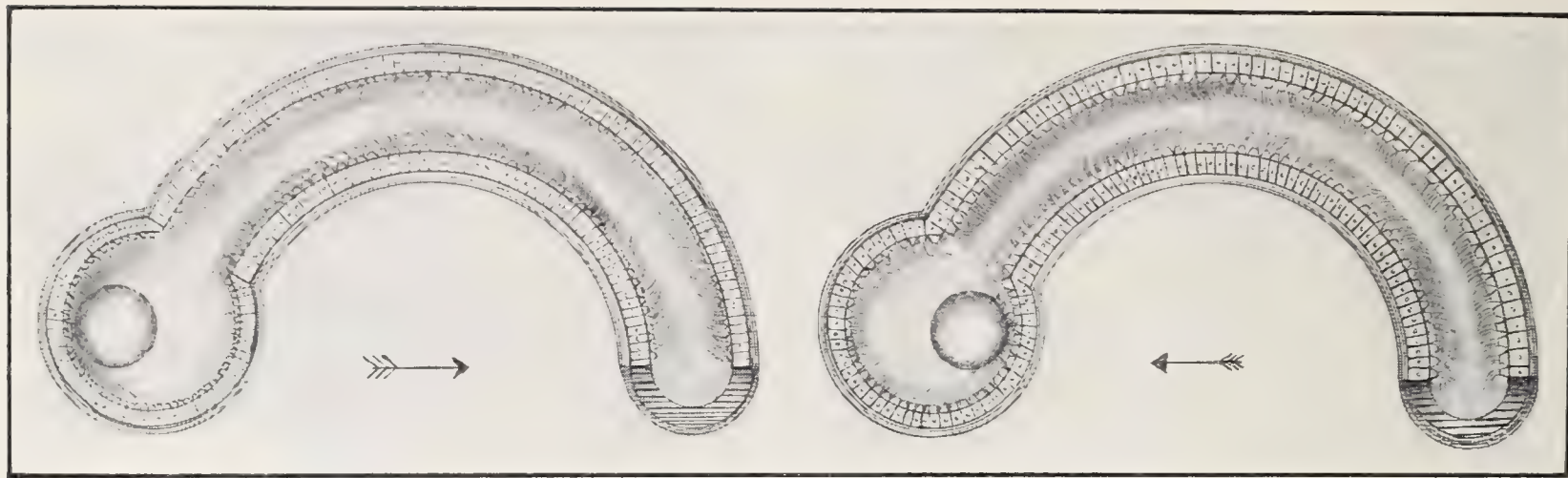


DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE MODE OF ACTION OF THE SEMICIRCULAR CANALS

In the left canal the body is advancing, the inclosed fluid presses backward, through inertia, which bends the cell hairs (cilia) backward (to the left in the cut); the ball (otolith) also presses backward. In the canal to the right the body is moving to the left (backward). On coming to a halt the ball settles to the lowest part. The arrows show the direction of the movement

of Nature's primary equilibrial sac. While the jellyfish buds from the stalk of a sea-inlet water plant, it has no more use for equilibrators, as it bends to and fro in the diurnal tides, than the oyster on a rock. But when it loosens its parasitic hold and starts on its destined journey to fatten some fish's maw, it finds some need of internal gravity-finders; though, as its protoplasmic propeller cannot steer, nor hold its own against the tide, and its streaming equilibrators, being heavier than its bell-shaped head when moving, force it ever upward while drifting with the tide, it probably gets a moderate service from its internal equilibrial sacs, as does the worm with its pigment-spot eyes.

Equilibrator sacs in some forms of aquatic creatures are an extension of the skin. These sacs are lined with cells which have a number of delicate hairs projecting from their free ends into the fluid which fills the sac. These cells, like the rods and cones of the retina, are specialists, and can sense the variations of pressure of the sac fluid, more delicately because of the floating hairs; and also feel the weight of small pebbles which lie in the fluid. These pebbles in the open-sac forms are picked up from the sea bottom and poked into the sacs after shedding; or, in closed-sac form, are chalky substance there manufactured. They are called otoliths — ear-stones. Starting in the nuclear protoplasm of the sensory cells, nerve filaments run outside the sacs as nerve cables to the brain, and there announce their sensations. Many able men had observed these sacs,

hair-cells, and pebbles; but while the function of equilibration was largely unknown the explanation was difficult. The nerve cable led to the brain region, where in higher creatures hearing lies. "Something to do with hearing." A natural guess, yet misleading. To destroy these sacs in life may indicate their use through consequent observable loss of function. But to control their action while whole and sound would be a triumph.

Kreidl observed that the palæmon—the common prawn—shed its sacs. When the new sacs form, the prawn gathers selected pebbles (much as a fowl will stock its gizzard with chicken mill-stones), and pokes them into its "ears." Kreidl removed all sand from water, in which he placed a disrobing prawn, and put iron filings in their place, which the prawn proceeded to use. With a magnet the iron "otoliths" could now be made independent of gravity, and brought against any portion of the sac walls. The prawn was not drawn this way and that, as the toy fish of our childhood followed the magnet, but rolled like a water-logged derelict, a misled victim of magnetized iron. This turning the prawn's world topsy-turvy, making a magnet its earth-center and upsetting its gravity, from the investigator's point of view was a brilliant and useful application of physics. Could this test be applied to man, passes with the magnet might not make him roll about, but would render him deathly seasick, and the world would seem to whirl.

In the production of music, the one



object is to make tonal sound, and yet there must be an incidental by-product in the atmospheric vibrations that make the sonorous sound. Air has weight, and its vibratory waves carry momentum and weight—make material impress. A horn played before a candle-flame causes it to quiver rhythmically—this is the vibratory cause of music made visible. If the candle and flaming wick represented a sensory cell and hair, such as those lining the equilibrial sacs, it could sense this atmospheric vibratory impact as motion, but not as sound; and to this extent do fishes probably hear. This is not true audition, but a modified form of touch performed by equilibration cells. In air-borne vibrations, sound is far more potential than air-wave impact, and it is not possible for our equilibrial sensory cells to feel the latter; but in water, which is over eight hundred times heavier than air, the physical impact of sound-waves is easily sensed. In one second, sound-waves travel through air at freezing temperature 1,090 feet, through shallow water 4,708 feet, and through iron 16,000 feet. Momentum and intensity are enhanced by speed and weight. The janitor who grudgingly feeds the hungry furnace with coal cares nothing for the salicylic acid, creosote, carbolic acid, and dozens of headache cures going to combustion; and conversely the fish cares nothing for the main product of vibratory waves—music. If a fish possessed our hearing organs, a submarine orchestral performance would be as a cataclysm of the spheres. Water noises mean to a fish the presence of schoolmates—friends or a foe—an invitation to dinner, or breakers ahead; and they have strange little telephones or ear-drum resemblances distributed in the skin of head and trunk, in addition to equilibrial sacs, which vibrate—not sound—the alarm. But their great locomotive need is equilibrial organs.

The equilibrial organs are believed to sense wholly by internal means, and without assistance of other senses, the direction of gravity; of motion, its direction, speed, cessation; to sustain tone or tension in such muscles as keep the body, when awake, in equilibrial balance; and assist the cerebellum in working many combinations of muscles coordinately—harmoniously—to perform given acts.

Why does a dying fish turn belly up? Not because of bloating—a post-mortem cause—but through loss of muscular tonicity and the constant co-ordinate waving of fins that held it perpendicular. The moment a man arises from bed he automatically sets many muscles into a moderate and varying degree of contraction to keep his jointed vertebræ and lower limbs from flexion. If he sits erect and motionless, these sustaining muscles are as set and immobile as if they were coil-springs or rubber bands. If he slightly changes position, a nicely balanced readjustment of all these muscles is made, and the originating impulse to adjustment springs from his semicircular canals. This is equilibrial adjustment, but there is a pre-

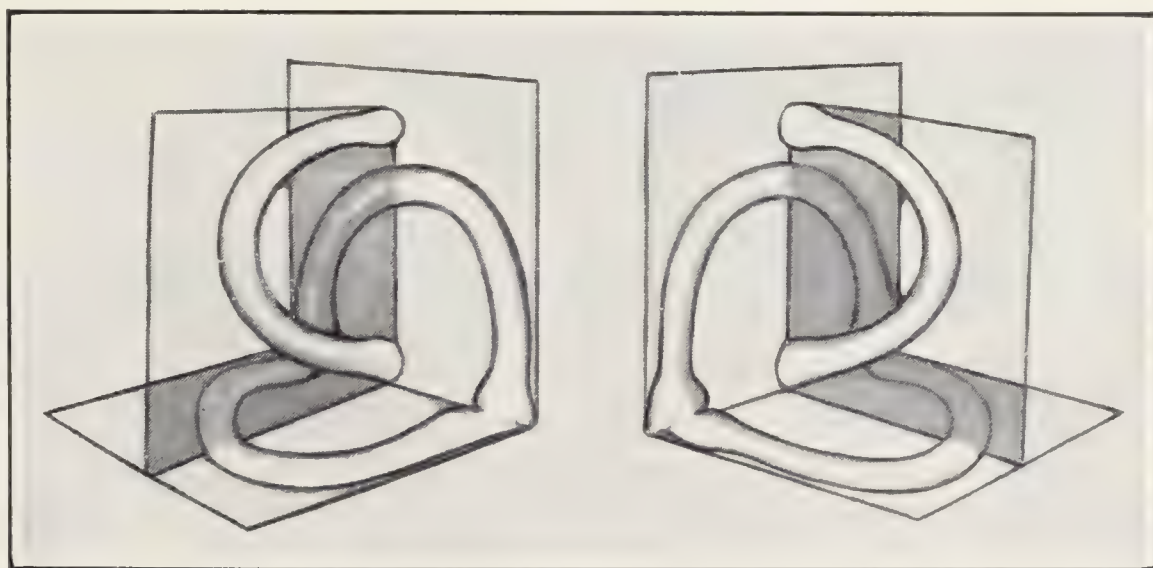


Diagram to show the position of the planes of directions of the semicircular canals in the head, looking forward, with head erect

liminary stage we might term getting-ready-to-act—simple tonicity, muscle-awakeness. He will sustain both these states of tonicity and equilibrial tension until he lies down—ending the latter, and goes to sleep—ending the former. In over-tired condition he may be unable to end tonicity through irritability of the combined nerve structures, which



is similar to after-image action of the retinas from too strong a light. We see the working of this machinery, the turning on and off of the nerve current, when a man riding a horse gets just so far in sleep as to start falling, or when one listens to a droning sermon or overdetailed yarn, nods and then quickly recovers himself. Consciousness has little to do with this breaking of the tonicity current. There is an extended grade between fullest awake and deepest sleep states, but the nod marks the exact division-line between the two.

Muscular tension gives us motionless equilibrium, but must be assisted by muscular co-ordination in such feats as tight-wire balancing. Threading a needle is a simple act in normal co-ordinate states, but impossible by an intoxicated man. Threading a needle involves fixation of spine, head, and eyes, and delicate co-ordinate handling of arms and fingers—hundreds of adjustments. A railway station-master inserts a perforated card at the bottom of a train bulletin, turns over a lever, and every station to be touched by the departing train is named on the shutter slats. This is cast-iron co-ordination, a fixed combination. But hitch a hundred wild steeds abreast with single harness to a chariot, and find a jehu able with his two hundred reins to drive them co-ordinately. This, if it could be done, would outrival the performances of our muscle-drivers only because wild steeds do not wait to be driven, and muscles do. We get a beautiful picture of multiple harmonious co-ordinate action in an eight-oared race. But there is conscious brain regulating each oar; so, to find a perfect example, we pick a hurrying centipede. How beautiful is his automatic co-ordination! Provide him suddenly in his flight with self-conscious control, and he might get badly tangled legs and feet.

The cerebellum adjusts the degree of each muscle's contraction to secure co-ordinate work, but it is not a thinking brain, rather a vast collection of nerve batteries which only act on muscles when excited by various stimuli. The equilibrial sense organs supply many of these, and the will can do the same without including the equilibrial organs, but the

direct call upon the muscles in either case must proceed from the cerebellum.

Theoretically, if a fish, lying still, swims forward, inertia of the fluid filling the equilibrial sacs will cause this fluid to press backward—more or less, according to speed—and bend the floating hairs of the sensory cells backward. If the fish continues swimming, this fluid inertia will be soon largely overcome, allowing the floating hairs to straighten. Movement away from a straight line should cause pressure by the fluid against the opposite sides. On stopping, momentum of the fluid should cause pressure forward. Coming to a complete halt, the otolith should settle upon the most dependent sensory cells and hairs.

Every item of flexion of the hairs and pressure on the cells should make impress on the nerves imbedded in these cells; and they in turn, sending each an individual impression to the brain, the combined sensations stimulate the cerebellum to proper action.

Equilibrial sacs which are open to the sea-water are simple and crude. We find the equilibrial sacs closed in higher-scaled creatures; the otoliths are not the simple round pebbles here mentioned, nor floating free, and our theory of their service may need changing. They are often of the shape of crystals, may be imbedded, and may serve in some way to intensify vibrational effects. While the destiny of the vast majority of lowly creatures is to enter, more or less alive, some stronger creature's stomach, and while equilibrial organs are necessary to them, they will never move so far out of stable conditions as to meet disaster from equilibrial incapacity. But the bird, the deep-diving or high-flying man, stake their lives on equilibrial reliability.

If our theory of the creation of sensations in the equilibrial sacs through varying pressures and vibrations of their inclosed fluids is correct, then it seems reasonable that tubular sacs would give stronger current impressions than spherical sacs. The semicircular canals in the labyrinth composing the internal ear in man are essentially the original spherical sacs, with half-circle tubular extensions. The otoliths are found in the primary bulbous parts of the canals, and the tubular parts are lined with sensory



hair-cells. Further, the fact that the three canals of each ear-set lie, one horizontal and the other two perpendicular, and at right angles to each other, thus meeting all possible dimensions of space, compels the belief and seems to confirm the theory that sensations of position and motion are the product of fluid action through inertia, flow, and momentum. Still further, fluidic fluency is secured through the canals being directly and patulously connected with the cochlea, and by outer tubular linking of one part with another, all somewhat like a hot-water heating system of circulation, without the heat.

If one stands erect and turns the nose to the right, the inertia tendency of the fluid in the horizontal tube of the right ear will be forward, and in that of the left ear backward. Therefore the brain will receive rotary motion sensations derived from opposite currents in the two ears, advance in one and retreat in the other, or apparently flat contradictions. This is also true of the perpendicular tubes. But from first movements of a baby's head the sensory hairs have thus bent in opposite directions, and it was not through recording whether the two ears testified alike, but what was the combined effect following a given movement, that the growing brain learned to interpret.

It is the fundamental function of sense organs to specialize in receiving sensations, each from some particular phenomenon of materials and forces about us—with the exception of the equilibrial sense; and to deliver these sensations to a conscious brain, which in turn can employ some judgment in making use of their information regarding the outer world.

It is very dark in the brain, and the brain has no conceptions of its own—except in abstruse cogitation; and most of its conceptions are derived from and shaped upon the particular knowledge gained from its sense messengers. We think of events through their qualities—lights, colors, sounds, scents, etc.

Now the equilibrial organs inform us, in distinction from all the other senses, not of the outside world's relations to us, but of our relations to the outside world. And they are automatic. This automatism of the equilibrial sense has made

it doubly difficult to determine the functions of the semicircular canals. The pancreas is wholly automatic, but its secretions for starch digestion can be obtained pure and chemically analyzed. But no machine has ever been invented that can weigh or analyze a sensation, even less sensations which seldom reach consciousness.

Some of the secrets of the semicircular canals can be forced into the open by destroying them and observing the effects. Injury to one of the three canals in one ear will cause exaggerated movements of the head in the plane of that canal. Thus, if the horizontal canal in a pigeon be injured, the bird will swing its head to right and left in unusual degrees; and after injury to one of the perpendicular canals, will turn somersaults forward or backward. It will not try to fly, and if thrown into the air will lose steering control and flop to the ground. Severance of the nerve connecting the canals with the cerebellum in a dogfish causes it to stop swimming and lie like a listed ship to starboard or port, or to turn turtle. The dogfish might be able with its eyes to see that it is lying out of plumb, but would not try to trim boat. It could not succeed.

Every sense organ can be worked into a state of irritation. The eye sees after-image suns sometime after sun-gazing; the ear hears the roar of a cannon after the air has ceased vibrating. This is not ear-drum reverberation, but postphone scolding by the sensory hair-cell's nerve terminals. Every child discovers that a dervish whirl will cause dizziness and collapse, and thinks it fun to play tag with its abused semicircular canals. The deaf, whose equilibrial organs were consumed with those of hearing in the flame of meningitis or scarlet fever, may whirl and not grow dizzy. Dead cells cannot scold. Neither are such equilibrially deaf prone to grow dizzy on heights, nor when hit on the head. Nor, in the dark, can they stand on one leg, nor on two on an inclined plane, nor keep on a narrow plank path in walking.

Balis, who became deaf through meningitis after learning speech, and who was probably injured in the left semicircular canals only, states: "Locomotion in the twilight demands the whole available



right of way, unless I have a fixed point to guide me. At night I must have a light-guiding point or be able to touch something. In passing persons and things on my left, it is often impossible to avoid collisions, though to pass on my right there is no difficulty. I cannot walk straight with one eye closed, or swim without going under on the blind side. I go under on either side when I attempt to swim in the dark." The story of the thirty deaf who "owned the ship" and never missed a meal, while ear-sound fellows groaned through a three days' storm, is cheerily preserved in the records. The deaf are peculiarly liable to drown if their semicircular canals are destroyed, from bewildering loss of direction sense. Gallaudet College for the deaf supplies a "they-say" tale of a deaf boy diving into a ten-foot tank, who mistook a patch of sunshine at the bottom for surface light, and vainly floundered, through lost-direction sense, until, half drowned, his unconscious body floated to rescue by his fellows. Who needs to be told of the effects of a rolling ship? If no sailor, you may stand or sit or take to your berth—there is a canal for every angle, and one of them will fit your case until the equilibrial batteries are exhausted and no longer able to harass the innocent pneumogastric nerve and stomach. Jumping foot first from haymow or diving-platform excites a sinking feeling in the stomach region—excited by the canals. The dizziness from continued whirling in one direction is due to abnormal excitation of the horizontal canal's nerves.

The "reverse" in waltzing was not instituted arbitrarily by dancing-masters, but through the compulsion of physiologic law. The appearance of everything in a railway car moving rearward when one turns the eyes from continued retinally exhausting observation of the moving car-window panorama, is a form of after-image irritation in the eyes, accentuated by the semicircular canals. Apparently we can secure sensations from the semicircular canals only in abnormal excitations; and this is characteristic of all automatic bodily machinery. If one knows that he has a stomach, then it is out of order. Pain is the annunciator of automatism in all organs except the

fundamental "seventh" sense. Its annunciation is literally and biologically through "upsetting one's gravity," and strikes through the veriest fundamentals—heart, brain, and stomach.

How can one receive aid from a sense organ, be unable to do without it, be guided by it, and yet receive no conscious impress of its existence? Consciousness is the one surpassing possession of life. But out of the hundreds of thousands of bodily acts daily occurring in our lives, not only are the vast majority done independent of consciousness, but many of them are as liable to be hindered as helped by its supervision. Specialized organs: pancreas, liver, spleen, thyroid, thymus, adrenals, *and semicircular canals*, guide through such simple (?) and vulgarly material means as stimulation, excitation, reflexion, and other forms of nerve and nutrient action, the intricate needs of a complex physiology. We sense the hunger of the stomach, because we must, in our expanded sphere, find its food and administer it. But we do not sense the hunger of the blood for more thyroid or adrenal secretion, because they can give for the asking, and the voice that calls is a chemical whip, so to phrase it. Magnificent automatism! So far as we know, the only difference in the automatism of the equilibrial sense and that of liver and other structures is, that the semicircular canal structure is acted upon, excited to action, by vibrations and gravity instead of chemical or electrical stimuli. In summation: we find in practically all feats of equilibration that the fundamental non-conscious sense is assisted by the conscious senses sight, touch, and muscular pressure; and that we casually award all the credit to the latter three senses. They are the steering-gear of the ship, but the canals are the ballast in the hold.

We are all familiar with the sensations of breezes blowing through our locks—the thinner the hair the keener the sense. An insect's antennæ can outrival a brace of mule's ears in delicate detection of the direction of sound, through its relative impress on the nearer and farther antennæ. There are no nerves in hairs or antennæ, but their roots are well supplied, and sense every bend and quiver of these structures. Of such character



are the sensory cell tubes which compose the working parts of the semicircular canals that lie within the larger calibered bony tubes, which, though attached by bands to the bone walls, really float in fluid that also courses inside. The hair-cells lining these inner tubes will all quiver when the fluid quivers, only the free-end hairs will respond to more delicate fluid vibrations and currents. The nerves leading from these parts will carry nerve wave-vibrations that are exact duplicates of the fluid's, and transmit them to brain-receiving cells. The semicircular canals in higher animals, in addition to gravity and motion-direction sensations applied to them, must receive the same sound vibrations that are sent to the hearing apparatus, and we must presume that sound vibrations have some part in semicircular canal sensations; but what they are is not determined.

Human aviation makes an appeal to the semicircular canals that they have never had before. In so far as aeroplane equilibrium is not secured through the machine, is not mechanically automatic, it must depend upon the aviator's sight, touch, muscle-pressure, and semicircular-canal senses; and to that extent man must bring the sensitiveness of these parts to the standard of the bird. The bird depends wholly upon sight and semicircular-canal senses in flying. Possibly some animals can outrival man in every sense, certainly in scent, and probably in sole use of the equilibrial sense organs. But man undoubtedly possesses the highest average of all animals. He has evolutionally passed through every grade of excellence achieved by any animal with any sense. But lessened demand on one sense through increased service of others must cause some deterioration in the unused sense. Has the service of our semicircular canals retrograded? It is just possible for man to place himself in a position of sole reliance upon his equilibrial sense—in dark, briny water, while the fish is so dependent every night. In a bird the equilibrial sense must act far more quickly than in the fish. The bird gets aid from its eyes, which change focus more quickly than man's eyes. We know that our equilibrial sense is slow compared with its chief assistants, sight and touch.

Our equilibrial sense does not ordinarily reach consciousness, except in severe conditions. Did it at one time, and have the nerves of connection simply weakened through disuse?

Do flying birds receive conscious sensations from the equilibrial organs? If they do not, then that much is evidently not necessary. If they do, can we acquire or regain such function? Loss of one sense greatly enhances the capacities of the others through continued concentration, and devotion to special occupations will add much to skill in a special sense organ. Man's equilibrial organs are now equal to ordinary demands in aviation, such as clear-air, low-level flying in straight spiral or double curve planes, acquired familiarity through practice being the main need. But place him aloft in a fog, with touch and pressure senses benumbed with cold, with the machine supported by the elastic cushion of the open air, he then has three aids to equilibrial knowledge: his natural equilibrial sense, a dulled pressure sense, and sight knowledge of his lifting planes. He will not in such situation consciously rely upon his equilibrial organs, but upon the visible positions of his lifting planes and what he can feel of the machine under him. The latter will not inform him of slight deviations from the horizontal in any case, especially encased in heavy clothes and cold. Blindfolded, he could gauge his variation from the horizontal only by the positions of the lifting-plane levers in his hands, and could probably not bring himself safely to earth. He will consciously sense his equilibrial or semicircular canal impressions if descending rapidly—the falling sense. Should he descend rapidly from these near two-mile heights, he may suffer faintness from over-sudden change of air density—a form of "caisson" disease.

The intellectual or reasoning superiority of man over birds is liable at any time to impose a danger not liable for the bird—fear through knowledge of his risk, and consequent loss of self-control—of co-ordination through shock. This will surely claim its victims; if it has not already, unless automatic equilibrium in the machine can be attained and relied upon in such emergency. At nearly ten thousand feet from the earth an aviator



stated that "he lost to a considerable extent his sense of the horizontal," and the earth looked like a concave saucer. This was in clear air, but the lateral boundaries on which his eyes were accustomed to rely for sense of perpendicularity were so far removed that they lost impress. Assuming consciousness in space beyond the earth's atmosphere, only two sense-organ functions could perform: semicircular-canal sense of motion (perhaps), and sight of the sun, earth, and moon. In addition to benumbing from cold, touch and pressure sensations are weakened in great altitudes by lessened gravity.

About every thirty days new squabs appear in the pigeon-loft. And in another thirty days or so every one of them can perform one of the most puzzling tricks known in physiology. These pudgy squabs can be carried encaged in darkness many hundred miles, loosened in air, and can fly straight back to the loft they know as home. All the homing pigeons can perform this wonder, and without any eye-memories to aid. Call it instinct, and you make no more progress than does an automobile running with its wheels jacked up. Sense memory is not an intellectual capacity, and is often greatest in minds markedly deficient in intellect. Such was Blind Tom, and such was an idiotic negro known to the writer, who could state in a few seconds how many times a cart-wheel would revolve going to town, or Jericho, and back. Such brains suggest

an arid desert, soiled and fertilized in spots. Animal memories are lasting. The dog knows for weeks where he buried a bone or routed a rabbit. Interstate birds of passage annually return from distant winter visits to last year's nests.

If our conceptions of the functions of the semicircular canals are correct—that every start, direction in motion, and stop of living bodies excites an impression independent of all other impressions—we can at least suggest that the line of service of the semicircular canals is the nearest of any known function to explaining the homing performance—even though this seems next to impossible. We know that it is not an unsolvable puzzle before us; some physiologic resource must meet the problem. But apparently we must hold that the semicircular-canal impressions in the pigeon are as definite in conscious recognition as are eye impressions in us. Then we must grant the bird a marvelous memory of direction impressions, and even overload the marvelous by considering that the bird may be carried in a car backward, or move into all points of the compass. Perhaps the act is vastly simple, and the bird is guided only by a very general sense of direction until it crosses known territory and converges to home; or perhaps there are magnetic and aerial currents and position of the sun to guide. Whatever the solution, it is not supernatural—that vulgar alternative of ignorance.

## The Overflow

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

THE flood-tide sets into the stream,  
That then fills up its grassy banks;  
But never does the rivulet dream  
How to the sea it oweth thanks!

My little loves are fed, each one,  
By a great Love they cannot know:  
Upbrimmed, they ripple in the sun—  
They have my full heart's overflow.



# Tuck and Cap'n, Conservationists

BY FORREST CRISSEY

AS Tuck trudged slowly home from school, his head was bowed and his eyes dwelt with dreamy fascination on the imprints left by his bare feet in the thick dust of the roadbed.

He was so completely absorbed in wondering if the impressions made by his own feet bore any likeness to those strange and thrilling imprints that had struck such terror to the soul of Crusoe on the beach of the solitary island that he was blissfully oblivious to life on the Old Benham Road. Then, instead of Tucker Ross, loitering home from school, with a braided straw hat flapping limply about his ears and carrying a dinner-pail in which a jelly-glass and a spoon rattled hungrily with each lagging step, he became the loved adventurer himself, crowned with uncouth cap of goat-skin, and holding a hairy umbrella in one hand, while with the other he gripped his trusty fowling-piece. The roadside sugar-maples were transformed into towering palms, and instead of the sinuous and peaceful Connecticut River he saw the rolling surf of the trackless ocean.

He might have lingered indefinitely in his dream of the desert island had not his arrival at the covered bridge over Hassett's Creek aroused him. As his feet touched the cool planks he suddenly became Tuck Ross again—and realized that no doubt the Captain was waiting for him just around the turn of the road under the Great Oak.

His friendship with Captain Silas Tilford was the one shining distinction of Tuck's life. And when the other boys tried to belittle that distinction by declaring that "Old Tilford wasn't any captain at all an' never had been," and called him "Hard Cider Si," Tuck's pride in his friend was keenest—for he realized that envy was at the bottom of their slander.

Suppose he wasn't a real captain? That didn't count. He was a veteran, anyhow, and told him stories of marches,

of sorties, and of sieges, that made the cold shivers chase one another up and down his responsive spine. And the boys were always eager enough to listen to repetitions of these tales, although he couldn't tell them half so well as the Captain could. Then, too, no other boy had been permitted the high privilege of feeling the lump in the Captain's leg where the incrustated minié-ball reposed!

Just as Tuck was resolving to ask his battle-scarred friend to tell him, perhaps for the fiftieth time, how General Sherman had personally detailed him for "extra harzardous" scout duty, at the time he was wounded, the boy made the turn of the road and saw the old veteran waiting for him under the Great Oak. But the huddled figure of the old man—his back stooped, his face hidden in his hands, and his elbows resting upon his knees—was strangely, dejectedly unfamiliar. Instead of the brisk military salute with which the Captain usually hailed his approach, there was an ominous absence of any sign that the veteran remembered that he had a friend on earth.

Tuck speedily canvassed a list of catastrophes that might account for the sudden and utter dejection of his friend. None of his folks had died, for he hadn't any folks excepting a cousin on the far slope of Gideon's Hill—a cousin for whom, as Tuck well knew, he entertained the liveliest contempt, and whose funeral he would have attended with a glow of warlike pleasure. He hadn't lost his pension, for he had repeatedly assured Tuck that only God or the Congress of the United States could take that away from him, and that God wouldn't and Congress "didn't dast." Then it must be that, for some unaccountable cause, Squire Stancliffe had notified the soldier that he must go back on his promise that the veteran should live in the little cabin by the Great Oak rent-free as long as it stood. And how often had Tuck



heard the Captain chuckle as he declared, "That house is good for another hundred years yet, and the Squire's word is sounder than the bed-sills of the cottage!" Yet it must be the cabin—there wasn't anything else but sickness or death that could happen to the Captain—and there he was!

Instantly Tuck determined to plead with Aunt Susan to let the Captain take up his abode in the old workshop that housed a grim and motley array of looms, hetchels, wool-cards, ox-bows, and other ancient litter that was generally of no account. Aunt Susan, he cheerfully recalled, had more than once "stuck up" for the Captain when women callers had brought tidings that the old soldier had "been at it again," and was "cutting didoes at the corners." He had burned to treat those women to something of the quick punishment that he had dealt out to a group of hooting village youngsters on the only occasion when he had seen the Captain during one of his lapses, but he had realized the necessity of keeping silent and sinking his hardy and eager fists into his pockets. You couldn't fight a woman, no matter how mean she might talk! He didn't quite understand why—but you couldn't. However, he had glowed with joy when Aunt Susan had showed sudden spirit and suggested that even if Silas Tilford did occasionally wander from the paths of virtue, he had the gumption to go to war when his country needed men to "fight instead of talk." Yes; he could probably get Aunt Susan to let the Captain live in the tool-house. At any rate he would tease her hard, and do all the chores so well and so faithfully that she wouldn't have the heart to refuse him.

Now that he had the deliverance of the Captain clearly devised, Tuck shook his dinner-pail into a cheerful and assuring clatter and drew near the drooping figure. He even whistled "Marching Through Georgia" with a vigor that was calculated to herald the approach of strong-hearted relief. But the Captain did not stir until the appalled Tuck stood beside him and laid a timid hand on the blue shoulder of the old army coat.

"If the Squire's turned you out," began Tuck.

"He ain't," almost snapped the Captain, looking up and betraying a moist pair of faded eyes. "Th' Squire ain't that kind, Tuck."

"Nobody died that you—"

"There ain't nobody on earth," interrupted the Captain, "that could draw tears from me by dyin'—exceptin' you—an' you're here safe an' sound as a bullet."

There was a moment of abashed, hesitating silence; then Tuck blurted out: "What is it, then, Cap'n? You'll tell *me*."

"It's the *Great Oak*," almost sobbed the old soldier. "It's goin' t' be cut down. That old skinflint of an Abel Dodd has bought the land here, and he's goin' t' cut down the *Great Oak*!"

Involuntarily Tuck looked up at the towering old giant; it seemed as immovable and as eternal as the Big Hill or as the great purple mountain across the valley. Why, it wouldn't be the same country without the *Great Oak*. It had always been there; that the time might ever come when it would not be there had never occurred to him. There was something distinctly terrifying in even the threat of its destruction. Of course, common trees were cut down, but the *Great Oak*! If that were removed anything might go—Aunt Susan's house, Big Hill itself, anything!

Tuck had time to think of many things before the Captain broke the silence with the savage observation:

"I wish I had that old buzzard on the other side of the battle-line. I'd go through brimstone t' get a chance at him! But war-time's over. An' if it wasn't, he'd never be within a thousand miles of the smell of powder. He got drafted and hired a substitute, he did! An' th' man that went in his place was killed in the first battle. I saw him fall—not ten rods from me. Lord, if it had only been Old Dodd himself!"

As the Captain lapsed into silence again, Tuck industriously pulled grass with his toes, turned a fat and armored beetle upon his back, and watched its struggles to right itself. Meantime he was trying to think how it would look to have the *Great Oak* gone. At length the Captain's hand sought his grizzled, pointed beard, and then Tuck knew that his friend was going to "talk it out."





HIS EYES DWELT WITH DREAMY FASCINATION ON THE THICK DUST OF THE ROAD-BED

"That was a big tree, Tuck," he resumed, "when I was a little boy. It's the first tree that I remember anything about. One day father hurried in from the barn, took down the long rifle, and said to mother, 'There's a monster hen-hawk on the tip of the Great Oak.' Then he slipped out the side door and I went t' the front window—the same house that I live in now—and saw a big bird on the top of the tree. All of a sudden there was a sharp noise, and the bird came whirlin' an' pitchin' t' the ground. I wasn't much more'n a baby then, but always, after that, the Great Oak wasn't just a part of outdoors t' me—it was the Great Oak.

"Then ma used to sit with me a good deal under it, Sundays. She was a prime singer—they wa'n't no better in the township—an' she used to sing to me there when I was little. And I al-

ways played there, too—had this ground here all covered with farms, fenced out with sticks. It was a good place to play because it was cool and shady an' yet near the house. Then I could see every team and rig that drove past. There wasn't so many of 'em them days, an' it was kind of excitin' t' hear a team rumble through the covered bridge an' guess who it would turn out to be. After I saw who 'twas, I'd get to wonder in' what they was goin' for an' whether they'd stop. An' the loaded teams would mostly stop an' rest a moment or two under the shade of the Great Oak. That would give me a chance to ask questions an' find out things. An' after I kinder grew up an' got to be a young sprout—" But the Captain's Adam's-apple bobbed so vigorously in his skinny throat that he did not finish the sentence, and his rapt auditor diligently pestered a way-



faring ant until the veteran finally cleared his throat and continued:

"A good many things have took place under that tree, Tuck, that a boy wouldn't just understand—things that make me set more store by it than I could by any other tree on earth. For one thing, I said good-by to my ma here, the day I went to town an' joined the troops. Never saw her after that."

Then, as if rising above personal considerations and turning his back upon memories, the Captain exclaimed: "Besides, it ain't right, Tuck, t' cut a tree like that. It's too—too big an' kind of grand. It's what I'd call *sacralege*. I couldn't lay an ax t' that tree if I had t' be shot at sunrise fer not doin' it. Honest, Tuck, I couldn't. It ain't in me. Why, that tree was a landmark when they was fightin' the Revolution. I know because my great-grandfather said so; he was an old man when I could just remember. I've heard him tell that twenty times. Likely it was 'most as big as 'tis now when George Washington was born."

"An' now that ol' blackleg of a Dodd's goin' to fell it, just because it 'll bring him a few more dollars t' stick into th' savin's-bank. But he's so close an' so sot that the Old Harry himself can't stop him. If I had money enough I'd buy that tree if it took every cent. But I hain't got enough t' more'n pay for the bark of it. *He ought t' be hung from it before he could set an ax to it.*"

For an instant these savage words almost frightened Tuck. He could see the lank figure of Old Dodd dangling from the lowest limb of the Great Oak—"strung up" like a pirate.

Then suddenly a thought came to him: the Captain had said, "If I had money enough I'd buy that tree." Maybe Old Dodd would sell the tree; he'd do almost anything for money. After all, there might be a way to save the Great Oak and make his friend, the man who had fought with Sherman, happier than he had ever been before.

Here was an enterprise beyond anything that had ever come to him, excepting in those dreams of prowess that he indulged after he had gone to bed and before sleep came and turned them into a weird, chaotic jumble. It would,

of course, be grandly exciting to rescue the new teacher from the teeth of a mad dog and be looked upon by all people as a hero—just as he had imagined so many times that he knew how the dog was marked with a black patch covering his left ear and eye and a brindlish back. But that was only "thinking."

This other was real. And, anyhow, the Captain would think him just as much of a hero if he contrived to save the Great Oak from the ax of the destroyer as if he actually were to save the new school-teacher from the jaws of a mad dog. And the Captain ought to know something about heroes! He knew more about them than anybody in the township, for he had been under fire sixteen times, had been wounded twice, and had seen men fall about him "thicker'n leaves in an October gale." There wasn't anybody who could tell the Captain anything about heroes!

Whenever Tuck felt the thrill of a great enterprise within him he hungered for solitude and the open road. And now that the greatest undertaking of his life was before him, he felt that he must be alone. So, muttering a meager "Good night, Cap'n," he took up his dinner-pail and began to plod up the hill.

"I guess Ol' Dodd would let us have the tree for ten dollars," ruminated Tuck. "He'd suck eggs for less'n that! I've got 'most five in the chimney cupboard, an' th' Cap'n could likely raise the rest out of his pension money. I'll get on Roxie and ride straight over t' Dodd's. I guess th' Cap'n 'll think I'm 'bout right when I come back an' tell him: 'The Great Oak will never be cut! I've made it all up with Ol' Dodd.'"

As he neared the pasture bars, Roxie was there, whinnying her unfailing welcome. Roxie—his Roxie! He crawled under the bars, and as he struggled with the perverse cover of his dinner-pail, the mare nosed his cheek and nipped playfully at his ear. But at length the cover was removed, and from the pail he drew forth three crusts of bread, from which the softer interior had been skilfully nibbled. Teasingly he broke them into small bits and made the mare hunt for them—behind his back, under his hat, on his shoulder.

Suddenly it came to him that the





*Drawn by Worth Brehm*

"IT'S THE GREAT OAK. IT'S GOIN' T' BE CUT DOWN"



Captain thought as much of the Great Oak as he himself did of Roxie—maybe more. This gave a new definition to the Captain's affection for the old tree. Why, he'd fight before he'd let anybody take Roxie from him—Roxie that had been given to him for all his own, to do with as he pleased.

"Cap'n wants me to ride over to Ol' Dodd's on an errand for him," explained Tuck, in so casual a way that Aunt Susan, who was taking a tin of fragrant cookies from the oven, didn't even look up, but merely answered, "Well, don't be too late for supper, Tuck. Cold victuals ain't fit to eat."

Snatching the bridle from its peg by the barn door, Tuck whistled the mare to the fence, mounted, and in a moment was cantering briskly toward the Dodd place. Had he been clad in shining mail and carrying a shield in one hand and a lance in the other, his breast could not have swelled with more knightly ardor. He was going to *save the Great Oak!* He was going to win honor in the eyes of a valiant soldier and confer a boon of untold happiness upon a man of battles!

But the practical side of his splendid mission soon absorbed his speculations. How would he lay his project before the crusty old man who, like as not, would turn on his heel and walk away—a man who had never been known to stop his rig and give boy or girl a lift to or from school—no, not even when the sleighing was fine! There was no doubt about it: he would have to get at the thing he had come for quickly, before the old man had a chance to turn away. And what if Old Dodd should only laugh at him because he was just a boy? He would say, "Sir, I've come from Cap'n Tilford to ask—"

But before he had finished formulating his appeal he was inside the Dodd yard, where the old man was splashing and spluttering over a basin at the wash-bench beside the door. Lifting a dripping and squinting countenance to the boy, he shook himself like a dog, blew a shower of drops from his puffed lips, and stared in astonishment at Tuck.

"Whose boy be you?" he inquired, in a tone of amazing mildness.

"Tucker Ross, sir," answered the boy. "An'—an'—"

"Well, can't you get it out?" asked the old man, as he screwed the corner of the towel into the hairy recesses of his ear. "Did you come t' pay interest? I don't remember anything bein' due from a Ross."

"We don't owe anything," answered Tuck, "but—but—I—th' Cap'n—*we want to save the Great Oak.*"

"Oh, you do, eh?" And this time the old man's voice had the familiar ring. "Well, fifty dollars 'll do it. It's wuth that to me at the mill, with wages for cuttin' and haulin' besides." Then he laughed dryly. "So that old hard-cider soak put you up to try and wheedle me, eh? Tell him I can't be wheedled—not by a man that's livin' off my taxes. If he'd gone to work when he come home an' saved his money instead of tipplin', he could have bought the whole farm, as I did. He hasn't done a lick of honest work since the war—I vum he ain't! Just loafed an' lived off his pension that we tax-payers has to fork over. He—"

Tuck was white and bursting with wrath, and he had a sudden fierce impulse to seize a cut of sapling from the wood-pile and bring it down upon the bald head of the traducer of his friend. But, instead, he swallowed hard and interrupted, "How long can we have before—"

"Till bedtime to-morrow night. Otherwise I'll start in on it at sun-up next day, just as I've planned." With this Old Dodd spilled the basin of water upon the ground and disappeared inside the house.

"Fifty dollars! Fifty dollars!" It kept repeating itself in Tuck's confused mind as the mare struck into her easy, swaying lope. Fifty dollars! He had never seen that much money at once in all his life. It was so stupendous a sum that he tried to think of something at home that had cost just fifty dollars. Why, that was almost twice as much as the horse-trader had offered for Roxie!

Instantly another thought shot into his mind: If Roxie were sold, and the Captain had fifteen dollars of his pension money left, then the Great Oak could be saved!

But it was a thought that made him quail. Sell Roxie? He *couldn't* sell Roxie!



He remembered how he had liked her the first time he had seen her, when the painter-man from the city had driven up to Aunt Susan's and asked if she would keep him and his horse for the summer. He was just reaching up to feed the mare the apple he was eating when the man looked at him, in that queer, quick way, and asked, "Like horses, son?" And he had answered that he liked this one.

"Then you take good care of her while I'm here," the man had said, "and drive me about the hills, and she shall be yours when I leave in the fall. I'm going across the ocean for a couple of years,

and I want to know that she's going to have a good home with somebody that likes horses." And what an exciting summer it had been, with such a wonderful end to look forward to—the real ownership of Roxie!

Then Tuck almost smiled as he recalled how scared he had been when he found out that the painter was always making jokes—and acting them, too. What if this promise about Roxie should turn out to be only one of his jokes? This shadowy fear in the background of his mind had prevented him from enter-

ing at once into a settled sense of proprietorship and had put the edge of uncertainty on his speculations about what would happen when finally the day of the artist's departure should arrive. And while he had waited and dreamed of that day, what jaunts they had taken together over the hills and mountains!

But at last the great day had come—and with it an awful certainty that the painter-man had forgotten all about his promise. And then the summer guest had suddenly handed to Aunt Susan that queer written paper with their own living likenesses and Roxie's in the corners:

"KNOW ALL MEN  
AND ONE BOY BY  
THESE PRESENTS:

"Whereas I, Robert Bruce Forsythe, of New York City, U. S. A., being of sound mind, do hereby give to Tucker Ross, minor, of Grafton Township, County of Merrimac, and



"WHOSE BOY BE YOU?"



the State of New Hampshire, one bay mare of uncertain age and answering to the name of Roxie, the same to be his, to have and to hold from now henceforth.

"And the giver further stipulates and decrees that the disposition and disposal of said mare, Roxie, shall be in the hands of said Tucker Ross, minor, without interference or advice from any person or persons, and especially from his legal guardian and from his aunt, Miss Susan Ross.

"(Signed) Robert Bruce Forsythe.

"(Witness) Susan Ross."

And how Aunt Susan had laughed when she read it and signed her name to it!

Then the painter-man had said: "My father gave me a colt once, and when it grew up he sold it and pocketed the money. I was enraged. I've always wanted to see a boy own a horse that he liked, and know that he could trade it for a jackknife with a broken blade if he wanted to."

But this swift mental review of the circumstances that had put Roxie into his hands brought no comfort to the boy. It only confirmed the fact that there was no doubt that he was free to sacrifice her to save the Great Oak and to spare the Captain a grief which, in expectation, had shaken the old soldier so mightily.

Then it came to him, as he drew the mare down to a walk, that the Great Oak would be destroyed—wiped out forever—and that no power could restore it to its place if he didn't sell Roxie and give the money to "buy off" Old Dodd. But if he did sell her she would still be alive, and he could sometime buy her back again—after he had worked and saved a long, long time. And if he "struck his colors," and failed to "step into the breach," what would the Captain think of him? He would despise him only a little less than he despised Old Dodd! The Captain hated a coward, as all brave men do.

Instantly Tuck wheeled Roxie into the cross-road and put her into a keen canter, his eye bright and head up once more. He was galloping to the relief of a soldier hard pressed by the enemy and fighting against overwhelming odds! And together they would defeat the foe!

Sliding from the back of his panting mare at the door of the little wood-colored cottage opposite the Great Oak, he called out, "Cap'n, I've seen him—and we c'n save it if—"

"How much blood-money does he want, Tuck?" inquired the veteran, in a tone of hopelessness that shot Tuck through with chills of sudden depression. The grim lethargy with which the Captain crumbled a leaf of home-grown tobacco in the palm of his leathery and trembling hand told the boy that the fire of battle was smouldering low in the breast of the old soldier.

"He says he'll call it off if we'll pay fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars!" repeated the veteran. "He knows I hain't got it, nor half of it. 'Tain't no use, Tuck! But I've made up my mind to break camp an' march over the mountain where a couple of ol' comrades are livin'. I can't stay here, Tuck—not with the Great Oak gone! An' I won't live in the same township along with so pizen-mean a man as Abel Dodd."

The tears were trickling unabashed down the nose of the man of battles and disappearing into his grizzled beard.

"But I—"

"I know, Tuck," he quickly interrupted. "I'd hate t' leave you—but you see you'll grow up here in a mighty few years, an' be goin' off t' school or t' work in the factories or the city, an'—no, 'tain't no use! I never did lead a retreat before, Tuck, but I guess I've come t' it now. Anyhow, it's better'n a surrender."

"How much you got left?" demanded Tuck, in a tone of almost exasperation.

"Huh?"

"How much money you still got from your pension?"

"Just fifteen dollars and thirty cents."

"*Then we can do it!*" was the inspiring response.

"How d'ye mean, Tuck?" asked the astonished Captain, suddenly withdrawing his pipe from his lips.

"I mean that I c'n raise thirty-five dollars," was the eager reply. "You 'member th' horse-trader said he'd give me thirty dollars for Roxie?—standin' offer, too! Bring her in any day. An' I showed you th' paper from th' painter-man that says I don't have to ask nobody's advice. An'



didn't he tell Aunt Sue I c'd trade her off for a jackknife if I wanted to? Then I've got five dollars saved in grandpa's old snuff-box. That's mine, too. An' that 'll make th' fifty."

"You hadn't orter," began the old soldier. Then he weakly broke off and speculated: "I got beans enough t' run me through t' next pay-time, an' one twist of tobacco, an' a little slab of salt pork. *I could make it, Tuck.* But you couldn't sell Roxie. You hadn't orter—"

"Ol' Dodd says," returned Tuck, "that if th' money ain't in his hands before bedtime to-morrow night th' Great Oak 'll be chopped at sun-up."

The veteran was silent for some time, then he looked at the boy with a new fire in his faded old eyes.

"Comrade," he said, "I'll take the help you offer. It ain't any shame t' me t' take help from a *soldier*."

They shook hands solemnly and then began their plans.

"It's got t' be put down in black an' white, Tuck, before a good man that knows what's what. I wouldn't trust Ol' Dodd any other way. He'd just like t' skin us out of the money an' then cut down the tree sometime—or else go t' law 'bout it. Why, he's lawed it against his own son, he has."

"You'd better go round that way f'm school, Tuck, an' tell him we've got the money, an' 'll pay it over in Squire Stancliffe's office t'-morrow evenin' right after the train comes in. Don't say nothin' about signin' any paper. Just tell him *that*, an' make him say he'll be there. An' before that time you c'n get the money from Tewk Bisby at the stable."

As Tuck rode to the village the next evening, with the contents of the rifled snuff-box in his pocket and a heart of lead in his jacket, the windows of the church flamed their reflection of the sun's rays with a dazzling brightness. Tuck's eyes had never quailed or watered under their sunset glare before, but to-night they behaved in so unsoldierly a fashion that he made frequent dabs at them with his hand. Soon Roxie—his Roxie—would be his no more! He had seen this awful fact staring at him all day—from the blackboard, from the geography with which he had tried to hide his face, from the Great Oak itself. And now he was

going to turn her over to "Horse" Bisby. This was his last ride on Roxie—until he could buy her back again! But there was no shadow of turning. Hadn't the Captain called him "comrade" and plain as said that he was a soldier?

"Decided t' sell her?" the horse-trader asked, as Tuck dismounted in front of the stable and silently put the bridle-reins into his hands.

The boy nodded—and swallowed. From a wallet Bisby drew forth three ten-dollar bills. The instant they were in Tuck's hands he turned and fled down the village street.

"I swan!" exclaimed the horse-trader, "if Lot's wife had 'a' had his grit there'd been less salt in the world. He's afraid he'd break down—or else—"

Then Bisby carefully inspected the mare—feet, limbs, mouth, and body—and resumed: "Nope, she's all right. Sound as ever. An' she's got Morgan blood in her. Can't fool me on that! She'll get some good colts. An' for thirty dollars! Lord!"

Without a backward look Tuck plunged straight on toward the blue figure that was waiting for him in front of Squire Stancliffe's office.

"I got it," he said, hoarsely.

"Squire's here," remarked the Captain, "but Ol' Dodd ain't come yet." He hesitated a moment, then laid his hand lightly on Tuck's shoulder and asked, "You—don't want t'—t' back—"

Tuck shook his head stoutly and started for the door of the office.

"Good evenin', Squire," said the veteran. "We come to git you t' draw up a paper—Tuck an' me."

After a moment's astonishment the jolly-faced justice sobered his unruly countenance, gave them chairs, and drew from them the nature of the paper which was to be drawn.

"How'd you get the money, Tuck?" asked the Squire, in an incidental way. But it was the dreaded question, for all that, and Tuck couldn't quite keep back the tears.

"I sold Roxie, sir—to 'Horse' Bisby—for thirty dollars, an' took five I'd saved up. And the Cap'n he had just about fifteen dollars left out of his pension money."

Then Tuck thought he heard Squire





THE NEXT THING HE SAID STRUCK A NEW TERROR TO THE SOUL OF THE BOY

Stancliffe say, "Well, I'll be damned!" But it couldn't be that—from Squire Stancliffe! But the next thing he said struck a new terror to the soul of the boy who sat, stiff and white, on the edge of his chair.

"But, Tucker, I'm your legal guardian, and I can't—"

"Yes, sir," interrupted Tuck, "but here's th' paper that th' painter-man give me along with Roxie, an' it says—"

The Squire read the paper in silence, and was about to speak when Abel Dodd bent himself through the doorway.

A small boy flattened his nose against the outside of the window, and the Squire crooked a beckoning finger at him. To be summoned by the Squire was either an honor or an ordeal to the boys of the village, and there was a moment of hesitation before the door was opened.

"Tommy," said the justice—who was also assessor and the untitled ruler of the town—"run down to the stable and fetch Mr. Bisby. Tell him I want to see him right off." And, turning suavely to Abel Dodd, he remarked, "I just want to have

a word with Tewk before we start in on the matter in hand."

"I'm in consid'able of a hurry, Squire Stancliffe," mumbled Abel Dodd, restlessly, slowly tearing a strip from a sheet of foolscap on the littered table before him. But Squire Stancliffe only drummed softly with his fingers.

Now that he had passed through his great ordeal and delivered Roxie, Tuck was beset with fresh fear that his sacrifice might somehow be thwarted; and when the horse-trader was sent for, his small legs trembled so violently that he shoved back in his chair and crossed them. The ominous summons, the silent waiting in this place where lawsuits and other solemn things took place, and an intuitive sense of the suppressed antagonism between the men who sat gravely about the long table made Tuck quiver with excitement. He would not have been greatly surprised if the Captain had suddenly drawn the old army pistol from under his blue coat and spilled the blood of Old Dodd upon the floor. Anything might happen in so tense and solemn a



place! He wished that he dared to edge his chair a little closer to the Captain's, but it seemed to him that any sound excepting the soft drumming of the Squire's fingers on the law-book or the wheezing breaths of Old Dodd might be the signal for some mysterious tragedy. But he could steal a shy glance at the old soldier. As he did so he noticed that the Captain wore the uniform that was sacredly reserved for encampments and reunions, and that he sat with the soldierly erectness that always went with his dress-parade clothes. There was battle lurking in his eye, and Tuck was suddenly impressed with the fact that the Captain looked as brave as he was. It was a great thing to have such a friend!

With the arrival of "Horse" Bisby the air of the little room seemed to become still more electrified.

"Take a seat, Tewk," tersely ordered the Squire, in a manner that the horse-trader did not entirely relish.

"Now," said the justice, "I'll take this occasion to say that I understand that you, Abel Dodd, have told Captain Tilford that unless he pays you fifty dollars you'll cut down the Great Oak tomorrow morning. Is that so?"

"Y-a-a-s; that's about th' nub of it," answered Abel Dodd. "My tree, ain't it? Th' records 'll show I own th' land, clear. You see, th' man f'm th' big mill down to Th' Falls come along lookin' for fancy oak t'—" But the Squire interrupted:

"And I understand that this boy has furnished thirty dollars of that fifty by selling his mare to you, Tewksbury Bisby, for thirty dollars even. That so?"

"Yeah," responded the horse-trader, with an attempted air of indifference.

"Very well. I happen to be the assessor of this township, and I'll say to you, Abel Dodd, that if you ever lay an ax to the Great Oak I'll have you up for perjury on the tax schedule that you filed with me last week. A public official may have to wink at some things—but you can't bleed an old soldier out of his

last cent of pension money, if he is willing to pay it to save the Great Oak. Besides, it's a question whether that tree belongs to you or to the public highway. Now, Abel, a wink's as good as a nod to a blind horse. Better take a hint.

"And as for you, Tewk, I'm ashamed to see that you've sunk so low as to skin a boy on a horse-trade. Taking candy from children is mighty small business for a full-grown man. Now go and bring up that boy's mare. I'm his legal guardian—which perhaps you didn't remember!"

The room was blurred in the eyes of the boy, and the eyes of the soldier were blurred in the sight of all as the Squire put his hand on the blue shoulder and said, "Don't you worry, Captain Tilford—not a minute; he'll keep away from the Great Oak as he would from pizen-ivy—or a contribution-box!"

"You ride, Cap'n," urged Tuck, a little later, as he held the bridle of Roxie, after the others had gone.

"Me?" and the Captain laughed aloud. "No, sir-ee! I'm too young t' ride to-night. I've got t' walk off steam. I c'd tackle a forced march!"

And together they set off down the Old Benham Road, the boy giving the neck of the restored mare many a shy tap, and the old soldier walking briskly alongside, one hand clasping the ankle of the small horseman. Before they had reached the gate of the Susan Ross place the valley was flooded with moonlight. Then a blue arm was lifted and a thin old hand pointed to the dome-like head of the Great Oak.

"It's there, Tuck," he said, "an' there it 'll stand—mebby for hundreds of years yet."

"Yes," answered the boy, "an' I got Roxie, too."

"Good night, comrade," returned the old soldier, and passed on down the road with eyes steadfastly fixed on the Great Oak—but with an inner vision turned backward upon scenes "that a boy couldn't just understand."



# The Solitude

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

**A**N unpainted, three-roomed frame house in a flat clearing high up in the Sierras; an afternoon hot even for August; and the absolute stillness of undiscovered places.

Inside the house a woman sat stiffly on a straight-backed chair, her hands lying loosely in her lap. She gazed steadily before her, and in her eyes was the queer, introspective look of one who has been too long alone.

She had been alone on the mountain for five weeks. If she had known it was going to take Jim so long she would have had one of the Wilson girls stay with her. She remembered what Jim had said about it before he left that Monday morning.

"You'd better have Mary Wilson stay. I can't tell how long it's goin' to take me—maybe three weeks, and maybe I won't be back for six weeks. After we get Thompson's wheat up, there's Jenkins and Lewis, and then it'll take me a week to get rid of the bunch of sheep if I have to take 'em to Salinas."

But the prospect of any length of time alone was not so bad as that of a week of enforced companionship with fat, stolid Mary Wilson, with her squeaky shoes and unvariable good nature.

"I'd just as soon stay alone," she had said. "I've stayed before, and Mrs. Wilson needs Mary to help her since Junie married. You just go on and don't bother about me. I don't mind being alone."

He had gone, of course, and she had watched him, with the two helpers, move off down the road with the band of sheep kicking up a white dust-cloud; watched them until they dropped suddenly out of sight at the turn of the road.

The first day and the next she gave the kitchen shelves a thorough cleaning; cut fresh papers for them, and scoured pans and kettles, polished the cook-stove, and contemplated the result happily. While she worked she sang, softly, under her breath—cheery, brave little pioneer out of sight of the world.

"It'll stay clean a day or two," she said to herself with satisfaction. The little cooking she would do would be done with plenty of time to clean up after it. She went to bed thankful that she had not been foolish enough to have the Wilson girl stay.

At first she enjoyed being alone, with no one to please, no big meals to get. But in four days she had exhausted the work; there was nothing more to do—not a speck of dust to be found in the house; everything in the little front-room had been changed about and rearranged.

The fifth day she got out some figured curtains she had laid away months before to be hemmed. She would get all the little odd pieces done up, now that she had time—and she pulled the sewing-machine out from the wall and began industriously to thread it. Then it occurred to her that she would rather hem the curtains by hand than have the noise of the machine. Usually that would have been company for her, but, somehow, she didn't want to hear it to-day.

Now and again she attempted a little tune, but her voice sounded so squeaky and foolish. It is time to seek out one's fellows when one begins to dread the sound of one's own voice.

By the end of the week she began to wish that she could go to some of the neighbors. But the Wilsons were the nearest, and they were ten miles away; and even if she should go, which was entirely out of the question with the stock to see to, it would only be worse when she came back. If only some of them would come to see her; but it was harvest-time and she knew that all the neighbor women were too busy to go anywhere.

Ah well, she was foolish; she was lonely because she knew no one would come. The house stood in the center of their land, and no one ever came in except those who came on business, or, at long intervals in the season when they were not busy, some of the neighbors visiting.



If only there was something new to read; she could not remember having time to read for months and even years before. She read and re-read the little stack of old papers and the half-dozen books; but her thoughts wandered, and she found herself staring at the same sentence for minutes together, thinking, thinking.

Each day was like the last, only worse, hotter, stiller; each day she was more oppressively alone. She went about her daily work treading softly, as if she were afraid of being heard. Inside the house she found herself glancing furtively back over her shoulders, expecting—she knew not what. An hour was an interminable time, and a day—each morning she wondered if it were possible that the day could pass.

A younger woman might have dreamed of the future. She had had fine dreams herself when she came to teach her first school in the mountains, but that year was her last of school-teaching, for she had married Jim Martin at the end of the term. An older woman would have lived over her past. But for her there was no past, no future—no anything, but the dragging, horrible present, the present that would never pass.

She, a woman accustomed to hardship, afraid of neither man nor beast, trembled when the floor creaked, dreaded the sound of her own voice, was afraid; afraid of the silence, afraid of the thoughts that filled the silence.

It was during the fifth week that the terror came to live with her, to keep her company.

She had not spoken for days; her face had settled into an expression of calm inscrutability. Her daily round of duties was got through without interest and as quickly as possible. The horses, the chickens, all the familiar things, had lost their old identity. They were merely things; she herself was only an object, a thing. The universe, her whole being, her life, was centered in her brain; the brain that would not rest, would not be forgotten. She was not afraid any longer; it was not fear—it was horror.

She had been walking aimlessly about the room, and, passing the mirror hanging on the wall, she caught sight of her face, and stopped, staring. She had never known herself to look just that way before, and as she looked, the eyes of the woman in the

mirror seemed those of a stranger, and this stranger seemed to say:

"We are alone; *we* are alone!"

Transfixed, she held her breath, while the woman in the mirror gazed deep into her eyes, dominant, unswerving.

A moment more and she would be lost; her reason struggled feebly, and with a mighty summoning of will she stealthily put out one hand, grasped the mirror, and turned it face to the wall. The eyes held her gaze until they were out of sight. Then breathlessly she stole quickly out of the house, looking round, apprehensive lest the woman follow her.

Outside, the horrible, pulsing silence; and inside, with her face to the wall, that Other, waiting, waiting for her to return.

The hot sun beat down on her bare head fiercely, as if with a conscious will to do her harm. Hopelessly she turned her gaze down the white, dusty road to where it lost itself in the quiver of heat. Here on the top of the world she stood alone; life concentrated itself into this one moment. It did not matter that some one might come at nightfall, or even within the hour; she was alone *now*; it was now she needed the sight of a human face; every face in the world was turned away from her; down toward the cities, the villages and the distances between were filled with the terrible silence of death.

And that presence inside, which had taken possession of her house and driven her out— She looked about her, just for the steadying sight of some familiar thing. A change had come over things. The trees, the paths, the buildings themselves, had grown strange. It was as if she had never seen them before. Nature, too, had turned away. She must find something that was not changed, something familiar to cling to.

The horses! Noiselessly she fled to the barn; there at least was something to look recognition into her eyes. The two big bays stood dozing, and she patted their glossy flanks as she slipped into the stall. Startled, they raised their heads, and at sight of her so close to them their nostrils distended, their ears went forward, and into their eyes came the frightened look of a creature that has seen a thing uncanny. She tried to speak to them, but could not. They were afraid, too; but of what? Surely they recognized her. Perhaps they had seen Her—the other woman!



The thought sent panic to her heart. No, she was still in the house there, with her face to the wall—yet she might be gone; she might appear any moment now before her. *Was she there?* Could she come down? That would mean no place free from her!

She found herself at the threshold of the door, icy fingers clutching her heart. Softly she crept across to the mirror. The blood beat at her temples wildly as she laid hold of it and turned it slowly round, meeting the eyes she sought—imperturbable, sure of their power over her. Those strange, intense eyes that burned through her own and sought out her very soul cowering in the darkest corner of her being—those eyes held hers as in a vise. She could not move. They searched deeper, deeper; they were drawing her out of herself; her will was one with theirs—With a convulsive movement she turned the glass. It banged against the wall.

That night she spent huddled in a blanket on a bench under the big oak down by the corral; afraid to sleep, afraid to stay awake, listening, watching, straining every faculty. She did not know a night could be so long; it was longer than all of life that had gone before, a dragging black eternity peopled hideously with ghosts, ghosts that whispered wordless horrors, wraiths that beckoned—and the night itself a black, stifling pall wrapped close about the world to choke out life.

At dawn she crept up to the house; if she went in softly, the Other would not hear; she would think she had gone away. Without a sound she stepped inside and sat down upon a chair in the middle of the room, gazing at the back of the mirror. All through the garish morning she sat motionless, until every muscle stiffened and ached.

At noon she rose, and without any conscious volition, tiptoed out into the yard.

Something snapped inside her head. There, just entering the clearing, a horseman was riding toward her. Instantly the thoughts began clattering in her brain.

Whoever he was he would speak to her, she would hear again the sound of a human voice. Relief shot through her whole body like a sharp pain. Simultaneously came the paralyzing thought, he would go away again! She must keep him—*how?* She would not let him see—men hate weak

women who are afraid without cause. The stranger drew rein before her.

"How do you do?" The voice and face were kindly. Her lips moved, but the sound did not come. She nodded her head and tried to smile. Please God he would not think she did not welcome him!

"Is this Mr. Jim Martin's place?"

"Yes." How queer her voice sounded!

"Is Mr. Martin at home?"

She began to tremble; to be sure he wanted to see her husband. He had come to see Jim, and now he would go away again and she would be alone. But she must answer, the man was waiting.

"No." Monosyllables were all she could utter.

In a flash the man understood. The woman was alone, and afraid of him, naturally enough. He would go away at once. John Langdon was not the man to want to frighten a woman; and he thought the business must have been urgent indeed which caused a man to leave her alone in such a place.

"I am sorry." He spoke reassuringly. "I only wanted to see him on business—insurance—I will see him another time."

The woman's face blanched with helpless agony. If only she could speak, if only he would stay! He must stay! Again the man misinterpreted the look, and as she hesitated, he gathered up his rein preparatory to going; his staying was torture to the woman; he could see that.

The movement seemed to loose her tongue, and through the clamor of her thoughts she heard herself saying:

"Don't go!" The stranger swung round in amazement.

"He will be here soon."

He was mistaken, then. These mountain women were queer; he had found that out in the last few weeks; no wonder, such a place for a woman! He was relieved; he had felt guilty about startling her.

"Then he is not far?"

"No."

"How long do you think it will be before he comes? Perhaps I could ride on and see another man and come back here this evening."

Why was it so hard to keep him? Had he not come in response to her urgent need? He should stay now—if she—

"I expect him any time now. You wouldn't have time to go any place else."

"Then, if you don't mind, I shall wait."





*Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton*

Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

SHE PATTED THE GLOSSY FLANKS AS SHE SLIPPED INTO THE STALL







She showed him where to tie his horse under a tree, and then brought out two chairs and placed them on the shady side of the house. As she passed through the sitting-room she glanced toward the mirror defiantly.

"It is cooler out here," she said.

"Yes," he answered. "It is hot up here in the mountains."

"Have you come far to-day?" She must make it as pleasant as possible for him, this man who had saved her from she knew not what frightful fate.

"Only from the Wilson place. I stayed there last night."

"How were they all?" she asked. It was difficult to make conversation with this tumult in her heart.

"Very well," he answered, surprised. "You know them?"

"They are our nearest neighbors."

"What?" he cried; "your nearest neighbors—and ten miles away, over such roads? This must be a lonesome country to live in." And the man shuddered. He, city-bred, was wondering at the sort of person who would spend the price of a railroad ticket into civilization to insure a life in such a place.

She caught the look on his face. He hated the place! He would want to get away! She must do something! He must be made to want to stay. She must entertain him. She would show him that the place was beautiful. She was equal to anything now but another hour alone. She would praise the country. One's mind argues a little out of focus at times like this.

"Oh, we don't mind; it's so pretty here."

She was a queer little body, this woman with the marks of hardship upon her, whose eyes shone so, and whose voice thrilled in enthusiastic praise of her isolated life. He had often heard that people grew to love the solitude.

"You really like it here?" he asked, interested.

"Of course I do." He must be made to see it. "And so would you if you knew it better."

"What is there to know?" His curiosity was roused.

"Why, everything!" she cried, leaning forward, her eyes shining. "Up here there's time to get to know things—and there's room to see! There ain't any need for poets and painters and musicians up

here, like you have down there in the city! Every night there's a sunset, and every morning a sunrise; and down at the spring the water falls over the rocks like singin' music, and at night the moon and the stars come out and listen to the wind in the leaves whisperin' poetry; and there's nobody *but* you to see!"

The stranger sat up, incredulous.

"An' sometimes the fog is so white and heavy in the morning that it's just like the world was nothin' but a foamy sea, and this mountain was the only island risin' up here in the sunshine!"

Wonder grew in the man's face as he listened. Here was, indeed, a woman different from any he had ever seen, set here in this high place, a priestess tending a lone altar of Nature. She watched him eagerly, searching for his belief, and, as her voice rose, she herself believed. Her eloquence, and the triumphant light in her eyes, carried him out of himself, and he saw things as she painted them. It *was* fine, it *was* glorious to live thus on the heights, chosen of the Almighty to behold His wonders.

"You are a poet," he said, when she made a pause.

"So you know what I mean? You would like it here, too?"

"I never knew before what it might be like, this sort of life. I should like to try it myself."

She had won! She had made this man see what she herself could never see. That was one point gained.

After that he told her how he had spent all his life in an office, how his health had broken and they had sent him out to work among the mountains, and how much he had learned.

While they were talking she noticed that his horse had grown restless, and suddenly she remembered. It was noon, and the stranger must be hungry. She should have thought of that before, but she must not apologize, that would make him think her neglectful.

"You must be hungry after your long ride," she said. "I thought I'd wait for my husband, but I'll fix something to eat right away now. He'll most likely eat dinner some place on the road."

That was another strange thing about this woman; most country women's hospitality took the form of immediate food, and this one had let the noon hour go by and had not mentioned dinner.



"Don't trouble for me," he urged. "I eat very little at noon in this hot weather. You had better wait for your husband."

"He's sure to have his dinner, and I'm hungry now myself." Which was quite true, now that she thought of it. Her natural faculties were reasserting themselves; everything was gradually taking on normal proportions; besides, that was something to help pass the time until evening—until it was too late to go on. And there was always the chance that Jim would come.

She showed him where to get the hay for his horse, and went into the kitchen to prepare the meal. She remembered what he had said. It should be as dainty and appetizing as she knew how to make it. She brought out a small table and set it in the shade, got out her best linen and the few pieces of flowered china, and slipped down the side path for a pitcher of cold mountain spring water and a few greens for the table.

When the stranger returned from the barn the lunch was almost ready. As he came up he said: "Your horses seemed hungry, so I gave them water and hay. You would have thought they had had nothing to drink for days."

The horses! What would Jim say if he knew? She had not thought of them since yesterday morning. In this, too, she must lie to him.

"I suppose Jim forgot to tend them before he left this morning. He started early. If I'd have thought I'd have gone down myself."

It was very pleasant there in the shade, and the lunch bore witness that she had not forgotten the days before she was a ranchman's wife. The time passed almost gaily. She did not know she could be so entertaining; she had thought her charm, if any she ever had, long since buried deep beneath sturdier traits better suited to Jim Martin's wife. She was interested in the things he had to tell her of what was happening in the world, and with a woman's intuition she knew that her appreciation would put him more at ease than anything else. She drew him out, and he talked entertainingly, and, she thought, as if he enjoyed it himself. That was the important thing; just having him there was enough. The hours seemed weighted with her dread, but to him they passed quickly enough.

By and by the shadows stretched long arms to the east, as if to gather in the night.

"It is getting late." The stranger shifted his chair. The thing she feared had come, but she would be equal to it. One could do anything, if only the necessity were strong enough.

"Yes, my husband must have gone farther than he expected."

"The afternoon has passed so quickly I had not noticed how long I had been here. But he will surely come before dark."

Langdon, watching the woman's growing nervousness, was afraid that something had happened to her husband, for in all reason no man would leave a woman in such a place after night and alone; and surely the man who shared the life of this shy little woman with the poet's heart could not be other than very tender and fine of soul.

"I might have gone on and come back, you see," he said, as they sat watching the road.

She started, then composed herself and answered:

"Yes, but we didn't know he would be so late."

He helped her do the chores; then they went into the house. The nights were cold on the mountain.

She began preparing supper, saying she must have everything ready when her husband came, and she offered Langdon the antedated papers to read, with an apology; but they were so old that he found them interesting.

How brave the woman was, he thought, as he watched her moving in and out of the kitchen. How little he understood these mountaineers. They were a race to themselves, in a world apart.

The savory odor of fried chicken came in from the kitchen. He saw her take a pan of golden biscuit from the oven and cover them with a napkin.

Then she laid the table in the sitting-room—places for three. There was no reason why Jim should not come, yet she knew that he would not, and all her preparations for him were to her but a grim farce.

Then they sat down to wait. An hour passed; she went frequently to the door and looked out, but no sound came up out of the forest.

The supper was getting cold, so they ate, falling into little silences now and again.



He wished he could do something to help. When they had finished, she put Jim's supper back in the oven to keep warm. It was queer how she remembered to do all those details—just as if it were a play.

It was too late for Langdon to go down the mountain that night, for he could not find his way in the dark. At any other place the situation would have been embarrassing to him, but up here, he reflected, the code of social morals was as high as the mountain itself above the cluttered conventions of the world below.

They waited until eleven o'clock, and then she showed him into the little bedroom, placed a lamp on the dresser, and said good night.

Left alone, she sat down heavily in the one rocker to think. Jim might not come to-morrow, might not come even the next day. The mirror on the wall threatened her grimly, and she knew that, cost what it might, she must keep the stranger until Jim came. She had done very well at entertaining him to-day—but to-morrow—He would have grown bored by then; he was accustomed to the society of ladies; his courteous manner told her that, and his dress, and the way his hands were cared for. She had had as guests only sheep-herders and harvest-hands for so many years that this new rôle of hostess to a gentleman was a hard one.

Mechanically she rose and went into the kitchen, and with scissors and a penknife tried to make shapely her finger-nails. The worn, sunburned hands responded but poorly to the awkward treatment; but she must be at her best; to-morrow she must look as well as possible. Why had she not thought of her hands while she had so much time the last few weeks? They might be looking fairly presentable by this time. She wanted to look at her face to see if it was as brown as her hands, but she was afraid to risk it; she might not be able to sleep at all, and she must rest to have strength for to-morrow. So, when she had laid out a clean gingham dress, the one with blue chambray facing at the neck and sleeves, and a white apron, she crept into bed and slept until dawn from sheer exhaustion.

When Langdon rose in the morning he saw through the window his hostess leading the horses to water. Could it be that her husband had not come home during the night? Dressing hastily, he went out.

"Good morning!" he called. "Didn't he come last night?"

The woman stopped. He noticed that she looked better than she had yesterday—perhaps it was on account of the dress.

"No," she answered, and shook her head. "I can't understand it at all."

"I will go down the mountain and look for him." He felt that he should do this. How sorry he was for her—and how stoical she was! Any other woman would be in a state of hysteria by this time.

"You might miss him." She had weighed her words. "Something has kept him."

"You are brave," he said.

"Well, if you're goin' to live up here, you can't be a coward."

"But he has never stayed away all night; something may have happened—"

"Oh yes, often—" The surprise in his face stopped her. "But somebody always stayed with me. He will be here before long. I guess he knew I wouldn't be afraid." He must not think hard of Jim. Jim did not know she was a coward.

And so they had breakfast, and talked while she cleared away the dishes.

"I think," he said, after he had sat for some time without saying anything, "that it would be best for me to go on to the next place and come back here in a day or two."

"That seems too bad after you've waited so long, and he'll surely come this morning. He had his work planned for this afternoon."

"I know, but he might be delayed longer, and I promised to be at old man Hartley's place last night."

This was a new complication.

"You promised?"

"Yes, I met one of his sons in Salinas the other day, and he told me that his father would be home then, and for me to come and see him. He thought I would be able to do some business with him, and he may be gone when I get there."

"It's a long ride to Hartley's; besides,"—what he had just said had given her the cue—"I heard my husband say several times that he must take some insurance, and it would be too bad to miss him now. You see," she added, brightening, "I'm trying to help you out in your business."

It was queer, her wanting him to stay. Well, she was right. He had wasted this much time, a little more would not matter, and the man must come soon now. There



was no use watching the road and worrying her; he would try and make the time pass pleasantly for her. She had little enough pleasure shut away here from the world. So, to her infinite relief, he began to talk of the plays he had seen at the theater recently, of places where he had been; he drew her out to talk of herself, of her coming to the mountain country to teach her first school, divined that she might have been a far different woman if circumstances had been different. Life seemed to have led her up here, and then fled abashed down into the valleys, leaving her forgotten on the mountain. He said as much to her. His understanding roused a responsive chord that had long lain dormant. He marveled at her courage in living here, but she shamed him with her talk of cowardice.

"It may be because I have always lived in the city," he went on, "but I shouldn't care to stay here alone for a day, and a week—I don't see how any human being could—"

She was leaning toward him now. He, a strong man, said that! Then she had not been a coward, she had been no weaker than a man might be!

"A week! I could have stood it a week—but two weeks, three weeks—when things don't look like themselves any more—and that other woman's eyes lookin' at me—and lookin' at me! If you hadn't come, I'd 'a' gone crazy! And *Her* in the house—" Then she heard what she was saying, sought the man's eyes in piteous appeal, and knew no more.

All that night and the next day the stranger watched over the woman. She raved her fear at him, clutched and held him, and seemed always obsessed with the idea that some one, a woman, would do her harm. The abject terror of her stricken face and her delirious words told him the truth in all its piteous detail. He went over and over in his mind her splendid acting of the first afternoon, a somber tragedy that could only be staged with such a setting. And he had almost gone away and left her alone! He wondered why she had not told him at once, and then he remembered what she had said about being a coward. Strange pride, he thought, for a woman; and then, gradually, as he sat by her side and ministered to her needs, he worked it all out in his mind; he saw why she had not told him. Step by step

he followed her through all those endless days. It was past belief that any man was inhuman enough to go away and leave a frail woman alone on this God-forsaken mountain. He was no man; he was less than a brute; and when the woman's fever increased the next day and the husband did not come, black murder rose in his heart against him. He belonged to the race of men who protected and cherished their women folk—up here, he thought, the men cared no more for them than for their cattle. He would have his say when this hulking mountaineer did come home—if he really was coming at all. He should have harsh welcome.

It was the evening of the third day, and she had turned her head so that she caught sight of the mirror on the wall. Reaching out her hand, she touched his arm. He was sitting near her, reading. He thought she was rational, her voice was so calm and low.

"Go," she said, "and see if She is still there."

"Where? Who?"

"Haven't you seen her? Behind the mirror there." And she pointed a trembling hand.

He had been mistaken.

"Look!" she commanded, and he went to the mirror and turned it about. She would be satisfied after that.

"No, she is not there," he told her.

"Let me see!" Her voice rose in a quavering crescendo. "Hold it so I can see!"

Stepping aside, he watched her. She raised on one elbow, stared fixedly into the mirror, where she saw only the reflection of the opposite wall. Gradually a look of relief eased the tension of her face, and she sank contentedly back into the pillow.

"I wonder where she went," she murmured, wearily, and fell asleep.

Next morning she got up and dressed while he was working about the barn. After a trial at getting breakfast, she gave it up and sat down to wait for him. How long she had been ill she did not know. She wished he would come in so she could ask him about it. He had not let her talk when she had wakened the night before. He said her fever might come back. This stranger had been very kind to her. She and Jim must repay him somehow. Jim would never be through thanking him.

Just then the stranger came in through the kitchen.





*Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton*

HOW BRAVE THE WOMAN WAS, HE THOUGHT AS HE WATCHED HER MOVING ABOUT







"What," he said, as he saw her, "you up and dressed!"

"Yes." She found her voice very weak and uncertain. "How long have I been sick?"

"Three days," he answered, quietly.

"Three days!" Her head swam. "And my husband—he hasn't come home—"

A shadow crossed the window. A man appeared suddenly at the open door. The woman gave a startled cry: "Jim!" and held out her hands.

But the man did not move a step; he only smiled, an evil, threatening smile, and the cool insolence of his tone as he spoke struck the man and woman inside like a blow from a keen-edged whip, though he drawled his words.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you so sudden, but it might as well be now as any time." He paused, just perceptibly. The woman shivered. "This feller brings yer breakfast to ye in bed, does he? That's nice. I seen he wasn't lettin' you do any of the outside work, but I didn't know he was makin' a real lady out o' you. But they all got it in 'em, ain't they, stranger? Even up here in the Sierras where ye'd think they had all the foolishness knocked out of 'em."

"Jim!" It was his wife's low, pleading wail. The man at her side, unarmed, was raging, his blood surged like fire to see the frail, sick woman quail before the brute.

"Oh, ye don't like my breakin' in on ye this way? Well, ye see, I'll tell you how it wuz. I'd 'a' come right on up here without knowin' I was intrudin' if I hadn't 'a' met Lem Wilson and one o' the Hartley boys in Salinas the other day. They didn't say nothin', but I don't need to be knocked down with no brick. Lem said you'd been to their house and started on fer my place; and old Hartley's boy said you was due at their place the next day—but that's where you made your mistake, young feller. You'd oughtn't to 'a' told 'em both you wuz comin' up here. I come up the mountain early this mornin', and I been watchin' the house from the bushes over there. You certainly did seem to be livin' a happy life up here; it wuz a shame t' break it up this-a-way."

That instant Langdon was upon him,

lunging too suddenly for the man to shoot the gun he had lazily drawn. Evenly matched, training against brute force, they fell to the floor. Langdon wrenched the gun from the other's hand and flung it from him. The woman pounced upon it.

"Jim!" she shrieked. "Jim Martin! I'll kill you dead if you hurt him! D'you hear me? Stop! I'll shoot you sure!"

But the next instant Jim Martin was lying prone on the floor, still and harmless, and Langdon had got to his feet. The woman, holding the gun, was bending over her husband, her breath coming painfully.

"Did you kill him?" she gasped at Langdon.

"No, I just put him out. Come quick, I must get you away from here."

"Yes, go before he comes to; go on, hurry. He'll hurt you if you stay." Her tone was imperative.

"You're not going to stay here and let that fiend kill you?" Langdon flung back, disbelieving his ears. "I'll take you some place where men don't treat women like this."

"Me leave—leave Jim? What are you thinkin' about?"

"You don't intend to stay here with him, do you?"

"Why not?"

"Good God, woman, he'll kill you!"

"Not when I tell him how it was—he'll understand. But he'll kill you if you don't go. Please—you've been so good, get your horse—he'll come to—"

"You expect that man to understand? A man like that understand a woman like you?"

The unconscious man's eyelids fluttered.

"I ain't afraid o' Jim." She smiled a tender, protecting little smile down into her husband's face. "He loves me more'n I ever thought he did; but a man like you couldn't ever in the world understand a man like Jim. You ain't lived all your life on the mountain."

The closed lids fluttered again.

"Please!" she commanded, and the stranger, obeying, went swiftly out, found his horse, mounted, and the forest swallowed him up, leaving the two alone on the mountain, the man and his wife.



## Editor's Easy Chair

THERE was once a very old author (sometimes when he woke in the morning he felt a thousand years old, but he was probably always younger) who was made the object of a "fling" in a magazine paper not devoted to him. He did not see the paper, and he knew of it only from a friendly paragraph blaming the editor of the magazine for letting that fling get into it. The paragraph made the editor's apology for his oversight its text, and it added certain kindnesses for the author which ought fully to have consoled him for a fling he never had felt. They did, in fact, content him for the time, and he said to himself: "Come; this is rather nice! Isn't it worth while being flung at if one may have such compensation for the fling? When the flinger reads this paragraph his fling will recoil, like the impossible boomerang, and return with a bang to the hand which launched it." Then suddenly a longing to see the fling for himself began to molest that author in his gratitude to the friendly paragrapher. He tried to believe that he was not curious about the fling, but only about its effect in coming home to roost on the flinger; really, though, he wished to see the fling irrespective of its punitive reversion.

In a word, this author (whom we should so much like to respect) was tempted, almost beyond his strength, to look up that number of the magazine and satisfy in himself the morbid desire authors have to press their bosoms against a thorn if they can find one in print. He was tempted to forego the wisdom accumulated from experience, and commit the folly of envisaging an insult which he now knew of only by hearsay. Nothing but the native indolence which his many years had rendered yet more operative saved him from this folly. If he had felt, say, five centuries younger in the morning, he must certainly have yielded. But as it was he said to him-

self, after several starts and stops in his purpose of writing to a press-clipping bureau, and ordering that fling cut from the magazine and sent him: "Why should I do it? If I knew that some one in another part of the country, or the next block, had been talking disparaging things of me into the graphophone, would I send and get the record, and have these displeasures ground off for my hearing? After all, it was but talk, and no more than talk for being talked into a graphophone, and inscribed upon enduring wax." Finally he forebore, and saved our respect for him, and however that curiosity shall gnaw him hereafter we do not believe he will yield to it.

There is something very interesting in the nature of criticism, especially sarcastic or insulting criticism, which we do not remember that we have noted to the reader before, though we have often observed it. If you go to such a criticism while it is fresh, while it is still spitting or sputtering in print, there is no doubt you will experience acute suffering from it. Usually the sting is not mortal; the exceptional case of Keats, who was bidden go back to his gallipots by a reviewer opposed to his poetry, is not now regarded by science as reliably ascertained; but, as we say, the sting of such a criticism is extremely painful, and when its venom is promptly taken into the circulation, it may result in prolonged discomfort. But if you will leave the censure, the insult, for a while, for six months or a year, or if you happen not to know of it for that time, and then chance upon it, you will find that the virulence has mostly if not quite gone out of it. You may take it into your hand, and turn it over, and examine it in several lights, and yet remain safe from it. Besides, there is always the possibility, remote it is true, that the critic may by this time be sorry for his malevolence, and glad that it should remain unknown to the intended victim.



It was within the experience of the author whom we are writing of, that now and then one of those who had pierced him in some tenderest place was so sorry for it as to offer him frank amends. Such repentant scorners confessed that they had been wrong both in their opinions and in the manner of delivering them; and their repentance was none the less acceptable because in the process of the years the author was no longer sure that they had been so wrong in their opinions. Much, he secretly owned, might be said for their opinions, though in accepting their amends he was far from saying this. He was far also from allowing that his manner of laying down the law had sometimes been extremely offensive, and such as to provoke insult in return. It was not his affair to justify the offenders in the misbehavior which they now acknowledged; he was not moved to the avowal of his own misbehavior in planting darts in other writers.

In one of the most signal of these instances he had done his worst to make them sting, and leave them rankling. It did not avail him with his conscience that he felt himself esthetically right, or that people said how brilliantly, how amusingly, how nobly right he was. He was aware of all that; but he was also aware how wanting in singleness his motive was. He believed that the victim merited all he got and more, but he could not rejoice in giving it him. If there had been some proud, fine way of acknowledging this truth, he would gladly have acknowledged it; but he could not see any such way. Then the days passed, and after many years he happened on that cruel criticism, and gaspingly glanced it over. What had taken place? It was not nearly so bad as he had long thought. There were not nearly so many poisoned points in it as he had imagined. Was it then mostly a verjuice of the will which he had been so sensible of dipping those points into? If his victim could have come to the thing for the first time after that lapse, would he have felt the pain which the author knew he had meant him to feel? He wished they could now read the thing over together, for he thought in this ultimate state he might have justified it to him. To be sure there would have remained the difficulty

of justifying it to himself; he would have remembered the sort of malice it was that winged the shafts once so sharp, now so blunted.

Perhaps the subject of a cruel criticism never feels it so much as the critic at first hopes and then fears. Very few of the subjects talk back; it is somehow thought undignified for them to talk back, though why it should be thought so we do not quite see. It might be a very good thing for criticism if the criticized did talk back. The most signal instance of back-talk was that of Thackeray's preface to the second edition of *The Kickleburys on the Rhine*, in which he turned upon the London *Times* reviewer of the book. The retort was very good reading; it was wonderfully witty, and we do not yet see why it was unwise, though it is now fifty years since we formed our opinion of it. As we remember, it left very little of the reviewer, and it must have improved the quality of the *Times's* reviews for a good while. But mostly, almost always, indeed, the author takes the slings and arrows of outrageous criticism in silence. He pretends sometimes that they amuse him, as Pope did when he was seen writhing in an agony of pleasure from one of them. There is, of course, the middle way of not reading the criticism, but this is beset by the perpetual temptation to read it. The only safety lies in not merely not seeing it, but in not knowing of it, or in not coming on it till years afterward, when it has got cold and has lost its sting.

Let us hope it will certainly be so with the unworthy flings at that aged author whose case we began with, when he finds them in the dust a decade hence. But all this suggests a much more important question, and that is whether there is not something essentially perishable in criticism, the most general, the most generous, the least personal. We have just been reading Mr. Arnold Bennett's paper on "The Future of the American Novel," and fancying that which was written nine years ago, but only now printed, already obsolescent, almost obsolete, through the changing circumstances. We do not say changing conditions, for these remain much the same in 1912 that they were in 1903.



The novelist who is also an artist is still trying to write something good and great, or at least the best and greatest things he can; the publisher, who is a merchant, is seeking to bring out the thing that everybody is reading; the reader, who knows what he likes, is trying to find it in the book that the most people are liking. It is still the old lottery, with hazard apparently overruling law, but with the law, eternal and immutable, finding itself the animating force in hazard. "What is excellent, as God lives, is permanent," and in spite of all doubts whether God really lives, something supreme ordains the survival of the fittest in literature, in fiction, as in everything else. Since Mr. Bennett wrote his interesting paper a hundred big sellers have gone to the rag-bag, the ash-barrel. Having ceased to sell big, they have ceased to sell little, and some books that sold little are selling a little more. It is not much to brag of, but it is the most we have, and we make it our meek boast. We are still in the competitive age, the stone age, the mud age, as to our conditions, but our circumstances have improved. Occasionally a publisher who has grown rich in big-selling feels that he can print a good book because it is good, because he himself loves it. Occasionally an author produces a failure after the formula which has often warranted success; but more than ever, it seems to us, our authors are trying to do good work and taking their chances with it. Our criticism is more intelligent and better mannered; our public is more intelligent and better read than it was nine years ago. The friendly foreign observer has also advanced, and we take leave to think that Mr. Bennett would write in 1912 a better paper on the future of our novel than he wrote in 1903.

We do not believe, for instance, that he would now look at the phenomena of our enormous enterprise in all kinds, as the best material for fiction, as the material with which art would prosper most. That material is the stuff for the newspaper, but not for the novel, except as such wonders of the outer world can be related to the miracles of the inner world. Fiction can deal with the facts of finance and industry and invention only as the expressions of character; otherwise these

things are wholly dead. Nobody really lives in them, though for the most part we live among them, in the toils of the day and the dreams of the night. We say this rather to the reader than to our hopeful critic, for nobody knows better than he how inanimate the material things are. The man who has written of the Five Towns and the heights and depths of the real life there ought not to indulge the illusion that there can be for the novelist elsewhere any lasting future except in writing of the real life which he knows. We do not think he would indulge this illusion now, because with him also the circumstances have changed in the last nine years. In that time he has found himself, and if the world had not found him, too, it would scarcely have mattered to him in his sense of the true work he has done. This sense is his triumph and his exceeding great reward, but when he wrote his paper on the future of our novel, he had not done the work which it crowns.

We must not, therefore, suppose that if he were writing now he would imply that our objective bigness was the stuff of our art. He must have learned from his own achievements that it could not be so, and that if we were ever to discover our greatness to others we must withdraw from our bigness to the recesses of that consciousness from which characters as well as camels are evolved. The American, no more than any other man, shall know himself from his environment, but he shall know his environment from himself. In the measure of his self-knowledge only shall he truthfully portray his neighbor, and he shall instinctively keep to his neighborhood, to his experience of it for his chance of knowledge beyond it. This has been instinctively so with the localists whom Mr. Bennett finds to have written novels of the States, but not of the United States. We for our part do not believe that the novel of the United States ever will be, or ever can be, written, or that it would be worth reading if it were written. In fiction, first the provincial, then the national, then the universal; but the parochial is better and more to be desired than either of the others. Next to the Italians and the Spaniards



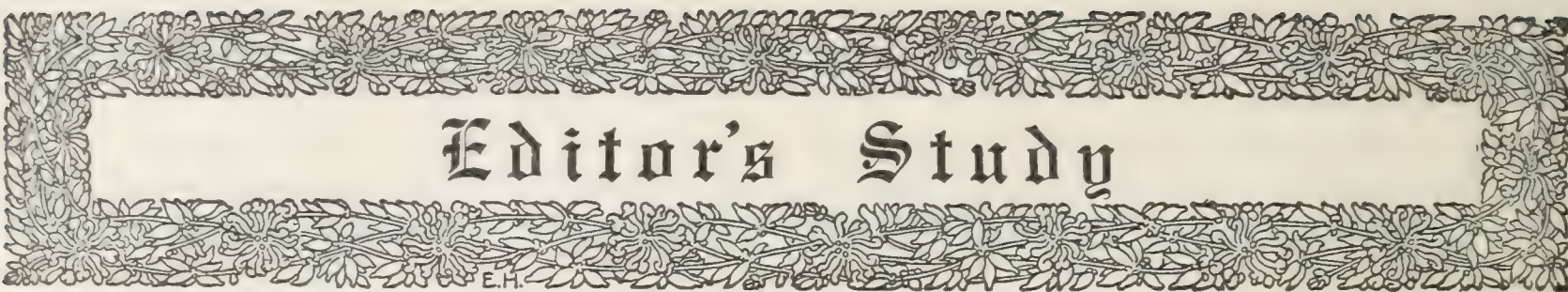
the Americans are the most decentralized people in the world, and just as there can never be a national Italian fiction, or national Spanish fiction, there can be no national American fiction, but only provincial, only parochial fictions evermore. The English cannot imagine this because of their allegiance to a capital, such as we feel to no supreme city of ours; and yet the English have no national novel, no United Kingdom novel. Mr. Bennett, who has written novels on a scale nobly vast, is strictly provincial in his scope; as provincial as Ibsen himself. When he goes to Paris with his scene he takes the Five Towns folk with him, and he realizes Paris to us through them, whom alone he perfectly knows. We could not wish it otherwise, and if we did we could not have it; or he, either.

Can any one, when he comes to it, really conceive of a United States novel? No more than of a novelist who should make our giant operations, our tremendous industries, our convulsive finance, our seismic politics, our shameless graft, stuff of an imaginative work. Mr. Bennett figures Balzac confronted with our gross material marvels, and crying out: "This country is simply steeped in romance; it lies in heaps. Give me a pen quick, for Heaven's sake!" The words are brave and flattering to our vanity, but when we wake in the night and wish we had not eaten so much for dinner, we must doubt whether Balzac, bit of a quack as he was, would not have paused and reflected before attempting to extract sunbeams from our mammoth cucumbers. They are cucumbers, after all; and the more precious fruits of our earth and air are those that grow everywhere from the blossoms that mostly blush unseen. To seek them out and impart their color and perfume to his page is the true office of the artist. The simple structure of our society, the free play of our democracy in spite of our plutocracy, the ineradicable desire of the right in spite of the prevalence of the wrong, the generous instinct of self-sacrifice, the wish to wreak ourselves in limitless hospitality, the capacity for indefatigable toil, the will to make our achievement commensurate with our opportunity—these are the national things

which the national novel might deal with, better than with Pittsburg chimneys and Chicago expresses. In the mean time we have the localists who have done and are doing far better work than any conceivable of a nationalist: Sarah Orne Jewett and Mrs. Wilkins Freeman for New England, Mr. Cable for New Orleans, Miss Murfree for the Tennessee mountains, Mr. Brand Whitlock for the older Middle West, Mr. Hamlin Garland for the younger and farther West, Mr. Henry B. Fuller and Miss Edith Wyatt for Chicago, Georg Schock for German Pennsylvania, Mr. Harben for Northern Georgia. We name a few out of many, and we would not leave unnamed Mr. William B. Trites, whose two very extraordinary books, *John Cave* and *Life*, are now making him known in England for the mastery of his treatment of local phases not before studied in Philadelphia journalism and the life of a small Pennsylvania town. *John Cave* is a tragedy of such proportions as is not easily predicable of an action commensurate with our geographical superficialities, and in the brief compass of *Life*, the vast conception of a chain of Beauty Parlors stretching from ocean to ocean has its origin in the imagination of a village youth mean in everything but his generous passion for the village girl who studied with him in their small-town environment. If the story strays to capitals beside and beyond the sea it is with no purpose of the author to enlarge it to national dimensions. We do not forget what Frank Norris did and wished to do. His epic of the wheat was to have run from California to Chicago, and from Chicago to Paris; but he, too, was a localist, and *The Octopus* was better than *The Pit*, because he had lived more in California than in Chicago, and was more vitally intimate with his scene and action there. Closer, firmer, truer than even *The Octopus* is Norris's other great book, *McTeague*, which scarcely ever leaves the shabby San Francisco street where the irregular dentist hangs out his sign of a golden tooth.

Our novelists are each bound by the accident of birth to this locality or that; and we do not believe we shall ever have a truly United States novel till some genius is born all over the Union.





## Editor's Study

LAST spring, or, to be precise, in the April number of this Magazine, our neighbor, the Easy Chair, discussed the fiction of Arnold Bennett. He is well known, this neighbor of ours, as the supreme advocate of realistic fiction, or, we might better say, of reality in fiction. It meant very much, therefore, that he could say, "There is no writer living in whose reality we can promise ourselves greater joy than in Mr. Bennett's." While he evidently does not derive equal satisfaction from all of this author's novels, he could say of him in all, "He is sure to be convincing, even if unsatisfactory, and always interesting." Our neighbor seemed to think that there were two Arnold Bennetts, one of whom would write a truly realistic novel, like *Old Wives' Tale*, and then give place to the other, who would, as it were, shift the belt to the loose wheel and let his humor and his fancy have free play.

Turning from the April Easy Chair to a recent number of *The English Review*, we find another estimate of Mr. Bennett's art, based on his latest novel, *Hilda Lessways*. "The man is immense. For sheer observation, revelation of character, fictional interpretation, and, above all, in the objective attitude toward his art, Mr. Bennett stands supreme in English literature." Yet this English Reviewer does not seem quite satisfied with *Hilda Lessways*. There is this danger, he thinks, in the extreme objectivity of art—that it misses the soul. The reader wishes to see Hilda's soul sounded, and is disappointed.

The Reviewer turns with more satisfaction—where our neighbor, the Chair, would probably find less—to another and earlier novel of Mr. Bennett's, *A Card*, for buoyancy and humor, and because the characters in it have evidently personally appealed to the author.

Questions of vital importance as to the art of fiction are raised by such

criticism. Perhaps they resolve themselves into one—that is, as to the values and the dangers of the artist's attitude of detachment, or, as this English critic expresses it, his extreme objectivity. The special danger referred to by him—that of missing the soul—is one not necessarily associated with the objectivity, the imaginative projection, which results in rhythmic form, complete embodiment, and dramatic tension. It is only when the writer's detachment divorces art from the reality of life that there is no appeal to the soul.

Masterly objectivity in all great art has a subjective ground, but the projection is complete. In the novel the form, in the expression and embodiment, is not subject to the rigid limitations imposed upon it in poetry and in the drama, and the tension has all degrees of relaxation. Else the evolution of modern fiction in its unlimited variations would have been impossible. These variations have so large a range that H. G. Wells—who, by the way, gives Arnold Bennett the foremost place in English contemporary fiction—claims for the novelist the whole world of life. But the novelist must feel and make the reader feel the pulse of that life; there must be nothing static or inert; and we of to-day require of him that he shall see and make us see life as it is, and, in its motion and change, as a revelation of the human soul in a continuing experience.

The master's distinction in any art depends upon his creative power and vision; but in the art of fiction genius finds, with the largest opportunity, also the largest liberty. To begin with, the novelist has the freedom of prose, of loosened speech. But there is the accompanying exaction that, while denied the lofty strain and the measured cadence of the poet and the sententious diction of the rhetorician, his looser communication must have grace and charm of expression, in a style quite unconscious



of being style, so inseparable is the manner from the matter. So, too, he is allowed lower levels of dramatic tension than the playwright, and is even expected to forego the obvious devices of the latter; but he must be engagingly interesting, and for every sort of sensational excitement he is let off from, he must substitute some subtler sort, or from simple situations must develop meanings and emotions yielding equal or higher satisfaction. He is permitted an indulgence suffered in no other art—that of making the subject the object, of directly portraying inward states and crises, but, in this introspective camera open to the reader's mental view, the picture must be clearly developed and psychically convincing as a bit of felt life. With all its relaxations, fiction is, on the whole, the most complexly exacting of all the arts; though, of course, more than nine-tenths of what is called fiction is not art at all, or even literature.

The detachment of the twentieth-century novelist is very different from that of the "old masters" in this or any other art, because of the evolution of modern sensibility, permitted by the expansion of our modern consciousness. It is not merely that so much more of humanity is to be seen or to be made in a very interesting way the subject of our thought, but that, through our outreaching sympathies, it is more intimately to be felt. We thus appropriate vast areas not only of present but of past humanity. The projections of the creative imagination in our best fiction do not, as in former eras, sever from us the life that is presented to our view, in a picturesque or impressive remoteness, but bring it home as something outside of ourselves that we take to heart and make our own. This tendency reverses the maxims sought to be impressed upon young writers of a generation ago, "Write out of your own heart," "Embody your individual experience," etc. Following these maxims, the writer not only imposes upon himself wantonly a very narrow limitation, but he contradicts the distinctively modern tendency to such an extent that he seems out of good form. The autobiographic novel, in so far as it is to any extent actual autobiography, is fairly obsolete.

We do not agree with the English Reviewer whom we were quoting on a previous page that Arnold Bennett is at his best or that he is most interesting in those exceptional passages of his fiction where his characters seem to be those which have actually in real life or, if not actually, in some special way individually, appealed to him. We like him best when he has creatively surprised himself.

A novelist's characters are in some way his acquaintances: actually, and portrayed from recollection—in which case the story is likely to be shallow because of its limitations; or suggested by some vividly remembered characteristic, as in Bennett's *A Card*, or, as entitled in the American edition, *Denry, the Audacious*—the story being a sort of play on that characteristic, with variations depending upon the writer's humorous invention, and having no object beyond the reader's entertainment; or, finally, the acquaintance belongs entirely in a world created by the author's genius, as in *Old Wives' Tale* and the other most realistic novels of Bennett's "Five Towns" series.

This last-mentioned kind of acquaintance, the creative, is the most real—more real than anything merely actual can be. The reality is psychical, for creative genius is of the soul, transcending and at the same time interpenetrating individual temperament, consciousness, and inventive fancy and humor, which are magically attendant and assistant in the color, tone, and atmosphere of the picturesque and dramatic effect. Genius is not only of the soul, but deals with souls. Therefore it has dynamic duration, instance, dwelling, continuity.

Hence the deep psychological significance of that habit of the creative imagination which leads the novelist to linger in the world which he has created, to give persistence to scene and character. The reader, too, is pleased with acquaintance thus created, desiring to continue and cultivate it. The child shows this dilection when he clamors for the fairy-tale he has heard, and, having exhausted it in its original shape, rejoices in its variation or expansion. Thereon rests the plea for the long novel. H. G. Wells complains of some novels of Dickens that they are not long



enough, and, since they must come to an end, that the characters most delighted in do not reappear in other of his novels.

Arnold Bennett certainly writes long novels where his creative faculty is engaged—those whose entertainment depends upon his fancy and humorous invention being correspondingly brief—and in the “Clayhanger” series he is more persistent in the continuity of scene and character than any novelist has ever been. Monsieur Rolland’s *Jean Christophe* is too biographical, or perhaps autobiographical, to be brought into comparison. It is only when the character is a genuine creation that we desire, from our very souls, to renew acquaintance with it. Hilda Lessways has not yet worn out her welcome.

As to the criticism of Mr. Bennett’s fiction, such questions as have been raised, of which we have given some indication, we prefer to leave to his own consideration. Just now he is about to present himself to our readers in quite another way than as a novelist—in a way that is to Americans for the moment absorbingly interesting, since he has been “the chiel among us takin’ notes.”

The “chiel” has seen us with fresh eyes, as he has made but the one visit to America. He has long known his Paris and his London and, from birth, his Five Towns—all these are intimately a part of his creative work. New York has only just dawned upon his vision. Whatever background the American scene may have for him as a well-informed man, it is so remote and so difficult of adjustment into any essential or consistent relation to the visible present that he is likely to have seen us as cosmopolitanly more related to the European present than to our own past. This probably has made him feel more at home with us than Mrs. Trollope or Dickens could have felt two generations ago, when American things were so violently contrasted with European. Henry James in his recent visit to America, just because it was revisiting after a considerable interval, could not help feeling ill at ease, in his old New York haunts at least, from the resentment of a sensitive and exacting memory.

Because on Mr. Bennett’s part there is no chance of such resentment, and because he is so keen an observer that no intimation of our distinctive traits and manners will have escaped his notice, his impressions will doubtless be juster and certainly more interesting than those of any former visitor. We hope therefore that, while he may not take himself seriously, he may have taken us seriously enough to let us see ourselves as another sees us who is so competent and untrammelled, and who, we trust, needs no veil to hide his frankness.

Mr. Bennett will miss the background which has been so much to him in his work as a novelist and in his portrayals of Europe outside of fiction. But that difficulty may prove to be an advantage. Whatever he may have found in us strange enough to be a surprise, will have awakened in him a sense of familiarity, as of something already known to his prophetic soul, though hidden from us. If he feels bound, as we presume he does, to give away such secrets, these will be of incalculable value as helping our own novelists to a new vision of American life.

The fact that Mr. Bennett’s observations have been confined to urban life in this country is no drawback at all. Our urban life has come to be, to any observer who is quick to discern, back of the superficial and accidental, the essential significance of things, amply representative. Here, too, it will be fortunate if the presentation of this urban life should disclose to our writers of fiction something more worthy of their consideration than the things they go so far away, rurally, to find, gleaning in harvest-fields which, if not already exhausted, yield little novelty. We confess to the perennial interest of human things in a natural environment; but our ultra-modern urbanity and suburbanity are becoming more and more open to the beauty, suggestion, and stimulation of the physical world, and at the same time are developing a naturalness of their own, divested of those artificial and formally conventional habits which justly repel creative genius. This new urban nature affords the most fertile field to present-day novelists and writers of short stories.



## Editor's Drawer

# Beverly's Bomb Synchronizer

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

"ALL that you have been telling us about Origen, Bishop," said the Colonel, rousing himself as the Bishop paused in his discourse, "has interested me profoundly."

"As I have inferred, Colonel," rejoined the Bishop, in acid tones, "from your closed eyes and your attitude of pleasingly complete repose."

"My eyes are smarting to-day. No doubt it's the dust," the Colonel explained. And continued: "He seems to have been a most explosive sort of person."

"Guncotton wouldn't have been in it with him," interjected the Doctor.

"Precisely," assented the Colonel. "And that tendency on his part—to go off suddenly and with great violence against things generally—very pointedly reminds me of one of the most curious and most interesting of the many extraordinary inventions of my friend Mr. Beverly. I allude, of course, to his ingeniously contrived Dynamite-bomb Synchronizer: a device that I can imagine—from what we have heard about his methods—Origen would have been disposed to employ as a practical eliminator of Patristic opposition to his somewhat extreme views. Mr. Beverly's Synchronizer, as its name implies, had for its purpose—"

"Pardon my interruption, Colonel," interposed the Bishop, "but I beg to call your attention to the fact—naturally unnoted by you in your slumber—that at the moment of your waking I had just completed my summarized presentment of the several doctrinal postulates—heretical or orthodox, according to the viewpoint—advanced by Origen in his philosophic and dogmatic *De Principiis* and enlarged upon in his exegetical *Hexapla* over which arose the great controversy—leadingly sustained on the one side by

Jerome and on the other by Rufinus, the pupil of Origen—that so shook the Church in the latter half of the fourth and the early years of the fifth centuries; and from this presentment I was about to continue—basing my remarks mainly upon the catena of passages from later Patristic writers collected by Petavius—by developing what I venture to regard as my not uninteresting conclusions concerning the action—still mooted, so far as Origen is affected—taken in the succeeding century by the Œcumenical Council of the year 553 toward allaying this particular doctrinal conflict along with the other equally ardent dissensions—over Nestorianism, only



A DEVICE TO BE EMPLOYED AS A PRACTICAL ELIMINATOR OF OPPOSITION TO HIS VIEWS



partially quieted by the Council of Chalcedon, Eutychianism, etc.—of those troublous times. The Council to which I refer, as you all know, was the Second of Constantinople. It was convened—”

“My dear Bishop,” said the Judge, speaking kindly but firmly, “I beg that you will permit me to break for a moment the thread of your deeply interesting discourse with what I assure you is a well-meant interpellative suggestion. With submission I venture to assert that the intercalation, as I may term it, of some other topic in your Patristic deliverances—especially of such a topic as the racy bit about dynamite bombs that the Colonel seems disposed to lay before us—will tend to whet, rather than to dull, our pleased attention to your remarks. It will have the same arousing and stimulating effect,” the Judge continued, genially, “that is produced on somewhat jaded appetites by an ice served in the middle of a long dinner. After the Colonel has shaken us up, as I may say, with his dynamite, we shall listen to what more you have to tell about Origen with a freshened power of apprehension and a livelier zest.”

“Don’t count on any freshened apprehension and livelier zest from me,” said the Doctor; “I’m fed up on Origen. But I’m with the Judge for changing off to dynamite bombs. Bombs ought to keep us awake, anyway. Crack ahead, Colonel. How did old Beverly happen to turn anarchist? I shouldn’t have thought he was that kind.”

“Mr. Beverly did *not* turn anarchist, sir,” replied the Colonel, severely. “His disposition toward anarchical principles, if they may be termed principles, was that of severe reprobation. But primarily—”

“The doubt about the action taken in regard to Origen by the General Council of the year 553 arises—”

“But primarily and above all else,” continued the Colonel, speaking with an energetic insistence that overbore the Bishop’s attempted utterance, “Mr. Beverly was an inventor. As such, urged by the genius that constantly impelled him to create needed labor-saving and time-saving devices in every sphere of human activity, he set himself to create, and did create, a device for synchronizing the explosions of any required number of bombs at any designated future moment—the date of the explosion being predetermined with a most exact nicety—that the particular needs of any group of active patriots or of active labor-leaders might require: with the result—the possibility being eliminated of a well-arranged bomb project going wrong because of explosive irregularity, and uniformity of action at a precisely fixed time being assured—that practical anarchists, political or industrial, would be enabled to carry out their corrective undertakings with a greatly increased accuracy and despatch. His device for effecting these obvious improvements in practical bombing—while of an admirable simplicity—was absolutely adequate to the accomplishment of the results that it was designed to produce.”

“My cloth compels me to condemn in explicit terms the pernicious outlet that Mr. Beverly gave in this instance to his inventive faculty,” observed the Bishop. “And now, as we have had the refreshing and zest-giving ice, to use the Judge’s humorous simile, I resume: The matter to which I was about to call your attention—a matter over which the schoolmen have argued for more than twelve centuries—was whether the Constantinople Council of the year 553 did or did not specifically anathematize Origen’s doctrines. In its Eleventh Anathema, as the text now stands—”

“Pardon me, Bishop,” said the Colonel, “if I add, before we return to Origen, a few more words. As I was saying, Mr. Beverly’s Dynamite-bomb Synchronizer was intended—as is implied in the name given by him to his device—so to synchronize the explosion of any desired number of bombs, at any desired point or points, at any desired moment, as to make their destructive work simultaneously effective. This result was produced by charging them, in association with explosive material of a suitable nature, with suitable chemicals suitably combined to assure a strictly regulated decomposition—that could be accelerated or retarded with the utmost accuracy—productive of ignition: with the outcome that the whole baking of bombs, as he playfully phrased it, wherever placed would explode at precisely the same predetermined instant in time.

“The practical usefulness of Mr. Beverly’s device is obvious. Let us suppose, for instance, an acute issue between capital and labor such as arises in the case of a railway strike—attended, as usual, by a desire, on the part of the strikers, argumentatively to blow up railway bridges. Ordinarily, as we know, bridge destruction of this sort is in detail. One bridge after another is dealt with until the cogency of the argument is recognized—with a resulting useless and annoying delay in arriving at a composition. Mr. Beverly’s invention, you will observe, eliminated the element of delay. Using synchronized bombs—so dated, explosively, as to afford time for their appropriate distribution—all of the bridges involved in the controversy simultaneously would be reduced to fragments: with a resulting emphasis of the argument that could be relied upon to produce an immediate adjustment of the conflicting interests—attended by no delay whatever save that incidentally involved in rebuilding the bridges before normal traffic conditions could be resumed. In like manner, as you readily will perceive, factories, dams, etc., could be treated with an equal simultaneity of disintegration leading to equally satisfactory results.

“It was in their employment for political purposes, however, that Mr. Beverly saw for his synchronized bombs their widest field of practical usefulness. Dynamiting reigning sovereigns one at a time—in accordance with the established custom—is less effective even than is the dynamiting in detail of railway bridges. When such incidents occur all the



other sovereigns interestedly put forth the full power of their several governments to allay the resulting ebullition. As Mr. Beverly recognized, the simultaneous dynamiting of the whole bunch of potentates—the annihilation of all of them, in their respective several capitols, at precisely the same instant in time—would create a situation that really would give the anarchists a chance.

“Again I must affirm that Mr. Beverly’s disposition toward anarchists was that of the most severe reprobation. But, as I also have said, primarily he was a great inventor—with all of the ardent desire felt by every great inventor to see in practical every-day use the proficuous devices evolved by his teeming genius. In a way, also, his broad-mindedness compelled him to recognize the fact that anarchists, as such, never had been accorded an adequate opportunity to apply their advanced theories on a scale sufficing to produce convincing results.

“Holding these liberal views—but, above all, thrilling with an eager longing to see his perfected invention in triumphant operation—Mr. Beverly engaged in correspondence with the more responsible anarchical leaders throughout the world: with the result that the anarchical leaders—readily perceiving the immense possibilities in simultaneous potentate-extinction—promptly gave him an order for as many bombs as there were potentates, with a small surplus by way of provision against errors in delivery or other similar incidental mischance.”

“Permit me, sir,” said the Bishop, “at this point in your presentment of Mr. Beverly’s most reprehensible doings to observe that the parallel which you have seen fit to institute between his explosiveness and the explosiveness of Origen is nothing short of a vilifying outrage upon the memory of that great Father of the Church. Had Mr. Beverly’s nefarious conduct been brought for judgment before the Constantinople Council there assuredly would be no dubiety in the records as to its action. In the case of Origen, however, our uncertainty—aside from that due to our insufficient knowledge of how far he carried his use of Greek philosophy as a propædæutic for Christianity—arises, as I have pointed out, from the possibility of textual error in the present reading of the Eleventh Anathema. As I shall explain to you—”

“Matters being thus arranged,” continued the Colonel, firmly, “Mr. Beverly set himself to filling the very considerable order for

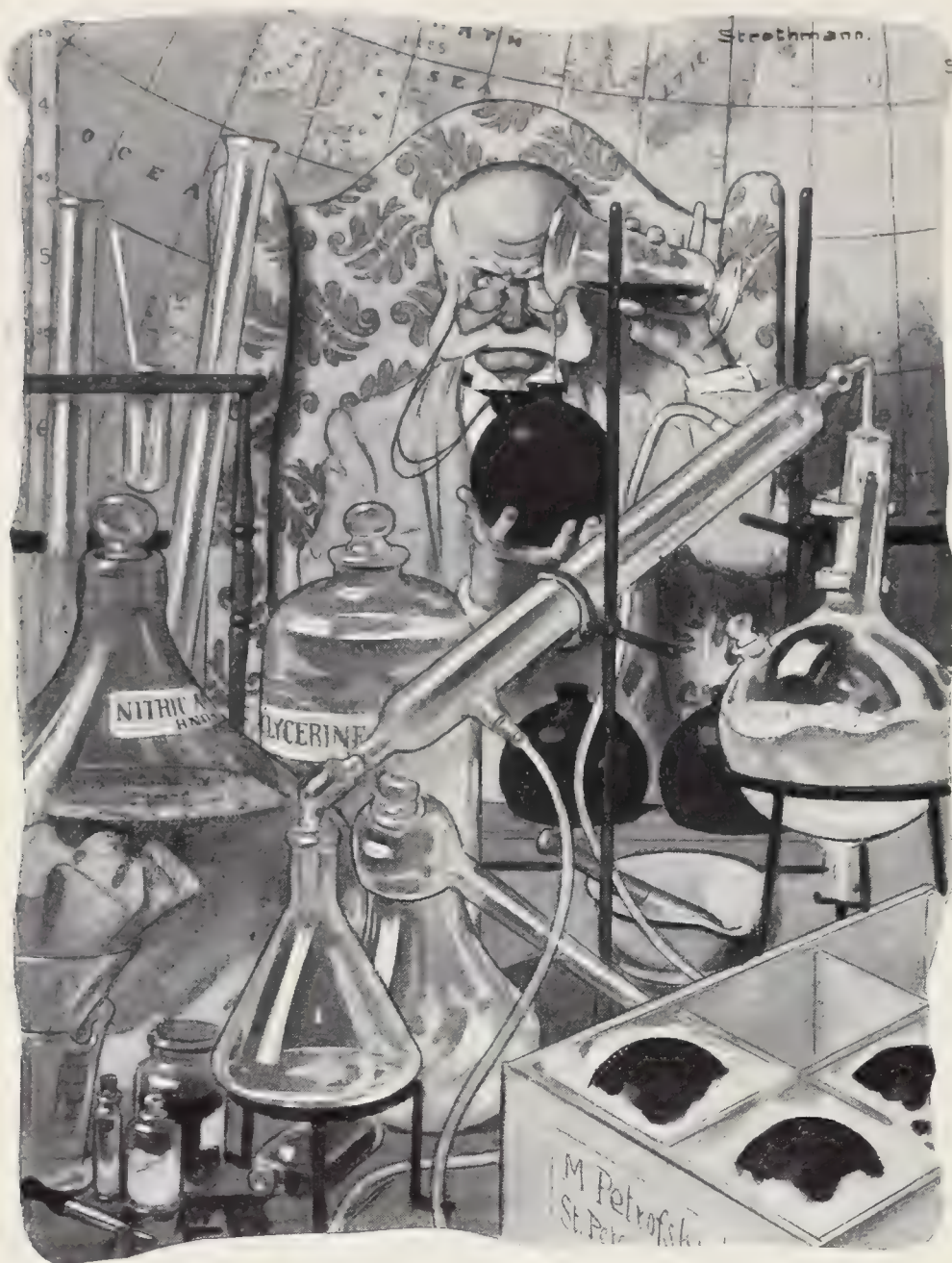


“ANARCHISTS, AS SUCH, NEVER HAVE BEEN ACCORDED AN OPPORTUNITY”

synchronized bombs that the necessities of the case demanded: primarily engaging in most painstakingly exact calculations in regard to time as affected by longitude; and continuing, when this governing factor was established, with a like painstakingly accurate preparation of the decomposing combination of chemicals, the igniting element, in a manner that would assure the exactly synchronized explosion of all the bombs—widely placed and under widely varying climatic conditions—at precisely the same moment on the same day. You will be interested in knowing, because of its bearing on a very generally distributed popular superstition, that—at the especial request of their intending users—the bombs uniformly were timed to operate at the noon of a Friday falling on the thirteenth of a specified month.”

“Setting aside the moral bearings of this exceptionally curious undertaking,” observed the Bishop, “I agree with you, Colonel, in regarding as most interesting the selection of that ill-boding date for its violent culmination. Even in Origen’s time Friday was regarded—by no means universally, but very generally—as a day of misfortune; and I am disposed to hold that equally in his time, notwithstanding the then and now current belief in the beneficent influence exerted, as such, by odd numbers—reference to which, as





"THE DELICATELY EXACT ADJUSTMENT OF THE DECOMPOSING CHEMICAL"

you will remember, is made by Vergil in his Eighth Eclogue—a like feeling generally obtained in regard to the number thirteen. We even may permit ourselves, in a playful spirit, to entertain the fanciful surmise that the Council of the year 553 was convened on a Friday falling on a thirteenth—and that the regrettable obscurity of its records is to be attributed to that malefic chronological mischance. Certainly—speaking again in all seriousness—it is our doubt concerning the purity of the text of the Eleventh Anathema, as that text has come down to us, that leaves the action of the Council in regard to Origen undetermined."

"Such being the case, Bishop, and the matter being determined, as you point out, by its inherent indeterminateness, I resume: Having completed, as I have said, the delicately exact adjustment of the decomposing chemical

combination ignitive of his bombs to the specified time limit for their explosion, Mr. Beverly—"

"Pardon me, Colonel, but you must permit me, before you proceed, to correct your very marked misapprehension of my words. Undetermined the action of the Council admittedly is; but not, I venture to think, as you have put it, indeterminable. In the existing text of the Eleventh Anathema we find Origen's name—together with the names of Arius, Nestorius, Eutyches, and others—included in a general doctrinal condemnation. But even in this dubious text—upheld by Hefele, I concede, but sharply, and I think justly, rejected by Garnier—no specific doctrine of Origen's is condemned in specific terms. In fairness I also concede that some attention is due to the plausible suggestion made by the Ballerini: to the effect that certain of the acts of the Council have perished, including an Anathema condemning Origen in precise terms. Evagrius, you will remember, is the principal witness produced in support of this specious, but in my opinion groundless, contention. Touching this point, I hold with a strong conviction the opinion that Evagrius—

even supposing his record to be otherwise correct—confused the Constantinople Council of the year 553 with the Council of only a slightly later date held in the same city; and I therefore am so far in agreement with Hefele that I accept his conclusion, embodied in his monumental *Conciliengeschichte*—"

"You will pardon, I trust, Bishop," said the Colonel, "my somewhat abrupt departure. The remainder of my little story is quite unimportant—and I have a sudden and irresistible longing for fresh air. With your permission I will bid you good day."

"I will accompany you, Colonel," said the Judge. "I have an irresistible longing for fresh air myself. Good day, Bishop."

"And you can bet your bottom dollar," said the Doctor, "that I'm going to get out of this in a hurry, too. So long, Bish."

### Alma Mater

THERE was a Chicago youth, in his first week at college, who, when he went to the stationer's to buy a fountain-pen, felt desirous that the young woman who waited on him should know that, despite his youth, he was no high-school boy.

When she handed him a sheet of paper

he wrote on it with much care in a large, bold hand, "Alma Mater," "Alma Mater," eight or nine times.

The young woman watched him with a smile and at last she spoke.

"Why not let her try it herself?" she suggested. "If it doesn't suit, she can easily exchange it."



## Right Side Up With Care

HENRY was very proud of the new kittens, and went for them to show them to the visitors. His mother heard them coming along the hall, and, alarmed at the noise of the procession, called out, "Don't hurt the kittens, Henry."

"No, mother," came the reassuring answer, "I'm carrying them very carefully by the stems."

## Losing a King

ONE of our naval officers tells of an incident that occurred when an American war-vessel was lying at anchor in a European port, on which occasion it was visited by a monarch with his suite.

One of the members of this suite, resplendent in gold lace and decorations, with a big sword at his side and sporting a huge mustache, was exploring the ship, and, being ignorant of things nautical, had leaned against the main-hatch wind-sail, mistaking it for a mast. Of what ensued the officer of the deck was informed by the boatswain's mate, who had seen the catastrophe and who broke the news of it thus:

"You'll excuse me, sir, but I think one of them kings has fell down the main-hatch, sir."

## Bad Form

THE members of a certain colony of artists in New York tell, with great glee, of a comrade who, though he does pretty well in a financial way, is always "hard up."

One day a collector called upon this artist to try to get him to settle a bill for picture-frames.

"I am exceedingly sorry," said the artist, "but I cannot settle this bill at present."

"Very well, sir. When shall I call again?" asked the collector.

"It seems to me," suggested the artist, suavely, "that it would hardly be etiquette for you to call again until I have returned the present call."

## Safer

A MAN who goes up to Maine each year for the hunting was quite surprised this season upon arriving at the village hotel to find one of the old and best-known guides loafing about idle.

"Well, Lafe," asked the visitor, "don't you guide hunting parties any more?"

"No, I gave it up," slowly answered Lafe. "Got tired of being mistook for a deer."

"I don't blame you. How do you earn your living now?"

"Guide fishin' parties now. So fer nobody ain't mistook me fer a fish."

## No Suspicion

THE following item appeared in a morning paper: "The body of a sailor was found in the river this morning cut to pieces and sewed up in a sack. The circumstances seem to preclude any suspicion of suicide."



The Under Dog



## The Succession

A TEACHER was hearing the class in civics and asked this question:

"If the President, Vice-President, and all the members of the Cabinet died, who would officiate?"

The class thought for some time, trying in vain to recall who came next in succession.

James at last had a happy inspiration, and he answered:

"The undertaker."

## Copper-toed Teeth

THE admiration entertained by a Trenton boy for his uncle includes all the latter's attributes and even possessions which the uncle himself is not wont to deem desirable.

"Uncle," said the lad one day after he had been studying his uncle in laughing conversation with his father, "I don't care much for plain teeth like mine. I wish I had some copper-toed ones like yours."



THE LADIES' MAN. "Are you going on six, honest? I wouldn't never have thought it. You don't show your age a bit."

## A Modest Request

THAT a reputation for oratorical excellence may have its handicaps is illustrated by the experience in Arkansas of a certain member of Congress, noted for his mellifluous tongue.

On one occasion this statesman was traveling in a little-visited section of the State mentioned when he stopped overnight in a log-cabin inhabited by an old man and his wife. After breakfast the next morning the host, who had been in a flutter of excitement ever since he had learned the identity of his distinguished guest, said he would like to make one slight request before the visitor departed.

"Couldn't you," he said, with evident anxiety—"couldn't you jest make my wife an' me a little speech before leavin' us?"

## Filling the Cruet

AN army officer tells of his experience with an ignorant native servant in the Philippines.

On one occasion it appears that the officer directed this lad to fill an empty pepper cruet. The pepper, for which the officer was waiting, was an extraordinarily long time in making its appearance upon the table.

Finally, in despair, the officer himself sought out the servant. He found him in the kitchen bent over the cruet, with the pepper beside him.

"How long is it going to take you to do that job?" demanded the officer.

"Not so much longer, sir," said the lad, with a sweet smile. "If you will pardon me, sir, I ask you to remember that it is no small task to force the pepper through these little holes."

## In Affliction

ABRAHAM'S grandmother died. The customary mourning ribbon on the door was admired and discussed by the small tots of the surrounding foreign quarter. Abraham and Sophie, who lived next door, had always come to the kindergarten for foreigners together. So when Sophie appeared without her little companion the teacher asked, "Sophie where is Aby to-day?" and received the astonishing reply, "Aby not come to-day becos he haf a necktie on his front door."





## Congested Traffic

# A Complaint

BY MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS

I'M tired of livin' with a Aunt;  
 Been "brought up" all I 'spect to be.  
 Th' girl I play with on th' sly—  
 (Aunt calls that "runnin' wild")—says  
 she

Thinks somewheres there's a kind of Aunt  
 That's been a child—'way back sometime.  
 We're goin' off an' hunt fer one—  
 I've got two pennies an' a dime!

I'm tired of bein' always watched  
 An' said to, "Guess you've overet,"  
 An' jus' when I'm a-havin' fun  
 It's "Have I sewed my patchwork yet?"  
 Th' girl I know says Aunts ain't queer  
 If there's a Uncle 'round somewhere.  
 I ast her won't she please get one,  
 An', my, how tight she pulled my hair!

She's got a garden full of 'erbs  
 That makes bad med'cines! Spring an'  
 fall  
 Is when you drink um—'nless you're bad  
 Some kinds you needn't drink at all!

There's teas for ev'ry time o' year—  
 There's catnip, boneset—wormwood, too!  
 My Aunt she runs an' boils them up  
 Th' minute that I go "Kerchoo!"

I'm dreffle wicked if I won't  
 Love ev'ry kind of folks, you see—  
 Th' squint-eyed man that picked her  
 plums,  
 An' heathens black as they can be!  
 I do not love th' kind of man  
 That 'vented needles that will sew;  
 He'd better stayed abed all day.  
 Where "mischief-makers"—*they* mus' go.

I think it's too much to 'xpect  
 Of one poor little girl—don't you?—  
 To keep ten fingers mended up  
 An' ten more toes all sewed in, too?  
 That's w'y it is I'm all alone  
 A-sittin' on our attic stair,  
 'Cause I jus' went an' inked *one* heel—  
 But she found out th' hole was there!





"How many seasons do you have in this country, anyway?"

"Waal, stranger, we have this here season, an' the rainy season."

#### Limited Ambition

UPON the occasion of his first visit to a parishioner a certain Boston divine tried hard to make friends with his host's eight-year-old.

"How old are you, my son?" asked the clergyman, benignantly.

"Eight," was the laconic response.

"Ah, quite a little man," came patronizingly from the minister. "And what are you going to be?" he added, after a slight pause.

"I am going to be nine," said the child, with conviction.

#### Unrestrained

THE mother of a three-year-old boy, who was given to running away, adopted the plan of tying him to one of the piazza pillars with a long rope. He was very fond of having his mother sing to him, and one night when she was singing the old song "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" the child suddenly burst into tears and asked, "Why *didn't* his muvver tie him?"

#### None Such Nowadays

THERE are a couple of old ante-bellum negroes, of the type that has practically disappeared, now serving in one of the government departments at Washington; and these two old fellows like nothing better than to "get together" now and then and talk over "times befo' de war."

On one such occasion Uncle Job observed that "de ole marster I had befo' de wah was a gen'l'man sho' enough."

"Yo' bet dey was high-toned gen'l'men in dem days," was his friend's comment.

"Now you's talkin'," continued Uncle Job. "How well I remembers time an' time ag'in my ole marster kicked me off de front steps an' a minute arterward he had done plumb forgit all about it. Dey ain't no mo' sich gen'l'men nowadays."

#### Chilly

A CERTAIN member of a Boston club habitually evinces such a frigid demeanor that many of his acquaintances have facetiously averred that "it gives one a cold to shake hands with him."

One evening a group at the club were discussing the disposition of the said member,

when a new-comer ventured this:

"Why, gentlemen, I understand that it is the custom in this club, when that chap attends a dinner here, to ice the claret in order that it may be at the same temperature as the dining-room."

#### A Precaution

ROSA, the colored cook in a well-known Trenton family, is very much in love with her young husband, whom she calls "Mistah Watts" in the soft North Carolina accent. Recently the Watts family have taken a boarder, a stylish young mulatto school-teacher named Emily. Upon Emily's becoming a member of the family Rosa thus addressed her:

"Miss Em'ly, you' come heah a strangah. Yo' stay heah a strangah. Yo' come down in the mawnin', yo' say, 'Good mawnin', Mistah Watts.' He say, 'Good mawnin', Miss Em'ly.' Dat's all theah is to it. Yo' undehestan'?"

And Miss Emily and Mr. Watts both evidently understood, for peace reigns in the home.









*Drawn by Frank Craig*

Illustration for "Your United States",

DISEMBARKING AT NEW YORK



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## Your United States

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

FIRST PAPER

I SAT with a melting ice on my plate, and my gaze on a very distant swinging door, through which came and went every figure except the familiar figure I desired. The figure of a woman came. She wore a pale-blue dress and a white apron and cap, and carried a dish in uplifted hands, with the gesture of an acolyte. On the bib of the apron were two red marks, and as she approached, tripping, scornful, unheeding, along the interminable carpeted aisle, between serried tables of correct diners, the vague blur of her face gradually developed into features, and the two red marks on her stomacher grew into two rampant lions, each holding a globe in its ferocious paws; and she passed on, bearing away the dish and these mysterious symbols, and lessened into a puppet on the horizon of the enormous hall, and finally vanished through another door. She was succeeded by men, all bearing dishes, but none of them so inexorably scornful as she, and none of them disappearing where she had disappeared; every man relented and stopped at some table or other. But the figure I desired remained invisible, and my ice continued to melt, in accordance with chemical law. The orchestra in the gallery leaped suddenly into the rag-time without whose accompaniment it was impossible, anywhere in the civilized world, to dine correctly. That rag-time, committed, I suppose, originally by

some well-intentioned if banal composer in the privacy of his study one night, had spread over the whole universe of restaurants like a pest, to the exasperation of the sensitive, but evidently to the joy of correct diners. Joy shone in the elated eyes of the four hundred persons correctly dining together in this high refectory, and at the end there was honest applause! . . . And yet you never encountered a person who, questioned singly, did not agree and even assert of his own accord that music at meals is an outrageous nuisance! . . .

However, my desired figure was at length manifest. The man came hurrying and a little breathless, with his salver, at once apologetic and triumphant. My ice was half liquid. Had I not the right to reproach him, in the withering, contemptuous tone which correct diners have learned to adopt toward the alien serfs who attend them? I had not. I had neither the right nor the courage nor the wish. This man was as Anglo-Saxon as myself. He had, with all his deference, the mien of the race. When he dreamed of paradise, he probably did not dream of the *caisse* of a cosmopolitan Grand Hotel in Switzerland. When he spoke English he was not speaking a foreign language. And this restaurant was one of the extremely few fashionable Anglo-Saxon restaurants left in the world, where an order given in English is understood at the first try, and where



the English language is not assassinated and dismembered by menials who despise it, menials who slang one another openly in the patois of Geneva, Luxembourg, or Naples. A singular survival, this restaurant! . . . Moreover, the man was justified in his triumphant air. Not only had he most intelligently brought me a fresh ice, but he had brought the particular kind of rusk for which I had asked. There were over thirty dishes on the emblazoned menu, and of course I had wanted something that was not on it: a peculiar rusk, a rusk recondite and unheard of by my fellow-diners. The man had hopefully said that he "would see." And here lay the rusk, magically obtained. I felicitated him, as an equal. And then, having consumed the ice and the fruits of the hot-house, I arose and followed in the path of the lion-breasted woman, and arrived at an elevator, and was wafted aloft by a boy of sixteen who did nothing else from 6 A.M. till midnight (so he said) but ascend and descend in that elevator. By the discipline of this inspiring and jocund task he was being prepared for manhood and the greater world! . . . And yet, what would you? Elevators must have boys, and even men. Civilization is not so simple as it may seem to the passionate reformer and lover of humanity.

Later, in the vast lounge above the restaurant, I formed one of a group of men, most of whom had acquired fame, and had the slight agreeable self-consciousness that fame gives, and I listened, against a background of the ever-insistent music, to one of those endless and multifarious reminiscent conversations that are heard only in such places. The companion on my right would tell how he had inhabited a house in Siam, next to the temple in front of which the corpses of people too poor to be burned were laid out, after surgical preliminaries, to be devoured by vultures, and how the vultures, when gorged, would flap to the roof of his house and sit there in contemplation. And the companion on my left would tell how, when he was unfamous and on his beam-ends, he would stay in bed with a sham attack of influenza, and on the day when a chance offered itself would get up and don his only suit—a glorious one—and, fitting an

eye-glass into his eye because it made him look older, would go forth to confront the chance. And then the talk might be interrupted in order to consult the morning paper, and so settle a dispute about the exact price of Union Pacifics. And then an Italian engineer would tell about sport in the woods of Maine, a perfect menagerie of wild animals where it was advisable to use a revolver lest the excessive noise of a fowling-piece should disturb the entire forest, and how once he had shot seven times at an imperturbable partridge showing its head over a tree, and missed seven times, and how the partridge had at last flown off, with a flicker of plumage that almost said aloud, "Well, I really can't wait any longer!" And then might follow a simply tremendous discussion about the digestibility of buckwheat-cakes.

And then the conversation of every group in the lounge would be stopped by the entry of a page bearing a telegram and calling out in the voice of destiny the name of him to whom the telegram was addressed. And then another companion would relate in intricate detail a recent excursion into Yucatan, speaking negligently—as though it were a trifle—of the extraordinary beauty of the women of Yucatan, and in the end making quite plain his conviction that no other women were as beautiful as the women of Yucatan. And then the inevitable Mona Lisa would get onto the carpet, and one heard, apropos, of the theft of Adam mantelpieces from Russell Square, and of superb masterpieces of paint rotting with damp in neglected Venetian churches, and so on and so on, until one had the melancholy illusion that the whole art world was going or gone to destruction. But this subject did not really hold us, for the reason that, beneath a blasé exterior, we were all secretly preoccupied by the beauty of the women of Yucatan and wondering whether we should ever get to Yucatan. . . . And then, looking by accident away, I saw the dim, provocative faces of girls in white jerseys and woolen caps, peering from without, through the dark double windows of the lounge. And I was glad when somebody suggested that it was time to take a turn. And outside, in the strong wind, abaft the four fun-



nels of the *Lusitania*, a star seemed to be dancing capriciously around and about the masthead light. And it was difficult to believe that the masthead and its light, and not the star, were dancing.

From the lofty promenade deck the Atlantic wave is a little enough thing, so far down beneath you that you can scarcely even sniff its salty tang. But when the elevator-boy—always waiting for me—had lowered me through five floors, I stood on tiptoe and gazed through the thick glass of a porthole there; and the flying Atlantic wave, theatrically moonlit now, was very near. Suddenly something jumped up and hit the glass of the porthole a fearful crashing blow that made me draw away my face in alarm; and the solid ground on which I stood vibrated for an instant. It was the Atlantic wave, caressing. Anybody on the other side of this thin, nicely painted steel plate (I thought) would be

in a rather hopeless situation. I turned away, half shivering, from the menace. All was calm and warm and reassuring within the ship. . . . In the withdrawn privacy of my berth, with the curtains closed over the door and Murray Gilchrist's new novel in my hand and a poised electric lamp over my head, I looked about as I lay, and everything



FROM THE LOFTY PROMENADE DECK THE ATLANTIC WAVE IS A LITTLE ENOUGH THING

was still except a towel that moved gently, almost imperceptibly, to and fro. Yet the towel had copied the immobility of the star. It alone did not oscillate. Forty-five thousand tons were swaying; but not that towel. The sense of actual present romance was too strong to let me read. I extinguished the light and listened in the dark to the faint, straining noises of



the enormous organism. I thought: "This magic thing is taking me *there!* In three days I shall be on that shore." Terrific adventure! The rest of the passengers were merely going to America.

The magic thing was much more magic than I had conceived. The next morning, being up earlier than usual and wandering about on strange, inclosed decks unfamiliar to my feet, I beheld astonishing unsuspected populations of men and women—crowds of them—a healthy, powerful, prosperous, independent, somewhat stern and disdainful multitude, it seemed to me. Those muscular, striding girls in caps and shawls would not yield an inch to me in their promenade; they brushed strongly and carelessly past me; had I been a ghost they would have walked through me. They were, and had been, all living—eating and sleeping—somewhere within the vessel, and I had not imagined it! It is true that some ass in the saloon had already calculated for my benefit that there were

"three thousand *souls* on board!" (The solemn use of the word "souls" in this connection by a passenger should stamp a man forever.) But such numerical statements do not really arouse the imagination. I had to see with my eyes. And I did see with my eyes. That afternoon a high officer of the ship, spiring me away from the polite flirtations and pastimes of the upper decks, carried me down to more exciting scenes. And I saw a whole string of young women inoculated against smallpox, under the interested gaze of a crowd of men ranged on a convenient staircase. And a little later I saw a whole string of men inoculated against smallpox, under the interested gaze of a crowd of young women ranged on a convenient staircase.

"They're having their sweet revenge," said the high officer, indicating the young women. He was an epigrammatic and terse speaker. When I reflected aloud upon the order and discipline of service which was necessary



THE POLITE FLIRTATIONS AND PASTIMES OF THE UPPER DECKS



to maintain more than a thousand roughish persons in idleness, cleanliness, health, peace, and content, in the inelastic forward spaces of the ship, he said with a certain grimness: "Everything has to be screwed up as tight as you can screw it. And you must keep to the round. What you do to-day you must do to-morrow. But what you don't do to-day you can't get done to-morrow." Nevertheless, it proved to be a very human world, a world in which the personal equation counted. I remember that while some four hundred in one long hall were applauding "Home, Sweet Home," very badly fiddled by a gay man on a stool ("Home, Sweet Home"—and half of them Scandinavians!), and another four hundred or so were sitting expectant on those multifarious convenient staircases or wandering in and out of the maze of cubicles that contained fifteen hundred separate berths, and a third four hundred or so in another long hall were consuming a huge tea offered to them by a cohort of stewards in white—I remember that while all this was going forward and the complex mechanism of the kitchen was in full strain a little, untidy woman, with an infant dragging at one hand and a mug in the other, strolled nonchalantly into the breathless kitchen, and said to a hot cook, "Please will you give me a drop o' milk for this child?" And under the military gaze of the high officer, too! Something awful should have happened. The engines ought to have stopped. The woman ought to have been ordered out to instant execution. The engines did seem to falter for a moment. But the high officer grimly smiled, and they went on again. "Give me yer mug, mother," said the cook. And the untidy woman went off with her booty.

"Now I'll show you the first-class kitchens," the high officer said, and guided me through uncharted territories to chambers where spits were revolving in front of intense heat, and where a confectionery business proceeded, night and day, and dough was mixed by electricity, and potatoes peeled by the same, and where a piece of clockwork lifted an egg out of boiling water after it had lain therein the number of seconds prescribed by you. And there, pinned to a board,

was the order I had given for a special dinner that night. And there, too, more impressive even than that order, was a list of the several hundred stewards, together with a designation of the post of each in case of casualty. I noticed that thirty or forty of them were told off "to control passengers." After all, we were in the midst of the Atlantic, and in a crisis the elevator-boys themselves would have more authority than any passenger, however gorgeous. A thought salutary for gorgeous passengers—that they were in the final resort mere fool bodies to be controlled! After I had seen the countless store-rooms, in the recesses of each of which was hidden a clerk with a pen behind his ear and a nervous and taciturn air, and passed on to the world of the second cabin, which was a surprisingly brilliant imitation of the great world of the saloon, I found that I held a much-diminished opinion of the great world of the saloon, which I now perceived to be naught but a thin crust or artificial gewgaw stuck over the truly thrilling parts of the ship.

It was not, however, till the next day that I realized what the most thrilling part of the ship was. Under the protection of another high officer I had climbed to the bridge—seventy-five feet above the level of the sea—which bridge had been very seriously disestablished by an ambitious wave a couple of years before—and had there inspected the devices for detecting and extinguishing fires in distant holds by merely turning a handle, and the charts and the telephones and the telegraphs, and the under-water signaling, and the sounding-tubes, and the officers' piano; and I had descended by way of the capstan-gear (which, being capable of snapping a chain that would hold two hundred and sixty tons in suspension, was suitably imprisoned in a cage, like a fierce wild animal) right through the length of the vessel to the wheel-house aft. It was comforting to know that if six alternative steering-wheels were smashed, one after another, there remained a seventh gear to be worked, chiefly by direct force of human arm. And, after descending several more stories, I had seen the actual steering—the tremendous affair moving to and fro, majestic and apparently capricious, in



obedience to the light touch of a sailor six hundred feet distant. And then I had seen the four shafts, revolving lazily one hundred and eighty-four to the minute; and got myself involved in dangerous forests of greasy machinery, whizzing all deserted in a very high temperature under electric bulbs. Only at rare intervals did I come across a man in brown doing nothing in particular—as often as not gazing at a dial; there were dials everywhere, showing pressures and speeds. And then I had come to the dynamo-room, where the revolutions were twelve hundred to the minute, and then to the turbines themselves—insignificant little things, with no swagger of huge crank and piston, disappointing little things that developed as much as one-third of the horse-power required for all the electricity of New York. And then, lastly, when I had supposed myself to be at the rock-bottom of the steamer, I had been instructed to descend in earnest, and I went down and down steel ladders, and emerged into an enormous, an incredible cavern, where a hundred and ninety gigantic furnaces were being fed every ten minutes by hundreds of tiny black dolls called firemen. I, too, was a doll as I looked up at the high white-hot mouth of a furnace and along the endless vista of mouths. . . . Imagine hell with the addition of electric light, and you have it! . . . And up-stairs, far above on the surface of the water, confectioners were making fancy cakes, and the elevator-boy was doing his work! . . . Yes, the inferno was the most thrilling part of the ship; and no other part of the ship could hold a candle to it. And I remained of this conviction even when I sat in the captain's own room, smoking his august cigars and turning over his books. I no longer thought, "Every revolution of the propellers brings me nearer to that shore." I thought, "Every shovelful flung into those white-hot mouths brings me nearer."

It is an absolute fact that, four hours before we could hope to disembark, ladies in mantles and shore hats (seeming fantastic and enormous after the sobriety of ship attire), and gentlemen in shore hats and dark overcoats, were standing in attitudes of expectancy in the saloon-

hall, holding wraps and small bags: some of their faces had never been seen till then in the public resorts of the ship. Excitement will indeed take strange forms. For myself, although I was on the threshold of the greatest adventure of my life, I was unaware of being excited—I had not even "smelled" land, to say nothing of having seen it—until, when it was quite dark, I descried a queerly arranged group of different-colored lights in the distance—yellow, red, green, and what not. My thought ran instantly to Coney Island. I knew that Coney was an island, and that it was a place where people had to be attracted and distracted somehow, and I decided that these illuminations were a device of the pleasure-mongers of Coney. And when the ship began to salute these illuminations with answering flares I thought the captain was a rather good-natured man to consent thus to amuse the populace. But when we slowed, our propellers covering the calm sea with acres of foam, and the whole entire illuminations began to approach us in a body, I perceived that my Coney Island was merely another craft, but a very important and official craft. An extremely small boat soon detached itself from this pyrotechnical craft and came with a most extraordinary leisureness toward a white square of light that had somehow broken forth in the blackness of our side. And looking down from the topmost deck, I saw, far below, the tiny boat maneuver on the glinting wave into the reflection of our electricity and three mysterious men climb up from her and disappear into us. Then it was that I grew really excited, uncomfortably excited. The United States had stretched out a tentacle.

In no time at all, as it seemed, another and more formidable tentacle had folded round me—in the shape of two interviewers. (How these men had got on board—and how my own particular friend had got on board—I knew not, for we were yet far from quay-side.) I had been hearing all my life about the sublime American institution of the interview. I had been warned by Americans of its piquant dangers. And here I was suddenly up against it! Beneath a casual and jaunty exterior, I trembled.





*Drawn by Frank Craig*

THE DOWN-TOWN BROADWAY OF CROWDED SKYSCRAPERS



I wanted to sit, but dared not. They stood; I stood. These two men, however, were adepts. They had the better qualities of American dentists. Obviously they spent their lives in meeting notorieties on inbound steamers, and made naught of it. They were middle-aged, disillusioned, tepidly polite, conscientious, and rapid. They knew precisely what they wanted and how to get it. Having got it, they raised their hats and went. Their printed stories were brief, quite unpretentious, and inoffensive—though one of them did let out that the most salient part of me was my teeth, and the other did assert that I behaved like a school-boy. (Doubtless the result of timidity trying to be dignified—this alleged school-boyishness!) I liked these men. But they gave me an incomplete idea of the race of interviewers in the United States. There is a variety of interviewer very different from them. I am, I think, entitled to consider myself a fairly first-class authority on all varieties of interviewer, not only in New York but in sundry other great cities. My initiation was brief, but it was thorough. Many varieties won my regard immediately, and kept it; but I am conscious that my sympathy with one particular brand (perhaps not numerous) was at times imperfect. The brand in question, as to which I was amiably cautioned before even leaving the steamer, is usually very young, and as often a girl as a youth. He or she cheerfully introduces himself or herself with a hint that of course it is an awful bore to be interviewed, but he or she has a job to do and he or she must be allowed to do it. Just so! But the point which, in my audacity, I have occasionally permitted to occur to me is this: Is this sort of interviewer capable of doing the job allotted to him? I do not mind slips of reporting, I do not mind a certain agreeable malice (indeed, I reckon to do a bit in that line myself). I do not even mind hasty misrepresentations (for, after all, we are human, and the millennium is still unannounced); but I do object to inefficiency—especially in America, where sundry kinds of efficiency have been carried farther than any efficiency was ever carried before. Now this sort of interviewer too often prefaces the operation

itself by the remark that he really doesn't know what question to ask you. (Too often I have been tempted to say: "Why not ask me to write the interview for you? It will save you trouble.") Having made this remark, the interviewer usually proceeds to give a sketch of her own career, together with a conspectus of her opinions on everything, a reference to her importance in the interviewing world, and some glimpse of the amount of her earnings. This achieved, she breaks off breathless and reproaches you: "But, my dear man, you aren't saying anything at all. You really must say something." ("My dear man" is the favorite form of address of this sort of interviewer when she happens to be a girl.) Too often I have been tempted to reply: "Cleopatra or Helen, which of us is being interviewed?" When he has given you a chance to talk, this sort of interviewer listens, helps, corrects, advises, but never makes a note. The result the next morning is the anticipated result. The average newspaper reader gathers that an extremely brilliant young man or woman has held converse with a very commonplace stranger who, being confused in his or her presence, committed a number of absurdities which offered a strong and painful contrast to the cleverness and wisdom of the brilliant youth. This result apparently satisfies the average newspaper reader, but it does not satisfy the expert.

Immediately after my first bout with interviewers I was seated at a table in the dining-saloon of the ship with my particular friend and three or four friendly, quiet, modest, rather diffident human beings whom I afterward discovered to be among the best and most experienced newspaper men in New York—not interviewers.

Said one of them:

"Not every interviewer in New York knows how to *write*—how to put a sentence together decently. And there are perhaps a few who don't accurately know the difference between impudence and wit."

A caustic remark, perhaps. But I have noticed that when the variety of interviewing upon which I have just animadverted becomes the topic, quiet, reasonable Americans are apt to drop into causticity.





*Drawn by Frank Craig*

THE SKYSCRAPERS OF LOWER NEW YORK AT NIGHT







Said another:

"I was a reporter for twelve years, but I was cured of personalities at an early stage—and by a nigger, too! I had been interviewing a nigger prize-fighter, and I'd made some remarks about the facial characteristics of niggers in general. Some other nigger wrote me a long letter of protest, and it ended like this: 'I've never seen you. But I've seen your portraits, and let me respectfully tell you that *you're* no Lillian Russell.'"

Some mornings I, too, might have sat down and written, from visual observation, "Let me respectfully tell you that *you're* no Lillian Russell."

Said a third among my companions:

"No importance whatever is attached to a certain kind of interview in the United States."

Which I found, later, was quite true in theory but not in practice. Whenever, in that kind of interview, I had been made to say something more acutely absurd and maladroit than usual, my friends who watched over me, and to whom I owe so much that cannot be written, were a little agitated—for about half an hour; in about half an hour the matter had somehow passed from their minds.

"Supposing I refuse to talk to that sort of interviewer?" I asked, at the saloon table.

"The interviews will appear all the same," was the reply.

My subsequent experience contradicted this. On the rare occasions when I refused to be interviewed, what appeared was not an interview, but invective.

Let me not be misunderstood. I have been speaking of only one brand of American interviewer. I encountered a couple of really admirable women interviewers, not too young, and a confraternity of men who did not disdain an elementary knowledge of their business. One of these arrived with a written list of questions, took a shorthand note of all I said, and then brought me a proof to correct. In interviewing this amounts almost to genius. . . . I have indicated what to me seems a defect—trifling possibly, but still a defect—in the brilliant organization of the great national sport of interviewing. Were this defect re-

moved, as it could be, the institution might be as perfect as the American oyster. Than which nothing is more perfect.

"You aren't drinking your coffee," said some one, inspecting my cup at the saloon table.

"No," I answered, firmly; for when the smooth efficiency of my human machine is menaced I am as faddy and nervous as a marine engineer over lubrication. "If I did, I shouldn't sleep."

"And what of it?" demanded my particular friend, challengingly.

It was a rebuke. It was as if he had said, "On this great night, when you enter my wondrous and romantic country for the first time, what does it matter whether you sleep or not?"

I saw the point. I drank the coffee. The romantic sense, which had been momentarily driven back by the discussion of general ideas, swept over me again. . . . In fact, through the saloon windows could be seen all the Battery end of New York, and the first vague visions of sky-scrapers. . . . Then—the moments refused to be counted—we were descending by lifts and by gangways from the high upper decks of the ship, down onto the rocky ground of the United States. I don't think that any American ever set foot in Europe with a more profound and delicious thrill than that which affected me at that instant. . . . I was there! . . . The official and unofficial activities of the quay passed before me like a dream. . . . I heard my name shouted by a man in a formidably severe uniform, and I thought, "Thus early have I somehow violated the Constitution of these States?" But it was only a telegram for me. . . . And then I was in a most rickety and confined taxi, and the taxi was full to the brim with luggage, two friends, and me. And I was off into New York.

At the center of the first cross-roads I saw a splendid and erect individual, flashing forth authority, gaiety, and utter smartness in the gloom. Impossible not to believe that he was the owner of all the adjacent ground, disguised as a cavalry officer on foot.

"What is that archduke?" I inquired.  
"He's just a cop."





BROADWAY ON ELECTION NIGHT

I knew then that I was in a great city.

The rest of the ride was an enfevered phantasmagoria. We burst startlingly into a very remarkable deep glade—on the floor of it long and violent surface-cars, a few open shops and bars with commissionaires at the doors, vehicles dipping and rising out of holes in the ground, vistas of forests of iron pillars, on the top of which ran deafening, glittering trains, as on a tight-rope; above all that, a layer of darkness; and above the layer of darkness enormous moving images of things in electricity—a mastodon kitten playing with a ball of thread, an umbrella in a shower of rain, siphons of soda-water being emptied and filled, gigantic horses galloping at full speed,

and an incredible heraldry of chewing-gum. . . . Sky-signs! In Europe I had always inveighed manfully against sky-signs. But now I bowed the head, vanquished. These sky-signs annihilated argument. Moreover, had they not been made possible by the invention of a European, and that European an intimate friend of my own? . . .

"I suppose this is Broadway?" I ventured.

It was. That is to say, it was one of the Broadways. There are several different ones. What could be more different from this than the down-town Broadway of Trinity Church and the crowded sky-scrapers? And even this Broadway could differ from itself, as I



knew later on an election night. . . . I was overpowered by Broadway.

"You must not expect me to talk," I said.

We drew up in front of a huge hotel and went into the bar, huge and gorgeous to match, shimmering with white bartenders and a variegated population of men-about-town. I had never seen such a bar.

"Two Polands and a Scotch highball," was the order. Of which geographical language I understood not a word.

"See the fresco," my particular friend suggested. And from his tone, at once modestly content and artificially careless, I knew that that nursery-rhyme fresco was one of the sights of the pleasure quarter of New York, and that I ought to admire it. Well, I did admire it. I found it rather fine and apposite. But the free-luncheon counter, as a sight, took my fancy more. Here it was, the free-luncheon counter of which the European reads — generously loaded, and much freer than the air.

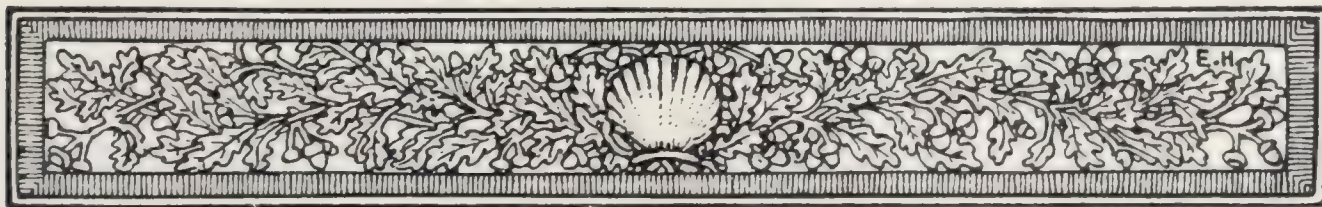
"Have something?"

I would not. They could shame me into drinking coffee, but they could not shame me into eating corned beef and granite biscuits at eleven o'clock at night. The Poland water sufficed me.

We swept perilously off again into the welter. That same evening three of my steamer companions were thrown out of a rickety taxi into a hole in the ground in the middle of New York, with the result that one of them spent a week in a hotel bed, under doctor and nurse. But I went scathless. Such are the hazards of life. . . . We arrived at a terminus. And it was a great terminus. A great terminus is an inhospitable place. And just here, in the perfection of the manner in which my minutest comfort was

studied and provided for, I began to appreciate the significance of American hospitality — that combination of eager good-nature, Oriental lavishness, and sheer brains. We had time to spare. Close to the terminus we had passed by a hotel whose summit, for all my straining out of the window of the cab, I had been unable to descry. I said that I should really like to see the top of that hotel. No sooner said than done. I saw the highest hotel I had ever seen. We went into the hotel, teeming like the other one, and from an agreeable and lively young dandy bought three cigars out of millions of cigars. Naught but bank-notes seemed to be current. The European has an awe of bank-notes, whatever their value.

Then we were in the train, and the train was moving. And every few seconds it shot past the end of a long, straight, lighted thoroughfare — scores upon scores of them, with a wider and more brilliant street interspersed among them at intervals. And I forgot at what hundredth street the train paused before rolling finally out of New York. I had had the feeling of a vast and metropolitan city. I thought, "Whatever this is or is not, it is a metropolis, and will rank with the best of 'em." I had lived long in more than one metropolis, and I knew the proud and the shameful unmistakable marks of the real thing. And I was aware of a poignant sympathy with those people and those mysterious generations who had been gradually and yet so rapidly putting together, girder by girder and tradition by tradition, all unseen by me till then, this illustrious, proud organism, with its nobility and its baseness, its rectitude and its mournful errors, its colossal sense of life. I liked New York irrevocably.





# Johnny-in-the-Woods

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

JOHNNY TRUMBULL, he who had demonstrated his claim to be Cock of the Walk by a most impious hand-to-hand fight with his own aunt, Miss Janet Trumbull, in which he had been decisively victorious, and won his spurs, consisting of his late grandfather's immense, solemnly ticking watch, was to take a new path of action. Johnny suddenly developed the prominent Trumbull trait, but in his case it was inverted. Johnny, as became a boy of his race, took an excursion into the past, but instead of applying the present to the past, as was the tendency of the other Trumbulls, he forcibly applied the past to the present. He fairly plastered the past over the exigencies of his day and generation, like a penetrating poultice of mustard, and the results were peculiar.

Johnny, being bidden of a rainy day during the midsummer vacation to remain in the house, to keep quiet, read a book, and be a good boy, obeyed, but his obedience was of a doubtful measure of wisdom.

Johnny got a book out of his uncle Jonathan Trumbull's dark little library while Jonathan was walking sedately to the post-office, holding his dripping umbrella at a wonderful slant of exactness, without regard to the wind, thereby getting the soft drive of the rain full in his face, which became, as it were, bedewed with tears, entirely outside any cause of his own emotions.

Johnny probably got the only book of an anti-orthodox trend in his uncle's library. He found tucked away in a snug corner an ancient collection of *Border Ballads*, and he read therein of many unmoral romances and pretty fancies, which, since he was a small boy, held little meaning for him, or charm, beyond a delight in the swing of the rhythm, for Johnny had a feeling for music. It was when he read of Robin Hood, the bold Robin Hood, with his dubious ethics but his certain and un-

quenchable interest, that Johnny Trumbull became intent. He had the volume in his own room, being somewhat doubtful as to whether it might be of the sort included in the good-boy rôle. He sat beside a rain-washed window, which commanded a view of the wide field between the Trumbull mansion and Jim Simmons's house, and he read about Robin Hood and his Greenwood adventures, his forcible setting the wrong right; and for the first time his imagination awoke, and his ambition. Johnny Trumbull, hitherto hero of nothing except little material fist-fights, wished now to become a hero of true romance.

In fact, Johnny considered seriously the possibility of reincarnating, in his own person, Robin Hood. He eyed the wide green field dreamily through his rain-blurred window. It was a pretty field, waving with feathery grasses and starred with daisies and buttercups, and it was very fortunate that it happened to be so wide. Jim Simmons's house was not a desirable feature of the landscape, and looked much better several acres away. It was a neglected, squalid structure, and considered a disgrace to the whole village. Jim was also a disgrace, and an unsolved problem. He owned that house, and somehow contrived to pay the taxes thereon. He also lived and thrived in bodily health in spite of evil ways, and his children were many. There seemed no way to dispose finally of Tom Simmons and his house except by murder and arson, and the village was a peaceful one, and such measures were entirely too strenuous.

Presently Johnny, staring dreamily out of his window, saw approaching a rusty black umbrella held at precisely the wrong angle in respect of the storm, but held with the unvarying stiffness with which a soldier might hold a bayonet, and knew it for his uncle Jonathan's umbrella. Soon he beheld also his uncle's serious, rain-drenched face and his long,



ambling body and legs. Jonathan was coming home from the post-office, whither he repaired every morning. He never got a letter, never anything except religious newspapers, but the visit to the post-office was part of his daily routine. Rain or shine, Jonathan Trumbull went for the morning mail, and gained thereby a queer negative enjoyment of a perfectly useless duty performed. Johnny watched his uncle draw near to the house, and cruelly reflected how unlike Robin Hood he must be. He even wondered if his uncle could possibly have read Robin Hood and still show absolutely no result in his own personal appearance. He knew that he, Johnny, could not walk to the post-office and back, even with the drawback of a dripping old umbrella instead of a bow and arrow, without looking a bit like Robin Hood, especially when fresh from reading about him.

Then suddenly something distracted his thoughts from Uncle Jonathan. The long, feathery grass in the field moved with a motion distinct from that caused by the wind and rain. Johnny saw a tiger-striped back emerge, covering long leaps of terror. Johnny knew the creature for a cat afraid of Uncle Jonathan. Then he saw the grass move behind that first leaping, striped back, and he knew there were more cats afraid of Uncle Jonathan. There were even motions caused by unseen things, and he reasoned, "Kittens afraid of Uncle Jonathan." Then Johnny reflected with a great glow of indignation that the Simmonses kept an outrageous number of half-starved cats and kittens, besides a quota of children popularly supposed to be none too well nourished, let alone properly clothed. Then it was that Johnny Trumbull's active, firm imagination slapped the past of old romance like a most thorough mustard poultice over the present. There could be no Lincoln Green, no following of brave outlaws (that is, in the strictest sense), no bows and arrows, no sojourning under greenwood trees and the rest, but something he could, and would, do and be. That rainy day when Johnny Trumbull was a good boy, and stayed in the house, and read a book, marked an epoch.

That night when Johnny went into his



WALKING SEDATELY TO THE POST-OFFICE

aunt Janet's room, she looked curiously at his face, which seemed a little strange to her. Johnny, since he had come into possession of his grandfather's watch, went every night, on his way to bed, to his aunt's room for the purpose of winding up that ancient timepiece, Janet having a firm impression that it might not be done properly unless under her supervision. Johnny stood before his aunt and wound up the watch with its ponderous key, and she watched him.

"What have you been doing all day, John?" said she.

"Stayed in the house and—read."

"What did you read, John?"

"A book."

"Do you mean to be impertinent, John?"

"No, ma'am," replied Johnny, and with



perfect truth. He had not the slightest idea of the title of the book.

"What was the book?"

"A poetry book."

"Where did you find it?"

"In Uncle Jonathan's library."

"Poetry in Uncle Jonathan's library?" said Janet, in a mystified way. She had a general impression of Jonathan's library as of century-old preserves, altogether dried up and quite indistinguishable one from the other except by labels. Poetry she could not imagine as being there at all. Finally she thought of the early Victorians, and Spenser and Chaucer. The library might include them, but she had an idea that Spenser and Chaucer were not fit reading for a little boy. However, as she remembered

Spenser and Chaucer, she doubted if Johnny could understand much of it. Probably he had gotten hold of an early Victorian, and she looked rather contemptuous.

"I don't think much of a boy like you reading poetry," said Janet. "Couldn't you find anything else to read?"

"No, ma'am." That also was truth. Johnny, before exploring his uncle's theological library, had peered at his father's old medical books and his mother's bookcases, which contained quite terrifying uniform editions of standard things written by women.

"I don't suppose there *are* many books written for boys," said Aunt Janet, reflectively.

"No, ma'am," said Johnny. He finished winding the watch, and gave, as was the custom, the key to Aunt Janet, lest he lose it.

"I will see if I cannot find some books of travels for you, John," said Janet. "I think travels would be good reading for a boy. Good night, John."

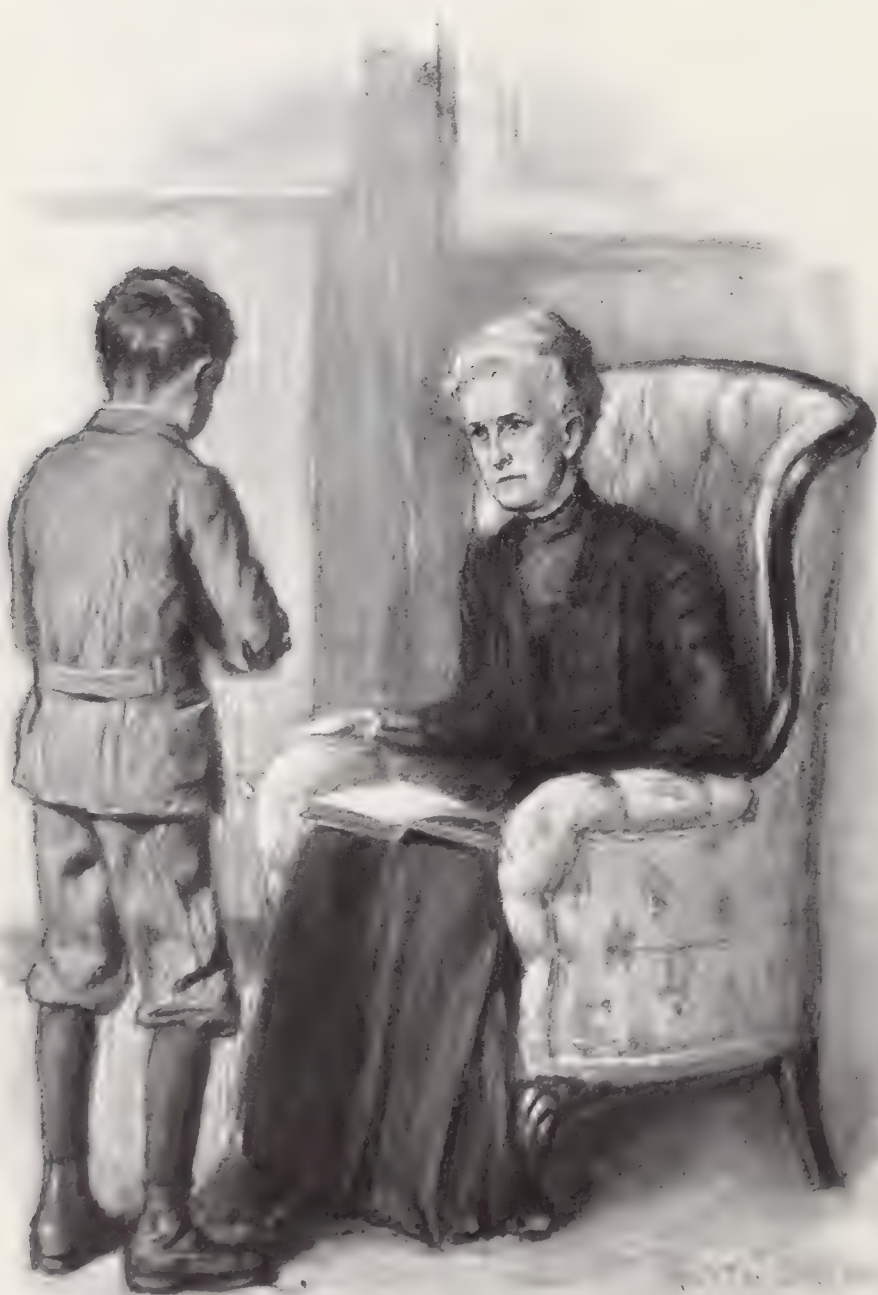
"Good night, Aunt Janet," replied Johnny. His aunt never kissed him good night, which was one reason why he liked her.

On his way to bed he had to pass his mother's room, whose door stood open. She was busy writing at her desk. She glanced at Johnny.

"Are you going to bed?" said she.

"Yes, ma'am."

Johnny entered the room and let his mother kiss his forehead, parting his curly hair to do so. He loved his mother, but did not care at all to have her kiss him. He did not object, because he thought she liked to do it, and she was a woman, and it was a very little thing, in which he could oblige her.



"DO YOU MEAN TO BE IMPERTINENT, JOHN?"



"Were you a good boy, and did you find a good book to read?" asked she.

"Yes, ma'am."

"What was the book?" Cora Trumbull inquired, absently, writing as she spoke.

"Poetry."

Cora laughed. "Poetry is odd for a boy," said she. "You should have read a book of travels or history. Good night, Johnny."

"Good night, mother."

Then Johnny met his father, smelling strongly of medicines, coming up from his study. But his father did not see him. And Johnny went to bed, having imbibed from that old tale of Robin Hood more of history and more knowledge of excursions into realms of old romance than his elders had ever known during much longer lives than his.

Johnny confided in nobody at first. His feeling nearly led him astray in the matter of Lily Jennings; he thought of her, for one sentimental minute, as Robin Hood's Maid Marion. Then he dismissed the idea peremptorily. Lily Jennings would simply laugh. He knew her. Moreover, she was a girl, and not to be trusted. Johnny felt the need of another boy who would be a kindred spirit; he wished for more than one boy. He wished for a following of heroic and lawless souls, even as Robin Hood's. But he could think of nobody, after considerable study, except one boy, younger than himself. He was a beautiful little boy, whose mother had never allowed him to have his golden curls cut, although he had been in trousers for quite a while. However, the trousers were foolish, being knickerbockers, and accompanied by low socks, which revealed pretty, dimpled, babyish legs. The boy's name was Arnold Carruth, and that was against him, as being long, and his mother firm about allowing no nickname. Nicknames in any case were not allowed in the very exclusive private school which Johnny attended.

Arnold Carruth, in spite of his being such a beautiful little boy, would have had no standing at all in the school as far as popularity was concerned had it not been for a strain of mischief which triumphed over curls, socks, and pink cheeks, and a much-

kissed rosebud of a mouth. Arnold Carruth, as one of the teachers permitted herself to state when relaxed in the bosom of her own family, was "as choke-full of mischief as a pod of peas. And the worst of it all is," quoth the teacher, Miss Agnes Rector, who was a pretty young girl, with a hidden sympathy for mischief herself—"the worst of it is, that child looks so like a cherub on a rosy cloud that even if he should be caught nobody would believe it. They would be much more likely to accuse poor little Andrew Jackson Green, because he has a snub nose and is a bit cross-eyed, and I never knew that poor child to do anything except obey rules and learn his lessons. He is almost too good. And another worst of it is, nobody can help loving that little imp of a Carruth boy, mischief and all. I believe the scamp knows it and takes advantage of it."

It is quite possible that Arnold Carruth did profit unworthily by his beauty and engagingness, albeit without calculation. He was so young, it was monstrous to believe him capable of calculation, of deliberate trading upon his assets of birth and beauty and fascination. However, Johnny Trumbull, who was wide awake and a year older, was alive to the situation. He told Arnold Carruth, and Arnold Carruth only, about Robin Hood and his great scheme.

"You can help," said this wise Johnny; "you can be in it, because nobody thinks you can be in anything, on account of your wearing curls."

Arnold Carruth flushed and gave an angry tug at one golden curl which the wind blew over a shoulder. The two boys were in a secluded corner of Madame's lawn, behind a clump of Japanese cedars, during an intermission.

"I can't help it because I wear curls," declared Arnold, with angry shame.

"Who said you could? No need of getting mad."

"Mamma and Aunt Flora and grandmamma won't let me have these old curls cut off," said Arnold. "You needn't think I want to have curls like a girl, Johnny Trumbull."

"Who said you did? And I know you don't like to wear those short stockings, either."

"Like to!" Arnold gave a spiteful





"MEAN LITTLE CAT YOURSELF," SAID ARNOLD CARRUTH

kick, first of one half-bared, dimpled leg, then of the other. "First thing you know I'll steal mamma's or Aunt Flora's stockings and throw these in the furnace—I will. Do you s'pose a feller wants to wear these baby things? I guess not. Women are awful queer, Johnny Trumbull. My mamma and my aunt Flora are awful nice, but they are queer about some things."

"Most women are queer," agreed Johnny, "but my aunt Janet isn't as queer as some. Rather guess if she saw me with curls like a little girl she'd cut 'em off herself."

"Wish she was my aunt," said Arnold Carruth, with a sigh. "A feller needs a woman like that till he's grown up. Do you s'pose she'd cut off my curls if I was to go to your house, Johnny?"

"I'm afraid she wouldn't think it was right, unless your mother said she might. She has to be real careful about doing right, because my uncle Jonathan used to preach, you know."

Arnold Carruth grinned savagely, as if he endured pain. "Well, I s'pose I'll have to stand the curls and little baby stockings awhile longer," said he. "What was it you were going to tell me, Johnny?"

"I am going to tell you because I know you aren't too good, if you do wear curls and little stockings."

"No, I ain't too good," declared Arnold Carruth, proudly; "I ain't—*honest*, Johnny."

"That's why I'm going to tell you. But if you tell any of the other boys—or girls—"



"Tell girls!" sniffed Arnold.

"If you tell anybody, I'll lick you."

"Guess I ain't afraid."

"Guess you'd be afraid to go home after you'd been licked."

"Guess my mamma would give it to you."

"Run home and tell mamma you'd been whopped, would you, then?"

Little Arnold, beautiful baby boy, straightened himself with a quick remembrance that he was born a man. "You know I wouldn't tell, Johnny Trumbull."

"Guess you wouldn't. Well, here it is—" Johnny spoke in emphatic whispers, Arnold's curly head close to his mouth: "There are a good many things in this town have got to be set right," said Johnny.

Little Arnold stared at him. Then fire shone in his lovely blue eyes under the golden shadow of his curls, a fire which had shone in the eyes of some ancestors of his, for there was good fighting blood in the Carruth family, as well as in the Trumbull, although this small descendant did go about curled and kissed and bare-legged.

"How'll we begin?" said Arnold, in a strenuous whisper.

"We've got to begin right away with Jim Simmons's cats and kittens."

"With Jim Simmons's cats and kittens?" repeated Arnold.

"That was what I said, exactly. We've got to begin right there. It is an awful little beginning, but I can't think of anything else. If you can, I'm willing to listen."

"I guess I can't," admitted Arnold, helplessly.

"Of course we can't go around taking away money from rich people and giving it to poor folks. One reason is, most of the poor folks in this town are lazy, and don't get money because they don't want to work for it. And when they are not lazy, they drink. If we gave rich people's money to poor folks like that, we shouldn't do a mite of good. The rich folks would be poor, and the poor folks wouldn't stay rich; they would be lazier, and get more drink. I don't see any sense in doing things like that in this town. There are a few poor folks I have been thinking we might take some money for and do good, but not many."

"Who?" inquired Arnold Carruth, in awed tones.

"Well, there is poor old Mrs. Sam Little. She's awful poor. Folks help her, I know, but she can't be real pleased being helped. She'd rather have the money herself. I have been wondering if we couldn't get some of your father's money away and give it to her, for one."

"Get away papa's money!"

"You don't mean to tell me you are as stingy as that, Arnold Carruth?"

"I guess papa wouldn't like it."

"Of course he wouldn't. But that is not the point. It is not what your father would like; it is what that poor old lady would like."

It was too much for Arnold. He gaped at Johnny.

"If you are going to be mean and stingy, we may as well stop before we begin," said Johnny.

Then Arnold Carruth recovered himself. "Old Mr. Webster Payne is awful poor," said he. "We might take some of your father's money and give it to him."

Johnny snorted, fairly snorted. "If," said he, "you think my father keeps his money where we can get it, you are mistaken, Arnold Carruth. My father's money is all in papers, that are not worth much now, and that he has to keep in the bank till they are."

Arnold smiled hopefully. "Guess that's the way my papa keeps *his* money."

"It's the way most rich people are mean enough to," said Johnny, severely. "I don't care if it's your father or mine, it's mean. And that's why we've got to begin with Jim Simmons's cats and kittens."

"Are you going to give old Mrs. Sam Little cats?" inquired Arnold.

Johnny sniffed. "Don't be silly," said he. "Though I do think a nice cat with a few kittens might cheer her up a little, and we could steal enough milk, by getting up early and tagging after the milkman, to feed them. But I wasn't thinking of giving her or old Mr. Payne cats and kittens. I wasn't thinking of folks; I was thinking of all those poor cats and kittens that Mr. Jim Simmons has and doesn't half feed, and that have to go hunting around folks' back doors in the rain, when cats hate water, too, and



pick up things that must be bad for their stomachs, when they ought to have their milk regularly in nice, clean saucers. No, Arnold Carruth; what we have got to do is to steal Mr. Jim Simmons's cats and get them in nice homes where they can earn their living catching mice and be well cared for."

"Steal cats?" said Arnold.

"Yes, steal cats, in order to do right," said Johnny Trumbull, and his expression was heroic, even exalted.

It was then that a sweet treble, faltering yet exultant, rang in their ears.

"If," said the treble voice, "you are going to steal dear little kitty cats and get nice homes for them, I'm going to help."

The voice belonged to Lily Jennings, who had stood on the other side of the Japanese cedars and heard every word.

Both boys started in righteous wrath, but Arnold Carruth was the angrier of the two. "Mean little cat yourself, listening," said he. His curls seemed to rise like a crest of rage.

Johnny, remembering some things, was not so outspoken. "You hadn't any right to listen, Lily Jennings," he said, with masculine severity.

"I didn't start to listen," said Lily. "I was looking for cones on these trees. Miss Parmalee wanted us to bring some object of nature into the class, and I wondered whether I could find a queer Japanese cone on one of these trees, and then I heard you boys talking, and I couldn't help listening. You spoke very loud, and I couldn't give up looking for that cone. I couldn't find any, and I heard all about the Simmons's cats, and I know lots of other cats that haven't got good homes, and—I am going to be in it."

"You *ain't*," declared Arnold Carruth.

"We can't have girls in it," said Johnny the mindful, more politely.

"You've got to have me. You had better have me, Johnny Trumbull," she added, with meaning.

Johnny flinched. It was a species of blackmail, but what could he do? Suppose Lily told how she had hidden him—him, Johnny Trumbull, the champion of the school—in that empty baby-carriage! He would have more to contend against than Arnold Carruth with

socks and curls. He did not think Lily would tell. Somehow Lily, although a little, befrilled girl, gave an impression of having a knowledge of a square deal almost as much as a boy would; but what boy could tell with a certainty what such an uncertain creature as a girl might or might not do? Moreover, Johnny had a weakness, a hidden, Spartanly hidden, weakness for Lily. He rather wished to have her act as partner in his great enterprise. He therefore gruffly assented.

"All right," he said, "you can be in it. But just you look out. You'll see what happens if you tell."

"She can't be in it; she's nothing but a girl," said Arnold Carruth, fiercely.

Lily Jennings lifted her chin and surveyed him with queenly scorn. "And what are you?" said she. "A little boy with curls and baby socks."

Arnold colored with shame and fury, and subsided. "Mind you don't tell," he said, taking Johnny's cue.

"I sha'n't tell," replied Lily, with majesty. "But you'll tell yourselves if you talk one side of trees without looking on the other."

There was then only a few moments before Madame's musical Japanese gong which announced the close of intermission should sound, but three determined souls in conspiracy can accomplish much in a few moments. The first move was planned in detail before that gong sounded, and the two boys raced to the house, and Lily followed, carrying a toadstool, which she had hurriedly caught up from the lawn for her object of nature to be taken into class.

It was a poisonous toadstool, and Lily was quite a heroine in the class. That fact doubtless gave her a more dauntless air when, after school, the two boys caught up with her walking gracefully down the road, flirting her skirts and now and then giving her head a toss, which made her fluff of hair fly into a golden foam under her daisy-trimmed straw hat.

"To-night," Johnny whispered, as he sped past.

"At half-past nine, between your house and the Simmons's," replied Lily, without even looking at him. She was a past-mistress of dissimulation.

Lily's mother had guests at dinner



that night, and the guests remarked, sometimes within the little girl's hearing, what a darling she was.

"She never gives me a second's anxiety," Lily's mother whispered to a lady beside her. "You cannot imagine what a perfectly good, dependable child she is."

"Now my Christina is a good child in the grain," said the lady, "but she is full of mischief. I never can tell what Christina will do next."

"*I* can always tell," said Lily's mother, in a voice of maternal triumph.

"Now only the other night, when I thought Christina was in bed, that absurd child got up and dressed and ran over to see her aunt Bella. Tom came home with her, and of course there was nothing very bad about it. Christina was very bright; she said, 'Mother, you never told me I must not get up and go to see Aunt Bella,' which was, of course, true. I could not gainsay that."

"I cannot," said Lily's mother, "imagine my Lily's doing such a thing."

If Lily had heard that last speech of her mother's, whom she dearly loved, she might have wavered. That pathetic trust in herself might have caused her to justify it. But she had finished her dinner and had been excused, and was undressing for bed, with the firm determination to rise betimes and dress and join Johnny Trumbull and Arnold Carruth. Johnny had the easiest time of them all. He simply had to bid his aunt Janet good night and have the watch wound, and take a fleeting glimpse of his mother at her desk and his father in his office, and go whistling to his room, and sit in the summer darkness and wait until the time came.

Arnold Carruth had the hardest struggle. His mother had an old school friend visiting her, and Arnold, very much dressed up, with his curls falling in a shining fleece upon a real lace collar, had to be shown off and show off. He had to play one little piece which he had learned upon the piano. He had to recite a little poem. He had to be asked how old he was, and if he liked to go to school, and how many teachers he had, and if he loved them, and if he loved his little mates, and which of them he loved best; and he had to be asked if he loved his aunt Dorothy, who was the

school friend and not his aunt at all, and would he not like to come and live with her, because she had not any dear little boy; and he was obliged to submit to having his curls twisted around feminine fingers, and to being kissed and hugged, and a whole chapter of ordeals, before he was finally in bed, with his mother's kiss moist upon his lips, and free to assert himself.

That night Arnold Carruth realized himself as having an actual horror of his helpless state of pampered childhood. The man stirred in the soul of the boy, and it was a little rebel with sulky pout of lips and frown of childish brows who stole out of bed, got into some queer clothes, and crept down the back stairs. He heard his aunt Dorothy, who was not his aunt, singing an Italian song in the parlor, he heard the clink of silver and china from the butler's pantry, where the maids were washing the dinner dishes. He smelt his father's cigar, and he gave a little leap of joy on the grass of the lawn. At last he was out at night alone, and—he wore long stockings! That noon he had secreted a pair of his mother's toward that end. When he came home to luncheon he pulled them out of the darning-bag, which he had spied through a closet door that had been left ajar. One of the stockings was green silk, and the other was black, and both had holes in them, but all that mattered was the length. Arnold wore also his father's riding-breeches, which came over his shoes and which were enormously large, and one of his father's silk shirts. He had resolved to dress consistently for such a great occasion. His clothes hampered him, but he felt happy as he sped clumsily down the road.

However, both Johnny Trumbull and Lily Jennings, who were waiting for him at the rendezvous, were startled by his appearance. Both began to run, Johnny pulling Lily after him by the hand, but Arnold's cautious hallo arrested them. Johnny and Lily returned slowly, peering through the darkness.

"It's me," said Arnold, with gay disregard of grammar.

"You looked," said Lily, "like a real fat old man. What *have* you got on, Arnold Carruth?"



Arnold slouched before his companions, ridiculous but triumphant. He hitched up a leg of the riding-breeches and displayed a long, green silk stocking. Both Johnny and Lily doubled up with laughter.

"What you laughing at?" inquired Arnold, crossly.

"Oh, nothing at all," said Lily. "Only you do look like a scarecrow broken loose; doesn't he, Johnny?"

"I am going home," stated Arnold, with dignity. He turned, but Johnny caught him in his little iron grip.

"Oh, shucks, Arnold Carruth," said he. "Don't be a baby. Come on." And Arnold Carruth with difficulty came on.

People in the village as a rule retired early. Many lights were out when the affair began, many went out while it was in progress. All three of the band steered as clear of lighted houses as possible, and dodged behind trees and hedges when shadowy figures appeared on the road or carriage-wheels were heard in the distance. At their special destination they were sure to be entirely safe. Old Mr. Peter Van Ness always retired very early. To be sure, he did not go to sleep until late, and read in bed, but his room was in the rear of the house on the second floor, and all the windows, besides, were dark. Mr. Peter Van Ness was a very wealthy elderly gentleman, very benevolent. He had given the village a beautiful stone church with memorial windows, a soldiers' monument, a park, and a home for aged couples, called "The Van Ness Home." Mr. Van Ness lived alone with the exception of a housekeeper and a number of old, very well-disciplined servants. The servants always retired early, and Mr. Van Ness required the house to be quiet for his late reading. He was a very studious old gentleman.

To the Van Ness house, set back from the street in the midst of a well-kept lawn, the three repaired, but not as noiselessly as they could have wished. In fact, a light flared in an up-stairs window, which was wide open, and one woman's voice was heard in conclave with another.

"I should think," said the first, "that the lawn was full of cats. Did you ever hear such a mewling, Jane?"

That was the housekeeper's voice. The three, each of whom carried a squirming burlap potato-bag from the Trumbull cellar, stood close to a clump of stately pines full of windy songs, and trembled.

"It do sound like cats, ma'am," said another voice, which was Jane's, the maid, who had brought Mrs. Meeks, the housekeeper, a cup of hot water and peppermint, because her dinner had disagreed with her.

"Just listen," said Mrs. Meeks.

"Yes, ma'am, I should think there was hundreds of cats and little kittens."

"I am so afraid Mr. Van Ness will be disturbed."

"Yes, ma'am."

"You might go out and look, Jane."

"Oh, ma'am, they might be burglars!"

"How can they be burglars when they are cats?" demanded Mrs. Meeks, testily.

Arnold Carruth snickered, and Johnny on one side, and Lily on the other, prodded him with an elbow. They were close under the window.

"Burglars is up to all sorts of queer tricks, ma'am," said Jane. "They may mew like cats to tell one another what door to go in."

"Jane, you talk like an idiot," said Mrs. Meeks. "Burglars talking like cats! Whoever heard of such a thing? It sounds right under that window. Open my closet door and get those heavy old shoes and throw them out."

It was an awful moment. The three dared not move. The cats and kittens in the bags—not so many, after all—seemed to have turned into multiplication-tables. They were positively alarming in their determination to get out, their wrath with one another, and their vociferous discontent with the whole situation.

"I can't hold my bag much longer," said poor little Arnold Carruth.

"Hush up, cry-baby!" whispered Lily, fiercely, in spite of a clawing paw emerging from her own bag and threatening her bare arm.

Then came the shoes. One struck Arnold squarely on the temple, nearly knocking him down and making him lose hold of his bag. The other struck Lily's bag, and conditions became worse; but she held on, despite a scratch. Lily had pluck.





OUT SHOT A LITTLE WHITE FIST AND DOWN SAT JOHNNY TRUMBULL

Then Jane's voice sounded very near, as she leaned out of the window. "I guess they have went, ma'am," said she. "I seen something run."

"I can hear them," said Mrs. Meeks, querulously.

"I seen them run," persisted Jane, who was tired and wished to be gone.

"Well, close that window, anyway, for I know I hear them, even if they have gone," said Mrs. Meeks. The three heard with relief the window slammed down.

The light flashed out, and simultaneously Lily Jennings and Johnny Trumbull turned indignantly upon Arnold Carruth.

"There, you have gone and let all those poor cats go," said Johnny.

"And spoilt everything," said Lily.

Arnold rubbed his forehead, which was swelling. "You would have let go if you

had been hit right in the head by a great shoe," said he, rather loudly.

"Hush up!" said Lily. "I wouldn't have let my cats go if I had been killed by a shoe; so there."

"Serves us right for taking a boy with curls," said Johnny Trumbull.

But he spoke unadvisedly. Arnold Carruth was no match whatever for Johnny Trumbull, and had never been allowed the honor of a combat with him; but surprise takes even a great champion at a disadvantage. Arnold turned upon Johnny like a flash, out shot a little white fist, up struck a dimpled leg clad in cloth and leather, and down sat Johnny Trumbull; and, worse, open flew his bag, and there was a yowling exodus.

"There go your cats, too, Johnny Trumbull," said Lily, in a perfectly calm whisper. At that moment both



boys, victor and vanquished, felt a simultaneous throb of masculine wrath at Lily. Who was she to gloat over the misfortunes of men? But retribution came swiftly to Lily. That viciously clawing little paw shot out farther, and there was a limit to Spartanism in a little girl born so far from that heroic land. Lily let go of her bag and with difficulty stifled a shriek of pain.

"Whose cats are gone now?" demanded Johnny, rising.

"Yes, whose cats are gone now?" said Arnold.

Then Johnny promptly turned upon him and knocked him down and sat on him.

Lily looked at them, standing, a stately little figure in the darkness. "I am

going home," said she. "My mother does not allow me to go with fighting boys."

Johnny rose, and so did Arnold, whimpering slightly. His forehead ached considerably.

"He knocked me down," said Johnny. Even as he whimpered and as he suffered, Arnold felt a thrill of triumph. "Always knew I could if I had a chance," said he.

"You couldn't if I had been expecting it," said Johnny.

"Folks get knocked down when they ain't expecting it most of the time," declared Arnold, with more philosophy than he realized.

"I don't think it makes much difference about the knocking down," said

Lily. "All those poor cats and kittens that we were going to give a good home, where they wouldn't be starved, have got away, and they will run straight back to Mr. Jim Simmons's."

"If they haven't any more sense than to run back to a place where they don't get enough to eat and are kicked about by a lot of children, let them run," said Johnny.

"That's so," said Arnold. "I never did see what we were doing such a thing for, anyway; stealing Mr. Simmons's cats and giving them to Mr. Van Ness."

It was the girl alone who stood by her guns of righteousness. "I saw, and I see," she declared, with dangerously loud emphasis. "It was only our duty to try to rescue poor helpless animals who don't know any better than to stay where they are badly treated. And Mr. Van Ness has so much money he doesn't know what to do with it; he would have been real pleased to give those cats a home and buy milk and



"PRETTY, AIN'T THEY?" SAID MARIA



liver for them. But it's all spoiled now. I will never undertake to do good again, with a lot of boys in the way, as long as I live; so there!" Lily turned about.

"Going to tell your mother!" said Johnny, with scorn which veiled anxiety.

"No, I'm *not*. I don't tell tales."

Lily marched off, and in her wake went Johnny and Arnold, two poor little disillusioned would-be knights of old romance in a wretchedly commonplace future, not far enough from their horizons for any glamour.

They went home, and of the three Johnny Trumbull was the only one who was discovered. For him his aunt Janet lay in wait and forced a confession. She listened grimly, but her eyes twinkled.

"You have learned to fight, John Trumbull," said she, when he had finished. "Now the very next thing you have to learn, and make yourself worthy of your grandfather Trumbull, is not to be a fool."

"Yes, Aunt Janet," said Johnny.

The next noon, when he came home from school, old Maria, who had been with the family ever since he could re-

member and long before, called him into the kitchen. There, greedily lapping milk from a saucer, were two very lean, tall kittens.

"See those nice little tommy-cats," said Maria, beaming upon Johnny, whom she loved and whom she sometimes fancied deprived of boyish joys. "Your aunt Janet sent me over to the Simmonses' for them this morning. They are overrun with cats—such poor, shiftless folks always be—and you can have them. We shall have to watch for a little while till they get wonted, so they won't run home."

Johnny gazed at the kittens, fast distending with the new milk, and felt presumably much as dear Robin Hood may have felt after one of his successful raids in the fair, poetic past.

"Pretty, ain't they?" said Maria. "They have drank up a whole saucer of milk. 'Most starved, I s'pose."

Johnny gathered up the two forlorn kittens and sat down in a kitchen chair, with one on each shoulder, hard, boyish cheeks pressed against furry, purring sides, and the little fighting Cock of the Walk felt his heart glad and tender with the love of the strong for the weak.

## The Secret

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

IF I should tell you what I know  
Of where the first primroses grow,  
Betray the secrets of the lily,  
Bring crocus-gold and daffodilly,  
Will you tell me if charm there be  
To win a maiden, willy-nilly?

I lie upon the fragrant heath,  
Kin to the beating heart beneath;  
The nesting plover I discover  
Nor stir the scented screen above her,  
Yet am I blind—I cannot find  
What turns a maiden to her lover!

Through all the mysteries of May,  
Initiate, I make my way—  
Sure as the blithest lark or linnet  
To touch the pulsing soul within it—  
Yet with no art to reach Her heart,  
Nor skill to teach me how to win it!



# The Menace of Cape Race

BY GEORGE HARDING

EVERY great trade route of the world has, in season, some peculiar danger to navigation which brings disaster to vessels plying its lanes. In the North Atlantic, for ships bound east and west over the busy northern route, the particular menace is Cape Race. In this neighborhood there is an extraordinary conjunction of perils. Fog, icebergs, submerged rocks, northeasterly gales, a sheer shore, and a singularly treacherous current create a large possibility of catastrophe. Cape Race is a bluff, jagged bit of coast, scarcely provided with strand; and a multitude of submerged rocks are scattered from the breaking water at the foot of the cliffs as far to sea as the Virgin Rocks, which outlie ninety miles. The Polar current, which "runs like a river" past the gray cape, is so variable in the direction of its flow that it may race southwest at one time and flow northeast at another. In the spring and early summer—and often as late as the fall of the year—icebergs come down with the current, and lie sluggishly off the coast, hidden from the sharpest eyes of ships' lookouts in the dense accumulations of fog.

It is the fog—almost continuously raised by the contact of the Polar current with the warm waters of the Gulf Stream—which for centuries has made a menace of this cape of evil name. There is little relief from it; it is so continuously present, indeed, that the cape fog-horn is frequently blown for hundreds of hours at a stretch.

"'Tis nothing but fog here," said the keeper of the light. "Sure, sir, the dogs bark when the sun comes out!"

And he meant it.

Graves by the wayside—weathered crosses on the heads above the sea—tell their own tales of disaster; and the cottages which huddle in the sheltered coves, and the singular furnishings within, betray the dangerous character

of the coast. Most of the cottage doors once saw service at sea. They do very well ashore, albeit a trifle low for tall men. A skylight may do well enough for a window; and ships' ventilators and the stout planks of ships' decks are not to be despised by the builders of dwellings ashore. Almost every habitation of the cape is comfortably provided with a ship's settee; and most of the hospitable tables are set with ships' china, some of this dating back to the wreck of one or another unlucky vessel of the European and American Steam Packet Company, which must have gone ashore in the fifties, at the latest. Ships' pewter is serviceable; ships' decanters and glasses are as good as any other; ships' sideboards do very well for the display of it all. Ships' medicine-chests contain valuable remedies, if one but have both the knowledge and the courage to use them. Coal from the bunkers of a stranded steamer burns brightly in a stove; of a dark night, when the wind is high and cold, the light falling from cabin lamps gives a snug comfort to a fisherman's cottage; and a wee nip from a captain's bottle, however long it may have lain under water, completes the joy of the occasion. By means of a ship's capstan boats may be hauled from the surf quite as smoothly as anchors may be lifted from the bottom of the sea; and a ship's bell—used aforetime to call the watch on some forgotten old wind-jammer—may guide bewildered fishermen from a thickening fog to the security of his own familiar harbor.

The route of the transatlantic lines from American ports runs past, a hundred miles to sea; but the slow-going tramp, to save a day's steaming, follows the shorter route, and seeks to pass within flag-signaling distance of the cape. Added to the great fleet of tramps which must venture near are the Canadian liners, which use the Cape Race





*Drawn by George Harding*

THE INHABITANTS ARE DILIGENT WORKERS



route during the ice season in the Strait of Belle Isle, and many coastwise craft, schooners and full-rigged fish-carriers. Altogether, thousands of vessels must pass within sight of the cape every year; and it is vessels such as these, astray in the fog, off the beaten track, which come to grief and give the coast its gruesome name. In a single month an Atlantic liner, crowded with passengers, and four tramp steamers were totally wrecked within twenty miles of one another. And once ashore a craft has small chance; the stupendous cliffs, with deep water to their jagged edges, and exposed to the swells of the open ocean, have allowed but one vessel of the seventy that have been wrecked there in the last twenty years to be refloated. The craft on the rocks is furiously pounded to pieces by the first heavy sea; the *Delta*, a tramp steamship, entirely disappeared from sight three hours after going ashore; and the *Regulus*, a tramp of near two thousand tons, utterly vanished with the whole ship's company between dark and dawn, leaving her propeller fixed in the cliffs twenty feet above sea-level, where it remains to this day.

"A wreck on this coast disappears like a herring in a whale," said a rueful inhabitant of the cape.

Of wrecks on the cape a record is kept in a more or less accurate fashion; but of the narrow escapes from wreck no

account is taken. There must be an enormous number of these. It is necessary for a bewildered captain, unable to take noonday observations, and running on dead reckoning, to locate the Cape Race fog-whistle. There is no other way to determine his position, and he is in haste—in desperate haste, when he thinks of his owners—to get along. Consequently he takes a chance and goes close in murky weather. Steamers have come so close to the cliffs in the fog, indeed, that the fishermen on the heads, unable even to discern an outline of the blind craft, have clearly heard the panic on the bridge when the captain reversed the engine-room signals and in the same breath ordered the life-boats manned. After that they have listened to the churning of the screw, to the orders from the bridge, and to the gradual departure of the vessel from her dangerous position.

Once, at a point beyond range of the fog-whistle, a fisherman heard from the fog not only the orders to reverse the engines and man the life-boats, but a loud command to one of the officers to guard the liquor. Vessels often slip past in the mist, themselves unseen, their presence, peril, and escape from disaster told only by voices coming muffled from the obscurity at sea. Sometimes skippers send boats ashore to inquire the way; but often they go by in



POUNDED TO PIECES BY THE FIRST HEAVY SEA





STUPENDOUS CLIFFS WITH DEEP WATER TO THEIR JAGGED EDGES

care-free ignorance, without the faintest notion that they have escaped catastrophe by the miracle of a hair's-breadth.

"I heard a feller go by to-day," said a fisherman of Chance Cove. "I allowed he'd fetch up on Fish Reef, by the sound of his course, and waited to see, but he skipped her, and a close skim, too!"

No such chances are taken by the big Canadian liners—neither off Cape Norman, in the Strait of Belle Isle in the summer months, nor off Cape Race when the strait's route is blocked. There is the wireless to guide them; as they go past they receive reports of icebergs and fog areas, and may even be helped to determine their own position in relation to the cape. Upon approach to the Belle Isle Station the ship's wireless picks up the operator ashore. . . . "Can you hear us?" he asks. "I hear your whistle," is the answer. Then the operator ashore sends a message such as the following, to indicate the liner's approach,

position, and departure: "Your whistle is stronger. . . . I hear you better. . . . You are all right, you are abeam. . . . Your whistle is fainter. . . . Still fainter. . . . I cannot hear you." By this time the liner is of course safely past the cape. If she is inclined at any time to run into danger, she is easily warned off by the shore operator.

Tramp steamships, not always equipped with wireless, have no such aid near Cape Race; they must depend upon the light, the power of which is enormously lessened by the fog, great as that power is, and upon the sound of the fog-whistle, which the heaviest fogs greatly limit, if they do not altogether stifle it beyond reasonable safe distance. At the Belle Isle Light there are two lanterns—one high, for the times when the fog lies low, and one low, for the times when the fog floats high. There is also a high and a low fog-whistle. At Cape Race, however, there is but one light and one whistle.





THE LOOKOUT

The folk of Cape Race — there are perhaps two thousand of them, precariously but happily enough inhabiting a stretch of fifty miles of this harsh coast—gain their living from the sea. They are of Irish descent, through many generations; a hale, tough, genial crew, courageous to the point of an abandoned sort of recklessness, seasoned for the hazardous adventure of wrecking by seal hunting and the Banks fishery. The cape is a desolation; there are little gardens, here and there, naturally occurring in the hollows and helped out by hand where nature has failed to provide a sufficient thickness of earth; and there are some small meadows, so called—rather pathetic areas of hay-growing ground. There is no considerable profit from the earth; the sea supplies.

Fishing is a dependable occupation. A wreck is the gift of God—an extraordinary, even providential, addition to the fruits of toil. It is not to be supposed that the folk wish evil to the vessels which go by their coast; but here, as

elsewhere in bleak places, they joyfully “take the goods the gods provide.” It is related here, as elsewhere, too, that the children are taught to pray: “God bless papa and mamma, and send another wreck.” Whether this is a mere bit of fun or not, it is at least true that a wreck is joyfully hailed, once the ship is fast aground, and is immediately taken advantage of, conscience being easy in that respect; and it is true, too, that when the cargo is ashore, safely stowed away, the disaster and its profitable issue are celebrated at a roaring dance. All this notwithstanding, there is probably no coast in the world where wrecked seamen are rescued with so great a disregard of danger to the rescuers, more hospitably received, more generously pitied, and more heartily sped on their way. “Give a Newfoundlander a cake of ice and a boat-hook,” said a wrecked captain at Cape Race not long ago, “and he will paddle five miles to sea and strip the hide from a dead steer.”

In winning salvage the Newfoundlanders do not seem to reflect upon the length of hardship and peril to which they must go. This is characteristic of their lives in every respect; it is a proverb with them that they go when they can, and leave getting back “to luck and good conduct.” Not long ago an American fishing schooner, abandoned by her crew in the Strait of Belle Isle in early winter as hopelessly lost, was carried off in the ice-floe. It was the slimmest chance in the world that the derelict would ever be seen again. There was not the slightest expectation, indeed, that she would be; the underwriters paid the insurance settlement without complaint or question, and crossed the schooner off for lost. But the schooner was not lost. She was sighted in her wanderings by two fishermen. They boarded from shore, found her hard and fast in the ice, but still tight and worthy, a craft to their taste, a valuable property to which they must cling, no matter what came of it. It cost them dear; the ice would not loosen its grip on the schooner—nor would the fishermen. They might from time to time have escaped ashore; it would have been the part of wisdom, perhaps, and certainly the part of caution, to do so; but rather than abandon





*Drawn by George Harding*

MANY A STEER IS BROUGHT ASHORE FROM THE WRECKS



their salvage these two cheerfully reckless fellows stuck to the ship for the rest of that bitter winter. When navigation opened in the spring of the year, the first mail steamer sighted the craft, still fast in the ice and manned by two gaunt skeletons. They had subsisted through the winter on one barrel of flour and some frozen herring. Having accomplished this, it was child's play for them to take their prize to port when the floe released her.

What the wrecked captain said of the Cape Race wrecker and the dead steer is almost literally true. Most Newfoundlanders of this class would paddle five miles to sea to strip the hide from a dead steer; the hide is of value on that coast—it can be converted into dunny-bags, shoes, pony harness, and the like of that. And the Newfoundlanders have brought many a steer ashore, dead or alive. Cattle steamers from Portland and Montreal go past the door, and some remain for an indefinite stay. Almost all the cattle on Cape Race are descended from forebears which were rescued from the sea in the tail of a gale of wind.

The Newfoundlander will bring anything ashore, from a bellowing steer to a lump of coal, from the section of an anchor chain or a pincushion from the captain's cabin to a barrel of flour or a

chest of gold. He salves what he can put in his punt, and as he is a simple fellow, living remotely, ignorant of real values, his labor is as likely as not to be misapplied when his choice of salvage is left free. From one wreck—the wreck of the *Herder*—many bundles of whalebone were brought ashore at considerable risk in the confusion; but as it was of unpromising appearance, and as the night was bitter, it was thrown on the fire to keep folk cheery and warm. It made a good fire; the folk did not know until later that the fuel had cost them something like two dollars and a half a pound. Upon another occasion the wreck of the rich tramp *Scottish King* yielded many cases of champagne. It was suspected that this strange liquid had value—not the value of stout liquor, to be sure, but at least worth a price. What liquor came ashore was carefully preserved, and to this day, it is said, is brought out from safe hiding-places upon occasion; the champagne was disposed of to a sharp fellow from St. John's at ten cents a bottle.

"Well," a fisherman explained, "he *said* it wasn't worth no more; and it *tasted* just as if he was telling the truth about it."

By colonial law the salvor, at the discretion of the wrecking commissioner, is entitled to either a third or a half of the



DISASTER AND ITS PROFITABLE ISSUE ARE CELEBRATED AT A ROARING DANCE





THE MENACE OF ICE AND FOG IS ADDED TO THE MENACE OF THE COAST

value of what he brings ashore. It all depends upon the hazard of the operation. There are many sharp fellows in St. John's—sharp as knives and quite as unfeeling. News of a wreck ashore brings not only coast folk to the feast, but a swarm of these sharp fellows from St. John's as well. The St. John's wreckers—men of a much greater knowledge of the ways of the world—arrive in tugs, whalers, sealing steamers, or whatever craft is most convenient to charter. They take what they can, under the most onerous agreement they can make with the captain; and when they have made off with the most they can get, they deal with the little salvors from shore, frankly taking advantage of ignorance, where

possible, and afterward making a great joke of the natives' simplicity while the bottle goes round the table in the St. John's tap-rooms.

Sometimes, however—themselves living remotely from a greater world than their own—they are caught in a more cunning net of sharp practice. When the *Laurentian* went ashore on Mistaken Point of Cape Race, a St. John's salvor, of large pretensions to business craft, fetched back to his wharf a vast quantity of what seemed to be crude rubber. He was much flattered by his own discrimination in selecting this valuable merchandise while others risked their lives for salvage of a comparatively insignificant worth. When



the marine surveyor came up from New York to adjust the salvage claims, the St. John's salvor determined not to be outwitted. It was the time of the "rubber excitement." He was wise; he had the London quotations on crude rubber (the paper was in his pocket)—no Yankee marine surveyor could fool him!

The marine surveyor fixed the salvage allowance at one-half, and determined the value of the rubber.

"Not much," said the wise salvor.

"It is a fair valuation," protested the surveyor.

The salvor displayed his business wisdom in a long, loud laugh. He produced the London paper. "Latest quotations on crude rubber," said he.

"H'm!" the surveyor deliberated. "Just so."

"Come, now!" said the salvor. "You'll have to put the value of that rubber up a bit, my boy."

"I'll tell you what I'll do to get rid of that rubber," said the surveyor. "I'll sell it to you at just half the quoted price."

In this the salvor suspected the trick of a Yankee bluff. "Done," said he, instantly. It was the marine surveyor's turn to laugh a long, loud laugh when the salvor discovered that the consignment he had purchased was not crude rubber at all, but molded masses of what had once been galoshes, the whole mass worth about one-tenth of what he had paid for it. When the tale got down to the Cape Race coast, they laughed there, too.

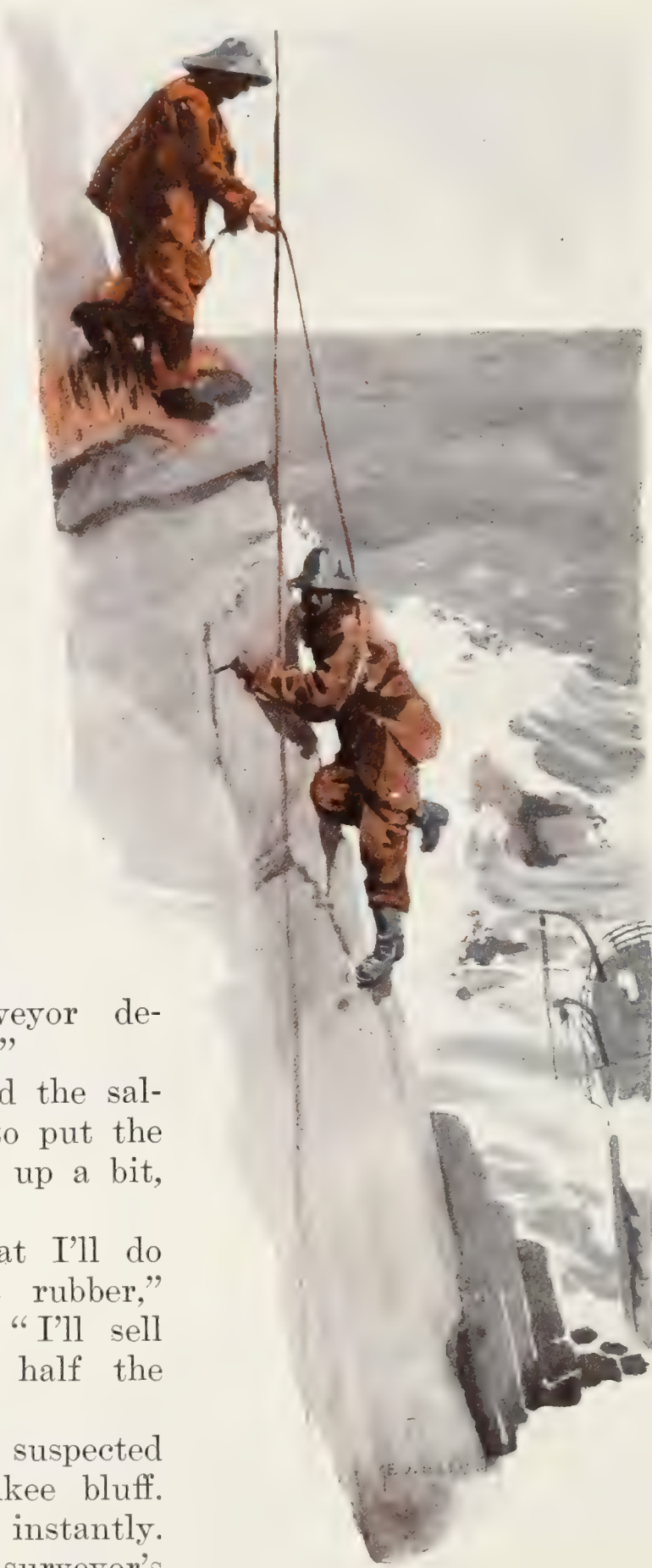
When the wreck is broken up and

gone to the bottom, when the marine surveyor has adjusted all claims and departed, when the good ship that has become a vanishing memory in the ports she once frequented, there is still some-

thing to be got from her. Every summer since about 1850 a wrecking schooner from Halifax has turned up on the coast; three generations of the same family have been profitably engaged in combing the bottom. The grandsons of the original Larder, themselves professional divers, will doubtless be followed in the business by their sons and their sons' sons; at least, the folk have become so used to the wrecking Larders that they never expect to be without them. These men go from wreck to wreck, not only stripping the latest hull, but searching the ancient hulks. Iron plates and parts of the engines are blasted out and hauled to the surface. Cases of liquors and French plate-glass in sheets twelve by fifteen feet have been

salved months after the ships went down.

It is a dangerous business, searching among the tangled mass of wreck in the battered hulks. The diver, taking quick advantage of sea and undertow, has little time for quick examination. He must



NO RISK IS TOO GREAT  
WHEN THE HARVEST IS RICH



instantly separate the water-soaked and worthless from the more promising cargo. Sometimes the labor is wasted; upon one occasion thirty casks of worthless bottle stoppers were salvaged at great risk. And curious things are fetched from the bottom. Once an iron-bound chest, addressed to Scotland Yard, and looking for all the world like a treasure-chest, was excitedly taken from the hold of a liner; and much to the chagrin of the wreckers, who opened it then and there in the highest expectation, it was found to contain nothing more valuable than a worthless file of water-soaked newspapers.

Singular and startling adventures happen to the divers while below. Not only do the air-tubes become entangled in the twisted wreckage, not only do heavy iron plates slip from shackles as they are being hoisted, but even the seasoned diver is sometimes subject to unexpected happenings. One of the Ladders, exploring the passengers' state-rooms on a sunken cattle-ship, had what he calls the fright of his life—"enough to scare the wits out of a cuttle-fish." It was dim below, almost quite dark. As he opened a state-room door a great steer rushed at him from the black and liquid interior. He was grasped by the fore-legs of the beast and jammed against the other side of the passage. Naturally he was terrified. Releasing himself as soon as possible, he frantically signaled to be hauled up. But he had not confronted the ghost of a steer, nor had he discovered a species of amphibious steer; he had merely encountered a carcass in motion in the current which had been set up by the opening in the state-room door. It is easily possible to fancy what had occurred when the cattle-ship went down; the steers had broken from the pens and overrun the ship in a panic.

"When I saw those big horns comin' at me," says the diver, "I thought the devil had me—or his cousin the devil-fish!"

Combing wrecks, new and old, is followed also by the coast folk. When the fishery is a failure, the punt fisherman locates what he can by means of a water-glass and employs a pair of ten-foot tongs to get his find to the surface. Much that he brings up is in the form of old iron and copper plates, bolts, and

the like, which he sells to the wrecking-schooner at six dollars a ton. In quiet weather the punts go peering over the in-shore shoals, searching not only for fragments of recent wrecks, but continuing sharply on the lookout for the bones of forgotten vessels.

From Cape Broyle to St. Shotts, a stretch of about fifty miles, the inhabitants of the rather widely scattered settlements are diligent wreckers upon occasion. When the case of the *Prodano* reached the courts, a curious bit of testimony cropped out. "Well, as a rule, sir," said the witness from Cape Race, in reply to the facetious barrister's sharp question, "we don't take no precautions to prevent wrecks." This, repeated, with a sly wink, to impress the stranger, constitutes a cruel libel on the folk of the cape neighborhood. The wreck of the *Tolesby*, the story of the rescue of her crew, and of the salvage of her cargo, is a case in point.

The *Tolesby* went ashore in a January gale—a big, bitter wind, blowing of a black night, thick with sleet and fog. Her crew were cast away on a narrow strip of strand, hemmed in by sheer cliffs, and soon to be submerged in a rising tide. When they were discovered in this imminent peril at dawn, a man of The Drook was promptly lowered over the edge of the cliff. For fifty feet he had no foothold, for a hundred he hung swinging in the sleety wind, and for fifty more he chafed over the face of the rock. The wrecked crew were hauled out of reach of the tide and stowed away in warm beds. Four of their number had already been cut off, and were clinging to a rock over which the larger breakers were running. It was the man from The Drook who brought them ashore. In the way of all good men, he was himself the last to leave the edge of the sea, now reduced to little more than a spray-swept foothold; and when they got him over the cliff at last, he was in harder case than the castaways whom he had saved.

"Lives before salvage!" is a proverb and religion on the Cape Race coast.

Lives had been saved; it was time for salvage—and the *Tolesby* was a rich cotton ship. There had never before been such a golden opportunity. But approach



to the wreck was only by way of the sea; and the sea was high—kicked into a rage by a January gale. Boarding was managed, however. It was an incredibly reckless operation; one of the salvors chanced his life in a leap from a plunging punt, and over the line he had carried aboard went his fellows. It must be remembered that the other end of the line was attached to a punt anchored in a sea so high that it tossed her about "like a cork in a whirlpool" and threatened every moment to engulf her. The boarders were as much in the sea as out of it in their progress to the wreck, and after all, nothing could be accomplished. The sea was too high for loading cotton; it was running at such a pitch, indeed, that it seemed impossible for the boarders to leave the ship, though she was in imminent danger of breaking up under their feet. Escape was managed with characteristic ingenuity. They rigged a ladder so that it projected out over the sea, and one by one they scrambled to the end and dropped into the punt—the punt tossing according to the will of the sea the while and the ladder swaying wildly as the pounding of the ship gave it motion.

Cargo washed into the cove of The Drook next day, and was salvaged by men who plunged into the surf with lines about their waists, fastened themselves like leeches to their bales, and were hauled ashore with them; and subsequently—when the ship had begun to break up—men were lowered over the cliff and proceeded with the perilous operation. They were so eager to be about it that sometimes half a dozen of them were simultaneously going hand over hand down the rope. It was a rich harvest, though reaped at the expense of great risk and suffering; when the marine surveyor left the coast he distributed twenty-eight thousand dollars in salvage earnings.

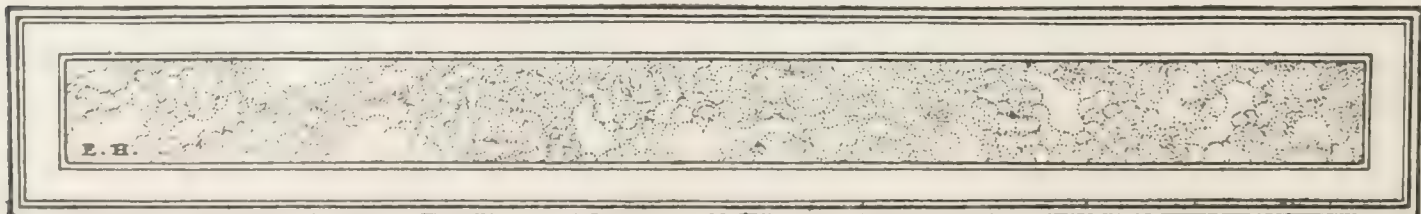
Very naturally they are looking for

another wreck like that of the *Tolesby*. God forbid, however, that they should wish any craft an evil future. But, anyhow, well—"while there is fog there is hope."

It is a coast to beware of. The better it is known the more it is feared. The skipper of a New York-St. John's liner, for a moment at a loss for a reckoning in the fog, took no chances, but instantly turned tail and headed for the open sea, where he lay six days waiting for the fog to lift.

Skeletons of many ships lie incrusting with barnacles off the cape this skipper would not trust—and the bones of many men. When the *Lady Sherbrooke* went down, to the west, years ago, five hundred and thirty lives perished with her. In the wreck of the transport ship *Harpooner*, at St. Shotts, two hundred and fifty were lost. The loss of the *Anglo-Saxon* cost a hundred and fifty lives. With the New York-St. John's liners *Cromwell* and *Washington*—both cast away in the same month of the same year, and supposedly within a few miles of each other—all hands went down. All hands were lost with the oil-tanker *Heligoland*, and all hands have vanished with many a full-rigged ship and schooner. A wrecking commissioner of Trepassey has in his period of office dealt with a hundred and fifteen wrecks; eleven of these occurred within one year in his district, and seven within one week.

It is no wonder the deep-sea skipper shakes in his sea-boots when the fog catches him in a treacherous current off that coast. Some of the rusted hulls of his forerunners in predicament serve as landmarks for off-shore fishermen; and on the wind-swept barrens of the heads, in graves marked with crosses raised by kindly hands, and snugly stowed away for good and all in the little graveyards of the settlements, lie the bones of hundreds of men who have been cast up by the sea.





# The Years

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

THE cities of America stand with arms of railroads reaching toward one another, and hands linked, and, swaying with life, they sing and whisper to one another over the wires and through the mail-bags. Yearly they draw closer together, reaching their arms about one another's necks, a solemn yet wild sisterhood. The plains, the hills, and the valleys come with gifts to adorn and feed the tall sisters, and the sisters give back gold and laughter and song. But though their faces are beautiful, their garments are soiled with slums.

Pittsburg, I think, is their siren—a smoky city, whose hair by day drifts gray over the darkening streets, and by night is gusts of fire flaring a lightning along the rivers. There she stands, a sky-scraper city set among a Y of rivers, and all circled with workshops and mills and mines. Her gift to the world is the bone-work of civilization—steel. And she is pitiless as Steel herself, a true siren luring men and women, and crushing them in her infernos. But what are men and women compared with white-hot, ten-ton ingots, the Bessemer converter, and the eight vapor-plumed pipes of the blast-furnace?

I had been wandering about the dusky city for a week, by day over the bridges to Alleghany and Homestead and McKees' Rocks, by night up and down Fifth Avenue—all a blaze of wild advertisements, sparkling shops, theaters and trolley-cars and tides of laughing people, a gash of brilliance among the darkened sky-scrapers, and each day I gained a deeper sense of life's oppression. Inevitably, then, on Thursday morning I revisited Crofton Hospital, where once I had been orderly for four absorbing months.

I remember the smell of antiseptic and the cool hush of the white entrance after the withering, sun-stricken streets. Panhurst, clean, capable, quick, a blue-eyed modern fighter, sat at his desk in

the little superintendent's room under a whizzing electric fan.

"Any orders, doctor?" I whispered.

He swung round.

"Thaddeus Stevens!" He was up and gripping my hand, and I smelt faint carbolic about him, and three years fell from me. "Bully! Where did you drop from?"

"Out of the everywhere," I laughed, "into the here."

He put a few sharp questions, and then he looked me over.

"You're not hunting for work, are you?"

"Not unless I have to," I said, wryly.

"We're hard pressed." He leaned near and spoke confidentially. "I could break the rule and take you on again as orderly."

"What's the trouble?"

"Partly heat—a bunch of sick babies, a lot of prostrations, D. T.'s—and there's an epidemic of typhoid. You've heard of the Logan Mine disaster, haven't you?"

I nodded. He spoke with crisp, professional interest:

"Forty-two killed, you know, and seventy mangled ones here. We're badly crowded. You'd better come on."

"It's too hot."

He put a hand lightly on my shoulder.

"Never mind. Think it over. I've got to get busy now. Foot it with me."

So we made the tour of the white wards;—in one, babies, assorted as many as twelve to a bed, and a heart-breaking crying, not to be listened to; in another, women, blissful with a peace they never knew on the streets or in the child-cluttered kitchen; in another, youths and men in all attitudes of suffering or convalescence, and, perhaps worst, the typhoid ward with its delirious mutterings. But everywhere the uniformed nurses and orderlies tripping softly, and everywhere Panhurst showing sharp vision and precise thought, a general in the field against disease. Yes,



everywhere there was a valiant, almost joyful battle to save human life and to abolish pain.

Yet I felt overborne with tragedy, feeling the beautiful, flaming city creating steel out of the agony, the poverty, and the death of her people, filling her hospitals, asylums, and jails with the failures, and her shanties and shacks with the fierce bread-struggle of the toilers. This then, I thought, is modern civilization; this is what machinery and cities cost the race. And how, I asked myself, does life persist in the face of this? What keeps the race going—besides sheer grit? I was free; my life was worth while; but these others?

Promising Panhurst to "think it over," I went out again on the sun-stricken streets, but my heart seemed dark with the tramp of humanity, the oppressed generations heroically clinging to a scheme of things that shattered them; and looking at the somewhat grimy people about me, I wanted to escape, to run off to the cool silences of the north woods or to the oblivion of the sea.

Then, loitering moodily along Fifth Avenue that afternoon, I paused and gazed absently in at a window full of imitation gems sparkling under skilfully placed electrics. A man, mopping his forehead, slouched beside me, peering eagerly. I turned and looked at him. And then I touched the hot plate-glass for support, while Pittsburg vanished from about me and a strange, sad joy filled me. I couldn't be quite sure after twenty-six years, and yet I could not be mistaken.

"Say," I murmured, softly, "are you Felix Storn?"

He turned and stared vacantly at me.

"Thad," I whispered.

He still stared. Then a queer, frightened look came to his eyes, and his voice lifted from his heart of hearts.

"Thad!"

Our eyes were blinded as we seized each other. The simple tragedy, the solemn miracle of it all was unbelievable. For we both must have been shaken by the same thought: that the world is the shadow of a dream, that in youth we saw it through a rainbow,

and that the rainbow had vanished, and the face we thought young was wrinkled. Felix and I had been next-door neighbors in old Yorkville, New York City, from boyhood up to manhood; we had grown as one; and it flashed on me that when I had left him, his first-born had just died and the young man's heart was broken. He had come up to my little hall-room, and sat, his face turned from the light, and had spoken very simply:—

"Laura didn't feel it when she was in bed—the kid was only five days old—but when she got up and saw its clothes and the empty crib, and when she went out walking and saw a baby on the street"—here he wept openly—"well, Thad, that's the way women are. She goes looking for it three or four times a day. We'll never get over this."

Then I had gone my way, and when I returned the Storns had departed. So I glanced timidly to see how he had borne the years, and I saw him looking shyly at me. He was a fine-looking man, not yet fifty, but his face had human history written in wrinkles and in the set of his features,—Felix, and yet a stranger, a man I had never met.

"Felix, how are *they*?" I didn't dare mention names, for fear of stumbling on death.

"Oh, they're well! And yours?"

"I have none—you know my mother died ten years ago—and I'm not married."

"Alone, Thad?"

"All alone."

"But you live here?"

"No—I live nowhere. Remember how I wanted to go tramping around the world, Felix?" He nodded. "That's all I've been doing. But you, but you, Lixie!"

The old nickname took his voice away for a moment.

"We're here—twenty minutes out! I—oh, I'm a mere merchant—men's furnishings. So you've been wandering about!"

"And nothing to show for it," I said, "but old age."

"Thad," he cried out, "oh, it's good you came to-day, and it's wonderful, it must be telepathy. We've a wedding in



our house to-night." He was radiant with the joy of it.

"A wedding," I gasped, "to-night. You have a daughter?"

"Yes, Alberta; she's twenty."

A thrill went through me. Yesterday I parted from him; to-day a daughter of twenty is being married! And he was laughing—

"Oh, I'm a patriarch—six children, three boys, three girls. Look!" Out of his pocket he pulled an eight-sided leather folder, and flung it out with both hands, disclosing eight photographs, and I saw likenesses to mother and father, while my flesh tingled with the unreality of it all.

"Isabel there, and John, are married. I'm a grandfather, Thad!"

He might as well have told me he was two-headed. I leaned, and whispered boy-fashion, "Lixie, let's get up a taffy-pull and invite Laura Shaw, she's sweet on you, Lixie." So I had whispered back in some bygone year; but I added, "And we'll wake up then, for we're dreaming!"

His hand, grasping my arm, was trembling. "Keep still now and come home; you've got to come."

"In these clothes?"

"We'll fix you up. My mother will be tickled to death to see you."

His mother; so she was still living. Of course children think of their parents and their friends' parents as being old even if they are thirty, but I remembered Lixie's mother as a vivacious, quick little woman, quite pretty, and very sensible and shrewd. She used to give me a bar of chocolate when I came over to see Lixie, but once I broke a pane of glass in her house, and she boxed my ears pretty soundly and sent me howling home. My mother made me earn money, five cents a day, helping in the kitchen, and it was ages before I paid for a new pane.

So we took the train out, and in twenty minutes reached a shining, summer-fragrant suburb, with smooth road winding among trees and lawns and picture-houses. All the way we talked, drawing together in tender joy, and Lixie told me about the twenty-six years, the struggle to get a foothold in

Pittsburg, the years of debt and toil and poverty, the final modest success. I told him a little about my gipsying, my light, fleet life over the States, the joy and absorption of free traveling. It made him thoughtful.

"Compared with yours," he said, "mine has been a narrow life, Thad; money-getting, children's diseases, school, and marriage—we've had everything in the family from the mumps to scarlet."

"Oh," I murmured, "you've gone deep—I, far. That's the only difference."

"My children can go far for me," he laughed. "There's Henry; he's been as far as the coast, but he's settling down in New York. But of course he'll be here to-day." And, walking in the pleasant sunshine, he told me with great pride of the good marriage his daughter Isabel had made; Fred Walton was a rising young civil engineer.

The house stood a little back from the road, a small, neat, red-and-brown two-story-and-attic, and on the porch, in a deep wicker rocker, sat a little white-haired woman, spectacles on nose, taking the breeze, rocking, and reading;—the vivacious and pretty woman who had boxed my ears.

"Yes, it's my mother!" said Lixie.

We went up on the porch, and the little woman looked at me puzzled, and then glanced inquiringly at her son.

"Mother," he said, with a breaking voice, "you remember Thad Stevens?"

She rose and took off her specs.

"Oh, Thad!" she cried, "Thad, I'd never have known you!"

She laughed, inspected me, shook hands. Evidently she was used to all sorts of things happening, and my change and reappearance seemed natural enough.

"How long is it?" she asked; and while Lixie went in to get Laura down, we sat together, and she began immersing me in the past, making it real again, pulling out the old facts with remarkable memory for detail, speaking as one speaks who has reached the peak of life, and having no more to climb, looks back over the landscape of the years.

"Yes, everybody liked your father, children especially. Whenever I think of him"—her laughter was a sweet, smothered tinkle—"I think of his hav-



ing shaved his beard off. He and your mother were calling one evening, and he whispered to me, 'Lola, I think I'll have my beard shaved off and surprise Edna.' 'Don't do it, Teddy,' I said, and I never thought any more of it, and never missed him. Pretty soon a strange man stood there." She put her hand on my knee and laughed with all her wrinkles, "I never knew him, Thad! But your mother! She looked and looked. All of a sudden she ran out into the pantry and wanted to cry. And what do you think she said to him? 'I won't go home with you, Teddy. People will think I'm with another man!'"

My knowledge of the world, my rather light-hearted life, seemed to fail me then. I felt very young and simple, and smelt the very fragrance and tasted the very sensations of those old streets and the busy life with my mother and father and my next-door friends.

Then Lixie came out with a sweet, frail, middle-aged woman, gray-haired, and face drawn a little with much experience and long struggle. She was almost shy, she who had been the little, laughing, brown-eyed girl sweet on Felix Storn, she who had pulled taffy with him all a July afternoon, she who when that first child was born seemed a mere child herself, broken-hearted at nineteen.

"Mr. Stevens!" she said, with quaint awkwardness, "we're surprised and delighted to see you again, to have you here to-day."

She gave me her hand. I felt, however, that my appearance displeased her. I laughed.

"Lixie's going to fix me up—make me respectable!"

Her manner changed then, softened. "I didn't mean—do you want to go up now?"

We went up then, and Lixie and I dressed as if we were boys together on East Eighty-third Street, cursing as of old over stiff shirt and collar buttons. But all the while I heard the voices and laughter of girls in the room adjoining, and I began to feel what a miracle was taking place in the house, how wonderful to a family is a new marriage, and how solemn and exciting it is.

We met Lixie's mother coming up the

stairs. "I'm going to pin on Alberta's veil myself," she said. "Isabel looked horrid when she was married!"

Laura was busy in the kitchen; but on the porch I met the two boys, Henry and Felix. I was a mere curiosity to them, but to me they were strangely familiar, so much of their parents was in them, both looks and manners. While we sat, man-fashion, trying to belittle the rising emotions in our hearts, trying to convince ourselves that marriage was an every-day affair, a carriage stopped, and we were overwhelmed with children. It was Isabel and John, one with husband and four-year-old boy and tiny baby, the other with wife and three-year-old girl. And when I saw those children twining their arms about Lixie's neck and whispering "Grandpa!" I felt tremulously old. All the unreality of life returned upon me.

But it was as if the quiet house was invaded by fairies; a light, sweet will-o'-the-wisp gleam played about piping voices, shrill laughter, and pattering feet, and I was down on the floor in no time, romping with boy and girl, and wondering how I was so young, while about me hovered young mothers seemingly crazed over the helpless infant, and making a great business of rubber nipple, safety-pins, and rattle.

Then the air seemed to tremble with something momentous and majestic, and a subdued, nervous stir came upon all. The minister went into the lighted, flower-fragrant parlor, the pianist was hidden in another room, close girl-friends whispered to one another crowding into the crowded house, and John was arranging signals between up stairs and down. A moment the bride leaned over the balustrade, and I heard her low voice:

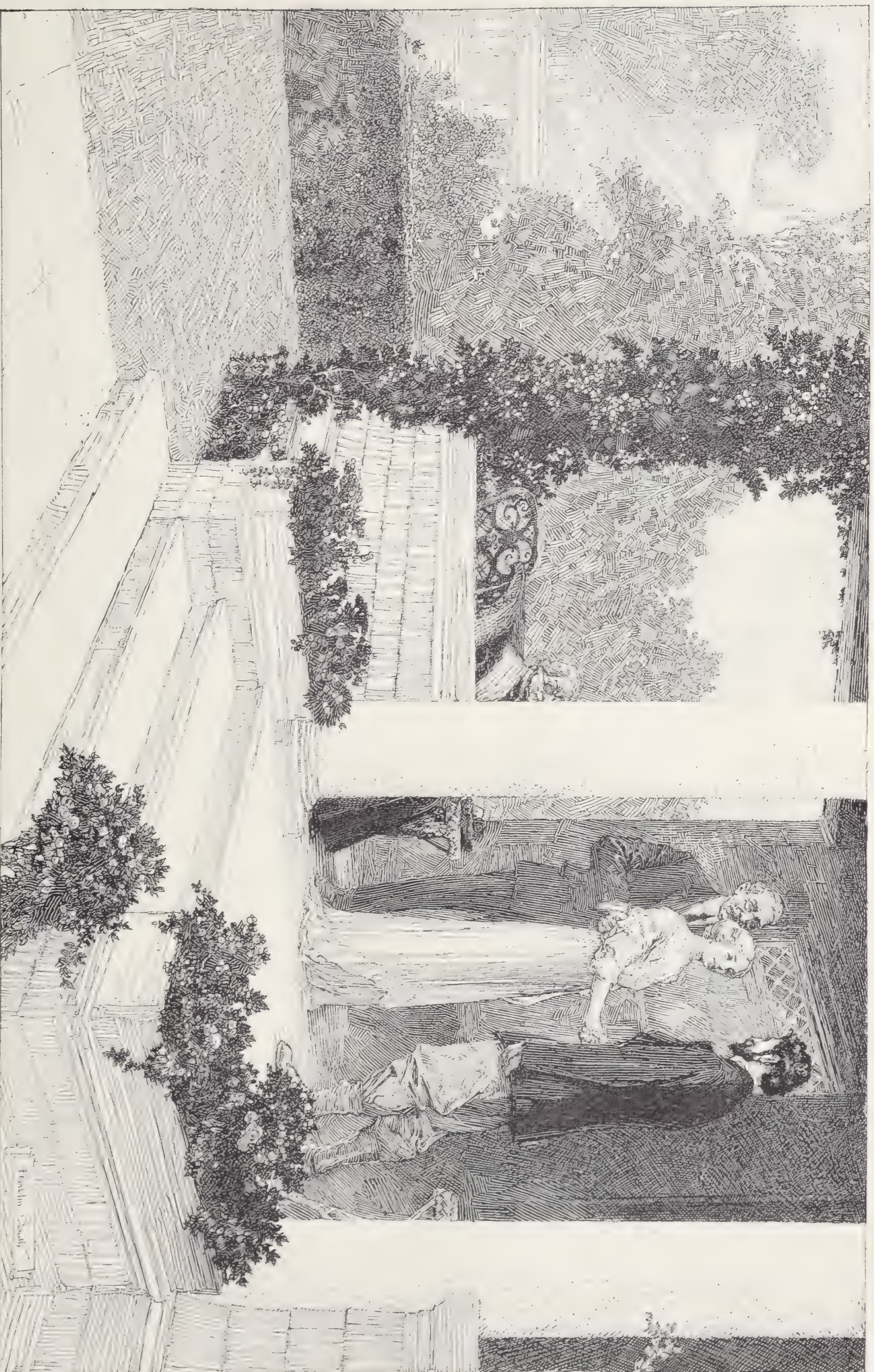
"He must play a few minutes before I start. Why isn't daddy up here?"

A strange girl whispered beside me, excitedly: "Did you see her? She's beautiful! Her cheeks are all flushed!"

A sort of fear came upon me, an excitement as if I were witnessing something that meant life and death. We crowded into the parlor, sat down, left a lane open to the flower-canopied minister, and all about me were pale faces turned toward the open doorway.

Through the open windows I saw the





*Drawn by Franklin Booth*

"WE'RE SURPRISED AND DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU HERE TO-DAY"







dark purple of summer twilight on the low field opposite, I heard a sweet sound of bees and crickets, and within doors a tremulous whispering, a fierce, suppressed activity in the peace of all creation. Awkwardly then a young man, his face haggard, stood beside his father before the minister, and we waited.

I heard John's voice: "Go ahead! Begin! Alberta! Tess!"

The music pulsed slowly, like a slow, mighty wind setting the still, deep waters of our hearts a-tremble, filling us with a joyful oppression; and then Tess, the bridesmaid, moved in alone, putting one foot before the other with all the majesty of eighteen, moved down among us, and in the doorway we saw Felix, head bowed, lips tight, his arm through the arm of the young bride. She was beautiful, giving herself, veiled and blossom-crowned, to the mysterious moment, pacing with never-ending slowness, lids lowered and burning cheeks—the greatest hour of her fate.

They stood side by side, and the simple words sounded, and all that had seemed the shadow of a dream became real. Through these two, I thought, the race rolls on, as it rolled on through Lola Storn, and through her children and her children's children, and all the obscure years of fussing with children, of getting money and meat and drink, of fighting sickness and poverty, and all the feuds, the quarrels, the irritations—yes, all that Felix had passed through, reached meaning through this,—that tillage brought this harvest. All that is beautiful in life was disclosed—the brief and ancient pilgrimage of beings who may have been full of faults and erring days, but now showed the piercing glory of the human heart: courage and reverence and the love that binds us. We trembled with shame-hidden tears as their young voices said so simply that beyond doubt they would love and cherish and honor each other in sickness and misfortune and health and happiness, ever striving to lift each other's lives to higher levels, until the very death. So sure were

they of life's grandeur and love's deathlessness. Then the ring, the pronouncement, and the pause: Tess unpinned Alberta's veil, and the young man and wife turned to each other with all the tenderness of love, clasping, kissing deep, and in the sweet release we rose, half-laughing, half-crying, with hearty words, and kissed the lovely new wife.

Then we sat around that sparkling table, and there flowed with the wine the deepest spirit of earth, those waters from hidden springs that reach back a million years: the give-and-take and touch and radiance of the ancient relationships: parents and children, brothers and sisters, husband and wife.

I knew then that what I had seen in the hospital—the tragedy of life and its overcoming by sheer grit—were but items in the splendid years. Even the heart-break of Felix and Laura over their first-born's death was but a broken corner in the wheat-fields. Not the tragedy and its overcoming alone had brought the race through its dark ages and kept it alive—no, but this—this common family life, so changeless through the centuries, swallowing the tragedy in spaces of white light,—just plain human love.

Late that night I looked out the car-window and saw the Bessemer converter showering up a swirl of golden sparks, and all the water-side flamed: and I knew that the smoky Siren, the dusky sister of Steel, could never wholly crush her peoples, could never really darken their lives; for near and far, and up and down the night, lights burned in shanty and shack, and human families were struggling there. And the love that has not been sullied by a million years of wars and tyrants and devastations, and that has been great enough to create all the glories we know, sowing the continent with cities that whisper to one another over the wires—that love is great enough to re-create this world and tame even the Siren City.

It was after midnight that I reported for duty at Crofton Hospital.



# The New Meaning of Public Health

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

Formerly General Agent of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor

THE modern public health-officer is distinguished by his essentially religious attitude toward life. The peculiar character of his responsibilities compels him to visualize the community as a whole, to concern himself not so much with individual cases of disease, or indeed ultimately with disease at all, as with the economic and social conditions that are at the foundation of public health. The aggregate life inevitably acquires for him a certain heightened value, as if it were the material God had given man to build a world with. "The modern spirit of social religion"—so runs a recent bulletin of the New York City Health Department—"demands the reduction of the death-rate, the extension of the vigorous working period, the prevention of misery, suffering, and inefficiency." Men in their organized social and political relationships have acquired for this newer type of public health-officer the dignity of co-workers with God in His creative evolution.

Interestingly enough, it is the State of Pennsylvania, with its many scars of economic and political anarchy, that today offers the salient American illustration of the new temper in public health work. There, as elsewhere, the present State health organization sprang from the discovery of the parasitic and preventable nature of communicable diseases; but there, as elsewhere too, the mastery of the communicable diseases has brought the service face to face with the facts that epidemics find their channels of least resistance among the poor, and that back of all disease, whether communicable or not, stand adverse social and economic conditions whose remedy demands the co-operation of an enlightened statesmanship. The law creating the present State department dates from 1905, and followed the stamping-out of a State-wide epidemic of smallpox by certain

members of the existing staff. To apply to all communicable diseases the technique which had won public confidence in the fight against smallpox was, accordingly, the department's first obligation. In one of his earlier addresses the Commissioner, Dr. Samuel J. Dixon, pledged his department to "a Pennsylvania in which there shall be no typhoid, no scarlet fever, no meningitis, no malaria, no smallpox; a Pennsylvania in which no young man or woman shall languish with tuberculosis; a Pennsylvania in which no children shall die of diphtheria. So long as any of these diseases exist, they are a reproach to the State, because the method of eliminating them is known." But his programme did not stop here. "To go hand in hand with the people through the darkness of ignorance and disease into the sunlight of right living," was, he said, the further aim of the department. And this larger purpose carried his vision beyond the traditional limits of the medical service: "The creation by the people of governmental agencies for the preservation of the public health marks a new conception of governmental responsibilities."

The chart and compass of the department is the Bureau of Vital Statistics kept by the State Registrar, Dr. Wilmer R. Batt. Before the Registrar always lies a working map of Pennsylvania. Day by day, and week by week, there flow in to him records of births, marriages, and deaths, and—what from an administrative point of view is of even greater value—records of present sickness. From his point of vantage, he looks out upon the aggregate life of the State. At any moment he is able to advise the Commissioner as to the level of life in the commonwealth, he knows where the cases of illness are, and his current analysis of the flux of life and death reveals the strongholds of disease and registers the efficiency of the attacking service.



Grouped about the Commissioner and the Bureau of Vital Statistics—the scouting wing of the department—are the various fighting divisions: the Divisions of Medical Inspection, Laboratories, and Biological Products, aimed primarily at the conquest of diphtheria, smallpox, and kindred infections; the Divisions of Tuberculosis Dispensaries and Sanatoria; the Division of Sanitary Engineering, charged with the cleansing of streams and the elimination of typhoid and other filth diseases; and, merging and going in advance of them all, the Division of Educational Publicity, which, through newspaper “talks,” leaflets, public lectures, and traveling exhibits, takes the people into the department’s confidence and wins the co-operation of an enlightened public opinion.

The technique of the department is illustrated by the campaign it has organized against diphtheria. Among the well-to-do, who could afford competent physicians and commercial anti-toxin, diphtheria had lost its old terror; through the work of the German scientist Behring, its cure had long since been established. But in the State at large, the case mortality before 1905 fluctuated between forty and fifty per cent.—that is, from forty to fifty among each hundred who contracted diphtheria died. Obviously, diphtheria was essentially a problem of poverty, and it was to the poor that the department turned.

Pennsylvania was not without able private physicians, neither was it entirely lacking in efficient local health boards. But the swift, pell-mell, anarchistic exploitation of its rich mineral resources had bred the mental attitude of the mining camp that stakes life lightly on the chance of quick wealth. There was abundant evidence that the death-rate from diphtheria was high; but how widely the disease was distributed, precisely where the centers of infection were, no one had bothered to find out. The community had not awakened to the importance of such knowledge.

The law of 1905 not only requires the reporting of all cases of diphtheria (as of other communicable diseases) by the attending physician, but equips the department with adequate police power for its enforcement. The moment a case is re-

ported, the department sees to the establishment of quarantine either through the local authorities or, in their absence, directly. If the patient can afford competent medical care, well and good; if not, the department supplies the treatment. It supplies anti-toxin from its own laboratories, supplies it through its own physicians, and takes full responsibility for the result. In the Division of Medical Inspection through which this curative work is done, there are sixty-six medical inspectors; one hundred and five deputy medical inspectors, who have power to take charge of all suspicious cases that appear in railway stations or on trains; six hundred and seventy local health-officers distributed throughout the State; and, since January 1, 1912, one thousand inspectors to safeguard the schools. To facilitate and give additional accuracy to the work of this division, the department operates laboratories in Philadelphia for special microscopic investigations and the manufacture of biological products. From these laboratories diphtheria anti-toxin is distributed to the poor through six hundred and fifty-six stations located at strategic points in the State.

Every precaution is taken by the Bureau of Vital Statistics to prevent the spread of the disease through faulty diagnosis or the occurrence of death through improper care.

A record recently came to Dr. Batt’s desk in which a physician attributed the death of a little girl to acute *miocarditis*, with *toxic neuritis* as the secondary cause. These terms were suspiciously vague. “Will you kindly state,” Dr. Batt immediately demanded, “whether the poisoning indicated by the word *toxic* was accidental or otherwise?” The physician explained that the case had been in charge of another doctor until a few days before death. “When I was called in, the child had been subject to throat trouble, and a few weeks before the symptoms of neuritis appeared had had an attack of supposed tonsilitis. This *might* have been diphtheritic.”

It was apparent from this confession that a case of diphtheria had been improperly diagnosed, and that whether deliberately or not the cause of death had not been accurately described. A departmental inspector was on the ground at



once to trace the history of the case, to disinfect the house where the death had occurred, to see to the enforcement of quarantine, to immunize any who might have been exposed to infection, and generally to forestall a fresh outbreak of the disease.

The extent to which the department will go in preventing the spread of contagion is shown by its discipline of an unruly local health board. It happens that the case before me has to do with scarlet fever, but the method of procedure would have been the same had it involved smallpox, diphtheria, or any other of the infectious diseases. Certain physicians in one county had stirred up antagonism against the ruling health board on the ground that they were subjecting the people to undue hardship by their enforcement of the quarantine law, and as a result of public criticism the board resigned. The first act of the incoming board was to order the local health-officer to disinfect the houses in which scarlet fever had existed and to lift the quarantine, although the quarantine period prescribed by law had not expired. The local health-officer notified the State Department. Commissioner Dixon telegraphed the secretary of the local board that "if the several premises are not immediately replacarded and the quarantine regulations observed, summary action will be taken at once against the several members of the board." The law reads: "Any person who shall violate any of the quarantine restrictions imposed by this act . . . shall, for every such offense, upon conviction thereof in a summary proceeding before any magistrate or justice of the peace of the county wherein such offense was committed, be sentenced to pay a fine of not less than fifty dollars (\$50), or more than one hundred dollars (\$100), to be paid to the use of said county, or to be imprisoned in the county jail for a period of not less than ten or more than thirty days, or both, at the discretion of the court." It is well known that the State department does not hesitate to use its police powers in enforcing the law. The result of Commissioner Dixon's telegram was that the local board requarantined the infected premises the next morning and made further action on his part unnecessary.

"It has been the experience of the department," the Commissioner's secretary writes me, "that prosecutions instituted for well-defined violations of the health laws increase respect for the department among the people and promote efficiency in the service. In few if any instances have these prosecutions created antagonism or ill feeling even on the part of those who are required to pay fines or costs."

Formerly the case fatality from diphtheria in Pennsylvania fluctuated between forty and fifty per cent. From October, 1905, to and including December 31, 1910, the department treated 27,318 poor patients for diphtheria, and of this number only eight and one-half per cent. died; it immunized 20,294 who had been exposed to infection, and of these less than two per cent. developed diphtheria, and of this two per cent. only six per cent., or less than one-ninth of one per cent. of the total immunized group, died! The State's Registrar calculates that in a little more than three years "the State Department of Health's free distribution of anti-toxin has saved over eight thousand lives, at an average cost of seven dollars each, and prevented contagion in several thousands of cases at an average cost of two dollars."

Similar progress has attended the campaigns against tuberculosis and typhoid fever. One hundred and fourteen dispensaries for the use of the tuberculous poor have been opened in various parts of the State, and the Health Department operates one large sanatorium, and has acquired sites for two more. The Division of Sanitary Engineering is rapidly extending its supervision over the drainage systems and water supplies of the commonwealth, with the result that there is good ground for predicting that in ten years typhoid will have become a rare disease.

The time is not ripe to say that the technical methods of the department are in all respects above criticism. In its handling of the difficult problem of tuberculosis, for example, the best experience of other communities does not appear to have been adequately considered. The one point upon which experts are agreed is that the most effective means of pre-



venting the spread of tuberculosis is the segregation of advanced cases, and that hospitals for the care of such cases should be near the centers of population. In Ohio, Minnesota, Connecticut, and New York, for instance, laws have been enacted for the establishment of county hospitals for consumptives. It is held that advanced cases should not be removed far from their homes, both because of the physical strain attending travel, and also because in their last days they have a right to be near their friends. Whether the remote sanatoria in Pennsylvania can be made to serve the needs of these advanced cases remains doubtful. Moreover, the rapid extension of the dispensary system has resulted in inequality of standards, and persistent labor will be required to bring them to a level of uniform efficiency. Nevertheless, no State has grappled with its health problem so boldly as Pennsylvania. On all hands communicable diseases are being brought under control. In reviewing the first three years of the department's work, the Commissioner is able to show that, in addition to the eight thousand lives saved from diphtheria, the deaths from tuberculosis have been reduced by a thousand annually, that the typhoid death-rate has been more than cut in two, and that "at least fifty thousand people have been spared each year from the ravages of acute disease."

And yet the general death-rate has made no corresponding decline. The mastery of communicable diseases has hardly more than played upon the surface of the State's health problem. Obviously, back of these communicable diseases causes have been at work to impair the commonwealth's fundamental vitality. In the absence of statistics covering a sufficiently long period in Pennsylvania, one is led to infer that there as in the Registration Area—the group of States (up to 1880 Massachusetts and New Jersey only, but in 1908 seventeen States, with a little more than half the nation's population) whose mortality statistics are accepted as accurate by the Federal Census Bureau—there has been an actual increase in the death-rate from accidents and from the diseases usually described as "degenerative," whose causes

are traced by experts to unintelligent habits of living among all classes, and especially to adverse social and economic conditions among the poor.

We have been so greatly impressed during recent years by the conquest of infectious diseases and the lengthening of the *average* life, that we have overlooked the fact that the *full span* of life has not been lengthened, and that in certain important age groups the death-rate has actually gone rapidly up.

The most striking fact revealed by a comparison of the mortality statistics of the Registration Area for the census periods ending in the years 1880, 1890, and 1900, together with the average for the years 1906, 1907, and 1908, is that while there has been an encouraging decline in the deaths per thousand of population in the age groups under forty, above forty the reverse has been true. For example, in the age group under twenty, the total number of deaths in each thousand of population within the group has *decreased* 18 per cent.; between twenty and thirty, 12 per cent.; between thirty and forty, slightly more than 2 per cent. But after forty the index shifts sharply from progress to retrogression. In the age group between forty and fifty, the number of deaths in each thousand of population within the group has *increased* 13 per cent.; between fifty and sixty, 29 per cent.; and in the group above sixty, the increase has been about 26½ per cent. And when a further inquiry is made into the causes of these surprising phenomena, it is found that since 1880 the death-rate from cancer has increased 104 per cent.; from the so-called "degenerative" diseases—affections of the heart, blood vessels, and kidneys, "dropsy," and the like—also 104 per cent.; and from accidents, 48 per cent. To say that these increases are the natural consequences of the lengthening of the *average* life, which carries an increasing number into the advanced age groups, is fallacious, because it is not the actual number of deaths only, but the death-rate within the group, that has increased. The fact that the mortality from the "degenerative" diseases in the age group between forty and fifty—the years of ripe experience when social usefulness should be at its maximum—has increased by 60



per cent., shows that living conditions are fundamentally wrong.

This is the view of Mr. E. E. Rittenhouse, president of an important life-insurance society, under whose authority the facts here stated were recently published. "It is apparent," he says, "that the business, social, and domestic conditions which make such heavy demands upon brain, nerve, and artery, must be corrected, or a greater degree of bodily resistance must be built up. Just as in business life we draw largely upon modern invention and the resources of science to increase efficiency and reduce waste, so we must avail ourselves of such knowledge as science now affords us in the care of our bodies and the systematizing of our lives." And reflecting upon the traditional indifference with which we Americans tolerate human waste, he takes the essentially religious attitude that increasingly characterizes men whose obligations compel them to visualize the aggregate life of the community. "Perhaps," he observes, "we can best make for efficient longevity by bearing in mind that life is a *trust* fund, which should neither be hoarded with parsimonious and sterile solicitude, nor expended with lavish and futile extravagance."

The problems presented by this analysis of the mortality statistics of the Registration Area are not health problems in the traditional and narrow medical sense, but they are health problems nevertheless. They involve the social and economic factors that underlie all disease whatsoever, undermine the vigor of the body politic, and make disease possible—defective education, unemployment, low wages, child labor and the sweating of women, bad factory conditions, insanitary housing, the turbulence of our business and industrial methods. Their solution demands a new type of socially enlightened statesmanship whose policies and administrative methods shall be determined, not by market quotations and trade balances only, but also, and indeed primarily, by the currently registered level of life in the community.

The Pennsylvania Department of Health realizes that, as time goes on, it will serve the community quite as much by guiding social legislation as by combating communicable disease. One who

sees the chart in Dr. Batt's office in Harrisburg on which he has diagrammed the functions of the department is struck by the importance he attaches to such matters as wages, housing, the nature and conditions of employment. The new meaning of public health is transforming the public health-officer from a sanitary policeman to a counselor of state.

Because the modern health-officer has developed a technique for the accumulation and constructive interpretation of the social and economic facts that are at the basis of public health and should be at the basis of legislation, Federal as well as State, there is a growing conviction on the part of economists, social workers, the newer generation of public men, and the people at large, that he should have a place in the national councils. It was this conviction that led Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, to bring before the Sixty-first Congress a bill for the establishment of "a Department of Public Health under the supervision of the Secretary of Public Health, who shall be appointed by the President a Cabinet officer."

Following the introduction of Senator Owen's bill, public hearings were held that were not confined to the rooms of Congressional committees. Opponents and advocates of the measure carried on a heated debate, by no means free from acrimony or misrepresentation, which resulted in confusing the public mind both with regard to the scope and efficiency of the existing Federal Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, and also with regard to the new functions which the enlarged service contemplated in Senator Owen's bill would be called upon to perform.

The history of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service goes back to July 16, 1798, when Congress passed an act for the relief of sick and disabled seamen. Since that time its responsibilities have been gradually enlarged until to-day it ranks among the foremost national health services in the world. Its commissioned corps consists of a hundred and twenty-nine medical officers under a Surgeon-General attached to the staff of the Secretary of the Treasury. It operates twenty-one marine hospitals and one hundred and forty-one re-



lief stations for the care of seamen. It administers the national quarantine laws and regulations, and to this end maintains forty-three quarantine stations in the United States and its possessions. It is responsible for the medical inspection of immigrants; it enforces the law regulating the sale of viruses, serums, and toxins in interstate traffic, and for this purpose has established the official standard units for diphtheria and tetanus antitoxin; it furnishes medical treatment to officers and crews of the Revenue Cutter Service, seamen employed on the vessels of the Mississippi River Commission, on the vessels of the Engineer Corps of the Army, keepers and crews of the United States Life-saving Service, officers and seamen on the vessels of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, and non-enlisted seamen on the United States Army transports. It makes physical examination of applicants for enlistment in the Revenue Cutter and Life-saving Services, and of the men who seek licenses as masters and pilots in the merchant marine. And it maintains an extensive hygienic laboratory for the investigation of infectious and communicable diseases and "matters pertaining to the public health."

The recent growth of the Federal Health Service has closely paralleled that of Pennsylvania, and for similar reasons. A majority of the States are still inadequately equipped for handling the acute sanitary problems that arise with sudden epidemics. When such epidemics baffle the local authorities, the tendency is to turn to Washington for help. The strength of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, both with Congress and with the people, is due principally to its splendid efficiency at such critical times. Famous examples of the capacity of its experts are the conquest of yellow fever in New Orleans by Surgeon J. H. White, the eradication of bubonic plague from San Francisco and the Pacific Coast by the present Surgeon-General, Dr. Rupert Blue, and the cleansing of typhoid from Yakima County, Washington, by Past Assistant Surgeon L. L. Lumsden.

It is perpetually being said by the over-ardent advocates of a national department of health that while the Federal govern-

ment hurries to the assistance of hogs sick with cholera, of sheep afflicted with scabies, or cattle dying of Texas fever, nothing is done for the poor mother languishing with tuberculosis. Such a statement is as misleading as the favorite declaration of the opponents of a national health department, that its creation would give the Federal authorities tyrannical powers over the personal liberties of the people. Under the Constitution, the Federal health-officers may ordinarily enter no State except upon the request of the State authorities; and while, in theory, the national government must intervene when the inability of a State to control disease makes a local epidemic an interstate menace, scrupulous care is always taken to keep the Federal police power in harmonious subordination to the police power of the States. On the other hand, whenever the citizens of a State appeal through their elected officers to the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service for aid they never fail to get it.

Heretofore, the chief obstacle to satisfactory co-operation between Federal and State health-officers has been the perversion of a perfectly normal instinct. When it is remembered how recently the possibility of a famine was the greatest of all menaces to public health, it is not surprising that the people should have made the protection of their food supply their first concern. An adequate food supply is at the foundation of the possibility of health. But time and again the commercial interests of various communities have taken advantage of this normal instinct to prejudice the public mind against essential health measures, on the ground that to admit the existence of contagious disease would hurt business.

A classic instance is that of San Francisco and the bubonic plague. In 1900 a case of plague was discovered in the city. Under our treaty agreements with foreign nations we were obliged to publish the fact. But the leading citizens of San Francisco were immediately up in arms. They denied the existence of the disease; they sent delegations to Washington to prevent appropriate action by the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service. Their attitude was expressed by a judge, who, in declaring illegal the quarantine of the infected district by the city health



department, said: "If it were within the province of this court to decide the point, I should hold that there is not now and never has been a case of plague in this city." In the mean time, members of the Federal Health Service persevered in publishing the facts and in safeguarding foreign and interstate commerce. By 1907, when a fresh outbreak of the disease occurred in San Francisco, public opinion was ripe for an appeal to Washington. Immediately the Federal Service took charge of the situation, and organized a campaign that has not only eradicated the plague, but has also revolutionized methods of public sanitation along the entire Western coast.

As a civil army for combating disease, the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service needs nothing but increased appropriations to meet every demand that can constitutionally be made upon it. It has thoroughly mastered the technique of handling epidemics, and the work of its medical-research laboratories has a unique international reputation. If it had more money at its command, it would gladly make itself the center of information on the best methods devised for the handling of conventional public health problems. But the ablest minds in the service keenly realize that the conquest of infectious and communicable diseases, while the large, crude, immediate task, hardly more than skims the surface. They, too, have been led by the peculiar character of their responsibilities to visualize the community as a whole; for them, too, the aggregate life of the nation has acquired a heightened value as the material God has intrusted to the people to build a civilization with. They clearly foresee the time when medical research will have increasingly to be directed to those adverse social and economic conditions that stand back of all disease, undermine the national vigor, and make disease possible. They understand that the problems that the new knowledge is bringing to the front will require the co-operation of a new type of socialized statesmanship for their solution.

To the observer in Washington, nothing is so remarkable as the apparently total obliviousness of our politicians to the newer social and economic questions that

have arisen in our national life. The issues that are principally debated in Congress are essentially the same as those that have filled *Congressional Records* for generations. It is a strange anachronism that of a little less than six and one-half hundred millions appropriated by Congress in 1910, more than five hundred and nine millions should have been for military pensions and preparations for war. An examination of the Federal budget, of current legislation, indeed of Presidential messages, gives little hint that our public men are aware that we have ceased to be a nation of small farmers, merchants, and independent mechanics; or that there are such things in the United States as a criminally high infant mortality, ruinous child labor, the sweating of women, an increasing prevalence of poverty, unemployment, and crime. Except for the "trust" investigations and an interminable wrangle over the tariff, Congressmen and Senators take little cognizance of the fact that the nationalization of our industrial machinery has made these social problems matters of Federal concern.

In England, Germany, and other European countries, the nationalization of industry has been attended with the development of national health programmes in the form of insurance against sickness, invalidism, unemployment, and old age. In the light of experience with legislation in America, it is doubtful whether any similar action will be taken by our government except under the pressure of an enlightened public opinion. To-day we are grossly ignorant of the state of our human resources. Even the national birth and death rates are unknown. Sporadic investigations by philanthropic societies and various Federal departments make it certain that tuberculosis and kindred diseases, child labor, unemployment, and the like are impairing the national vitality; but our information is too scattered and imperfect to compel remedial action. The attitude of our statesmen toward human conservation is as complacent as it formerly was toward the conservation of our material resources. And it is probable that this ruinous complacency will continue until a department has been created with facilities adequate to the continuous accumulation of facts for the public.



# The Eyes of the Gazelle

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

FEW, comparatively, are the Federal district-attorneys in the United States. This makes it necessary in telling about the adventure of the girl with the gazelle eyes—whose story, by the way, is much more true than untrue—to conceal the identity of one of them in a makeshift way by calling him Everett Edwards Brevoort.

If any think for a moment that this Brevoort showed the slightest trace of his Dutch ancestry in his appearance, they merely show their ignorance of America. America cuts men out of her own pattern, all forebears to the contrary notwithstanding. America made Brevoort tall, and not only angular, but also rectangular. He was so rectangular that he seemed to be just the sort of a creature that America so often likes to mold by tamping the soft, plastic material into the rectangles of streets, such as Wall and Nassau, for instance, or down a Chicago elevator shaft, or a Philadelphia mail chute. He was the adamant, rectangular product of an adamant, rectangular American city. He was the pattern of American success. He was the form of clear, cold, selfish thought. His head worked so well that he could raise one of his long fingers and argue an anti-trust law into an automobile speed regulation by pure logic. Twenty thousand dollars had meant very little to him as a fee. He paid that much for rent of his winter-quarters. And, after all, when he was fifty a year or so ago, he was a somewhat attractive, middle-aged bachelor. His skin, for example, always seemed to have emerged a moment before from bitterly cold water. His features were somewhat Greek. His ordinary smile was satanic, and his "eye thrust," as the young Harvard man who was assistant attorney said, was simply—what shall we say?

This is a detective story, even though true, and there is something feminine in it, which calls for haste, but if one

cannot have a picture of Brevoort, one will miss the point. The truth was that Brevoort was a curious tragedy himself. He might have had a Supreme Court seat, or even the Vice-Presidency, if it had not been for his record.

A record at middle age, when the vision clears, is the confounded thing! To have been brilliantly successful in advising promoters how to keep ahead of the legislators—which is not such a great achievement when one comes to think of it—is success which lasts until the plain people of inferior mental equipment stupidly insist in vulgar terminology that you have been running an expensive school in the gentle art of playing dirty tricks. Brevoort, along with others, said that he had "done the thing customary and current in big business and big law." No one had ever outwitted him, anyhow. He said so to the man who had married the one woman he had wanted. He said it at the University Club on the eve of the Republican Convention, when the machine would have given him gladly anything he wanted, if it had not been for the way plain folks insisted, in spite of all logic, in looking upon his record. The windows of his apartment were high above the street, and that night, when he realized that his party did not dare even to mention his name for elective office, he would have slipped out of one of them as if by accident, if pure logic had not overcome, as usual, the coarser yearnings of his heart.

This was Brevoort, who suddenly threw over all his old practice, all the lucrative clients, all the fascinating sway of the largest American affairs, and, to all intents and purposes, said to executive authority: "Here's my ability. Here's my logic. Here's my law. If you want me to bring my gifts to the public service, appoint me wherever you dare to do it. There has been something empty in my life. Perhaps I've lacked an ideal. Now at any rate I am ready to work per an-



num for a sum rather less than my club bills. Give me a chance at Service, with a big S."

So when C. B. D. was served with a warrant in the Industrial Shippers rebate cases, he had exclaimed involuntarily to the deputy sheriff: "It's Brevoort, of course. He served me once loyally at a pretty price; now he's serving the government with the same perfect mind for twenty-five dollars a day. Always somebody's servant, anyhow! All head and no heart." The sheriff was surprised to hear so great a man so described; he was, however, familiar with the prosecution of the Atlantic Fidelity Trust Company's banking-law case; he had seen the wife of Morton O. Parsoner, with red eyes, trying to get signatures on a petition for Parsoner's pardon, and he had listened to the cross-examination in the traction cases. Brevoort, he knew, did the Federal attorney's job without need of blinders; he did not shy at old friendships. He had no prejudice. His was a terrible prosecuting pounce. And he played with witnesses—a jaguar with rabbits. Servant, perhaps; the devil himself, anyhow!

This was Brevoort who stayed in the city through the hot spell in August, working like a dog on some investigation, the subject of which no one yet has been able to guess, because even those who get the crop reports and the President's message first cannot foretell the thing Brevoort will do. And it was on August 30th that Brevoort pressed a button of the panel of his desk and looked up when Cooley, the second assistant, who does the small criminal work—the mail-fraud, immigration, eight-hour-law, and postal-robbery prosecutions—came in. Brevoort held a letter in his right hand and touched the tips of his stiff, white, clerical collar with the tips of his stiff, white, clerical, satanic fingers.

"The Senator from this district writes me," he said, letting his words fly like chips of porcelain. "He writes me about one Peter Schmolz, a pensioner—and political creditor of the good Senator. There was a theft of the last pension draft and voucher. The draft was forged and collected. What has this office done?"

The second assistant looked nervous.

"Janis has been on the case," he said.

"Janis! He considered it game of his size?" asked the man of little greatness. "What has he found?"

The second assistant, being a young man desirous to please, imitated the incisive brevity of his superior in his reply.

"Schmolz lives on West Twenty-ninth Street," he said. "It is a boarding-house kept by Mrs. Kohlan, a Russian. The first postal inspector on the case absolved the carrier. Mrs. Kohlan admits that the letter was seen by her on the hall-stand. None but the boarders had access that day to the letter. Janis says it was stolen by one of them or by Dosia Kohlan, the twelve-year-old daughter of the landlady. The little girl admits cashing the draft at the bakery where she is known. This was discovered, confessed, and then substantiated. But it is impossible to discover who directed the child's action or received the money from her. She could not have conceived and carried out the criminal transaction alone. Even the forgery, which is awkward, probably is not hers. There must be a principal."

"Obvious!" asserted Brevoort, who did not even scent the interest of the case. "Whom does the child accuse?"

"Nobody."

"Nobody? You mean to tell me that Janis, with his bulldog, bulldozing, third-degree face has met his match in a twelve-year-old girl?"

The second assistant reddened.

"You've talked to her?" asked Brevoort.

The other nodded.

"It is a blank wall—a stone wall—a wonderful thing—that—that—er—child," he stammered.

"Hm!" said Brevoort, exuding the chill of pure reason. "Have I to go into a puny little matter like this? Where's Janis?"

"Waiting to testify in the Co-operative Gold-mining Securities fraud-order case."

"Send him in."

Janis, who came, is a great man himself. He has a bull neck, fat jowls, sleepy eyes. The bull neck is on chunky shoulders, the fat jowls are on a broad, almost criminal face, and the sleepy



eyes are fastened onto a brain that works like a rat-trap. His whole appearance, however, is that of a lazy sealer of weights and measures, owing an appointment to ward politics. And, by the way, he has one affectation; he wears tortoiseshell eye-glasses.

Janis, like others of his kind, will not often tell how he does his work. Only now and then it is discovered that he caught a thieving postal clerk by pretending to be the father of the woman for whose love of gifts the thefts were committed, or that he picked out the murderer who had killed the postmaster at Hollinsworth by reciting to five suspects the scenario of the crime, step by step, while he watched their individual faces. "If not by one means, then by another," is his motto, and he founds his method of nailing the guilty upon the theory that no human being is a good liar.

"A man named Schmolz—" began Brevoort, looking up blackly at the inspector.

Bill Janis ran his fingers around his collar, coughed, blushed slightly, and scraped his feet.

"Well, why don't you arrest somebody?" snapped the Federal attorney. "That's not the business of this office—to get evidence."

"Does your office want to prosecute, as it were, a twelve-year-old girl with pink cheeks and black pigtails—what?" inquired the sleuth, sarcastically.

"Wasn't there any one back of her? Wasn't there an older person? Why don't you make the child disclose? You're a past-master of the third degree. What's the matter?"

Janis grinned sheepishly.

"Sullivan, who first had the case, tried his hand, and Martin tried his," he said. "We had the girl under arrest and in a cell, and tried threats, and Sullivan took her for a trip to some open-air theater and tried entertainment, and your young Cooley gave her a cross-examination for two hours and tried flattery, and I tried threats, bribery, flattery, and cross-examination, and then some."

"What does she do?" asked Brevoort. "Cry?"

"Cry, you say? Cry? She has soft brown eyes and smiling lips. She never

cries. That's what sands us all up, as it were. She *laughs!*"

The inspector looked slyly at Brevoort's scowl.

"We've all been wondering whether you could outwit her, sir," he said, insinuatingly, after a pause.

The Federal attorney sniffed.

"Merely as a study in human nature, sir—as it were."

Brevoort snorted.

"The men in the service have been sneering a bit over the story, sir—at me, sir. They say that if the Old One himself—beggin' your pardon—had the girl in hand, something would come of it. Of course, it's no work for you, sir. I know that. Only, of course, if all you got from her—wit against wit, as it were—was what we get—why—"

The great lawyer pulled down his waistcoat.

"I think I will look into this myself," he said, confidentially. "It is interesting."

"Shall I bring the child here—as it were?"

"No. You and Sullivan get together and dictate the facts to my stenographer. That will be all."

Janis hesitated at the door, brushed off his sleeve, lifted one eyebrow, and looked about the old room of the Federal Building, with all its bookcased walls and high, plaster-molded ceiling, apparently as innocent and unconcerned as a tourist from Keokuk.

"Say, Mr. Brevoort, you never seen this girl, have you?" he asked, nonchalantly.

The attorney shook his square-jawed head. Thereupon Janis closed the door and stood outside in the corridor, with the point of his tongue appearing from one extreme corner of his mouth and one eyelid drawn down.

"—, as it were," said he. "And then ag'in —, as it were."

Of course, the real interest centers around the attempt of Brevoort to accomplish, playfully and as a piece of recreation, the mastery of the girl with the gazelle eyes. It was, he appreciated fully, an experiment in vanity. What more it was to be, though he knew it not on that Saturday morning in August, makes this story worth telling and reminds the conscience that there must



be as close an adherence to the true details as exigencies will permit.

On Sunday, then, Everett Edwards Brevoort left his apartment in an unpressed suit of clothes which he had laid aside to give to Jimmy Bernard, his personal attendant. Instead of stretching, as usual, at the University Club, with its great hall of empty breakfast-tables, his broomstick legs took a long and brisk walk through the deserted business district, where the rap-tap-tap of his feet reverberated logically, and at last found themselves under a table in the "Epicure Lunch Room, Open At All Hours." However unaccustomed this performance of his legs, his mind remained as it had grown so perfectly. True to habit, he bought a copy of every newspaper on the counter, and in five minutes had bathed himself in the ample wallow of print, a process which some years ago he named "Saturating the mood of the people's day."

After finishing a perfunctory cup of coffee he went to the telephone booth and took from its stuffy interior the directory of well-thumbed pages.

"Kohlson, Kohlsberg, Kohldig," he read, half aloud, and moving a lean, precise finger up the page. "Kohlan, A. D., Physician. Kohlan, Mrs. B. Ah, she has one!"

He stepped into the closet and delivered the number into the mouth-piece, not so much to, as at, the operator.

Almost at once a voice answered. Even Brevoort, whose artistic sense is maintained by logic, felt the charm in this voice.

"Well, I want to speak with little Miss Kohlan," he said.

"She expected you to call," came the soft reply. "She wants you to leave the message."

Brevoort rubbed his chin.

"Janis couldn't have— Oh no!" he exclaimed, under his breath.

"Please tell her to come around the corner to the Epicure Lunch Room. She will learn something of the greatest importance," he said, aloud.

A gentle, soft, scarcely audible, rippling laugh came back through the receiver.

"Wait there for me," said the voice. "I'm only a girl, you know."

The great man stepped back from the instrument, smoothed one eyebrow with a cool finger-tip, and smiled at the position in which a national figure found himself. He thought of Janis, however, and squared his jaw. Then he became the famous Brevoort-in-Action, suave but alert, smiling like a satanic majesty who might devise legal schemes for wealthy underwriters, ready to pounce like a hawk of a Federal attorney zealous in the public welfare.

Not three minutes later, the door having opened, a twelve-year-old girl came up the aisle between the two rows of tables and sat down calmly, quite at her ease, directly opposite the great prosecuting attorney.

Many centuries of peasantry were in her somewhere, yet her young skin was of the finest texture, her eyes were indeed as soft as the gazelle's and seemed always to be on the point of seeing some marvelous, unbelievable happening, and her features, though large and mature, were delicately turned, not unlike those modeled by the Greeks. Two braids of black, black hair fell far down her back.

Brevoort observed her, thrusting toward her fresh, youthful countenance darts of fire from under his thick eyebrows.

"What's the matter?" she said, with a pout. "You aren't nice to me. Don't you shake hands—ever?"

The Federal attorney shrugged his shoulders, extended his long fingers, and felt the contact of the warm, soft hand of the child under whose skin the blood raced with the merriment of youth.

"You do not know me," he said, mysteriously, looking about as if fearful that the walls had ears.

"Yes, I do, if you please. You're the man who telephoned."

Brevoort glanced up quickly. The brown, gazelle eyes were fairly dripping innocence.

"Yes," whispered the lawyer. "Only I must explain that I came to warn you."

"About the pension money?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Why, aren't you funny?" she inquired, seriously. "Everybody seems to know I had the money, and everybody wants to know what I did with it."

"It is a mighty serious matter, young lady."





*Drawn by T. K. Hanna*

"ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL"







She seemed interested; she leaned forward over the table, her red lips parted expectantly.

"And I am a lawyer."

"Are you?" she asked.

"Yes. I have heard all about everything from those who have tried to catch you. But I can show you how you can be free of all trouble. You must tell me the story just as it happened, and you have my word that no harm will come to you."

The little girl leaned her head first to the right, then to the left; a little quirk appeared at each corner of her childish mouth.

"Suppose I didn't tell the truth?" she said, reflectively.

"Oh, you must tell the truth," said Brevoort, sternly. "It is always right to tell the truth—particularly to any one who wishes to help you."

"Do you want to help me?"

The government's attorney, taking up his crumpled napkin, wiped his mouth.

"Certainly," said he.

Dosia tightened the bow at the end of one of her braids of black hair.

"Do you always tell the truth?" she asked, suddenly, as if interested in the ethics of truth and falsehood.

"Your poor mother—" Brevoort began, hastily.

The girl nodded, and one might say the nod was expressive of sympathy for a parent whose anxiety could not very well be allayed.

"Your poor, poor mother—" Brevoort repeated, dramatically.

The child's hand touched his.

"Don't cry," she cautioned. "Perhaps, by and by, I will tell everything."

"Tell me now."

"Well, I gave the money—the money—I got—to—to—"

"Well?" he exclaimed, thinking of Janis.

"I guess I won't tell," purred the little girl. "I won't—just yet."

"When?"

"Why, when you and I are good friends."

"But we can't sit here all day."

"No. But if we went in an automobile—"

"Where?"

"Mother has gone to the Greek church.

We could go into the country," she suggested.

Brevoort made a swift mental calculation of his cash on hand.

"Why, that is nonsense," he said, gruffly.

The child arose. She brushed down her short skirts and adjusted her hat.

"Where are you going?" asked Brevoort.

"You aren't nice," she asserted. "I am going home."

"Wait," commanded the great lawyer. "I will take you up to see the menagerie."

"In an automobile?"

"No, the cars. It's miles out there."

"Automobile!" insisted Dosia. "I never rode in one but once. And that was the plumber's."

"Oh, all right," Brevoort assented, impatiently. "Wait here while I telephone."

The short of the matter was that the Federal district attorney spent his morning with little Miss Kohlan. His own car was at the shops. The cost of the trip in a hired machine was twenty-three dollars.

On the ride up-town she informed him that she had recently given up playing with dolls, and that her school-teacher was in Europe, and that one girl in her class had a father who had become very, very rich by making ice-cream and funny little cakes, and that she liked kittens best of all animals. Brevoort, after they had reached the Zoo, endeavored to question her about who lived in her mother's house. He wanted her to tell which of the lodgers she liked the best.

"I like them all," she said, looking up into his face with her velvet eyes. "But I like you better because you took me for this ride. I had a dog named Pickles, too, and I liked him. He's buried in the back yard. I'll show you sometime—the very spot."

"We mustn't forget why I came to see you," Brevoort had said, leaning toward her sympathetically.

She shook her head, then looked up at the trees in the Park which shaded the path on which they stood, and laughed and laughed and laughed.

"What is it now?" exclaimed the national figure, reddening with anger.

"The monkeys!" gasped Dosia. "They are so much like men. They don't *know* so much as men do, anyway, do they?"



"No, but I've seen some men—" began Brevoort.

"The monkeys *think* they know."

"Yes."

"And our kind—like you and I—we think *we* know."

"Yes."

"Maybe, then, for all we can tell, the monkeys know more than we do, don't they?"

Brevoort smirked.

"But you said they didn't," urged Dosia.

She looked up at her companion and laughed again; then, as if she pitied him because he could not laugh as joyfully as she, her hand went forth, as they paused before the cage of the South American tapir, and clasped his long, cold, white, clerical fingers. Brevoort started.

"Have you got any wife?" she asked, tightening the clasp.

The lawyer shook his head.

"Any kids?"

"No."

"Sit down on this bench and tell me a story," she said. "Men without any kids tells the best stories."

"The automobile is waiting for us," he objected.

"But I like you," she answered, hitching up nearer. Brevoort could feel coming over him an irresistible desire to sit there in the warm, lazy sunlight.

"Well, you tell *me* a story," said he.

"All right," she exclaimed, wriggling with delight.

"Once upon a time—" suggested the great man.

"Once upon a time—" repeated Miss Kohlan. "Once upon a time there was a little girl who lived in Germany, and her house was built so if you went out on one of the balconies you could see lines of houses, all along a river running right through a city. They all had funny little balconies like those on the fire-escape, only made of wood."

"I believe I've been there," said Brevoort, his eyes half closed.

"Well, she grew up!" exclaimed Dosia, continuing with surprising haste. "Yes, she grew up. She had kittens and dolls, and her father bought her everything she wanted, because one by one all her mother and sisters died and her brother went away. And then she fell in love—

so quick. And her father was mad. Oh, he was mad as a good one! And she ran away. And he said he wouldn't ever speak to her again, and he was so mad he sold the house and he came to America like my father did."

"Then?" asked Brevoort, clasping his thin fingers over one thin knee.

"Well, I forgot," Dosia apologized. "She went and got married a whole lot of years ago, and they were poor, and finally he died."

"Who died?" the lawyer asked, squinting one eye perplexedly.

"The man she married. And she was old, too. And she hadn't any money, and didn't love anybody but her father, and she had loved him all the time, and she wondered if he loved her; but she didn't ever have any way to know, because he was gone."

"Gone to America?"

Dosia nodded gravely.

"But she found out!" she exclaimed. "Somebody found out that her father was an old man—oh, so old, and in America. So she cried. And she wrote to him and told him she hadn't ever done anything but love him. And she was so poor she couldn't even go on a train anywhere. She couldn't come to America. She couldn't do anything. And she was sorry for what she had done, only it was too late."

"I thought you said she wrote a letter?" said Brevoort, exhibiting the instincts of a great cross-examiner.

"Her father tore it up, he was that proud!" said little Miss Kohlan, holding up one finger to express a belief in the old man's naughtiness. "Sure he did. Only he said if he was ever to see her again—why, then he thought maybe he would break his oath and just jump up and down."

"With anger?" said Brevoort, flip-pantly.

Immediately he saw the sincere expression of disillusionment and pain on his little companion's face; he would have given much to have obliterated the effect of his words.

"Go on," said he, softly.

"She died."

"Without seeing her father?"

Dosia indicated by a drooping of her red lips that such was the fact.



"Did you make that all up?" he asked, conscious of the imaginative faculty behind the gazelle eyes. "That is a good story. It is the best story I have heard for a long time. But it is very sad. I would like to have had the daughter forgiven, Dosia."

"How did you know my name was Dosia?" she asked, quickly.

"Why—I—I think—" Brevoort stammered.

The little girl threw her head back and laughed and laughed and laughed.

"You are all so funny," she cried.

"Why, who do you mean?" exclaimed Brevoort.

"All old people. Let's go back. I love to ride in that automobile."

Brevoort, when they had reached the Park entrance after a silent walk, directed the chauffeur how to make the return trip.

"And now," said he to Dosia, "I want you to tell me the story of the money you took. You know you are a very bright little girl, and I like you, and I feel sorry for your mother, and I want to get you out of trouble."

"Yes, sir," replied the child, respectfully. "Perhaps to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" Brevoort exclaimed. "No! To-day!"

"Let me think," she begged.

The minutes sped by; Dosia did not seem to be thinking. On the contrary, she sat with her moist lips parted, gazing at the city pictures flashing by.

"Well?" said the Federal attorney, peevishly.

"Sh-sh!" cautioned the girl. She pointed significantly at the chauffeur. "He mustn't know! It's a great secret."

She hugged herself as if that great secret were concealed within her body.

"Damn it!" exclaimed the national figure, under his breath. "We are here already!"

She seemed to have read his mind.

"I must get out now," she said. "Don't you tell anybody where we've been, will you? I don't want anybody on my street to know. I want to whisper something to you."

Brevoort followed her onto the pavement.

"Bend down," came the command.

He stooped.

"I like you," she whispered.

It must be said in his favor that a real thrill of pleasure passed through the chill of the man's pure logic; his smile was not the satanic smirk of his custom.

"I like you," she repeated, "better than the others."

"Other what?"

The girl, delaying her answer, ran off down the street. She laughed merrily. Brevoort's dignity prevented his running, too, but his gaze followed the child. She was making a peculiar motion as she retreated; she was rubbing one forefinger down the other, which latter was pointed at him. It was the motion of one sharpening a pencil, and suggested to the Federal district attorney that an offense was being committed against the dignity of the Department of Justice.

"Detectives!" called Dosia, at last. "Oh, you—detectives!"

She disappeared.

Brevoort watched the street corner for a moment blankly, as blankly the chauffeur gazed at the single actor in this mysterious drama who now remained on the stage. Then came the transaction of the twenty-three dollars, and the great man strode off, alone again, through the sunny streets, under the roar of elevated trains, past the locked doorways of the stores that were enjoying their Sunday emptiness, with his eyes on the ground, and his long, cold, clerical fingers stroking a jaw that was fixing itself tighter and tighter with every moment of meditation. Brevoort was making ready for his second pounce.

At last he found a corner drug-store where the telephone sign was displayed. Entering, he called up the Sunday retreat of one William Janis, postal inspector.

"Janis," said he, "this is Mr. Brevoort. I know you are across the river, and I dislike to call you out to-day. At four this afternoon, however, I want this Kohlan girl brought down to my office. I want two uniformed men—regular patrolmen—who will stop in for a minute."

"I see, sir, as it were," came back the answer. "The idea is fright, as it were."

"Yes," said the national figure, trying to cling hard to the truth and his dignity at one time. "I have made an investiga-



tion of the case, and I would like to act at once—especially when there will be no other disturbing elements in or around my office.”

“Very good, then. At four—good-by.”

Brevoort rubbed his hands; he planned a perfect lunch at the Union with the Collector of the Port; then, after a discussion of the silk-importer cases which involved a certifying consul at a foreign port, there would be ample time to walk to the Federal Building and meet the unfortunate little Dosia Kohlan for the second and perhaps the last occasion.

Her personality, however, had made its indelible impression upon the master of pure reason. As he listened to the vehement Rawlinson describing the methods taken by textile houses to accomplish undervaluations, he still found himself confronted by her picture. He could see the depths of the innocent, gazelle eyes, the mockery of her smile, her black braids of hair, switching about like the tail of a kitten itching with mischief. He could feel the touch of her little fingers, so warm with life's vivacity.

“Some day she will be a girl no longer,” he said later, pushing through the revolving door of the gray granite structure where the United States Commissioner, the Engineering Corps of the army, the Secret Service, the Circuit Court, and the Department of Justice have their offices. “And then—Heaven help the man who tries to make her fond of him.”

Janis met him at the head of the stairs.

“She's here. We arrested her, as it were.”

“Very well,” said Brevoort, his face settling into its hard lines. “Bring the two patrolmen into my office first—then the child.”

He walked briskly down the broad, tiled corridor of the old building, pushed his way into the large, square room, and seated his lean frame behind the broad-topped desk facing the door. On his face was an exact counterpart of the expression with which, two months before, he had greeted Morton O. Parsoner, who had come in with the warrant in his fat, prosperous, trembling hands. His mouth was drawn into the same thin, cruel line which had made the great market-gambler cry out involuntarily:

“My God, Brevoort, don't look at me like that! Be human.”

He looked up as the patrolmen, borrowed from the local force, entered.

“Stand there, boys,” he said. “The blue coat is worth a lot to make the ordinary criminal understand that the proceeding is not in a court of equity.”

He pressed a button on his desk. Janis came in, his broad, bulldog visage grim as Retribution itself, his huge fingers touching the elbow of little Dosia.

The child had changed her dress since morning; now she was clad in white, and her slender, graceful forearms were bare. A little bow of blue ribbon held her braid in a knot on the top of her head. She seemed to bring a breath of cool meadows into the stifling room.

Into Brevoort's terrible glare of solemnity she tossed a familiar nod of greeting.

“They arrested me again,” she said, sweetly.

The two patrolmen stared at her.

She smiled back at them, and then looked up over her shoulder at Janis.

“Can't you hold me without help?” she said.

“Silence!” roared Brevoort. “You are a little fool! Such a thing as you have done leads to one result. You won't think all this so amusing when you are taken away from your mother and sent to prison.”

“But you will get me out of trouble,” Dosia answered. “You are my lawyer, and my friend, too. You made friends with me, didn't you? You didn't speak cross this morning, and I liked you.”

“Bah! I gave you your chance,” growled Brevoort, “and I'll give you another. What did you do with that money? Answer or I'll—”

Dosia examined a little garnet ring with scrupulous care. She seemed frightened and yet in doubt. At last she looked up, her velvet eyes widened as if she were striving to hold back her emotion.

“Well!” bellowed the Federal attorney.

The girl nodded.

“Please send those two policemen away,” she begged.

“You may go,” said Brevoort, sharply.

The second patrolman shut the great paneled door softly after he had gone out.

Dosia looked first at Janis, then at





*Drawn by T. K. Hanna*

"YOU DON'T LOVE PEOPLE ENOUGH," SAID DOSIA







Brevoort. A little ripple of laughter burst from her lips. She made a childish pretense of trying to confine her mirth. Then out it came—the same wonderful, spontaneous laughter.

Brevoort jumped to his feet.

"Don't be cross," begged the girl. "I couldn't help it."

"Then you do not mean to tell the truth?" said Janis, roughly. "What did you want those men to leave for? Eh? Eh?"

Dosia reached out for the lawyer's hand and clasped it tight.

"'Cause my new friend didn't want those men to hear me laugh," she said, looking up at Brevoort. "Did you?"

"No," said the national figure, dropping into his chair with a sickly smile. "You are right, little girl. I have done my best to get your secret, and I suppose I must mark down my first complete failure."

Janis grinned viciously. Dosia observed it, and with the quick divination of childhood she realized the situation as it stood. She saw that Janis was taking a malicious delight in her new friend's defeat.

She drew closer to Brevoort and looked toward the postal inspector defiantly.

She went further; she stuck out her tongue at him.

"I like you," she said to Brevoort, after a moment of silence. "So I'm going to tell you the truth. Only you mustn't tell anybody—not a soul! It's a secret. I signed the name on that piece of paper. I copied it from one of Daddy Schmolz's letters. I know it was *awful* naughty."

"But the cash?" exclaimed Brevoort. "Who got the cash?"

The child, opening the locket at her neck, drew from it a little piece of folded paper.

Brevoort spread it out on the desk. It was a post-office receipt for a foreign money order.

"You know the story I told you this morning," said Dosia.

"My stars—yes!" cried the Federal attorney, staring. His cool, clerical fingers closed over those of the child.

"Well, she didn't die. It was Daddy

Schmolz's own daughter—cross my heart! And the money—I sent her the money so she could come to America—so she could come to Daddy Schmolz."

Brevoort stood up. His thin lips, which had not moved except to express strength of mind for thirty years, for the first time seemed to tremble. His tongue, which for so long had only known the utterance of words weighed carefully, now seemed to mumble incoherences. He looked at Janis, then at the little girl. He moved toward her. He put his arm about her young shoulders and drew her close to him. He glared at the bulldog postal inspector as if to defy him to wish the child an injury. He looked down into her upturned face for several seconds. He searched the depths of the deep, gazelle eyes.

"Dosia!" he said at last.

His voice moved slowly with solemnity.

"Dosia. What's the matter with *me*?"

For the first time in his whole acquaintance with her he seemed to have penetrated to her seriousness.

Looking up at him, she turned her head first to one side and then to the other, wearing upon her face a little scowl of pain and anxiety, showing in her eyes the hesitancy of a perplexed critic. At last, however, she nodded.

"Well, what?" asked Brevoort.

"You don't *love* people enough," said Dosia, with childish assurance.

Janis retreated, closing the door after him.

An hour later he opened it softly.

The little girl had gone.

He looked about the old room, apparently as unconcerned as a tourist from Keokuk.

Then his eyes rested for a time on the figure of Brevoort, who was sitting at the big desk, his head in his hands. Janis hesitated, brushed off his sleeve, and lifted one eyebrow.

He did not speak, however. Instead, closing the door softly, he stood outside in the corridor, with the point of his tongue appearing from one extreme corner of his mouth and one eyelid drawn down.

"—, as it were," said he, with a sigh, "and then ag'in —, as it were."



# The Street Called Straight

## A NOVEL

By the Author of "The Inner Shrine"

### CHAPTER XI

IT was not difficult for Davenant to ascribe his lightness of heart, on leaving Tory Hill, to satisfaction in getting rid of his superfluous money, since he had some reason to fear that the possession of it was no great blessing. To a man with little instinct for luxury and no spending tastes, twenty or thirty thousand dollars a year was an income far outstripping his needs. It was not, however, in excess of his desires, for he would gladly have set up an establishment and cut a dash if he had known how. He admired the grand style in living, not so much as a matter of display, but because presumably it stood for all sorts of mysterious refinements for which he possessed the yearning without the initiation. The highest flight he could take by his own unaided efforts was in engaging the best suite of rooms in the best hotel, when he was quite content with his dingy old lodgings, in driving in taxi-cabs, when the tram-car would have suited him just as well, and ordering champagne, when he would have preferred some commoner beverage. Fully aware of the insufficiency of this method of reaching a higher standard, he practised it only because it offered the readiest means he could find of straining upward. He was sure that with a wife who knew the arts of elegance to lead the way, his scent for following would be keen enough; but between him and the acquisition of this treasure there lay the memory of the haughty young creature who had, in the metaphor with which he was most familiar, "turned him down."

But it was not the fact that he had more money than he needed of which he was afraid; it was rather the perception that the possibility of indulging himself—coupled with what he conceived to be a kind of duty in doing it—was sapping

his vigor. All through the second year of his holiday he had noticed in himself the tendency of the big, strong-fibered animal to be indolent and overfed. On the principle laid down by Emerson that every man is as lazy as he dares to be, he got into the way of sleeping late, of lounging in the public places of hotels, and smoking too many cigars. With a little encouragement he could have contracted the incessant cocktail and Scotch-and-soda habits of some of his traveling compatriots.

He excused these weaknesses on the ground that when he had returned to Boston, and got back to his ordinary round of work and exercise, they would vanish, without having to be overcome; and yet the nearer he drew to his old home, the less impulse he felt for exertion. He found himself asking the question, "Why should I try to make more money, when I've got enough already?" to which the only reply was in that vague hope of "doing a little good," inspired by his visit to the scene of his parents' work at Hankow. In this direction, however, his aptitudes were no more spontaneous than they were for the life of cultivated taste. Henry Guion's need struck him, therefore, as an opportunity. If he took other views of it besides, if it made to him an appeal totally different from the altruistic, he was able to conceal the fact—from himself at any rate—in the depths of a soul where much that was vital to the man was always held in subliminal darkness. It disturbed him, then, to have Drusilla Fane rifle this sanctuary with irreverent persistency, dragging to light what he had kept scrupulously hidden away.

Having found her alone in the drawing-room, drinking her tea, he told her at once what he had accomplished in the way of averting the worst phase of the



danger hanging over the master of Tory Hill. He told her, too, with some amount of elation, which he explained as his glee in getting himself down to "hard pan." Drusilla allowed the explanation to pass till she had thanked him ecstatically for what he had done.

"Really, Peter, men are fine! The minute I heard Cousin Henry's wretched story I knew the worst couldn't come to the worst, with you here. I only wish you could realize what it means to have a big, strong man like you to lean on."

Davenant looked pleased; he was in the mood to be pleased with anything. He had had so little of women's appreciation in his life that Drusilla's enthusiasm was not only agreeable, but new. He noticed, too, that in speaking Drusilla herself was at her best. She had never been pretty. Her mouth was too large, her cheekbones too high, and her skin too sallow for that; but she had the charm of frankness and intelligence.

Davenant said what was necessary in depreciation of his act, going on to explain the benefit he would reap by being obliged to go to work again. He enlarged on his plans for taking his old rooms and his old office, and informed her that he knew a fellow, an old pal, who had already let him into a good thing in the way of a copper-mine in the region of Lake Superior. Drusilla listened with interest till she found an opportunity to say:

"I'm so glad that *is* your reason for helping Cousin Henry, Peter; because I was afraid there might be—another."

He stopped abruptly, looking dashed. Unaccustomed to light methods of attack and defense, it took him a few seconds to see Drusilla's move.

"You thought I might be—in love?"

She nodded.

"That's queer," he went on, "because I'd got the same impression about you."

It was Drusilla's turn to be aghast. She was a little surprised at not being offended, too.

"What made you think that?" she managed to ask, after getting command of herself.

"What makes one think anything? However," he conceded, "I dare say I'm wrong."

"That's a very good conclusion to come to. I advise you to keep to it."

"I will if you'll do the same about me."

She seized the opening to carry the attack back in his direction.

"I can't make a bargain of that kind, Peter. The scientific mind bases its conclusions on observed phenomena."

"Which I guess is the reason why the scientific mind is so often wrong. I've had a good deal to do with it in the copper-mine business. It's always barking up the wrong tree. I've often heard it said that the clever scientist is generally a poor reasoner."

"Well, perhaps he is. But I wasn't reasoning. I was merely going by instinct when I thought you might have a special motive for helping Cousin Henry. If you had, you know, it wouldn't be any harm."

"It mightn't be any harm; but would it be any good?"

"Well, that might depend a good deal on you."

"On me? How so? I don't know what you're driving at."

"I'm not driving at anything. I'm only speculating. I'm wondering what I should do if I were in your place, with all your advantages."

"Rot, Drusilla!"

"If I were a man and had a rival," Drusilla persisted, "I should be awfully honorable in the stand I'd take toward him—just like you. But if anything miscarried—"

"You don't *expect* anything to miscarry?"

She shook her head. "No; I don't expect it. But it might be a fortunate thing if it did."

"You don't mean to infer that this man Ashley mightn't come up to the scratch?"

"Colonel Ashley has come up to a good many scratches in his time. He's not likely to fail in this one."

"Well, then, what more is there to it?"

"There's a good deal more. There are things I can't explain, and which you wouldn't understand if I did. Coming up to the scratch isn't everything. Charles the First came up to the scratch when he walked up and had his head cut off; but there was more to be said."

"And you mean that your Colonel Ashley would be brave enough to walk up and have *his* head cut off?"

"I know he'd be brave enough. It's



no question of courage. He had the Victoria Cross before he was thirty. But it's a noble head; and it might be a pity it should have to fall."

"But I don't understand why it should."

"No, you wouldn't unless you'd lived among them. They'd all admit he had done the right thing. They'd say that having come out here to marry her, he could do no less than go through with it. That part of it would be all right. Even in the Rangers it might make comparatively little difference—except that now and then Olivia would feel uncomfortable. Only when he was mentioned at the Horse Guards for some important command, they'd remember that there was something queer—something shady—about his wife's family, and his name would be passed over."

He nodded thoughtfully. "I see."

"Oh no, you don't. It's much too intricate for you to see. You couldn't begin to understand how poignant it might become, especially for her, without knowing their ways and traditions—"

He jumped to his feet. "Their ways and traditions be—!"

"Yes; that's all very fine. But they're very good ways, Peter. They've got to keep the honor of the Service up to a very high standard. Their ways are all right. But that doesn't keep them from being terrible forces to come up against, especially for a proud thing like her. And now that the postponing of the wedding has got into the papers—"

"Yes; I've seen 'em. Got it pretty straight, too, all things considered."

"And that sort of thing simply flies. It will be in the New York papers tomorrow, and in the London ones the day after. We always get those things cabled over there. We know about the elopements and the queer things that happen in America when we don't hear of anything else. Within forty-eight hours they'll be talking of it at the Rangers' depot in Sussex—and at Heneage—and all through his county—and at the Horse Guards. You see if they aren't! You've no idea how people have their eye on him. And when they hear the wedding has been put off for a scandal, they'll have at their heels all the men who've hated him—and all the women who've envied her—"

He leaned his shoulders against the mantelpiece, his hands behind his back. "Pooh! That sort of dog can only bark."

"No; that's where you're wrong, Peter. In England it can bite. It can raise a to-do around their name that will put a dead stop to his promotion—that is, the best kind of promotion, such as he's on the way to."

"The deuce take his promotion! Let's think of *her*."

"That's just what I thought you'd do, Peter; and with all your advantages—"

"Drop that, Drusilla," he commanded. "You know you don't mean it. You know as well as I do that I haven't a chance—even if I wanted one—which I don't. You're not thinking of me—or of her. You're thinking of him—and how to get him out of a match that won't tend to his advancement."

"I'm thinking of every one, Peter—of every one but myself, that is. I'm thinking of him, and her, and you—"

"Then you'll do me a favor if you leave me out."

She sprang up, her little figure looking slim and girlish.

"I can't leave you out, Peter, when you're the Hamlet of the piece. That's nonsense. I'm not plotting or planning on any one's behalf. It isn't my temperament. I only say that if this—this affair—didn't come off—though I suppose it will—I feel sure it will—yet if it didn't—then, with all your advantages—and after what you've done for her—"

He strode forward, almost upsetting the tea-table beside which she stood. "Look here, Drusilla. You may as well understand me once for all. I wouldn't marry a girl who took me because of what I'd done for her, not if she was the last woman in the world."

"But you would if she was the first, Peter. And I'm convinced that for you she is the first—"

"Now, now!" he warned her, "that 'll do! I've been generous enough not to say anything as to who's first with you, though you don't take much pains to hide it. Why not—?"

"You're all first with me," she protested. "I don't know which of you I'm the most sorry for."

"Don't waste your pity on me. I'm perfectly happy. There's only one of the



lot who needs any consideration whatever. And, by God! if he's not true to her, I'll—"

"Your intervention won't be called for, Peter," she assured him, making her way toward the door. "You're greatly mistaken if you think I've asked for it."

"Then for Heaven's sake what *have* you asked for? *I* don't see."

She was in the hall, but she turned and spoke through the doorway. "I've only asked you not to be an idiot. I merely beg, for all our sakes, that if something precious is flung down at your feet you'll have the common sense to stoop and pick it up."

"I'll consider that," he called after her, as she sped up the stairs, "when I see it lying there."

## CHAPTER XII

IT may be admitted at once that on arriving at Tory Hill, and hearing from Olivia's lips the tale of her father's downfall, Colonel Rupert Ashley received the first perceptible check in a very distinguished career. Up to this point the sobriquet of "Lucky Ashley," by which he was often spoken of in the Rangers, had been justified by more than one spectacular success. He had fulfilled so many special missions to uncivilized and half-civilized and queerly civilized tribes that he had come to feel as if he habitually went on his way with the might of the British Empire to back him. It was he who in South Africa brought M'popos to order without shedding a drop of blood; it was he who in the Eastern Soudan induced the followers of the Black Prophet to throw in their lot with the English, securing by this move the safety of Upper Egypt; it was he who in the Malay Peninsula intimidated the Sultan of Surak into accepting the British protectorate, thus removing a menace to the peace of the Straits Settlements. Even if he had had no other exploits to his credit, these alone would have assured his favor with the home authorities. It had become something like a habit, at the Colonial Office, or the War Office, or the Foreign Office, as the case might be, whenever there was trouble on one of the Empire's vague outer frontiers, to ask, "Where's Ashley?" Wherever he

was, at Gibraltar, or Simla, or Cairo, or at the Rangers' depot in Sussex, he was sent for and consulted. Once having gained a reputation for skill in handling barbaric potentates, he knew how to make the most of it, both abroad and in Whitehall. On rejoining his regiment, too, after some of his triumphant expeditions, he was careful to bear himself with a modesty that took the point from detraction, assuring, as it did, his brother-officers that they would have done as well as he, had they enjoyed the same chances.

He was not without a policy in this, since from the day of receiving his commission he had combined a genuine love of his profession with a quite laudable intention to "get on." He cherished this ambition more naturally, perhaps, than most of his comrades, who took the profession of arms lightly, for the reason that the instinct for it might be said to be in his blood. The Ashleys were not an old county family. Indeed, it was only a generation or so since they had achieved county rank. It was a fact not generally remembered at the present day that the grandfather of the colonel of the Sussex Rangers had been a successful and estimable manufacturer of brushes. In the early days of Queen Victoria he owned a much-frequented emporium in Regent Street, at which you could get anything in the line from a tooth-brush to a currycomb. Retiring from business in the fifties, with a considerable fortune for the time, this Mr. Ashley had purchased Heneage from the impoverished representatives of the Umfravilles. As luck would have it, the new owners found a not unattractive Miss Umfraville almost going with the place, since she lived in select but inexpensive lodgings in the village. Her manners being as gentle as her blood, and her face even gentler than either, if such a thing could be, it was in keeping with the spirit that had borne the Ashleys along to look upon her as an opportunity. Young Mr. Ashley, to whom his father had been able to give the advantages of Oxford, knew at a glance that with this lady at his side recognition by the county would be assured. Being indifferent to recognition by the county except in so far as it expressed a phase of advancement, and superior to calculation as a motive for



the matrimonial state, young Ashley proceeded with all due formality to fall in love; and it was from the passion incidental to this episode that Lucky Ashley was born.

All this happened so long ago, according to modern methods of reckoning, that the county had already forgotten what it was the original Ashley had manufactured, or that he had manufactured anything at all. By the younger generation it was assumed that Heneage had passed to the Ashley family through intermarriage with the Umfravilles. Certain it was that the Ashleys maintained the Umfraville tradition and used the Umfraville arms. What chiefly survived of the spirit that had made the manufacture of brushes so lucrative a trade was the intention young Rupert Ashley took with him into the army—to get on.

He had got on. Every one spoke of him nowadays as a coming man. It was conceded that when generals like Lord Englemere or Lord Bannockburn passed away, it would be to such men as Rupert Ashley—the number of them could be counted on the fingers of your two hands!—that the country would look for its defenders. They were young men, comparatively, as yet; but they were waiting and in training. It was a national asset to know that they were there.

It was natural, then, that Ashley's eyes should be turning in the direction of the great appointments. He had won so much distinction in the Jakh War and the Dargal War, not to speak of the Boer War, that there was nothing to which, with time, he could not aspire. True, he had rivals; true, there were men who could supplant him without putting any great strain upon their powers; true, there were others with more family influence, especially of that petticoat influence which had been known to carry so much weight in high and authoritative quarters; but he had confidence in himself, in his ability, his star—the last named of which had the merit of always seeming to move forward.

Everything began to point, therefore, to his marrying. In a measure it was part of his qualification for high command. He had reached that stage in his development, both private and professional, at which the co-operation of a

good and graceful wife would double his capacity for public service, besides giving him that domestic consolation of which he began to feel the need. There were posts he could think of, posts that would naturally be vacant before many years were past, in which the fact of his being unmarried would be a serious drawback if his name were to come up. Better to be unmarried than to be saddled with a wife who from deficiency of birth or manner was below the level of her station! Of course! He had seen more than one man, splendidly qualified otherwise, passed over because of that mischance. But with a wife who in her way was equal to him in his they would both go far. Who could venture to say how far?

In this respect he was fortunate in knowing exactly what he wanted. That is, he had seen enough of the duties of high position to be critical of the ladies who performed them. Experience enabled him to create his ideal by a process of elimination. Many a time, as he watched some great general's wife—Lady Englemere, let us say, or Lady Bannockburn—receive her guests, he said to himself, "That is exactly what my wife shall not be." She should not be a military intrigante like the one, nor a female martinet like the other, nor a gambler like a third, nor a snob like a fourth, nor a fool about young men like several he could think of. By dint of fastidious observation and careful rejection of the qualities of which he disapproved, a vision rose before him of the woman who would be the complement of himself. He saw her clever, spirited, high-bred—a woman of the world, familiar with literature and arts, and speaking at least one language besides her mother-tongue. In dress she should be exquisite, in conversation tactful, in manner sympathetic. As mistress of the house she should be thorough; as a hostess, full of charm; as a mother—but his imagination hardly went into that. That she should be a perfect mother he took for granted, just as he took it for granted that she should be beautiful. A woman who had the qualifications he desired could not be less than beautiful from the sheer operation of the soul.

Considering how definite his ideas



were—and moderate, on the whole—it surprised him to find no one to embody them. It sometimes seemed to him that the traditional race of Englishwomen had become extinct. Those he met were either brilliant and hard, or handsome and horsy, or athletic and weedy, or smart and selfish, or pretty and silly, or sweet and provincial, or good and grotesque. With the best will in the world to fall in love, he found little or no temptation. Indeed, he had begun to think that the type of woman on whom he had set his heart was, like some article of an antiquated fashion, no longer produced, when unexpectedly he saw her.

He saw her unexpectedly, because it was at church; and whatever his motives on that bright Sunday morning in May in attending the old garrison chapel in Southsea, the hope of seeing his vision realized was not one. If, apart from the reasons for which people are supposed to go to church, he had any special thought, it was that of meeting Mrs. Fane. It had happened two or three times already that having perceived her at the service, he had joined her on the Common afterward, and she had asked him home to lunch. They had been pleasant little luncheons—so pleasant that he almost regretted the fact that she was an American. He had nothing against Americans in themselves. He knew a number of their women who had married into one arm or another of the Service, with conspicuous advantage to their husbands. That, in fact, was part of the trouble. There were so many of them nowadays that he had begun to feel vaguely that where there was question of high position—and he hoped modestly that in his case there was distinctly question of that!—it was time the principle was being established of England for the English. Nevertheless, he had got so far in his consideration of Drusilla Fane as to ask himself whether she was not, as the widow of a British officer, an Englishwoman to all intents and purposes, as well as in the strict letter of the law. He could not say that he was in love with her; but neither could he say that one of these days he might not be. If he ever were it would certainly be on the principle of *faute de mieux*;

but many a man has chosen his wife on no better ground than that.

Such criticism as he had to make to her disadvantage he could form there and then in the chapel while they were reading the lessons or chanting the psalms. She sat two or three rows in front of him, on the other side of the aisle. There was something about Drusilla in church that suggested a fish out of water. He had noticed it before. She was restless, inattentive; she kept turning her head to see who was behind her, or at the other end of the pew; she rarely found the places in the prayer-book, or knew just when to kneel down; when she did kneel down she sank into an awkward little bunch; every now and then she stifled, or did not stifle, a yawn.

Ashley had a theory that manner in church is the supreme test of the proprieties. He knew plenty of women who could charm at a dinner or dazzle at a dance, but who displayed their weaknesses at prayer. All unwitting to herself, poor Drusilla was inviting his final—or almost final—judgment on her future, so far at least as he was concerned, for the simple reason that she twitched and sighed and forgot to say the *Amens*.

And just then his eyes traveled to her neighbor—a tall young lady, dressed in white, with no color in her costume but a sash of hues trembling between sea-green and lilac. She was slender and graceful, with that air at once exquisite and unassuming that he had seen in the Englishwoman of his dreams. Though he could get no more than a side glimpse of her face, he divined that it was pure, and that it must be thrown into relief by the heavy coil of coppery brown hair. But what he noticed in her first was that which he thought of concerning other women last—a something holy and withdrawn, a quality of devotion without which he had no conception of real womanhood. It seemed to be a matter of high courtesy with her not to perceive that the choir-boys sang out of tune, or that the sermon was prosy. In the matter of kneeling he had seen only one woman in his life—and she the highest in the land—who did it with this marvelous grace at once dignified and humble. “It takes old England,” he said to him-



self, gloatingly, "to make 'em like that—simple and—*stunning*."

But on the Common after service, and at luncheon after that, and during the three or four weeks that ensued, he had much to do in reforming his opinions. There were several facts about Olivia Guion that disorientated his points of view and set him looking for new ones. Though he was not wholly successful in finding them, he managed, nevertheless, to justify himself for falling in love in violation of his principles. He admitted that he would have preferred to marry a compatriot, and some one above the rank of a solicitor's daughter; but since he had discovered the loveliest and noblest creature in the world, it was idle to cavil because one land or one situation in life rather than another had produced her. As well complain of the rubies and pearls that deck the English crown because some were found in Tibetan mountains and others in Indian seas. There are treasures, he argued, so precious as to transcend all merely national limitations, making them petty and irrelevant. The one thing to the point was that in Olivia Guion he had won the human counterpart of himself, who could reflect his qualities and complete them.

He had been so proud that the blow on receiving Olivia's letter in New York was a cruel one. Though it told him nothing but that her father had lost all his money and that the invitations to the wedding had been withdrawn, this in itself was immeasurably distressing to a man with a taste for calling public attention to his movements, and who liked to see what concerned him march with a certain pomp. His marriage being an event worthy to take place in sight of the world, he had not only found ways of making it a topic of interest before leaving England, but he had summoned to it such friends of distinction as he possessed on the American side of the water. Though he had not succeeded in getting the British Ambassador, Benyon, the military attaché at Washington, was to come with his wife, and Lord Woolwich, who was aide-de-camp at Ottawa, had promised to act as best man. His humiliation, on speculating

as to what they must have said when they received Olivia's card announcing that the marriage was not to take place on the 28th was such that he fell to wondering whether it wouldn't have been better to bluff the loss of money. They might have carried out their plans in spite of it. Indeed, he felt the feasibility of this course the more strongly after he had actually seen Olivia and she had given him the outlines of her tale.

Watching his countenance closely, she saw that he blanched. Otherwise he betrayed no sign of flinching. His manner of sitting rigid and upright in his corner of the rustic seat was a perfectly natural way of listening to a story that affected him so closely. What distressed her chiefly was the incongruity between his personality and the sordid drama in which she was inviting him to take part. He was even more distinguished-looking than he appeared in the photographs she cherished, or in the vision she had retained in her memory. Without being above the medium male height, he was admirably shaped by war, sport, and exercise. His neat head, with its thick, crispy hair, in which there was already a streak of gray, was set on his shoulders at just the right poise for command. The high-bridged nose, inherited from the Umfravilles, was of the kind commonly considered to show "race." The eyes had the sharpness, and the thin-lipped mouth the inflexibility, that go with a capacity for quick decisions. While he was not so imposing in mufti as in his uniform, the trim traveling suit of russet brown went well with the bronze tint of the complexion. It was so healthy a bronze, as a usual thing, that his present pallor was the more ashen from contrast.

Knowing from his telegram the hour at which to expect him, she had gone down the driveway to meet him when she saw him dismiss his taxicab at the gate. She chose to do this in order that their first encounter might take place out-of-doors. With the windows of the neighboring houses open, and people sitting on verandas or passing up and down the road, they could exchange no more than some conventional greeting. She would assume nothing on the ground of their past standing toward each other. He seemed to acquiesce in this, since he



showed no impatience at being restricted to the formality of shaking hands.

Happily for both, commonplace words were given them—questions and answers as to his voyage, his landing, his hotel. He came to her relief, too, as they sauntered toward the house, by commenting on its dignity and Georgian air, as well as by turning once or twice to look at the view. Nearing the steps she swerved from the graveled driveway and began to cross the lawn.

"We won't go in just yet," she explained. "Papa is there. He felt he ought to dress and come down-stairs to receive you. He's very far from well. I hope you'll do your best not to—to think of him too harshly."

"I shouldn't think harshly of any one simply because he'd had business bad luck."

"He *has* had business bad luck—but that isn't all. We'll sit here."

Taking one corner of a long garden-seat that stood in the shade of an elm, she signed to him to take the other. On the left they had the Corinthian-columned portico of the garden front of the house; in the distance, the multi-colored slopes of the town. Olivia, at least, felt the stimulating effect of the golden forenoon sunshine.

As for Ashley, in spite of his outward self-possession, he was too bewildered to feel anything at all. Having rushed on from New York by night, he was now getting his first daylight glimpse of America; and though, owing to more urgent subjects for thought, he was not consciously giving his attention to things outward, he had an oppressive sense of immensity and strangeness. The arch of the sky was so sweeping, the prospect before them so gorgeous, the sunlight so hard, and the distances so clear! For the first time in his life a new continent aroused in him an odd sense of antagonism. He had never had it in Africa or Asia or in the isles of the Southern Sea. There he had always gone with a sense of power, with the instinct of the conqueror; while here . . . But Olivia was speaking, saying things too appalling for immediate comprehension.

Her voice was gentle and even; she spoke with a certain kind of ease. She appeared to rehearse something already learned by heart.

"So, you see, he didn't merely lose his own money; he lost theirs—the money of his clients—which was in his trust. I hadn't heard of it when I wrote you in New York, otherwise I should have told you. But now that you know it—"

He looked mystified. "He's jolly lucky not to be in England," he said, trying not to seem as stunned as he felt. "There that sort of thing is a very serious—"

"Offense," she hastened to say. "Oh, so it is here. I must tell you quite plainly that if the money hadn't come papa would have had to go to—"

"But the money did come?"

She made a point of finishing her sentence. "If the money hadn't come papa would have had to go to prison. Yes, the money did come. A friend of—of papa's—and Drusilla's—advanced it. It's been paid over to the people who were going to law."

"So that part of it is settled?"

"That part of it is settled to the extent that no action will be taken against papa."

She continued to talk on gently, evenly, giving him the facts unsparingly. It was the only way. Her very statements, so it seemed to her, implied that as marriage between them was no longer possible their engagement was at an end.

She was not surprised that he scarcely noticed when, having said all she had to say, she ceased speaking. Taking it for granted that he was thinking out the most merciful way of putting his verdict into words, she, too, remained silent. She was not impatient, nor uneasy, nor alarmed. The fact that the business of telling him was no longer ahead of her, that she had got it over, brought so much relief that she felt able to await his pleasure.

She mistook, however, the nature of his thoughts. Once he had grasped the gist of her information, he paid little attention to its details. The important thing was his own conduct. Amid circumstances overwhelmingly difficult he must act so that every one, friend or rival, relative, county magnate or brother officer, the man in his regiment or the member of his club, the critic in England or the onlooker in America, should say he had done precisely the right thing.

He used the words "precisely the right



thing" because they formed a ruling phrase in his career. For twenty-odd years they had been written on the tablets of his heart and worn as frontlets between his brows. They had first been used in connection with him by a great dowager countess now deceased. She had said to his mother, apropos of some forgotten bit of courtliness on his part, "You can always be sure that Rupert will do precisely the right thing." Though he was but a lad at Eton at the time, he had been so proud of this opinion, expressed with all a dowager countess's authority, that from the moment it was repeated to him by his mother he made it a device. It had kept him out of more scrapes than he could reckon up, and had even inspired the act that would make his name glorious as long as there were annals of the Victoria Cross.

It was undoubtedly because he felt the long-sighted eyes of England on him that he had done precisely the right thing in winning the Victoria Cross. He confessed this—to himself. He confessed it often—every time, in fact, when he came to a difficult passage in his life. It was his strength, his inspiration. He confessed it now. If he sat silent while Olivia Guion waited till it seemed good to him to speak, it was only that he might remind himself of the advantages of doing the right thing, however hard. He had tested those advantages time and time again. The very memories they raised were a rebuke to weakness and hesitation. If he ever had duties he was inclined to shirk, he thought of that half-hour which had forever set the seal upon his reputation as a British soldier.

He thought of it now. He saw himself again looking up at the bristling cliffs that were to be rushed, whence the Afridis were pouring their deadly fire. He saw himself measuring with his eye the saddle of precipitous slope that had to be crossed, devoid of cover and strewn with the bodies of dead Ghurkas. Of the actual crossing, with sixty Rangers behind him, he had little or no recollection. He had passed under the hail of bullets as through perils in a dream. As in a dream, too, he remembered seeing his men, when he turned to cheer them on, go down like nine-pins—throw-

ing up their arms and staggering, or twisting themselves up like convulsive cats. It was grotesque rather than horrible; he felt himself grinning inwardly, as at something hellishly comic, when he reached the group of Ghurkas huddled under the cavernous shelter of the cliff. Then, just as he threw himself on the ground, panting like a spent dog and feeling his body all over to know whether or not he had been wounded, he saw poor Private Vickerson out in the open, thirty yards from the protection of the wall of rock. While the other Rangers to a man were lying still, on the back with the knees drawn up, or face downward with the arms outstretched, or rolled on the side as though they were in bed, Vickerson was rising on his hands and dragging himself forward. It was one of Ashley's most vivid recollections that Vickerson's movements were like a seal's. They had the drollery of a bit of infernal mimicry. It was also a vivid recollection that when he ran out to the soldier's aid he had his first sensation of fear. The bullets whizzed so thick about him that he ran back again. It was an involuntary running back, as involuntary as snatching his fingers out of a fire. He could remember standing under the rock, and, as Vickerson did not move, half hoping he were dead. That would put an end to any further attempts to save him. But the soldier stirred again, propping himself with both hands and pulling his body onward for a few inches more. Again Ashley ran out into a tempest of iron and fire and over ground slippery with blood. He could still feel himself hopping back, as a barefooted boy who has ventured into a snow-storm hops back into the house. A third time he ran out, and a fourth. At the fourth he distinctly worded the thought which had been at the back of his mind from the beginning, "I shall get the V. C. for this." He tried to banish the unworthy suggestion, but it was too strong for him. Over the cliffs, and out of the clouds, and from beyond the horizon, he felt the unseen eyes of England upon him, inciting him to such a valor that at the fifth attempt he dragged in his man.

He came out of this reverie, which, after all, was brief, to find the gentle



tones in which Olivia had made her astounding revelations still in his ears, while she herself sat expectant and resigned. He knew she was expectant and resigned and that she had braced her courage for the worst. With many men, with most men, this would have been needful. In the confusion of his rapid summaries and calculations it was a pleasurable thought that she should learn from him, and through him and in him, that it was not so with all. The silence which at first was inadvertent now became deliberate as—while he noted with satisfaction that he had not overstated to himself the exquisite, restrained beauty of her features, her eyes, her hair, her hands, and of the very texture and fashion of her clothing—he prolonged the suspense which was to be the prelude to his justifying once again the dowager countess's good opinion. It was to his credit as a brave man that he could nerve himself for this with his eyes wide open—wider open than even Drusilla Fane's—to the consequences that might be in store for him.

### CHAPTER XIII

ASHLEY had the tact, sprung of his English instinct for moderation, not to express his good intentions too directly. He preferred to let them filter out through a seemingly casual manner of taking them for granted. Neither did he attempt to disguise the fact that the strangeness incidental to meeting again, in trying conditions and under another sky, created between himself and Olivia a kind of moral distance across which they could draw together only by degrees. It was a comfort to her that he did not try to bridge it by anything in the way of forced tenderness. He was willing to talk over the situation simply and quietly until, in the course of an hour or two, the sense of separation began to wear away.

The necessity on her part of presenting Ashley to her father and offering him lunch brought into play those social resources that were as second nature to all three. It was difficult to think the bottom could be out of life while going through a carefully chosen menu and drinking an excellent vin de Graves at

a table meticulously well appointed. To escape the irony of this situation they took refuge in the topics that came readiest, the novelty to Ashley of the outward aspect of American things keeping them on safe ground till the meal was done. It was a relief to both men that Guion could make his indisposition an excuse for retiring again to his room.

It was a relief to Olivia, too. For the first time in her life, she had to recognize her father as insupportable to any one but herself and Peter Davenant. Ashley did his best to conceal his repulsion; she was sure of that; he only betrayed it negatively in a tendency to ignore him. He neither spoke nor listened to him any more than he could help. By keeping his eyes on Olivia he avoided looking toward him. The fact that Guion took this aversion humbly, his head hanging and his attention given to his plate, did not make it the less poignant.

All the same, as soon as they were alone in the dining-room the old sense of intimacy, of belonging to each other, suddenly returned. It returned apropos of nothing and with the exchange of a glance. There was a flash in his eyes, a look of wonder in hers—and he had taken her, or she had slipped, into his arms.

And yet when a little later he reverted to the topic of the morning and said, "As things are now, I really don't see why we shouldn't be married on the 28th—privately, you know," her answer was, "What did you think of papa?"

Though he raised his eyebrows in surprise that she should introduce the subject, he managed to say, "He seems pretty game."

"He does; but I dare say he isn't as game as he looks. There's a good deal before him still."

"If we're married on the 28th he'd have one care the less."

"Because I should be taken off his hands? I'm afraid that's not the way to look at it. The real fact is that he'd have nobody to help him."

"I've two months' leave. You could do a lot for him in that time."

She bent over her piece of work. It was the sofa-cushion she had laid aside on the day when she learned from Dave-



nant that her father's troubles were like Jack Berrington's. They had come back for coffee to the rustic seat on the lawn. For the cups and coffee service a small table had been brought out, beside which she sat. Ashley had so far recovered his sangfroid as to be able to enjoy a cigar.

"Would you be very much hurt," she asked, without raising her head, "if I begged you to go back to England without our being married at all?"

"Oh, but I say!"

The protest was not over-strong. He was neither shocked nor surprised. A well-bred woman, finding herself in such trouble as hers, would naturally offer him some way of escape from it.

"You see," she went on, "things are so complicated already that if we got married we should complicate them more. There's so much to be done—as to papa—and this house—and the future—of the kind of thing you don't know anything about. They're sordid things, too, that you'd be wasted on if you tried to learn them."

He smiled indulgently. "And so you're asking me—a soldier!—to run away."

"No, to let me do it. It's so—so impossible that I can't face it."

"Oh, nonsense!" He spoke with kindly impatience. "Don't you love me? You said just now—in the dining-room—when—"

"Yes, I know; I did say that. But, you see—we *must* consider it—love can't be the most important thing in the world either for you or me."

"I understand. You mean to say it's duty. Very good. In that case, my duty is as plain as a pikestaff."

"Your duty to stand by me."

"I should be a hound if I didn't do it."

"And I should feel myself a common adventuress if I were to let you."

"Oh—I say!"

His protest this time was more emphatic. There was even a pleading note in it. In the course of two or three hours he had got back much of the feeling he had had in England that she was more than an exquisite lady, that she was the other part of himself. It seemed superfluous on her part to fling open the way of retreat for him too wide.

She smiled at his exclamation. "Yes,

I dare say that's how it strikes you. But it's very serious to me. Isn't it serious to you, too, to feel that you must be true to me—and marry me—after all that's come to pass?"

"One doesn't think that way—or speak that way—of marrying the woman one adores."

"Men have been known to marry the woman they adored, and still regret the consequences they had to meet."

"She's right," he said to himself. "It is serious."

There could be no question as to her wisdom in asking him to pause. At his age and in his position, and with his merely normal capacity for passion, it would be absurd to call the world well lost for love. Notwithstanding his zeal to do the right thing, there was something due to himself, and it was imperative that he should consider it. Dropping the stump of his cigar into his empty coffee-cup, he got up and strode away. The emotion of the minute, far in excess of the restrained phrases convention taught them to use, offered an excuse for his unceremoniousness.

He walked to the other side of the lawn, then down to the gate, then round to the front of the house. To a chance passer-by he was merely inspecting the premises. What he saw, however, was not the spectacular foliage, nor the mellow Georgian dwelling, but himself going on his familiar victorious way, freed from a clogging scandal that would make the wheels of his triumphal car drive heavily. He saw himself advancing, as he had advanced hitherto, from promotion to promotion, from command to command. He saw himself first alone, and then with a wife—a wife who was not Olivia Guion. Then suddenly the vision changed into something misty and undefined; the road became dark, the triumphal car jolted and fell to pieces; there was reproach in the air and discomfort in his sensations. He recognized the familiar warnings that he was not doing precisely the right thing. He saw Olivia Guion sitting as he had left her four or five minutes before, her head bent over her stitching. He saw her there deserted, alone. He saw the eyes of England on him as he drove away in his triumphal car, leaving her to her





*Drawn by Orson Lowell*

"THERE'S NO ONE WHO WON'T BELIEVE BUT THAT I—THREW YOU OVER"







fate. His compunction was intense, his pity overwhelming. Merely at turning his back on her to stroll around the lawn he felt guilty of a cowardly abandonment. And he felt something else—he felt the clinging of her arms around his neck; he felt the throb of her bosom against his own as she let herself break down just for a second—just for a sob. It seemed to him that he should feel that throb forever,

He hurried back to where he had left her. "It's no use," he said to himself, "I'm in for it, by Jove! I simply can't leave her in the lurch."

There was no formal correctness about Ashley's habitual speech. He kept, as a rule, to the idiom of the mess, giving it distinction by his crisp, agreeable enunciation.

Olivia had let the bit of embroidery rest idly in her lap. She looked up at his approach. He stood before her.

"Do I understand," he asked, with a roughness assumed to conceal his agitation, "that you're offering me my liberty?"

"No, that I'm asking you for mine."

"On what grounds?"

She arched her eyebrows, looking round about her comprehensively. "I should think that was clear. On the grounds of—of everything."

"That's not enough. So long as you can't say that you don't—don't care about me any more—"

There was that possibility. It was very faint, but if she made use of it he should consider it decisive. Doing precisely the right thing would become quite another course of action if her heart rejected him. But she spoke promptly.

"I can't say that; but I can say something more important."

He nodded firmly. "That settles it, by Jove! I sha'n't give you up. There's no reason for it. So long as we love each other—"

"Our loving each other wouldn't make your refusal any the less hard for me. As your wife I should be trying to fill a position for which I'm no longer qualified and in which I should be a failure."

"As my wife," he said, slowly, with significant deliberation, "we could make the position anything you felt able to fill."

She considered this. "That is, you

could send in your papers and retire into private life."

"If we liked."

"So that you'd be choosing between your career and me."

"I object to the way of putting it. If my career, as you call it, didn't make you happy, you should have whatever would do the trick."

"I'm afraid you'll think me captious if I say that nothing *could* do it. If you weren't happy, I couldn't be; and you'd never be happy except as a soldier."

"That trade would be open to me whatever happened."

"In theory, yes; but in practice, if you had a wife who was under a cloud, you'd have to go under it, too. That's what it would come to in the working-out."

She stood up from sheer inability to continue sitting still. The piece of embroidery fell on the grass. Ashley smiled at her—a smile that was not wholly forced, because of the thoughts with which she inspired him. Her poise, her courage, the something in her that would have been pride if it had not been nearer to meekness and which he had scarcely called meekness before he felt it to be fortitude, gave him confidence in the future. "She's stunning, by Jove!" It seemed to him that he saw her for the first time. For the first time since he had known her he was less the ambitious military officer seeking a wife who would grace a high position than he was a man in love with a woman. Separating these two elements within himself, he was able to value her qualities, not as adornments to some Home or Colonial Headquarters House, but as of supreme worth for their own sake. "People have only got to see her," he said, inwardly, to which he added aloud:

"I dare say the cloud may not be so threatening, after all; and even if it is, I should go under it with the pluckiest woman in the world."

She acknowledged this with a scarcely visible smile and a slight inclination of the head. "Thank you; I'm foolish enough to like to hear you say it. I think I *am* plucky—alone. But I shouldn't be if I involved anybody else."

"But if it was some one who could help you?"



"That might be different, but I don't know of any one who could. *You* couldn't. If you tried you'd only injure yourself without doing me any good."

"At the least, I could take you away from—from all this."

"No, because it's the sort of thing one can never leave behind. It's gone ahead of us. It will meet us at every turn. You and I—and papa—are probably by to-day a subject for gossip in half the clubs in New York. To-morrow it will be the same thing in London—at the club you call the Rag—and the Naval and Military—and your different Service clubs—"

To hide the renewal of his dismay he pooh-poohed this possibility. "As a mere nine days' wonder."

"Which isn't forgotten when the nine days are past. Long after they've ceased speaking of it they'll remember—"

"They'll remember," he interrupted, fiercely, "that I jilted you."

She colored hotly. "That you—what?"

He colored, too. The words were as much a surprise to him as to her. He had never thought of this view of the case till she herself summoned up the vision of his friends and enemies discussing the affair in big leather arm-chairs in big, ponderous rooms in Piccadilly or St. James's Square. It was what they would say, of course. It was what he himself would have said of any one else. He had a renewed feeling that retreat was cut off.

"If we're not married—if I go home without you—it's what 'll be on everybody's lips."

"But it won't be true," she said, with a little gasp.

He laughed. "That won't matter. It's how it 'll look."

"Oh, looks!"

"It's what we're talking about, isn't it? It's what makes the difference. I shall figure as a cad."

He spoke as one who makes an astounding discovery. She was inexpressibly shocked.

"Oh, but you couldn't," was all she could find to say, but she said it with conviction.

He laughed again. "You'll see. There's no one—not my best friends—

not my mother—not my sisters—who won't believe, whatever you and I may say to the contrary—who won't believe but that I—threw you over."

A toss of his hand, a snap of his fingers, suited the action to the word.

Her color came and went in little shifting flashes. She moved a pace or two aimlessly, restively. Her head went high, her chin tilted. When she spoke her voice trembled with indignation, but she only said:

"They couldn't believe it long."

"Oh, couldn't they! The story would follow me to my grave. Things like that are never forgotten among fellows so intimate as soldiers. There was a chap in our regiment who jilted a nice girl at the Cape—sailed for home secretly only a week before the wedding." He paused to let her take in the dastardly nature of the flight. "Well, he rejoined at the depot. He stayed—but he didn't stay long. The Rangers got too hot for him—or too cold. The last I ever heard of him he was giving English lessons at Boulogne."

The flagrancy of the case gave her an advantage. "It's idle to think that that kind of fate could overtake you."

"The fate that can overtake me easily enough is that as long as I live they'll say I chucked a girl because she'd had bad luck."

She was about to reply when the click of the latch of the gate diverted her attention. Drusilla Fane, attended by Davenant, was coming up the hill. Seeing Olivia and Ashley at the end of the lawn, Drusilla deflected her course across the grass, Davenant in her wake. Her wide, frank smile was visible from a long way off.

"This is not indiscretion," she laughed as she advanced, "neither is it vulgar curiosity to see the lion. I shouldn't have come at all if mother hadn't sent me with a message."

Wearing a large hat à la Princesse de Lamballe and carrying a long-handled sunshade which she held daintily, like a Watteau shepherdess holding a crook, Drusilla had an air of refined, eighteenth-century dash. Knowing the probability that she disturbed some poignant bit of conversation, she proceeded to take command, stepping up to Olivia with a hasty



kiss. "Hello, you dear thing!" Turning to Ashley, she surveyed him an instant before offering her hand. "So you've got here! How fit you look! What sort of a trip did you have, and how did you leave your people? And, oh, by the way, this is Mr. Davenant."

Davenant, who had been paying his respects to Miss Guion, charged forward, with hand outstretched and hearty: "Happy to meet you, Colonel. Glad to welcome you to our country."

"Oh?"

Ashley snapped out the monosyllable in a dry, metallic voice pitched higher than his usual key.

Feeling his greeting to have been insufficient, Davenant continued, pumping up a forced rough-and-ready cordiality: "Heard so much about you, Colonel, that you seem like an old friend. Hope you'll enjoy your stay."

"Oh, indeed? I don't know, I'm sure."

Ashley's glance shifted from Drusilla to Olivia as though asking in some alarm who was this exuberant bumpkin in his Sunday clothes. Davenant drew back; his face fell. He looked like a big, sensitive dog hurt by a rebuff. It was Mrs. Fane who came to the rescue.

"Peter's come to see Cousin Henry. They've got business to talk over. And mother wants to know if you and Colonel Ashley won't come to dinner tomorrow evening. That's my errand. Just ourselves, you know. It 'll be very quiet."

Olivia recovered somewhat from the agitation of the previous half-hour as well as from the movement of sudden, inexplicable anger which Ashley's reception of Davenant had produced in her. Even so she could speak but coldly, and, as it were, from a long way off.

"You'll go," she said, turning to Ashley, "and I'll come if I can leave papa. I'll run up now and see how he is and take Mr. Davenant with me."

#### CHAPTER XIV

THERE was dignity in the way in which Davenant both withdrew and stood his ground. He was near the Corinthian portico of the house as Olivia approached him. Leaning on his

stick, he looked loweringly back at Ashley, who talked to Drusilla without noticing him further. Olivia guessed that in Davenant's heart there was envy tinged with resentment, antipathy not tempered by a certain unwilling admiration. She wondered what it was that made the difference between the two men, that gave Ashley his very patent air of superiority. It was a superiority not in looks, since Davenant was the taller and the handsomer; nor in clothes, since Davenant was the better dressed; nor in the moral make-up, since Davenant had given proofs of unlimited generosity. But there it was, a tradition of self-assurance, a habit of command, which in any company that knew nothing about either would have made the Englishman easily stand first.

Her flash of anger against the one, in defense of the other, passed away, its place being taken by a feeling that astonished her quite as much. She tried to think it no more than a pang of jealousy at seeing her own countryman snubbed by a foreigner. She was familiar with the sensation from her European, and especially her English, experiences. At an unfriendly criticism it could be roused on behalf of a chance stranger from Colorado or California, and was generally quite impersonal. She told herself that it was impersonal now, that she would have had the same impulse of protection, of championship, for any one.

Nevertheless, there was a tone in her voice as she joined him that struck a new note in their acquaintanceship.

"I'm glad you came when you did. I wanted you to meet Colonel Ashley. You'll like him when you know him better. Just at first he was a little embarrassed. We'd been talking of things—"

"I didn't notice anything—that is, anything different from any other Englishman."

"Yes; that's it, isn't it? Meeting an Englishman is often like the first plunge into a cold bath—chilling at first, but delightful afterward."

He stopped under the portico, to say with a laugh that was not quite spontaneous: "Yes; I dare say. But my experience is limited. I've never got to the—afterward."

"Oh, well, you will," she said, en-



couragingly, "now that you know Colonel Ashley."

"I've heard of men plunging into a cold bath, and finding it so icy that they popped out again."

"Yes; thin-blooded men, who are sensitive to chills. Not men like you."

They entered the house, lingering in the oval sitting-room through which they had to pass.

"Fortunately," he tried to say, lightly, "it doesn't matter in this case whether I'm sensitive to chills or not."

"Oh, but it does. I want you two to be friends."

"What for?" The question was so point-blank as to be a little scornful, but she ignored that.

"On Colonel Ashley's side, for what he'll gain in knowing you; on yours—for something more."

He stopped again, at the foot of the staircase in the hall. "May I ask—just what you mean by that?"

She hesitated. "It's something that a tactful person wouldn't tell. If I do, it's only because I want you to consider me as—your friend. I know you haven't hitherto," she hurried on, as he flushed and tried to speak. "I haven't deserved it. But after what's happened—and after all you've done for us—"

"I could consider you my friend without asking Colonel Ashley to think of me as his."

"Hardly—if I marry him; and besides—when you know him— You see," she began again, "what I have in mind depends upon your knowing him rather well."

"Then, Miss Guion," he laughed, "you can drop it. I've sized him up with a look. I've seen others like him—at Gibraltar and Malta and Aden and Hong-kong and Cairo, and wherever their old flag floats. They're a fine lot. He's all right for you—all right in his place. Only, the place isn't—mine."

"Still," she persisted, "if I marry him you'd be sometimes in England; and you'd come to visit us, wouldn't you?"

"Come and—what?" His astonishment made him speak slowly. "Why should you—?"

She took a step or two up the stairway, leaning on the banister in a way

to prevent his advancing. She was now looking down at him, instead of looking up.

"Isn't it true—?" she said, with hesitation—"at least I've rather guessed it—and I've gathered it from things Drusilla has said about you— You see," she began once more, "if we're to be friends you mustn't mind my speaking frankly, and saying things that other people couldn't say. You've intervened so much in my life that I feel you've given me a right to—intervene—in yours."

"Oh, intervene as much as you like, Miss Guion," he said, honestly.

"Well, then, isn't it true that there are things you've wanted—wanted very much—and never had? If so—and I marry Colonel Ashley—"

"Hold on! Let's see what you mean by—things. If it's visiting round in high society—"

He tried to render as scorn his dismay at this touching on his weakness.

"I don't mean anything so crude. Visiting round in high society, as you call it, would at best be only the outward and visible sign of an inward—and, perhaps, spiritual—experience of the world. Isn't that what you've wanted? You see, if I do marry Colonel Ashley, I could—don't be offended!—I could open a door to you that you've never been able to force for yourself."

"You mean, get me into society."

"You needn't be so disdainful. I didn't mean that—exactly. But there are people in the world different from those you meet in business—and in their way more interesting—certainly more picturesque. They'd like you if they knew you—and I had an idea that you—rather craved— After all, it's nothing to be ashamed of. It's only making the world bigger for oneself, and—"

Backing away from the stairway, he stood on a rug in the middle of the hall, his head hung like a young bull about to charge.

"What made you think of it?"

"Isn't that obvious? After you've done so much for me—"

"I haven't done anything for you, Miss Guion. I've said so a good many times. It wouldn't be right for me to take payment for what you don't owe me. Besides, there's nothing I want."



"That is to say," she returned, coldly, "you prefer the rôle of benefactor. You refuse to accept the little I might be able to do. I admit that it isn't much—but it's *something*—something within my power, and which I thought you might like. But since you don't—"

"It's no question of liking; it's one of admitting a principle. If you offer me a penny it's in part payment for a pound, while I say, and say again, that you don't owe me anything. If there's a debt at all it's your father's—and it's not transferable."

"Whether it's transferable or not is a matter that rests between my father and me—and, of course, Colonel Ashley, if I marry him."

He looked at her with sudden curiosity. "Why do you always say that with an if?"

She reflected an instant. "Because," she said, slowly, "I can't say it in any other way."

He straightened himself; he advanced again to the foot of the stairway.

"Is that because of any reason of *his*?"

"It's because of a number of reasons, one of which is mine. It's this—that I find it difficult to go away with one man—when I have to turn my back upon the overwhelming debt I owe another. I do owe it—I *do*. The more I try to ignore it, the more it comes in between me and—"

He pressed forward, raising himself on the first step of the stairs, till his face was on a level with hers. He grew red and stammered:

"But, Miss Guion, you're—you're—in love with him—the man you'd be going away with?"

She nodded. "Yes; but that wouldn't help me to feel justified with regard to the—the duty—I was leaving behind."

He dropped again to the level of the hall. "I don't understand. Do you mean to say that what I've done for Mr. Guion would keep you from getting married?"

"I'm not prepared to say that. Colonel Ashley is so—so splendid in the way he takes everything that— But I'll say this much," she began again, "that you've made it *hard* for me to be married."

"How so? I thought it would be all the other way."

"If you'll put yourself in my place—or in Colonel Ashley's place—you'll see. Try to think what it means for two people like us to go away—and be happy—and live in a great, fashionable world—and be people of some importance—knowing that some one else—who was nothing to us, as we were nothing to him—had to deprive himself of practically everything he had in the world to enable us to do it."

"But if it was a satisfaction to him—"

"That wouldn't make any difference to us. The facts would be the same."

"Then, as far as I see, I've done more harm than good."

"You've helped papa."

"But I haven't helped you."

"As I understand it, you didn't want to."

"I didn't want to—to do the reverse."

"Perhaps it wouldn't be the reverse if you could condescend to let me do something for you. It would be the fair exchange which is no robbery. That's why I suggest that if I'm to have that—that life over there—you should profit by its advantages."

He shook his head violently. "No, Miss Guion. Please don't think of it. It's out of the question. I wish you'd let me say once for all that you owe me nothing. I shall never accept anything from you—never!"

"Oh!" It was the protest of one who has been hurt.

"I'll take that back," he said, instantly. "There is something you can do for me and that I should like. Marry your Englishman, Miss Guion, and do what you said just now—go away and be happy. If you want to give me a reward, I'll take that."

She surveyed him a minute in astonishment. "You're perfectly extraordinary," she said at last, in a tone of exasperation; "and"—she threw at him a second later—"and impossible!"

Before he could reply she went grandly up the stairway, so that he was obliged to follow her. In the hall above she turned on him again. Had he not known that he had given her no cause for offense he would have said that her eyes filled with tears.



"Things are very hard as it is," she said, reproachfully. "You needn't go out of your way to make them gratuitously cruel."

"But, Miss Guion—" he began to protest.

"Please go in," she commanded, throwing open as she spoke the door of her father's room.

## CHAPTER XV

MEANWHILE, down on the lawn, Drusilla and Ashley were talking things over from their own points of view. There had been a second of embarrassment when they were first left alone, which Drusilla got over by pointing with her parasol to an indistinguishable spot in the stretch of tree-tops, spires, and gables sloping from the gate, saying:

"That's our house—the one with the little white cupola."

He made no pretense to listen or to look. "She says she doesn't want to marry me."

He made the statement dispassionately, as though laying down a subject for academic discussion.

It was some little time before she could think what to say.

"Well, that doesn't surprise me," she risked at last.

"Doesn't surprise you?"

She shook her head. "On the contrary, I should be very much astonished if she did—now. I should be astonished at any woman in her position wanting to marry a man in yours."

"I don't care a hang for my position."

"Oh yes, you do. And even if you didn't it wouldn't matter. It's naturally a case in which you and she have to see from different angles. With you it's a point of honor to stand by her; with her it's the same thing not to let you."

"In honor it's the positive, not the negative, that takes precedence, and the positive happens to be mine."

"I don't think you can argue that way, you know. What takes precedence of everything else is—common sense."

"And do you mean to say that common sense requires that she shall give me up?"

"I shouldn't go so far as to assert that. But I shouldn't mind saying that

if she did give you up there'd be a lot of common sense in her doing it."

"On whose account? Mine?"

"Yes; and hers. Perhaps chiefly on hers. You can hardly realize the number of things she has to take care of—and you'd be one more."

"I confess I don't seize your drift."

"It's not very abstruse, however. Just think. It isn't as if Cousin Henry had fallen ill, or had died, or had gone to pieces in any of the ordinary ways. Except for his own discomfort, he might just as well have been tried and sentenced and sent to prison. He's been as good as there. Every one knows it's only a special providence that he didn't go. But if he's escaped that by the skin of his teeth, he hasn't escaped a lot of other things. He hasn't escaped being without a penny in the world. He hasn't escaped having his house sold over his head and being turned out into the streets. He hasn't escaped reaching a perfectly impotent old age, with not a soul on this earth to turn to but Olivia."

"What about me?"

"Would *you* take him?"

"I shouldn't *take* him exactly. If he was my father-in-law"—he made a little grimace—"I suppose I could pension him off somewhere, or board him out, like an old horse. One couldn't have him round."

"H'm! I dare say that would do—but I doubt it. If you'd ever been a daughter you might feel that you couldn't dispose of a poor old broken-down father quite so easily. After all, he's not a horse. You might more or less forsake him when all was going well, and yet want to stick to him through thick and thin if he came a cropper. Look at me! I go off and leave my poor old dad for a year and more at a time—because he's a saint; but if he wasn't—especially if he'd got into any such scrape as Cousin Henry's—which isn't thinkable—but if he did—I'd never leave him again. That's my temperament. It's every girl's temperament. It's Olivia's. But all that is neither here nor there. If she married you her whole life would be given up to trying to make you blend with a set of circumstances you couldn't possibly blend with. It would be worse than singing one tune to an orchestra playing another. She'd go mad with the attempt."





*Drawn by Orson Lowell*

"PLEASE GO IN," SHE COMMANDED







"Possibly; except for one factor which you've overlooked."

"Oh, love! Yes, yes. I thought you'd say that." Drusilla tossed her hands impatiently. "Love will do a lot, but it won't do everything. You can't count on it to work miracles in a sophisticated company like the Sussex Rangers. They've passed the age of faith for that sort of thing."

"I don't see," he said, speaking very slowly, "that the Rangers need be altogether taken into consideration."

She looked at him fixedly. "Do you mean that you'd send in your papers?"

"Only in the sense that if my wife wasn't happy in the Service we could get out of it."

"Then you're really so much in love that you'd be willing to throw up everything on account of it?" There was some incredulity in her tone, to which, however, he offered no objection.

"Willing or unwilling isn't to the point. Surely you see that as far as public opinion goes I'm dished either way. The more I think of it the plainer it becomes. If I marry Olivia I let myself in for connection with a low-down scandal; if I don't, then they'll say I left her in the lurch. As for the effect on any possible promotion there might be in store for me, it would be six of one and half a dozen of the other. If I married her, and there was something good to be had, and old Bannockburn, let us say, was at the Horse Guards, then Lady Ban wouldn't have Olivia; and if I didn't marry her, and there was the same situation with old Englemere in command, then he wouldn't have me. There it is in a nutshell—simply nothing to choose."

They proceeded to stroll aimlessly up and down the lawn.

"I can quite see how it looks from your point of view," she began.

"No, you can't," he interrupted, sharply, "because you leave out the fact that I *am*—I don't mind saying it—that is, to you—you've been such a good pal to me!—I shall never forget it!—but I *am*—head over heels—desperately—in love."

"Yes," she smiled, bravely. "I know you are. And between two ills you choose the one that has some compensation attached to it."

"Between two ills," he corrected, "I'm choosing the only course open to a man of honor. Isn't that it?"

There was a wistful inflection on the query. It put forth at one and the same time a request for corroboration and a challenge to a contrary opinion. If there could be no contrary opinion, he would have been glad of some sign of approval or applause. He wanted to be modest; and yet it was a stimulus to doing precisely the right thing to get a little praise for it, especially from a woman like Drusilla.

In this for once she disappointed him. "Of course you are," she assented, even too promptly.

"And yet you're advising me," he said, returning to the charge, "to make a bolt for it and leave Olivia to shift for herself."

"If I remember rightly, the question you raised was not about you, but about her. It wasn't as to whether you should marry her, but as to whether she should marry you. I'm not disputing your point of view; I'm only defending Olivia's. I can see three good reasons why you should keep your word to her—"

"Indeed? And what are they?"

She told them off on her fingers. "First, as a gentleman, you can't do anything else. Second—"

"Your first reason," he interrupted, hastily, as though he feared she suspected him of not being convinced of it, "covers the whole ground. We don't need the rest."

"Still," she insisted, "we might as well have them. Second, it's the more prudent of two rather disadvantageous courses. Third—to quote your own words—you're head over heels in love with her. It's easy to see that now, and now one of these reasons is uppermost in your mind; but it's also easy to see that none of them makes a conclusive appeal to Olivia Guion. That's the point."

"The point is that I'm in love with her, and—if it's not claiming too much—she with me. We've nothing else to consider."

"You haven't. She has. She has all the things I've just hinted at—and ever so many more; besides which," she added, taking a detached, casual tone, "I suppose she has to make up her mind one



way or another as to what she's going to do with Peter Davenant."

The crow's-foot wrinkles about his eyes deepened to a frown of inquiry. "About Peter—who?"

Drusilla still affected a casual tone. "Oh? Hasn't she told you about *him*?"

"Not a word. Who is he?"

She nodded in the direction of the house. "He's up-stairs with Cousin Henry."

"The big fellow who was here just now? That—lumpkin?"

"Yes," she said, dryly, "that lumpkin. It was he who gave Cousin Henry the money to meet his liabilities."

"So he's the Fairy Prince? He certainly doesn't look it."

"No; he doesn't look it; but he's as much of a problem to Olivia as if he did."

"Why? What has he to do with her?"

"Nothing, except that I suppose she must feel very grateful."

They reached the edge of the lawn where a hedge of dahlias separated them from the neighboring garden.

"When you say that," he asked, "do you mean anything in particular?"

"I suppose I mean everything in particular. The situation is one in which all the details count."

"And the bearing of this special detail—?"

"Oh, don't try to make me explain that. In the first place, I don't know; and in the second, I shouldn't tell you if I did. I'm merely giving you the facts. I think you're entitled to know *them*."

"So I should have said. Are there many more? I've had a lot since I landed. I thought I must have heard pretty well all there was—"

"Probably you had, except just that. I imagine Olivia found it difficult to speak of, and so I'm doing it for her."

"Why should she find it difficult to speak of? It's a mere matter of business, I suppose."

"If it's business to give Cousin Henry what would be nearly a hundred thousand pounds in English money, with no prospect that any one can see of his ever getting it back—that is, not unless old Madame de Melcourt—"

"Oh, I say! Then he's one of your beastly millionaires, by Jove!—grind the

noses off the poor, and that sort of thing, to play Haroun-al-Rashid with the cash."

"Not in the least. He never ground the nose off any one; and as for being a millionaire, father says that what he's done for Cousin Henry will pretty well clean him out."

"All the same, he's probably done it with a jolly sharp eye to the main chance."

"Oh, I dare say his motives weren't altogether altruistic. Only it's a little difficult to see where the main chance comes in."

"Then what the deuce is he up to?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you that. I repeat that I'm only giving you the facts. You must interpret them for yourself."

He looked thoughtful. Drusilla plucked a scarlet dahlia and fastened it in her dress, after which they strolled back slowly to the middle of the lawn. Here Ashley said:

"Has all this got anything to do with Olivia? I wish you wouldn't make mysteries."

"I'm not making mysteries. I'm telling you what's happened just as it occurred. He advanced the money to Cousin Henry, and that's all I know about it. If I draw any inferences—"

"Well?"

"I'm just as likely to be wrong as right."

"Then you *have* drawn inferences?"

"Who wouldn't? I should think you'd be drawing them yourself."

They wandered on a few yards, when he stopped again. "Look here," he said, with a sort of appealing roughness, "you're quite straight with me, aren't you?"

"Have I ever been anything else with you?"

"No. You've been straight as a die. I'll say that for you. You've been a good pal—a devilish good pal! But over here—in America—everything seems to go by enigmas—and puzzles—and surprises—"

"I'll explain what I can to you," she said, with a heightened color, "but it won't be so very easy. There are lots of people who, feeling as I do—toward Olivia—and—and toward you—would want to beat about the bush. But when



all these things began to happen—and you were already on the way—I turned everything over in my mind and decided to speak exactly as I think.”

“Good!”

“But it isn’t so very easy,” she repeated, pretending to rearrange the dahlia in her laces, so as to find a pretext for not looking him in the eyes. “It isn’t so very easy; and if—later on—in after years perhaps—when everything is long over—it ever strikes you that I didn’t play fair—it ’ll be because I played so fair that I laid myself open to that imputation. One can, you know. I only ask you to remember it. That’s all.”

Ashley was bewildered. He could follow little more than half of what she said. “More mysteries,” he was sighing to himself as she spoke. “And, good

Lord, what a country! Always something queer and new.”

“Good-by,” she said, offering her hand, before he had time to emerge from his meditations. “We shall see you to-morrow evening. And, by the way, we dine at half-past seven. We’re country people here, and primitive. No; don’t come to the gate. Olivia must be wondering where you are.”

He looked after her as she tripped over the lawn toward the roadway, holding her long-handled, beribboned, eighteenth-century sunshade with the daintiness of a Watteau shepherdess holding a crook.

“She’s a good ’un,” he said to himself. “Straight as a die, she is—and true as steel.”

None the less he was glad when she left him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Flower Asleep

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

APRIL is in the world again,  
And all the world is filled with flowers—  
Flowers for others, not for me—  
For my one flower I cannot see,  
Lost in the April showers.

I cannot wake her, though I sing,  
And all the birds, for her dear sake,  
Fill with their songs the vernal brake—  
Ah! could they make her rise again,  
What resurrection would be mine!

Is she too tired to help the sun  
And all the little stars to shine?



# The Sun-God

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

THE white haze of heat lay over the fields; a blinding glare beat up into her face from the hot road; her feet set in motion eddies of burning sand; though there must have been air stirring—for the yellow wheat-fields rustled hopefully—none reached her. Miss Bentwick called out to a flaxen-haired laborer bent over digging potatoes:

“Can you tell me how far it is to the Lake?” She had meant to follow up her query, in case the distance proved to be more than a quarter of a mile, by finding out if there was a horse and carriage to be had. But the fellow merely raised his head and stared at her stupidly. When she repeated her question he shook his head and muttered something guttural. If it was German he spoke, it was some uncouth dialect that she couldn’t understand. And he anticipated her conclusion that it was hopeless to try to get anything out of him, by marching off across the fields with a basket of potatoes on his shoulder.

“Stupid thing!” She stamped her slender foot in her impatience. But the only result of that was to raise a small cloud of dust that added temporary blindness to her former woes and set her to coughing and sneezing. This crisis over, she was hotter than ever. So she laughed at her own discomfiture.

“For sheer brutal indifference to anything feminine commend me to one of these transplanted Teutonic peasants,” she thought, as she loosened her dainty collar and turned her blouse in at the neck in preparation for the inevitable plodding onward under the burning sun. “I wonder if he can be from that queer settlement that Graham told me about?”

“Maybe he’s a Polack—” her thoughts went faster than her feet. “He certainly looks wooden enough. Graham says the Scandinavians and Germans make the best citizens—in the course of a generation or so. If that’s a specimen, I’m glad I haven’t anything to do with the

manufacture.” But even this impersonal reflection failed to bring her into the mental poise that should make her superior to the forlornness of the unfamiliar, unfriendly landscape and the almost overpowering heat.

“Mell would say that all I had to do was to fix my mind on the thought that it was really cool,” she thought, at the end of a toilsome ten minutes. “Well, this needs a desperate measure. It is cool!”—she fixed a dust-laden tree by the wayside with an admonishing glance—“it—is—cool. And there is a delicious breeze.” But her tone had become wavering, and she stopped to mop her heated face. “All the same, I am sure Mell never tried her faith by walking this stretch on a day like this—even when motors had ‘conviction of error’ and Graham had lamed every horse in the stable. What made me come without writing I was coming? Why did the station-master say it was only a mile? And why did I make up my mind I would walk?”

The horizon-line, plainly visible at the end of a hopelessly wide expanse of checker-board plots in wheat or corn or grass, volunteered no answer to this question. Instead it sent up a throbbing pulsation of violet light. Miss Bentwick set her lips firmly and trudged on.

At the end of another dragging ten minutes she seemed no nearer her destination. Her face was more deeply flushed and drops of moisture stood out on her forehead. The brown eyes were fixed on the road just ahead in the hope that the passing of the next clump of trees would reveal the ring of cottages around the lake that marked the summer settlement. She had as yet seen it only through a series of photographs of her brother-in-law’s latest toy estate.

Her thoughts went on, rather dazed by this time, but ceaselessly thronging. And there were moments when her thoughts, like her breath, came in gasps.





"CAN YOU TELL ME HOW FAR IT IS TO THE LAKE?"

"If there were only hills—and valleys—and views—and—oh!—*waterfalls*—" The longing for the sound of running water seized her. "*Look* at that hideous house!" Indignation lent her a little false strength, and she made a gasping dash up to the top of a slight rise in the road. "It's a crime! It certainly has lots of wood in it and plenty of big windows. But why does it have to be without any beauty of proportion? I didn't know there could be—such a glare—'a prosperous farming country'—'sturdy granger population'—Graham certainly has an attack of the English-squire complacency toward this country. I believe he thinks he will bud with it and bloom into a statesman-Congressman!" The flushed face was a-sparkle with amusement.

But the road stretched on. Hillock after hillock was painfully gained, only to reveal nothing hopeful. There was no more merriment and very little

thought. And what there was was pervaded by a sense of a dull-beating pulse and a hot throbbing at her temples. "So ugly—there's another—all alike—like square little Dutch children bobbing around a master—that man must have directed me wrong—maybe, though, I took the wrong turning—funny you always feel like blaming some one else when you're uncomfortable— But I *must* hold out— There isn't any one to pick me up if I fall—or anything— When I get to the next house—I'll stop and rest." In the queer desperation that was overwhelming her there was something comforting in the thought.

By this time, under the leveling strokes of weariness and the burning heat and the dust of the wayside, the slender wayfarer was piteously transformed from the self-poised, rather aloof young woman who left the car at X—, in the heart of the great wheat-fields of the nearer West. Her hat sagged wearily over one ear, her



coat waved forgotten arms of limp appeal to the road, the skirt and trim little shoes were white with dust. Collarless, her face white and smudged, she was just a forlorn young girl, appealing in the wistfulness of her eyes and her drooping grace.

Miss Bentwick had passed the group of little dwellings that she had likened to a group of Dutch school-children, and had struggled up a slope that led apparently to the largest of them. She had just time to notice, with dull surprise, that a green lawn surrounded it, and that the graveled walk was smooth and bordered by flower-beds of compact bloom, regulated with almost martial precision. Then the figure of a tall man rose suddenly from behind an ornate and spike-bristling iron fence. He was pointing with a determined arm to a bed of geraniums, and was saying:

"*Mein Gott!* Wilhelm, how dumb thou art—or lazy—I know not which thou art more completely! Haf I not told thee—"

The girl appeared. He saw the little figure and darted forward; it was clear she was about to fall. She saw, coming toward her, a being of pagan brightness, the tumbled light curls of his hair flame-touched like the rays of the cruel sun that hurt her. The outstretched arm seemed to threaten. . . .

Just as she fell he caught her. She did not see, for all the fierce young power of the figure, that the blue eyes were at that moment mild and brooding, father-sweet almost, calm and comforting and cool. She could not know that the throb in the heart was all of tenderness, that which always welled up within him at the thought of broken and helpless and failing ones.

When she recovered consciousness she moved her hand dazedly to her head and found that it was swathed in wet cloths through which came the damp chill of shaved ice. Before she could even try to think where she was, a voice that seemed to awake dull echoes in her brain said, from somewhere at her side:

"Haf I not said many times, Frau Nurse, that to step lightly and speak low you must be careful—if you would learn to take care of the sick?"

"*Ja, Herr Baron.*"

"And there is a ray of sunshine that will pierce through to her brain when she awakes."

"*Wo—where iss it, Herr Baron?*"

"*Du lieber Gott!* Not to see! *There* is it."

"*Ja, Herr Baron.*" The voice was docile, stupid, the obedience instinctive.

"Frau Nurse, haf I not said many times that I will not be addressed with that laid-aside title? Here in this new land, with this equal brotherhood we plant together, we from Kirchlengern, I am no more noble than you or any other. I wish not to hear again that vain title of oppression."

"*Ja, Hoheit—Herr Baron.*"

He had to smile. "If you must, do what I may, get in that outgrown 'Herr,' then name me, at the most, 'Herr Doctor.' That, it is true, I have the right to, earned it by work of the hardest. And of that, moreover, I haf some pride. Remember, I am 'Herr Doctor' as thou art 'Frau Nurse.' All labor is of equal honor. I am no better than thou, Frau Nurse. We are not now on my father's land, *Gott sei dank!* I am no better than you." To himself he muttered, "That is the one thing one cannot teach these peasants." Then, aloud, he repeated, "Remember that I—am—no—better—than—you."

"*Ja, Herr Bar—Doctor,*" the woman repeated, slavishly. "You are no better than me, your *Hoheit*. And my man wishes me to say to you that he will wait upon you with the trousers he has pressed as soon as he can get rid of—finish the work of the other brothers. He iss much afraid that you cannot yourself dress without him. But you haf told him—*Ach*—the old Baron will neffer us forgif!" The dull voice had risen into a dismayed protest.

"So—so—that is not now the question. What you are to think of is to give this young lady, if she comes to consciousness while I am out of the room, some of this medicine. And do not let her trouble herself about where she is or how she came here; just make her think that all is well. Use all the tact—*Ach!*"—he interrupted himself to say aside—"I forget always. That I should talk to her of 'tact,' when she knows quite



as much of Sanscrit. Frau Nurse, get some more ice!"

The terse command caught at last at some vague memory. Things pieced themselves together. It must have been a man, then—the man of this voice. All that happened was that something had made her faint. Oh yes, the burning heat.

Painfully she opened her eyes. She was in a cool and darkened room. The effort to look made her head ache more, and she closed her eyes again. But not before she had seen the figure standing by the bed. After all, he was only a tall, fair man, professional-looking and calm, gazing meditatively at her through clear, blue eyes. The fear that must have lasted through her stupor vanished. She felt reassured, and yet, somehow, blank.

He spoke with grave courtesy, answering her unspoken question:

"You are at Bruderhaus, Fräulein. You fainted while you were yet passing the gate. It was a *Sonnenschlag*—a touch of sun."

Dimly seen though it was, his face gave her infinite trust. She was still lingering on the verge of the world she knew. And so she smiled at him confidently, as a child would have done. And the smile brought an answering glow of tenderness into the man's eyes.

"'Bruderhaus,'" she repeated after him, dreamily. "It has a good sound. I have never heard of it before—but then I have never been here." Her head was still weak, and her thoughts seemed to be floated off in great, dizzy waves. His voice again brought her back.

"It is a new place, Fräulein. When you are strong I will tell you all about it. The name has a good sound to me, too, for it means—" His voice lost some of its crisp directness and took on the dreamer's tone. "But now," he said, with a return to his grave kindliness, "you must not try to listen. You must not try to see or think—or care overmuch how you may breathe," he finished, laughing. "You must just lie here for three days and be the guest of Bruderhaus, although by the third day you may write to your friends—or, better, we haf yet a telephone. Before that we will send any word to your friends, send for them, if you so wish it."

She shook her head, wondering why she did it. "No, no. I'll 'phone when I am able." Surely her head must still be weak.

He nodded soothingly. "And by that time you will quite haf your good strength back again. And you will be able to defy him, that too-ardent sun-god who launched his javelin at you—a far-thrower is Balder, as they taught



"ALL LABOR IS OF EQUAL HONOR. REMEMBER THAT I AM NO BETTER THAN THOU"



me while yet I went to school. I am sure he could not haf wished with so much force to strike you." He laughed indulgently, as one soothes a sick child.

And only as he was leaving the room did she open her heavy eyes to steal a last glance at him. Then, at the instant when she had turned her head aside with a long sigh of relief and contentment, the shaft of sunlight that the German woman had been told to banish reached him. It touched the fair head, so gallantly flung back, and at the touch, as at some fiery challenge, the tossed, fair waves of hair flung back, helter-skelter, rash and daring, the sun's message in many a joyous shaft of gold. The girl sighed uncertainly, turned her face against the pillow, felt its cool, protecting softness, and slept again.

On the third day, piloted by Frau Nurse, Miss Bentwick found the big dining-room at midday dinner-time. At the head of the table sat Von Eberhardt, his eyes, clear and beneficent, resting upon the motley company gathered there. Yet he saw, the instant that his guest appeared at the door, and was standing, with her chair at his right pulled back for her, when she reached his side. A dozen stolid German faces were lifted, in momentary surprise that any man could make use of an effort so superfluous. Then the eyes fell again, realizing that such speculation was not worth delaying the brave process of feeding for.

"In the name of the community, Fräulein, I bid you welcome to Bruder-

haus." He spoke with a little flourish of hospitable ceremoniousness, delightful in its warm-hearted sincerity, and yet so boyish that, as she sat down, she realized how young he was and felt somehow that he ought to be protected from his own enthusiasms.

There was an instant's pause as he looked at her, her dainty chin uplifted, indefinitely aloof from the red-faced peasant next her. For the first time he felt embarrassed. He looked around the board, wondering uncomfortably if he had done this little lady a discourtesy, placing her there by the others. "The others"—he caught himself with something like indignation. Since when had

he classed his brothers of Bruderhaus so? The next minute, his awkwardness gone, he turned to her in grave sincerity. And to this she responded, looking clearly at him through frank and honest eyes.

"I will not trouble you or these good friends of mine, my Fräulein, by presenting them to you after the manner which you might expect. It would but make them awkward. They could not help but feel that you were not one of them. They haf industry, these men of Bruderhaus; they haf morals—

if one be not over-stern. But—for their manners—I haf not yet attempted there to destroy their happy ignorance. Their manners are a problem for *der liebe Gott*—who will yet begin some generations off!" His joyous laugh was like a sudden burst of sunshine. And she leaned forward with a delicious sense of intimacy, saying, as he filled her plate:



PILOTED BY 'FRAU NURSE, MISS BENTWICK FOUND THE DINING-ROOM





"IN THE NAME OF THE COMMUNITY, FRÄULEIN, I BID YOU WELCOME TO BRUDERHAUS"

"Tell me all about them, who they are and what they do."

But his running commentary that occupied the meal-time was interrupted every other minute by some question from the peasants, or plea for instructions, or some suggested criticism from Von Eberhardt himself. It would run thus: "This is Hans, our chief farmer; his good wife mends the linen. No, no, Fritz, not to-morrow; the price is sure to go up, the market's rising, and the wheat can wait yet some days. Toni—yes, he's Italian; came to us just in time to cobble our shoes. So?—Wilhelm? I will come and see. Frau Winterbergen is famous for her cheeses—we sell many of them. Heinrich, this beef should have been hung longer; I saw to it that there's enough ice." And to a pale-eyed woman, "The little one gets always better?" Then, in response to her look of passionate gratitude, "So, so," soothingly, "she will soon be well."

Miss Bentwick, glancing around in her effort to read the riddle of the queer association, realized, with an illogical quickening of her own pulses, that just

as in his splendid height he towered above the others, so his was the will that held the mass together. And the wonder grew in her ardent mind, that eagerly ran to bow before a master-spirit, what turn of fate it was which had brought this powerful personality to this place.

The man at her side must have felt the question, he turned to her with so immediate an answer.

"I have not yet told you of the Brotherhood, as I said I would do on that first day that I turned to look at the dust of the roadside and saw—you." That wonderful note, charging his last word with meaning as sharp as electricity, must have come as a surprise to the man himself, for it was followed by a wave of color that dyed all the fair skin of his face. The consciousness of it made his tone more formal.

"While I was yet in Vaterland—in Germany—it troubled me that these men on my father's land should be so low and that others should be so high. For the Von Eberhardts had never done anything for their kind but grind them still farther under heels, as iron officers of



the iron government, or, worse, as instruments for the tyranny of the army, that evil monster that keeps all Germany poor. For generations and for generations we had done nothing else. It troubled me that it should be so, just because I was Von Eberhardt, and they for generations of the fields. I felt that all men should be as brothers, and all should dwell together. Do you not think so, Fräulein?" His tone was unconsciously eager.

She smiled a moment, then said: "Wait. I'll tell you later. Let me hear how you have worked it out."

As his eyes dwelt on her, the question died out of them in the pleasure of telling his story to her.

"Then there was a professor at Heidelberg who made us feel—until the government found it out—how all might be different, how all men might own land in common, work together, each doing that for which he was fitted, and yet no man be of more esteem than another man with the work of his honest hands. So, after a time when I had my diploma as physician, that career in which, of all others, a man may give himself and not for gain, we of Kirchlingern came together to this new land where all things are not yet hardened, buckrammed, ironed into sharp divisions. Then to us came yet others. And others most surely yet will come." His eyes had begun to glow with visionary enthusiasm.

"Whose was the capital?" It was the clear-minded daughter of a practical race that asked the question. Von Eberhardt's eyes narrowed into keenness.

"It was mine, of course; they hadn't a pfennig among them. How could they haf? With our vicious system? But there was a small inheritance from an uncle. I had elder brothers to carry on the estate. It made no difference whether I spent the money in this or in some other way. My father even said that this was cheaper than—the ways my brothers chose." He glanced at her half humorously.

"Has it made any return on the investment?" she demanded, wholly interested.

"All that could be wished for. From the first we paid expenses. Oh, I had studied up the subject. We carry on ourselves all the necessary activities.

And then we also sell. For the last year we haf made a handsome profit."

"You pay wages?"

"Wages? No, my Fräulein. 'Wages,' and 'servants' too, belong to the old system. Here each man and each woman shares alike. Already there is a good sum—"

"They save it?"

"I haf made, for each one, a bank account—"

"Your own share no larger?"

"My own?" he repeated, blankly. "Oh, there are always things to be bought, machinery, or, at least, repairs."

"How much do you depend on their advice, their skill in planning?" He looked convicted. She learned back in her chair and laughed light-heartedly. "A beautiful communistic scheme, this. You furnish all the capital, the risk, the brains. They contribute nothing but their low-priced, unskilled labor, not even money for maintaining the plant. And they are dividing all the profits, and you have none. It's no democracy you are instituting. It's a benevolent despotism that cheats itself!"

Von Eberhardt laughed delightedly at the keenness of her thrust.

"Suppose, Herr Von Eberhardt—Herr Baron"—she put a mischievous emphasis on her words—"suppose, in the future, some other venture called you. You must go away and leave the others to take charge, to make good bargains, watch the market, direct expenditures, and know when to sell. How long do you think that Bruderhaus would stand?"

He had an answer ready. "By the coming of that time they will haf taken part in council; they will be trained to lead as well as to follow—if not this generation, then the next. And even if my system is not perfect, it is an attempt made to right dumb beings' wrongs, and made, as God is my witness, with an honest heart! How could I bear—how could any man of feeling endure, when once awakened, to pass idly by and live my gilded hour, while these others—starved hearts and brains and bodies—toil patiently to maintain my overmuch? Must I cheat my heart with the flaring of lights over gaming-tables, or look at truth only through the bottoms of tall steins at drinking-bouts?"



His eyes blazed. The noble passion for humanity shone through them. And the woman—for all her sane conviction that his dream was futile, the admiration that shook her was an answer to the man. Some queer feeling was stirring in her that was at once protecting and curiously humble. Born of it, the final argument against him rose to her lips. But the trembling consciousness that had come to life within her kept it back.

He rose, to give the signal to the others, and they two walked silently to the door. Outside they paused a moment, Miss Bentwick's eyes, brilliant, widely open on the throbbing, sun-drenched world outside.

"Suppose," she said, and at the thrill in her voice the man turned suddenly and looked at the beautiful woman-mystery of her face. "Suppose I too had felt it, and it had hurt me—the helpless cry of the blinded, aching world; hurt me so that I carried with me—everywhere—a lump in my throat that—even when every one was happy about me—I could do nothing with—couldn't eat—or laugh—or sing with others because the stupid lump wouldn't go. And then—" For the first time she raised her eyes, and his were attentive with all the fervor of his unspoiled soul. She spoke with her eyes full on him: "Then when I—came here—and saw what you were doing, something called me." Her eyes wavered, fell, and her voice broke

into silence, delicious, even though it was vaguely shaking. Her lips trembled into a smile, but the smile was too tender to be merely secret. "Suppose—" she said again, almost in a whisper, and then she stopped.



SHE WAS TO HAVE HER LAST INTERVIEW WITH HIM THERE

"*Herr Baron*—" A guttural voice broke in just behind them. Von Eberhardt started violently and wheeled round. It was a peasant, waiting stolidly. "*Herr Baron*," he began again, "did you say—?"

"Later!" came from Von Eberhardt, curtly. "Go and wait!"

Something that was almost an expression came into the heavy face with its surprise, and the man clumped away. But Von Eberhardt was too wholly absorbed to be aware of his own impatience.



"It seems impossible," he said to Miss Bentwick, half irritably, "to ever get a moment in this place alone!"

Involuntarily she glanced up at him. But he was entirely unconscious, bent toward her, eager for her to proceed. A current that was not of her own will or knowledge seemed to be carrying her on.

"It might be—" she had begun.

"It might be you would stay?" he burst out, joyously. And, by the very rush of his confidence, she knew how great a boy he was. "*Ach*, but that would be too much goodness. To haf some one with whom I could talk, and that some one—*you*. You can't, of course, imagine it," he sought her eyes half apologetically, "just of what dreariness it has been to be here always with these people, who are—of course—good souls. But"—he laughed this time shamelessly—"now you can see it of yourself. I can't talk with them as *we* haf talked. Then, *mein Gott!* to haf hands like yours to tend the children—for that is, of course, just what you would do—those gentle, soft, little hands." A sigh of pleasure showed how much Frau Nurse's clumsy roughness had weighed upon him. "I saw it—your face—when you heard that poor soul speak of her sick little one. You haf the *Mutterliebe*." He himself caught the tenderness of the sentiment in his voice and laughed frankly. "You must forgive me," he said. "If I were of this country—by birth—I would not haf said that. But we of the Vaterland we haf the silly habit of talking heart-talk. But—for you to stay! Now who can say that my plan is not a good one?" He attacked her ingenuous conviction. "For, since I haf convinced you, surely I can convince the world!"

With his head high he walked off down the corridor, his quick tread ringing down the silence like the march of a victorious army. As she watched him the girl smiled at the unconscious haughtiness of his bearing, and smiled again as she thought how inevitably he was stamped with the war spirit of the very forebears on whom he sat in judgment. The next moment she was shivering as she thought of her rash words and her rasher impulse. She ran to telephone to Graham.

It was late in the afternoon of that third day when Miss Bentwick came into the community-room at Bruderhaus. The smile of mingled humor and tenderness was again on her lips. For she was thinking of the great destiny that the German had planned for the community-room, and of what she had observed to be its present use. Von Eberhardt had told her that in it he was to mingle with the others on terms of brotherly equality. After days of pleasant toil all were to gather and hold fellowship with one another, humanizing, defining, bringing forward all the neglected beautiful side of life. What had happened was that after a few evenings of enforced attendance, of exquisite discomfort for all, the community-room had become Von Eberhardt's office, where he heard complaints, granted requests, dictated the very shrewd policy of Bruderhaus. And to-day Miss Bentwick was to have her last interview with him there.

As she lingered, evidently awaiting some one, several flaxen-haired farmhands coming to ask some question of the Herr Baron saw her and went away, a smirk upon their broad, red faces. There are some things which one does not have to matriculate in a university to be prepared to answer. And, slow as one may be in reading, there is one page that the dullest man can read at a glance. It had taken only the Herr Baron's manner at the dinner-table and his subsequent irritation at being interrupted in conversation to root conviction fast in their minds. Therefore, as, in their own dull way, they loved the young Herr Baron, each man went tiptoeing cautiously away.

The heat was intense. At first the coolness in the dim, closed-in room was grateful. Then, impatient for the sunshine, she opened a shutter and looked out. The fields were blazing in the sun. From the roof of an outbuilding below the heat flamed up, laden with a heavy odor of hot paint. Low, drowsy bird-calls came from the shelter of the green ravine just back of Bruderhaus. There the little flutterers had sought the shelter of the dense shade and the fresher air that stirred above the almost silent flowing of a loitering brook. The gentle notes were rare; an aching melancholy



went thrilling through their sweetness. Before the girl turned from the window a greeting went from her to the rapture that was stirring underneath the pain.

Impatient footsteps rang down the corridor. At the sound she winced, wondering how she should tell him. He came into the room, looking anxious.

"You sent for me? You are not ill? There is no return of that trouble?"

She shook her head. "No—it's just that—I have heard from my brother. He will come for me this evening, in an hour."

Von Eberhardt looked puzzled; then he argued: "But—ah yes, it is but to make arrangements. When will you return?"

"I am not coming back. It was a mistake. I must go. I was on my way to my sister's home—they live near here, the name is Graham Ford—when I fell."

His lips quivered in a boyish, hurt way. "But you *said* the work had called you. And if it was just a passing whim, a lightness, it makes it all—unworthy. This is not a thing to make a jest about." His indignation was rising and his face looked stern.

"It was not that," she said, proudly. "I had no idea of jesting—"

"What does it mean, then? You are not one of those silly women who say—and unsay—and say again—and all from shallowness. If you said something, you meant something. And you *said* that you would stay."

She felt a sort of dismay. How could she ever explain without making him think something that she hid from her own knowledge.

"I did not say I would stay. I said I might—want to." She turned from him, feeling that she had been shameless.

But he was merely saddened. He was looking away from her, out of the shutter she herself had opened. In the cool greenness of the ravine, with the first tonic rifts of evening coolness, the birds were stirring into life and fleeting vehemence once more.

"I see," he said. "Your heart is soft—you would help—but the world calls you. It was a foolishness in me to think that anything so lovely by the world would be let go. Well, it is still a happiness that some chance sent you to my door. I had begun to doubt my mission, since it seemed that it could speak only to—those be-

low. But when you came—After all, it is much to think that you believe in my plan of helpfulness, that if you could you would be of it."

It was cruel, but she couldn't let him think a thing that was not so.

"But I don't believe in your plan," she said, low but steadily. "I believe in the spirit of it; but I think the way you take is wrong."

Again the way he received the thrust surprised her. Her words seemed to start something dynamic to life within him; something that had been growing in him



HE WAS LOOKING AWAY FROM HER, OUT OF THE SHUTTER SHE HERSELF HAD OPENED



since their meeting, disguised in so many forms he had hardly known it, was growing giant-high, expanding, pushing, demanding to be heard. He gave a great start and faced her.

"If that is so," he demanded, "what was it? *Why* did you want to stay?"

She was losing her self-possession, was plainly frightened. "A whim," she said. "Curiosity, we'll say."

His steady eyes demanded of her as if she had not spoken. With a last effort she braced herself against him.

"You are making a great stir about nothing, Herr Von Eberhardt," she said, with some anger. "And in a few minutes my brother will be here. I must go."

Still he disregarded her trivial parry. His eyes held her, and she felt that everything in her life was weakness beside the determination in their depths. She fought it silently, since words were mere nothings. And as she fought it she could see the passion for conquering grow in him by leaps and bounds.

"Why?" he demanded, between set teeth, and was silent. His eyes' slow, intense fire reached her, blue like the heart of the hearth-fire when some unknown, powerful chemical is freed. She saw that the escaping, aspiring thing was love.

The glorious knowledge came to her—framing, as she was, half panic-stricken phrases of explanation, of excuse, that should dress up in the man's mind her single crazy impulse with the clothes of dignity and reason, and so keep safe the secret that she hid. But as joy shot home to her it put her trivial fears to rout. With their going life's tide rose in choking exultation. *He belonged to her*. In that instant she stood at the pinnacle of power, endowed with all. It made her giddy, freakish; she wanted to trifle with her power, jest with it, hiding away in her deep heart the consecration that it brought.

She raised her eyes to him. They were maddeningly beautiful with that soft beseeching in them; a sudden flash of intuition made her feel both herself and the man whose heart she held in the hollow of her hand.

"Shall I tell you why I wanted to stay here?" Her voice was one with the myriad bird-calls, thrilling through

with ecstasy and the pain that is more beautiful than joy. He nodded slightly—his mind was so choked with theories that the tide pushed slowly.

"I stayed for the same reason—and it's because men and women will always feel this same reason that your plan must fail—the very same reason that, since I came, has made you want to send the others—all away." Then she lowered her eyes and waited for the storm.

But no sound came—no motion. That moment held all the suspense of the ages. She could not endure it, and she looked again.

Von Eberhardt was white, looking straight in front of him, not at her.

"Poor dear!—poor dear!" she thought, wincing. "I had not realized how much this plaything meant!"

When he spoke again it was in a whisper of sheer horror. "So—Bruderhaus must fall—I haf never thought of—love." He turned away to bear the sting of his defeat alone.

She couldn't bear it—it roused a lion in her—to see him suffer. What barrier was there that could hold her? Her caressing arms were near him, hovering to ward off the blow that she herself had dealt.

"Oh—does it hurt so—does it matter? What else is there in the world but love? But you must see— Dear love—I *will* say it— How could *we* live in Bruderhaus when we couldn't be—not if there were just you and I lost in the wilderness together a thousand years—we couldn't be enough—*alone!*"

The man had pressed her face against his shoulder. He could not tell whether it were sobs or laughter that broke her voice, only that it was more tender than any sound he had ever heard and more intolerably sweet.

He raised his head—he felt some dream was breaking. While the mists were still about him he flung back his head and laughed. He held her close—and that was his good-by to dreaming. Then he kissed her. The kiss left him triumphant, power-wielding like the young god Balder. For that reason he soothed her:

"It is nothing now. Thou must not weep—*du Allerliebste*. Bruderhaus may fall. For I haf found at last my own."



# Mark Twain

SOME CHAPTERS FROM AN EXTRAORDINARY LIFE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

SIXTH PAPER

IT was not easy for Mark Twain to take up the daily struggle that summer of '66 after his trip to the Sandwich Islands, but it was necessary. Out of the ruck of possibilities (his brain always thronged with plans) he constructed three or four resolves. The chief of these was a journey around the world, but that lay months ahead, and in the mean time ways and means must be provided. Another intention was to finish the *Hornet* article and forward it to *Harper's Magazine*—a purpose carried immediately into effect. To his delight the article found acceptance, and he looked forward to the day of its publication as the beginning of a real career. He intended to follow it up with a series on the islands, which in due time might result in a book and an income. He had gone so far as to experiment with a dedication for the book—an inscription to his mother, modified later for use in *Innocents Abroad*. A third plan of action was to take advantage of the popularity of the Hawaiian letters and deliver a lecture on the same subject. But this was a fearsome prospect—he trembled when he thought of it. He believed he could entertain, but he lacked the

courage to declare himself; besides, it meant a risk of his slender capital. He confided his situation to Colonel John McComb, of the *Alta California*, and was startled by McComb's vigorous indorsement.

"Do it by all means!" urged McComb. "It will be a grand success—I know it!

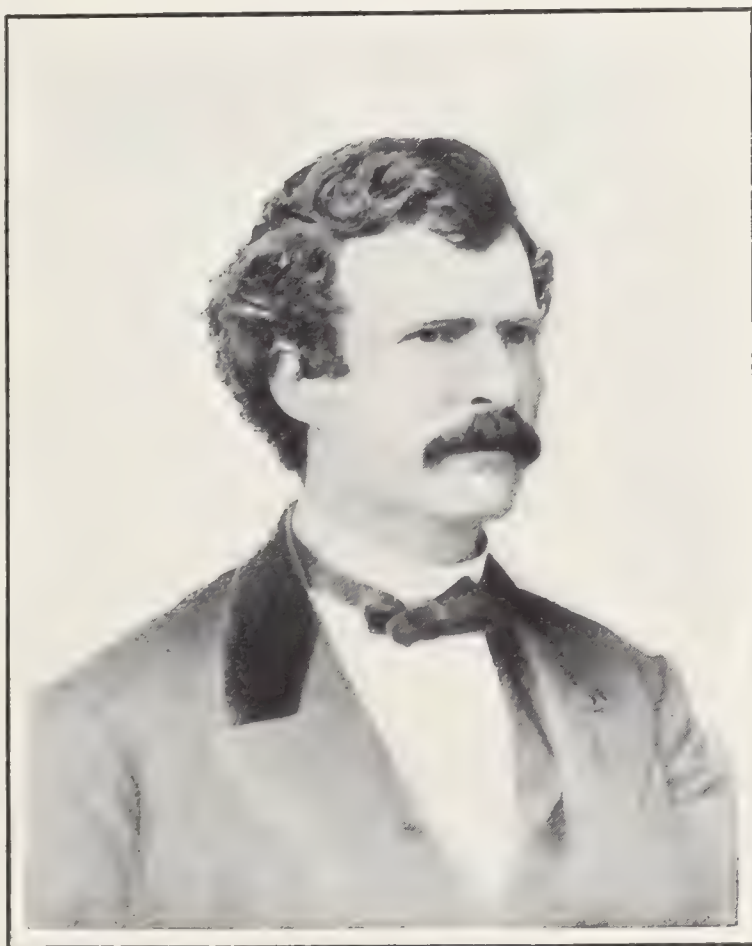
Take the largest house in town, and charge a dollar a ticket."

Frightened but resolute, he went to the leading theater-manager and was offered the new opera-house at half-rates. The next day his advertisement of the lecture appeared, announcing the lecture for October 2d, closing with the line:

"Doors open at 7½. The trouble will begin at 8."

The story of that first lecture as told in *Roughing It* is a faithful one, and

need only be summarized here. Expecting to find the house empty, he found it packed. Sidling out from the wings—wobbly-kneed and dry of tongue—he was greeted by a murmur, a roar, a very crash of applause that frightened away his fluttering rags of courage. Then came reaction—he was facing his friends, and he began to talk to them. Fear melted away, and as tide after tide of applause rose and billowed and came breaking at his feet, he knew something



MARK TWAIN, AT THE TIME OF HIS TRIP TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS



of the exaltation of Monte Cristo when he declared, "The world is mine!"

It was a vast satisfaction to have succeeded. It was particularly gratifying at this time, for he dreaded going back into newspaper harness. Furthermore, it softened later the disappointment resulting from another venture, for when the *Harper* article appeared the printer and proof-reader had somehow converted Mark Twain into "Mark Swain," and the literary dream perished.

There was a gross return from his lecturing venture of more than twelve hundred dollars, but with his usual business insight, which was never foresight, he had made an arrangement by which, after paying bills and dividing with his manager, he had only about one-third of this sum left. Still, even this was prosperity and triumph. He had acquired a new and lucrative profession at a bound. He felt that he was on the high-road at last.

Dennis McCarthy, late of the *Enterprise*, was in San Francisco, and was willing to become his manager. Dennis was capable and honest, and Clemens was fond of him. They planned a tour of the near-by towns, beginning with Sacramento, extending it later even to the mining-camps, such as Red Dog and Grass Valley; also across into Nevada, with engagements at Carson City, Virginia, and Gold Hill. It was an exultant and hilarious tour, that first lecture circuit of Mark Twain. Success traveled with them everywhere.

Those who remember him as a lecturer in that long-ago time say that his delivery was more quaint, his drawl more exaggerated even than in later life; that his appearance and movements on the stage were natural rather than graceful; that his manuscript, which he carried under his arm, looked like a ruffled hen. It was, in fact, originally written on sheets of manila paper, in large characters, so that it could be read easily by dim light, and it was doubtless often disordered.

Following custom, the lecturer at first thought it necessary to be introduced, and at each place McCarthy had to skirmish around and find the proper person. At Red Dog, on the Stanislaus, the man selected failed to appear, and Dennis had to provide another on short

notice. He went down into the audience and captured an old fellow, who ducked and dodged but could not escape. Dennis led him to the stage a good deal frightened.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "this is the celebrated Mark Twain from the celebrated city of San Francisco, with his celebrated lecture about the celebrated Sandwich Islands."

That was as far as he could go, but it was far enough. Mark Twain never had a better introduction. The audience was in a shouting humor from the start.

When he reached Virginia City, Goodman said to him:

"Sam, you do not need anybody to introduce you. There's a piano on the stage in the theater. Have it brought out in sight, and, when the curtain rises, you be seated at the piano, playing and singing that song of yours, 'I had an old horse whose name was Methusalum,' and don't seem to notice that the curtain is up at first; then be surprised when you suddenly find out that it is up, and begin talking without any further preliminaries."

This proved good advice, and the lecture, thus opened, started off with general hilarity and applause.

His Nevada lectures would be immensely successful, of course. The people regarded him as their property over there, and at Carson and Virginia the houses overflowed. At Virginia especially his friends urged and begged him to repeat the entertainment, but he resolutely declined.

"I have only one lecture yet," he said. "I cannot bring myself to give it twice in the same town."

But that irresponsible imp, Steve Gillis, who was again in Virginia, conceived a plan which would make it not only necessary for him to lecture again, but would supply him with a subject. Steve's plan was very simple: it was to relieve the lecturer of his funds by a friendly highway robbery and let an account of the adventure furnish the new lecture.

In *Roughing It*, Mark Twain has given a version of this mock robbery, which is correct enough as far as it goes, but important details are lacking. Only a few years ago (it was April, 1907), in



his cabin on Jackass Hill, with Joseph Goodman and the writer of this history present, Steve Gillis made his "death-bed" confession as is here set down:

"Mark's lecture was given in Piper's Opera House, October 30, 1866. The Virginia people had heard many famous lectures before, but they were side-shows compared with Mark's. It could have been run to crowded houses for a week. We begged him to give the common people a chance, but he refused to repeat himself. He was going down to Carson, and was coming back to talk in Gold Hill about a week later, and his agent, Dennis McCarthy, and I laid a plan to have him robbed on the Divide between Gold Hill and Virginia, after the Gold Hill lecture was over and they would be coming

home with the money. The Divide was a good, lonely place for it—famous for its hold-ups. We got City Marshal George Birdsall into it with us, and took in Leslie Blackburn, Pat Holland, Jimmy Eddington, and one or two more of Sam's old friends. We all loved him and would have fought for him in a moment. That's the kind of friends Mark had in Nevada. If he had any enemies, I never heard of them.

"We didn't take in Dan de Quille or Joe here, because Sam was Joe's guest, and we were afraid he would tell him. We didn't take in Dan, because we wanted him to write it up as a genuine robbery and make a big sensation. That would pack the opera-house at two dollars a seat to hear Mark tell the story.

"Well, everything went off pretty well. About the time Mark was finishing his lecture in Gold Hill, the robbers all went

up on the Divide to wait, but Mark's audience gave him a kind of reception after his lecture, and we nearly froze to death up there before he came along. By and by I went back to see what was the matter. Sam and Dennis were coming, and carrying a carpet-sack about half full of silver between them. I shadowed them and blew a policeman's whistle as a signal to the boys when the lecturers were in about a hundred yards of the place. I heard Sam say to Dennis:

"'I'm glad they've got a policeman on the Divide. They never had one in my day.'

"Just about that time the boys, all with black masks on and silver dollars at the sides of their tongues to disguise their voices, stepped out and stuck six-shooters at

Sam and Dennis, and told them to put up their hands. The robbers called one another 'Beauregard' and 'Stonewall Jackson.' Of course, Dennis's hands went up, and Mark's, too, though Mark wasn't a bit scared or excited. He talked to the robbers in his familiar fashion. He said:

"'Don't flourish those pistols so promiscuously. They might go off by accident.'

"They told him to hand over his watch and money, but when he started to take his hands down they made him put them up again. Then he asked how they expected him to give them his valuables with his hands up in the sky. He said his treasures didn't lie in heaven. He told them not to take his watch, which was the one Sandy Baldwin and Theodore Winters had given him; but we took it all the same.



FRANK FULLER IN 1890  
Who managed Mark Twain's first New  
York Lecture at the Cooper Union



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## ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE COOPER INSTITUTE LECTURE

"Whenever he started to put his hands down we made him put them up again. Once he said:

"Don't you fellows be so rough. I was tenderly reared."

"Then we told him and Dennis to keep their hands up for fifteen minutes after we were gone—this was to give us time to get back to Virginia and be settled when they came along. As we were going away Mark called:

"Say, you forgot something."

"What is it?"

"Why, the carpet-bag."

"He was cool all the time. Senator Bill Stewart in his biography tells a great story of how scared Mark was, and how he ran, but Stewart was three thousand miles from Virginia by that time,

and later got mad at Mark because he made a joke about him in *Roughing It*.

"Dennis wanted to take his hands down pretty soon after we were gone, but Mark said:

"No, Dennis. I'm used to obeying orders when they are given in that convincing way; we'll just keep our hands up another fifteen minutes or so for good measure.' So Dennis was getting his punishment already.

"We were waiting in a big saloon on C Street when Mark and Dennis came along. We knew they would come in, and we expected Mark would be excited; but he was as unruffled as a mountain lake. He told us they had been robbed, and asked me if I had any money. I gave him a hundred dollars of his own money, and he ordered refreshments for everybody. Then we adjourned to the *Enterprise* office, where he offered a reward, and Dan de Quille wrote up the story and telegraphed it

to the Associated Press. Then somebody suggested that Mark would have to give another lecture now, and that the robbery would make a great subject. He entered right into the thing, and next day we engaged Piper's Opera House, and people were offering five dollars for front seats. It would have been the biggest thing that ever came off in Virginia if it had come off.

"But we made a mistake then, by taking Sandy Baldwin into the joke. We took in Joe here, too, and gave him the watch and money to keep, which made it hard for Joe afterward. But it was Sandy Baldwin that ruined us. He had Mark out to dinner the night before the show was to come off, and after he got well warmed up with champagne he



thought it would be a smart thing to let Mark into what was really going on.

"Mark didn't see it our way. He was mad clear through."

At this point Joseph Goodman took up the story. He said:

"Those devils put Sam's money, watch, keys, pencils, and all his things into my hands. I felt particularly mean at being made accessory to the crime, especially as Sam was my guest, and I had grave doubts as to how he would take it when he found out the robbery was not genuine.

"I felt particularly guilty during the forenoon when Sam said:

"Joe, those damned thieves took my keys, and I can't get into my trunk. Do you suppose you could get me a key that would fit my trunk?"

"I said I thought I could, during the day; and after Sam was gone I took his own key, put it in the fire, and burned it to make it look black. Then I took a file and scratched it here and there to make it look as if I had been fitting it to the lock, feeling guilty all the time, like a man who is trying to hide a murder. Sam did not ask for his key that day, and that evening he was invited to Judge Baldwin's to dinner. I thought he looked pretty silent and solemn when he came home, but he only said:

"Joe, let's play cards: I don't feel sleepy."

"Steve here and two or three of the other boys who had been active in the robbery were present, and they did not like Sam's manner, so they excused themselves and left him alone with me. We played a good while; then he said:

"Joe, these cards are greasy. I have got some new ones in my trunk. Did you get that key to-day?"

"I fished out that burned, scratched-up key with fear and trembling. But he didn't seem to notice it at all, and presently returned with the cards. Then we played and played and played—till one o'clock—two o'clock—Sam hardly saying a word, and I wondering what was going to happen. By and by he laid down his cards and looked at me and said:

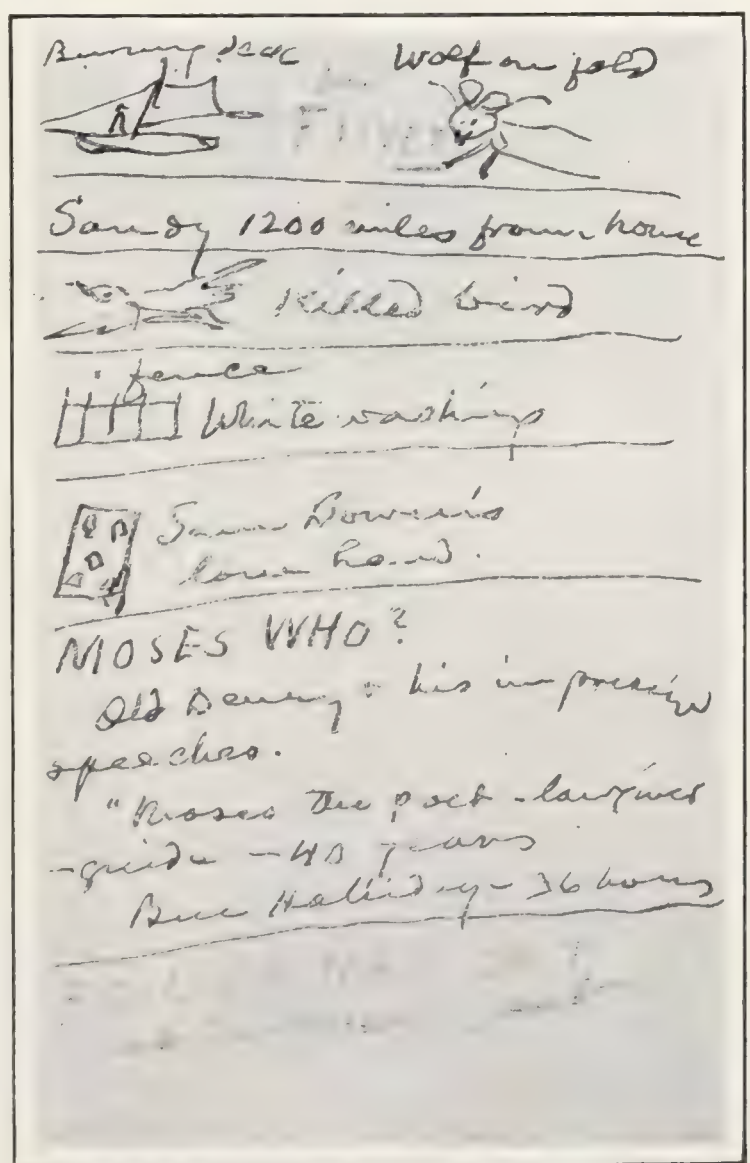
"Joe, Sandy Baldwin told me *all about* that robbery to-night. Now, Joe, I have found out that the law doesn't

recognize a joke, and I am going to send every one of those fellows to the penitentiary."

"He said it with such solemn gravity and such vindictiveness that I believed he was in dead earnest.

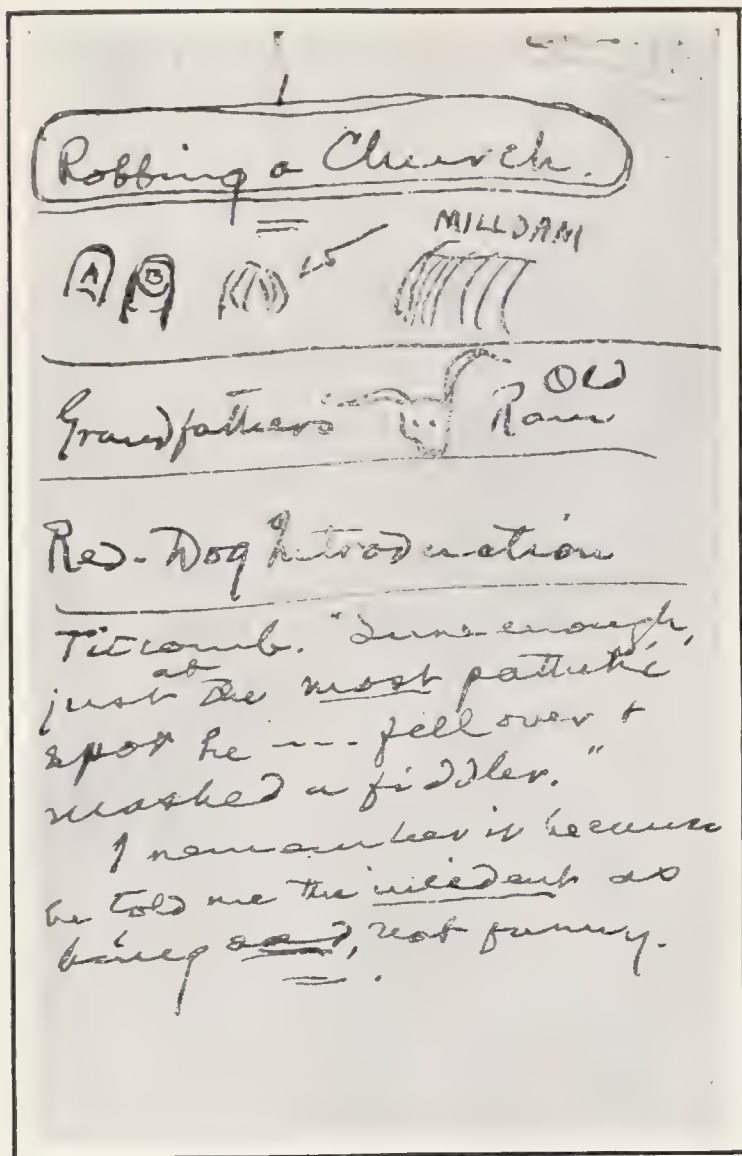
"I know that I put in two hours of the hardest work I ever did trying to talk him out of that resolution. I used all the arguments about the boys being his oldest friends; how they all loved him, and how the joke had been entirely for his own good; I pleaded with him, begged him to reconsider; I went and got his money and his watch and laid them on the table, but for a time it seemed hopeless. And I could imagine those fellows going behind the bars, and the sensation it would make in California; and just as I was about to give it up he said:

"Well, Joe, I'll let it pass—this time; I'll forgive them again; I've had to do it so many times; but if I should see Dennis McCarthy and Steve Gillis mounting the scaffold to-morrow, and I could save them by turning over my hand, *I wouldn't do it!*"



FACSIMILE OF MARK TWAIN'S MANUSCRIPT NOTES FOR AN EARLY LECTURE





FACSIMILE OF MARK TWAIN'S MANUSCRIPT NOTES FOR AN EARLY LECTURE

"He canceled the lecture engagement, however, next morning, and the day after, left on the Pioneer Stage by the way of Donner Lake for California. The boys came rather sheepishly to see him off, but he would make no show of relenting. When they introduced themselves as Beauregard, Stonewall Jackson, etc., he merely said:

"'Yes, and you'll all be behind the bars some day. There's been a good deal of robbery around here lately, and it's pretty clear now who did it.' They handed him a package containing the masks which the robbers had worn. He received it in gloomy silence, but as the stage drove away he put his head out of the window, and, after some pretty vigorous admonition, resumed his old smile and called out:

"'Good-by, friends!—good-by, thieves! I bear you no malice.' So the heaviest joke was on his tormentors, after all."

This is the story of the famous Mark Twain robbery, direct from headquarters. It has been garbled in so many ways that it seems worth setting down in full.

In the mean time Mark Twain had completed his plan for sailing, and had arranged with Major McComb, of the *Alta California*, for letters during his proposed trip around the world. However, he meant to visit his people first, and his old home. He could go back with means now, and with the prestige of success.

"I sail to-morrow per Opposition—telegraphed you to-day," he wrote on December 14, 1866, and a day later his note-book entry says:

Sailed from San Francisco in Opposition (line) steamer *America*, Captain Wakeman, at noon, December 15th. Pleasant, sunny day, hills brightly clad with green grass and shrubbery.

The voyage home was a memorable one. It began with a tempest a little way out of San Francisco—a storm terrible but brief that brought the passengers from their berths to the deck, and for a time set them praying.

But it was beyond the Isthmus that the voyage loomed into proportions somber and terrible. The vessel they took there, the *San Francisco*, sailed from Greytown, January 1, 1867, the beginning of a memorable year in Mark Twain's life. Next day two cases of Asiatic cholera were reported in the steerage. There had been a rumor of it in Nicaragua, but no one expected it on the ship.

The nature of the disease was not hinted at until evening, when one of the men died. Soon after midnight the other followed. A minister making the voyage home—Rev. J. G. Fackler—read the burial service. The gaiety of the passengers, who had become well acquainted during the Pacific voyage, became subdued. When the word "cholera" went among them, faces grew grave and frightened. On the morning of the 4th the Rev. Fackler's services were again required. The dead man was put overboard within half an hour after he had ceased to breathe.

Gloom settled upon the ship. All steam was made to put in to Key West. Then some of the machinery gave way, and the ship lay rolling helplessly becalmed in the fierce heat of the Gulf while repairs were being made. The work was done at a disadvantage, and



the parts did not hold. Time and again they were obliged to lie to, in the deadly tropic heat, listening to the hopeless hammering, wondering who would be the next to be sewed up hastily in a blanket and slipped over the ship's side. On the 5th, seven new cases of illness were reported. One of the crew, a man called "Shape," was said to be dying. A few hours later he was dead. By this time the Rev. Fackler himself had been taken.

"So they are burying poor 'Shape' without benefit of clergy," says the note-book.

General consternation now began to prevail. Then it was learned that the ship's doctor had run out of medicines. The passengers became demoralized. They believed their vessel was to become a charnel-ship. Strict sanitary orders were issued. A hospital was improvised.

Verily the ship is becoming a floating hospital herself—not an hour passes but brings its fresh sensation, its new disaster, its melancholy tidings. When I think of poor "Shape" and the preacher, both so well when I saw them yesterday evening, I realize that I myself may be dead to-morrow.

Since the last two hours, all laughter, all levity has ceased on the ship—a settled gloom is upon the faces of the passengers.

By noon it was evident that the minister could not survive. He died at two o'clock next morning, the fifth victim in less than five days. The machinery continued to break and the vessel to drag. The ship's doctor confessed to Clemens that he was helpless. There were eight patients in the hospital.

But on January 6th they managed to make Key West, and for some reason were not quarantined. Twenty-one passengers immediately deserted the ship and were heard of no more.

"I am glad they are gone. Damn them," says the note-book. Apparently he had never considered leaving, and a number of others remained. The doctor restocked his medicine-locker, and the next day they put to sea again. Certainly they were a daring lot of voyagers. On the 8th, another of the patients died. Then the cooler weather seemed to check the contagion, and it was not until the night of the 11th, when the New York harbor lights were in view, that the final

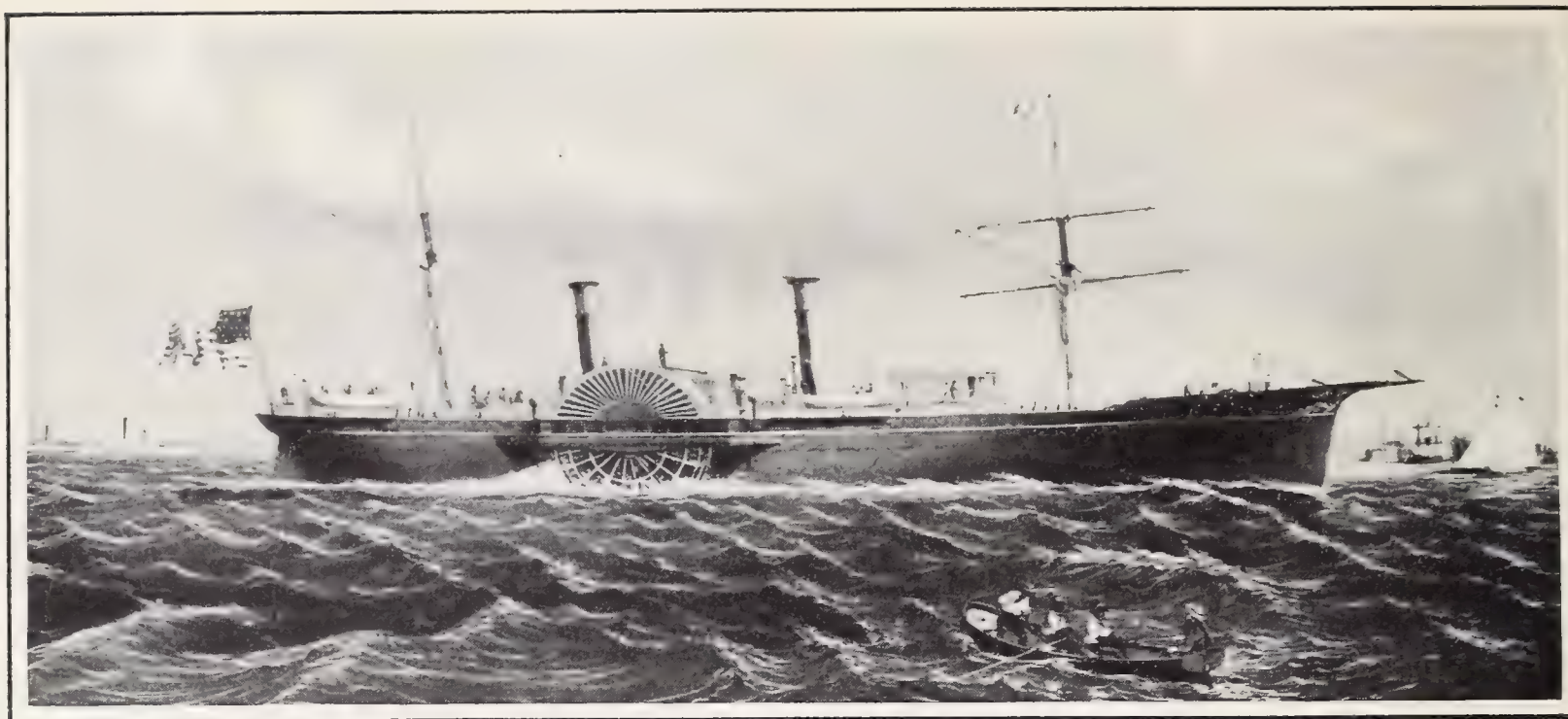
death occurred. There were no new cases by this time, and the other patients were convalescent. A certificate was made out that the last man had died of "dropsy." There would seem to have been no serious difficulty in docking the vessel and landing the passengers. The matter would probably be handled differently to-day.

Clemens stopped only long enough in New York to see Charles Henry Webb, late of California, who had put together a number of Mark Twain's sketches, including the "Jumping Frog," for book publication. Clemens himself decided to take the book to Carleton, thinking that having missed the fame of the "Frog" once, he might welcome a chance to stand sponsor for it now. But Carleton was wary; the "Frog" had won favor and even fame in its fugitive, vagrant way, but a book was another matter. Books were undertaken very seriously and with plenty of consideration in those days.



POSTER USED FOR A BROOKLYN LECTURE  
From the Lenox Library Collection





STEAMSHIP "QUAKER CITY"  
On which the "Innocents" made their famous journey

Twenty-one years later, in Switzerland, Carleton said to Mark Twain:

"My chief claim to immortality is the distinction of having declined your first book."

Clemens was ready enough to give up the book when Carleton declined it, but Webb said he would publish it himself, and he set about it forthwith. The author waited no longer now, but started for St. Louis, and was soon with his mother and sister, whom he had not seen since that eventful first year of the war.

He went up to Hannibal to see old friends. Many were married; some had moved away; some were dead—the old story. He delivered his lecture there, and was the center of interest and admiration, in a manner that might have satisfied even Tom Sawyer. From Hannibal he went to Keokuk, where he lectured again to a crowd of old friends and new, then came back to St. Louis for a more extended visit.

It was while he was in St. Louis that he first saw the announcement of the Quaker City Holy Land Excursion, and was promptly fascinated by what was then a brand-new idea in ocean travel—a splendid picnic—a choice and refined party that would sail away for a long summer's journeying to the most romantic of all lands and seas—the shores of the Mediterranean. No such argosy had ever set out before in pursuit of the golden fleece of happiness. Clemens lost no

time in writing to the *Alta*, proposing that they send him in this select company.

Noah Brooks, who was then on the *Alta*, states that the management was staggered by the proposition, but that Colonel John McComb insisted that the investment in Mark Twain would be sound. A letter was accordingly sent, stating that a check for his passage would be forwarded in due season, and that meantime he could contribute letters from New York City. The rate for all letters was to be twenty dollars each. The arrangement was a godsend to Mark Twain in the fullest sense of the word.

It was now April, and he was eager to get back to New York to arrange his passage. The *Quaker City* would not sail for two months yet, but the advertisement said that passages must be secured by the 15th, and he was there on that day. Almost the first man he met was the chief of the New York *Alta* Bureau with a check for \$1,250 (the amount of his ticket) and a telegram, saying, "Ship Mark Twain in the Holy Land Excursion and pay his passage."

Webb, meantime, had pushed the "Frog" book along. The proofs had been read, and the volume was about ready for issue. Clemens wrote to his mother:

"My book will probably be in the book-sellers' hands in about two weeks. After that I shall lecture. Since I have been gone the boys have gotten up a 'Call'



on me signed by two hundred Californians."

The lecture idea was the plan of Frank Fuller, formerly Acting Governor of Utah and an early Mark Twain enthusiast. Clemens had hunted up Fuller on landing in New York in January, and Fuller had urged the lecture then, but Clemens was afraid of the scheme.

"I have no reputation with the general public here," he said. "We couldn't get a baker's dozen to hear me."

But Fuller was a sanguine person, with an energy and enthusiasm that were infectious. He insisted that the idea was sound. It would solidify Mark Twain's reputation on the Atlantic coast, he said. He declared that the largest house in New York, Cooper Union, should be taken. Clemens had partially consented, and during his absence in St. Louis, Fuller had plunged in with his usual executive enthusiasm to work up the scheme. He had arranged with all the Pacific slope people who had come East, headed by ex-Governor James W. Nye (by this time Senator at Washington), to sign a call for the "Inimitable Mark Twain" to appear before a New York audience. Fuller made Nye agree to be there and introduce the lecturer, and things in general were moving to his satisfaction; he was burningly busy and happy in the prospect.

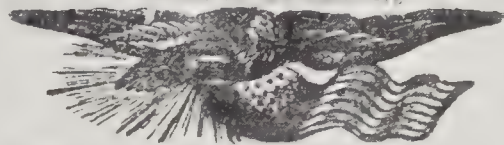
But Mark Twain was not happy. When the day drew

near and only a few tickets had been sold, he was desperate.

"Fuller," he said, "there'll be nobody in the Cooper Union that night but you and me. I am on the verge of suicide. I would commit suicide if I had the pluck and the outfit. You must paper the house, Fuller. You must send out a flood of complimentaries."

"Very well," said Fuller; "what we want this time is reputation, anyway; money is secondary. I'll put you before the choicest, most intelligent audience that ever was gathered in New York City. I will bring in the school-instructors—the finest body of men and women in the world."

## ADDRESS.



To His Imperial Majesty:—

**ALEXANDER II. Emperor of Russia.**

**W**e, a handful of citizens of the United States, travelling for recreation—and unostentatiously, as becomes our unofficial state,—have no excuse for presenting ourselves before your Majesty, save a desire to offer our grateful acknowledgments to the Lord of a Realm which, through good and through evil report, has been the steadfast friend of our Native Land.

We could not presume thus to present ourselves did we not know that the words we speak and the sentiments we utter reflect the thoughts and feelings of all our countrymen; from the green hills of New England to the snowy peaks of the far Pacific. Though few in number, we utter the voice of a Nation.

One of the brightest pages that has graced the world's history; since written history had its birth, was recorded by your Majesty's hand when it loosed the bonds of twenty millions of men, and Americans can but esteem it a privilege to do honour to a ruler who has wrought so great a deed; The lesson then taught us we have profited by, and our Country is as free in fact today, as before it was in name.

America owes much to Russia: is indebted to her in many ways; and chiefly for her unwavering friendship in the season of her greatest need. That the same friendship may be hers in time to come, we confidently pray; that she is, and will be grateful to Russia, and to her Sovereign for it, we know full well; that she will ever forfeit it by any premeditated, unjust act, or unfair course; it would be treason to believe.

Samuel Clemens, Wm Gibson, T D Crocker, S N Sanford, P Kinney, Committee

Respectfully tendered on behalf of the excursionists of the American Steam Yacht Quaker City.

Yalta August 26th 1867.



Fuller immediately sent out a deluge of complimentary tickets, inviting the school-teachers of New York and Brooklyn and all the adjacent country to come free and hear Mark Twain's great lecture on Kanakadom. These tickets were despatched within forty-eight hours of the time he was to appear.

Senator Nye was to have joined Clemens and Fuller at the Westminster, where Clemens was stopping, and they waited for him there with a carriage, fuming and swearing, until it was evident that he was not coming. At last Clemens said:

"Fuller, you've got to introduce me."

"No," said Fuller; "I've got a better scheme than that. You get up and begin by be-meaning Nye for not being there. That will be better, anyway."

Clemens said:

"Well, Fuller, I can do that. I feel that way. I'll try to think up something fresh and happy to say about that horse-thief."

They drove to Cooper Union with trepidation. Suppose, after all, the school-teachers had declined to come. They went half an hour before the lecture was to begin. Forty years later Mark Twain said:

"I couldn't keep away—I wanted to see that vast Mammoth Cave and die. But when we got near the building I saw that all the streets were blocked with people, and that traffic had stopped. I couldn't believe that those people were trying to get into Cooper Institute; but they were, and when I got to the stage at last the house was jammed full; there wasn't room enough left for a child.

"I was happy, and I was excited be-

yond expression. I poured the Sandwich Islands out on those people, and they laughed and shouted to my entire content. For an hour and fifteen minutes I was in Paradise."

And Fuller to-day, alive and young, when so many others of that ancient time and event have vanished—has added:

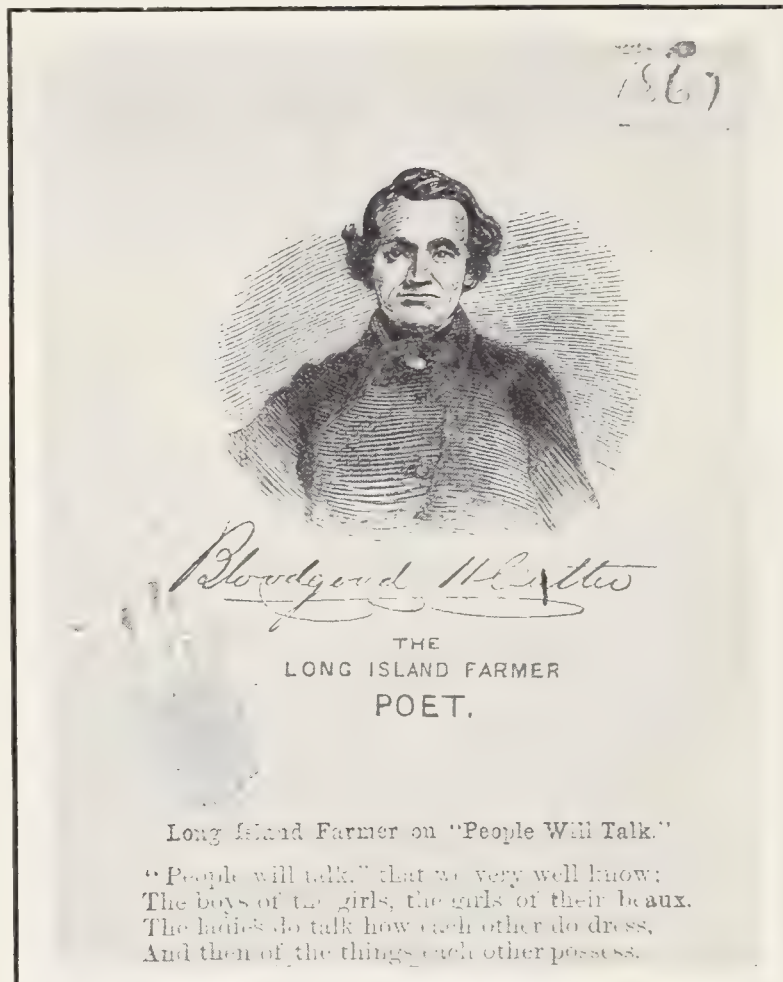
"When Mark appeared the Californians gave a regular yell of welcome. When that was over he walked to the edge of the platform, looked carefully down in the pit, around the edges, as if he were hunting for something. Then he said: 'There was to have been a piano here, and a Senator to introduce me. I don't seem to discover them anywhere. The piano was a good one, but we will have to get along with such music as I can make with your help. As for the

Senator—' Then Mark let himself go and did as he promised about Senator Nye. He said things that made men from the Pacific coast who had known Nye scream with delight. After that came his lecture. The first sentence captured the audience. From that moment to the end it was either in a roar of laughter or half breathless by his beautiful descriptive passages. People were positively ill for days laughing at that lecture."

So it was a success: everybody was glad to have been there; the papers were kind, congratulations numerous.

Mark Twain always felt grateful to the school-teachers for that night. Many years later, when they wanted him to read to them in Steinway Hall, he gladly gave his services without charge.

With the shadow of the Cooper In-



BLOODGOOD H. CUTTER  
The Long Island Farmer-Poet



stitute so happily dispelled, the *Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County* and his following of *Other Sketches* became a matter of more interest. The book was a neat blue-and-gold volume printed by John A. Gray & Green, the old firm for which the boy, Sam Clemens, had set type thirteen years before. The title-page bore Webb's name as publisher. It further stated that the book was edited by "John Paul"—that is to say, by Webb himself.

The little blue-and-gold volume which presented the Frog story and twenty-six other sketches in covers is chiefly important to-day as being Mark Twain's first book.

That the author had no exaggerated opinion of the book's contents or prospects we may gather from his letter home:

As for the Frog book, I don't believe it will ever pay anything worth a cent. I published it simply to advertise and not with the hope of making anything out of it.

Frank Fuller's statement that fame had arrived had in it some measure of truth. Lecture propositions came from various directions. Thomas Nast, then in the early days of his great popularity, proposed a joint tour in which Clemens should lecture while he, Nast, illustrated the remarks with lightning caricatures. But the time was too short; the *Quaker City* would sail on the 8th of June, and in the mean time the *Alta* correspondent was far behind with his New York letters. On the 29th of May he wrote:

I am eighteen *Alta* letters behind, and I *must* catch up or bust. I have refused all invitations to lecture. Don't know how my book is coming on.

He worked like a slave for a week or so, almost night and day, to clean up matters before his departure. Then came days of idleness and reaction—days of waiting during which his natural restlessness and the old-time regret for things done and undone beset him.

My passage is paid, and if the ship sails I sail on her—but I make no calculations, have bought no cigars, no sea-going clothing—have made no preparations whatever—shall not pack my trunk till the morning we sail. . . .

All I do know or feel is that I am wild with impatience to move—move—*move!* Curse the endless delays! They always kill me—they make me neglect every duty and then I have a conscience that tears me like a wild beast. I wish I never had to stop anywhere a month. I do more mean things the moment I get a chance to fold my hands and sit down than ever I get forgiveness for.

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#### Holy Land Pleasure Excursion.

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Steamer *Quaker City*.

Capt. C. C. Duncan.

Left New York at 2 P.M., June 8, 1867.

Rough weather—anchored within the harbor to lay all night.

That first note recorded an event momentous in Mark Twain's career—an event of supreme importance if we concede that any link in a chain, regardless of size, is of more importance than any other link. Undoubtedly it remains the most conspicuous event, as the world views it now, in retrospect.

The note further heads a new chapter of history in sea-voyaging. No such thing as the sailing of an ocean steamship with a pleasure-party on a long transatlantic cruise had ever occurred before. A similar project had been undertaken the previous year, but owing to a cholera scare in the East it had been abandoned. Now the dream had become a fact—a new fact—a stupendous fact when we consider it. Such an important beginning as that to-day would in all likelihood furnish the chief news story of the day.

The *Quaker City* was a good-enough ship and sizable for her time. She was registered 1,800 tons—about one-tenth the size of Mediterranean excursion-steamers to-day—and when conditions were favorable she could make ten knots an hour under steam, or at least she could do it with the help of her auxiliary sails. Altogether she was a cozy, satisfactory ship, and they were a fortunate sixty-seven who had her all to themselves and went out on her on that long-ago ocean gipsying. She has grown since then, even to the proportions of the *Mayflower*. It was necessary for her to grow to hold all of those who in later times claimed to have sailed in her on that voyage with Mark Twain.



They were not all ministers and deacons aboard the *Quaker City*. Clemens found other congenial spirits besides his room-mate, Dan Slote—among them the ship's surgeon, Dr. A. Reeve Jackson (the guide-destroying "Doctor" of the *Innocents*); Jack Van Nostrand, of New Jersey ("Jack"); Julius Moulton, of St. Louis ("Moult"); and other care-free fellows, the smoking-room crowd which is likely to make comradeship its chief watchword. There were companionable people in the cabin also—fine, intelligent men and women, especially one of the latter, a middle-aged, intellectual, motherly soul—Mrs. A. W. Fairbanks, of Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Fairbanks, herself a newspaper correspondent for her husband's paper, the *Cleveland Herald*, had a large influence on the character and general tone of those *Quaker City* letters which established Mark Twain's larger fame. She was an able writer herself; her judgment was thoughtful, refined, unbiased—altogether of a superior sort. She understood Samuel Clemens, counseled him, encouraged him to read his letters aloud to her, became in reality "Mother Fairbanks," as they termed her, to him and to others of that ship who needed her kindly offices.

In one of his home letters, later, he said of her:

She was the most refined, intelligent, cultivated lady in the ship and altogether the kindest and best. She sewed my buttons on, kept my clothing in presentable trim, fed me on Egyptian jam (when I behaved), lectured me awfully on the quarter-deck on moonlit promenading evenings, and cured me of several bad habits. I am under lasting obligations to her. She looks young, because she is so good—but she has a grown son and daughter at home.

It requires only a few days on ship-board for acquaintances to form, and presently a little afternoon group was gathering to hear Mark Twain read his letters. Mrs. Fairbanks was there, of course, also Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Severance, likewise of Cleveland, and Moses S. Beach, of the *Sun*, with his daughter Emma, a girl of seventeen. Dan Slote was likely to be there, too, and Jack, and the Doctor, and Charles J. Langdon, of Elmira, New York, a boy of eighteen

who had conceived a deep admiration for the brilliant writer. They were fortunate ones indeed who gathered to hear those daring, wonderful letters.

But the benefit was a mutual one. He furnished a priceless entertainment, and he derived something equally priceless in return—the test of immediate audience and the boon of criticism. Mrs. Fairbanks especially was frankly sincere. Mr. Severance wrote afterward:

One afternoon I saw him tearing up a bunch of the soft white paper—copy paper, I guess the newspapers call it—on which he had written something, and throwing the fragments into the Mediterranean. I inquired of him why he cast away the fruits of his labors in that manner.

"Well," he drawled, "Mrs. Fairbanks thinks it oughtn't to be printed, and like as not, she is right."

Except *Following the Equator*, *Innocents Abroad* comes nearer to being history than any other of Mark Twain's travel books. The notes for it were made on the spot, and there was plenty of fact, plenty of fresh new experience, plenty of incident to set down. His idea of descriptive travel in those days was to tell the story as it happened; also, perhaps, he had not then acquired the courage of his inventions. We may believe that the adventures with Jack, Dan, and the Doctor are elaborated here and there, but even those happened substantially as recorded. There is little to add, then, to the story of that halcyon trip and not much to elucidate.

The old note-books give a light here and there that is interesting. Of the "character" notes, the most important and elaborated is that which presents the "Poet Lariat." This is the entry, somewhat epitomized:

BLOODGOOD H. CUTTER.

He is fifty years old, and small of his age. He dresses in homespun, and is a simple-minded, honest, old-fashioned farmer, with a strange proclivity for writing rhymes. He writes them on all possible subjects, and gets them printed on slips of paper, with his portrait at the head. These he will give to any man who comes along, whether he has anything against him or not. . . .

Dan said:

"It must be a great happiness to you to sit down at the close of day and put its



events all down in rhymes and poetry, like Byron and Shakespeare and those fellows."

"Oh, yes, it is—it is. . . . Why, many's the time I've had to get up in the night when it comes on me:

"Whether we're on the sea or the land  
We've all got to go at the word of command—

"Hey! how's that?"

A curious character was Cutter—a Long Island farmer with the obsession of rhyme. In his old age in an interview he said:

"Mark was generally writing, and he was glum. He would write what we were doing, and I would write poetry, and Mark would say:

"'For Heaven's sake, Cutter, keep your poems to yourself.'

"Yes, Mark was pretty glum, and he was generally writing."

Poor old Poet Lariat!—dead now, with so many others of that happy crew. We may believe that Mark learned to be "glum" when he saw the Lariat approaching with his freshet of rhymes. We may believe, too, that he was "generally writing." He contributed fifty-three letters to the *Alta* during that five months, and six to the *Tribune*. They would average about two columns nonpareil each, which is to say 4,000 words, or something like 250,000 words in all. To turn out an average of 1,500 words a day, with continuous sight-seeing besides, one must be "generally writing" during any odd intervals; those who are wont to regard Mark Twain as lazy may consider these statistics. That he detested manual labor is true enough, but at the work for which he was fitted and intended it may be set down here upon authority (and despite his own frequent assertions to the contrary) that to his last year he was the most industrious of men.

It was Dan, Jack, and the Doctor who, with Mark Twain, wandered down through Italy and left moral footprints that remain to this day. The name of Mark Twain is still a touchstone to test the statements of the Italian guides. Not one of them but has heard the tale of that iconoclastic crew, and of the book which turned their marvels into myths, their relics into bywords.

It was Dr. Jackson, Colonel Denny,

Dr. Birch, and Samuel Clemens who evaded the quarantine and made the perilous night trip to Athens and looked upon the Parthenon and the sleeping city of moonlight. It is all set down in the notes, and the account varies little from that given in the book.

It was T. D. Crocker, A. N. Sanford, Colonel Peter Kinney, and William Gibson who were delegated to draft the address to the Emperor of Russia at Yalta, with Samuel Clemens as chairman of that committee. The chairman wrote the address, the opening sentence of which he grew so weary of hearing:

"We are a handful of private citizens of America, traveling simply for recreation, and unostentatiously, as becomes our official state."

The address is all set down in the notes, and there also exists the first rough draft, with the emendations in his own hand. He deplores the time it required.

They wanted him also to read the address to the Emperor, but he pointed out that the American consul was the proper person for that office. He tells how the address was presented.

"August 26th.—The imperial carriages were in waiting at eleven, and at twelve we were at the palace. . . .

"The consul for Odessa read the address, and the Czar said frequently, 'Good—very good indeed'; and at the close, 'I am very, very grateful.'"

It was not improper for him to set down all this and much more in his own note-book—not then for publication. It was, in fact, a very proper record—for to-day.

Like all Mediterranean excursionists, those first pilgrims were insatiable collectors of curios, costumes, and all manner of outlandish things. Dan Slote had the state-room hung and piled with such gleanings. At Constantinople his roommate writes:

I thought Dan had got the state-room pretty full of rubbish at last, but awhile ago his dragoman arrived with a brand-new ghastly tombstone of the Oriental pattern with his name handsomely carved and gilded on it in Turkish characters. That fellow will buy a Circassian slave next.

Clemens was ill with cholera at Damascus, a light attack, but any attack of that dread disease is serious



enough. He tells of this in the book, but he does not mention, either in the book or in his notes, the attack which Dan Slote had some days later. It remained for William F. Church, of the party, to relate that incident, for it was the kind of thing that Mark Twain was not likely to record, or even to remember. Dr. Church was a deacon with orthodox views, and did not approve of Mark Twain; he thought him sinful, irreverent, profane.

"He was the worst man I ever knew," Church said; then he added, "and the best."

What happened was this: at the end of a terrible day of heat, when the party had camped on the edge of a squalid Syrian village, Dan was taken suddenly ill. It was cholera, beyond doubt. Dan could not go on—he might never go on. The chances were that way. It was a serious matter all around. To wait there with Dan meant to upset their travel schedule—it might mean to miss the ship. Consultation was held and a resolution passed (the pilgrims were always passing resolutions) to provide for Dan as well as possible and leave him behind. Clemens, who had remained with Dan, suddenly appeared and said:

"Gentlemen, I understand that you are going to leave Dan Slote here alone. I'll be damned if I do!"

And he didn't. He stayed there and brought Dan into Jerusalem, a few days late, but convalescent.

Perhaps most of them were not always reverent during that Holy Land trip. It was the irreverent Jack who one morning (they had camped the night before by the ruins of Jericho) refused to get up to see the sun rise across the Jordan. Deacon Church went to his tent.

"Jack, my boy, get up. Here is the place where the Israelites crossed over into the Promised Land, and beyond are the mountains of Moab, where Moses lies buried."

"Moses who?" said Jack.

"Oh, Jack, my boy, Moses the great law-giver—who led the Israelites out of Egypt—forty years through the wilderness—to the Promised Land."

"Forty years!" said Jack. "How far was it?"

"It was three hundred miles, Jack; a great wilderness, and he brought them through in safety."

Jack regarded him with scorn. "Huh! Moses—three hundred miles—forty years! Why, Ben Holiday would have brought them through in *thirty-six hours!*" \*

Jack probably learned more about the Bible during that trip—its history and its heroes—than during all his former years. Nor was Jack the only one of that group thus benefited. The sacred landmarks of Palestine inspire a burning interest in the Scriptures, and Mark Twain probably did not now regret those early Sunday-school lessons; certainly he did not fail to review them exhaustively on that journey. His note-books fairly overflow with Bible references; the Syrian chapters in *Innocents Abroad* are permeated with the poetry and legendary beauty of the Bible story. The little Bible he carried on that trip, bought in Constantinople, was well worn by the time they reached the ship again, at Jaffa. He must have read it with a large and persistent interest. Also with a double benefit; for, besides the knowledge acquired, he was harvesting a profit which he did not suspect at the time—*viz.*, an example of the most direct and beautiful English—the English of the King James version—which could not fail to affect his own literary method at that impressionable age.

He bought another Bible at Jerusalem, but it was not for himself. It was a little souvenir volume bound in olive and balsam wood, and on the fly-leaf is inscribed:

Mrs. Jane Clemens from her son. Jerusalem, September 24, 1867.

There is one more circumstance of that long cruise recorded neither in the book nor the notes—an incident brief, but of more importance in the life of Samuel Clemens than any heretofore set down. It occurred in the beautiful Bay of Smyrna, on the 5th or 6th of September, while the vessel lay there for the Ephesus trip.

Reference has been made to young Charles Langdon, of Elmira (the "Charley" once mentioned in the *Innocents*),

\* Ben Holiday, an Overland Division Agent of great executive ability. This incident, a true one, is more elaborately told in *Roughing It*.



as an admirer of Mark Twain. There was a good deal of difference in their ages, and they were seldom of the same party, but sometimes the boy invited the journalist to his cabin, and, boy-like, exhibited his treasures. He had two sisters at home; and of Olivia, the youngest, he had brought a dainty miniature done on ivory in delicate tints—a sweet pictured countenance, fine and spiritual. On that fateful day in the Bay of Smyrna, Samuel Clemens, visiting in young Langdon's cabin, was shown this portrait. He looked at it with long admiration and spoke of it reverentially, for the delicate face seemed to him to be something more than a mere human likeness. Each time he came, after that, he asked to see the picture, and once even begged to be allowed to take it away with him. The boy would not agree to this, and the elder man looked long and steadily at the miniature, resolving in his mind that some day he would meet the owner of that lovely face—a purpose for once in accord with that which the fates had arranged for him, in the day when all things were arranged, the day of the first beginning.

The last note-book entry bears date of October 11th:

At sea, somewhere in the neighborhood of Malta. Very stormy.

Terrible death to be talked to death. The storm has blown two small land birds and a hawk to sea and they came on board.

Sea full of flying-fish.

That is all. There is no record of the week's travel in Spain, which a little group of four made under the picturesque Gibraltar guide, Beñunes, still living and quite as picturesque at last accounts. This side-trip is covered in a single brief paragraph in the *Innocents*, and the only account we have of it is in a home letter, from Cadiz, of October 24th:

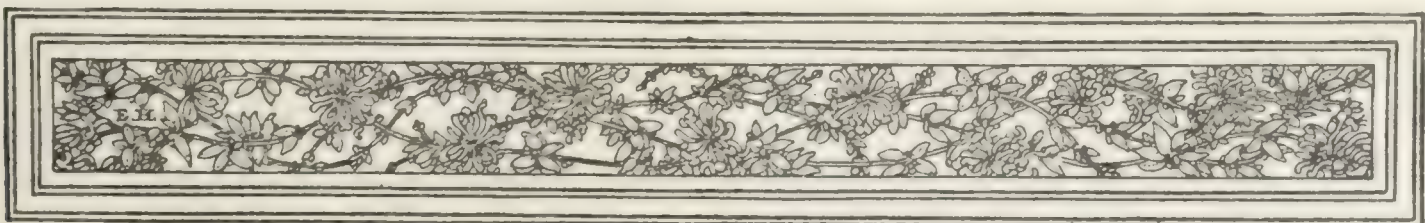
We left Gibraltar at noon and rode to Algeciras (four hours), thus dodging the quarantine; took dinner, and then rode

horseback all night in a swinging trot, and at daylight took a calèche (two-wheeled vehicle) and rode five hours; then took cars and traveled till twelve at night. That landed us at Seville, and we were over the hard part of our trip and somewhat tired. Since then we have taken things comparatively easy, drifting around from one town to another and attracting a good deal of attention—for I guess strangers do not wander through Andalusia and the other southern provinces of Spain often. The country is precisely what it was when Don Quixote and Sancho Panza were possible characters.

But I see now what the glory of Spain must have been when it was under Moorish domination. No, I will not say that—but then when one is carried away, infatuated, entranced, with the wonders of the Alhambra and the supernatural beauty of the Alcazar, he is apt to overflow with admiration for the splendid intellects that created them.

The *Quaker City* returned to America on November 19, 1867, and Mark Twain found himself, if not famous,—at least in very wide repute. The fifty-three letters to the *Alta* and the half-dozen to the *New York Tribune* had carried his celebrity into every corner of the States and Territories. Vivid, fearless, full of fresh color, humor, poetry, they came as a revelation to the public weary of the driveling, tiresome travel letters of that period. They preached a new gospel in travel literature: the gospel of seeing with an overflowing honesty; a gospel of sincerity in according praises to whatever seemed genuine, and ridicule to the things considered sham. It was the gospel that Mark Twain would continue to preach during his whole career. It became his chief literary message to the world—a world waiting for that message.

The Holy Land letters alone would have brought him fame. They presented the most graphic and sympathetic picture of Syrian travel ever written—one that will never become antiquated or obsolete so long as human nature remains unchanged.





# The Lower Animal

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

WHEN Stult was at last awakened by the heat and glare of the sun the hurricane had blown itself out. The lower animal in the cockpit—the other animal—slept on. It, too, would presently awaken. Good ol' Cock-eye! Day was broad by this time—a clean, limpid day of Caribbean blue and yellow, flashing into white, all washed of the murk, the turgid heat, and nervous melancholy of yesterday ashore on Snake Key. Here was a vividly colored world; there were no somber tones, nothing was gray or subdued, among the shining tints of sea and sky. An innocent little wind, a golden breeze, was blowing. It was diffidently abroad—running tenderly over the sea, fluttering about, soothing, caressing, as though distressed and infinitely amazed, thus awakened to the havoc it had wrought in a black tantrum of the night. The sea was still agitated; there was a slow, cradling roll of blue water, subsiding—a round waste of deepest blue, thick and opaque, yet with glints of every color flashing in the depths like rainbow lights in a sapphire. It was spread with milky whitecaps, the curling froth opalescent, the spray diamond-sparkling in the sunlight.

Stult awakened like a man coming out of a nightmare. He was breathless; his tongue was stiff, his mouth dry, his lips were stuck together. He had fallen off when the night was thick. He came to, now, with a gasp of horror. Brilliant color and the warm flutter of the wind momentarily reassured him. He was conscious of being very thirsty. But there were other things to think about; he would have a cup of water—presently. He spat thickly and forgot his thirst. Then he scowled. A devilish business, this! The gale had not been a dream. He settled himself listlessly, limp and bleared. There had been a hell of a time, he recalled: the sloop, caught off Nigger Blood in a purple wind, falling instantly black and thick, had been blown to sea

like a leaf in a whirlwind—a salty cloud of spray. Stult licked his cracked lips; the thought of salt had revived his thirst; he would have a cup of water—in a moment. There had been darkness, a confusion of forbidding sounds, a great rush of wind and water; there had been hours of labor in this, the turmoil mitigating at last. Stult had gone to sleep, and the sloop had survived while he slept.

How far had the sloop been blown to seaward of the keys? God knew! And what matter? Stult snarled. There was no getting her back, anyhow. There was no moving that ghastly wreck so much as a fathom.

“Oh, *hell!*” was the man's sour protest. It was almost a whimper.

Stult was disgusted. In furious disgust he turned to kick Cock-eye Charlie awake. But he paused abruptly, and he stared at Cock-eye Charlie in a troubled muse, and scowled, and peered furtively over the vacant sea, and stared again in pity, and then despairingly ejaculated. His disgust deepened. It was bad business—a bad business! And it was going to be painful. Stult loved Cock-eye Charlie.

Cock-eye Charlie was still asleep in a shallow wash of water on the cockpit floor. He was Stult's nigger. It is a good thing for a dog to have a master; it is a wise precaution in a nigger to be somebody's nigger. Cock-eye Charlie had of his own notion, which had not been discouraged and could not now be amended, served Stult since time began for him; and this had been without recompense other than the protection the white man afforded—items of food, housing, and rags upon occasion, and of safeguard always, in a world quick to think evil of a nigger and expeditious in the business of doing him to death. Cock-eye and Stult were of the same age—about forty years; they hailed from the same key and had in the degree of dog and master always shared



the same fortune, Stult eating the meat and Cock-eye contentedly crunching the bones. It was an accepted relationship in the world both knew. A nigger should be somebody's nigger. Cock-eye was Stult's nigger. It was nothing singular.

Cock-eye loved Stult; the negro was as true and as affectionate as a dog. Stult loved Cock-eye.

"You damned black rascal!" he was used in profound affection to calling him. It was genuine emotion; a good master loves a good dog.

Stult was a meager little Florida cracker of the middle keys. He was poor, a landless man, tattered and unkempt: a bandy-legged, lean-chopped, pasty runt with mean gray eyes and ragged hair. A dirty, illiterate fellow, moreover, if white. But he *was* white; he was spotless, indeed—of descent. Cock-eye Charlie was amiable, ugly, and mighty. He was what is called a big black brute; in the Snake Key neighborhood he was known as "that big black brute o' Gawge Stult's." It was held that he would some day run amuck. And there would be the devil to pay then! But Stult had laughed at this. A man will not easily believe evil of his own dog, and Stult *knew* his dog—knew him for a gentle, faithful brute in all his relations with his master. Moreover, Stult's dog was easy of control: Stult had managed him in all sorts of tempers, in all sorts of predicaments. Cock-eye Charlie, of all niggers, was not a nigger to fear—not, at any rate, in the proximity of Stult's mastery.

Stult had courage, resolution, and a pride as quick as tinder; he was aware of his own quality, and had the status of a nigger measured to a hair's-breadth—rights defined, and all possible presumptions listed with their penalties. A nigger was a nigger; that expressed it all. If Cock-eye had not been born with this selfsame knowledge of his condition in life, he had mastered it early; he, too, knew (it was a superstition with him) the privileges and duties of a nigger. In his philosophy, too, a nigger was a nigger, and that was the sum and end of it all—and a sufficient religion. Physically Stult was at Cock-eye's mercy. Cock-eye could have wrung his neck and thrown

him overboard, or caught him by the throat and pinched his life out between a thumb and forefinger. This had never occurred to Cock-eye, however; nor had Stult, until he had lifted his foot to kick Cock-eye Charlie awake, ever thought of the obvious and now rather inimical superiority.

Stult was troubled on Cock-eye's account. He loved old Cock-eye.

Stult was parched; he was about to have a cup of water (the cask was at his elbow and the cup dangled from its string) when it occurred to him that there might be no food aboard. He withdrew his hand from the cup and rose stiffly, in some agitation; he would have the water—presently. First he would make sure about the food. That was important; and he was skeptical, almost flushed with alarm. A man can go a long time without food. Not, however, without water. Stult would return in a moment, he determined, for a brimming cup of water. He stepped, then, over the sleeping negro, crawled into the little cabin, and rummaged it thoroughly. There was no food, not a scrap, not a crumb! They would go hungry. It would be a long time before they were picked up.

Thank God, there was water! Stult's thirst, again clamoring to be quenched, aroused an anxious curiosity: Was there *enough* water? Then, Was there *any* water?

Stult had at least expected to quench his thirst; and this sudden uncertainty—a mere panic, he hoped—was therefore appalling. He tried to recall when last the cask had been filled. It was impossible. He might have gone to the cockpit and in a moment gauged the contents of the cask. But he made no move; the issue was of so large an importance that he had rather ease off the disclosure. No water had been taken aboard yesterday, he was sure, and for three days before that the sloop had been laid up. They had gone to Wrong Key for sponges a week ago. Cock-eye had doubtless filled the cask then. But had he? Stult could not recall. They had used a good deal of water, at any rate—a lot of water! Stult had washed his face. Good Lord, what a waste! Had the cask run dry? Again



Stult could not recall. Not quite dry, at any rate; he could not recall that he had gone thirsty. No, the cask had not run dry; there must be a few drops—a cup or two, at least. Surely there would be enough to ease the thirst then upon him. One cup, at least; no short measure—one cup filled to the brim and splashing over!

When Stult crawled out of the cabin and stirred Cock-eye Charlie with a shuffle of the foot his thirst had increased like a flame.

“Cock-eye!” he barked.

The negro sprang up grinning. “Yassa, boss?”

“When’d you fill that cask?”

Cock-eye’s grin vanished. “Ah doan’ know,” said he.

“You damned numskull!”

“Yassa, boss!” Cock-eye admitted, relieved by the malediction. “Ah—ah—ah reckon ah is.”

“Can’t you think?”

Cock-eye scratched his wool. Presently he looked up. “Ah—ah—ah doan’ know,” he repeated, “jest when ah done *did* fill that cask.”

Stult cursed the negro with accustomed oaths and new inventions. The solution was a mere matter of reaching out his hand; but, lacking the courage to disclose it, he stood scowling at the cask. No sound issued from it. This, however, was not significant; the swish of waves alongside would at any rate obscure the splashing of its contents. It was a long time before Stult could do more than stare and scowl. By and by he gathered resolution sufficient to tap the cask gingerly with the tip of his finger. The response was indeterminate. He inquired no further for a space. Then all at once—a quick act of courage—he tapped with his knuckle. A shockingly hollow sound was the result. There was a pause. The two men exchanged glances and instantly looked away. Presently Stult put his ear to the cask. He caught an agreeable gurgle as the water within splashed back and forth with the motion of the boat. Eagerly, now, he tapped down the side of the cask with one knuckle, listening keenly. Tap, tap! Down the side went the knuckle. Stult’s face lengthened. Tap, tap, tap! When he had located the water-line he looked up with more heart.

The little cask—it had once been a beer-keg—was almost half-full.

Stult filled the cup and drank. The negro, gulping dryly as Stult swallowed the water, watched him greedily but without expectation, like a dog who knows that the meat is for his master. Stult filled the cup again. He did not hesitate, he had made up his mind. Smiling faintly, delighted with his own magnanimity, he offered the water to the negro.

But Cock-eye was wise. He withdrew. “Ah—ah—ah ain’t thirsty,” said he.

Stult laughed.

“’Fore Gawd, ah ain’t!” Cock-eye protested.

“Drink it!” said Stult, delighted.

“Yo’ll want that yo’self, Mas’ Gawge.”

“Drink it, you black rascal!” Stult commanded, more delighted than ever.

Bidden thus, Cock-eye drank. But he drank uneasily. All the while he kept a wary eye on Stult—again like a dog not sure of his permission. It was indiscreet in him to drink; trouble would come of it, he was sure. What would Stult do—later? Would there be room in the boat for two—later? But Stult grinned affectionately upon him while he drank.

“You damned black rascal!” he chuckled. “You wasn’t thirsty, eh? You damned black rascal!”

He was profoundly touched by Cock-eye’s display of devotion. Cock-eye was a good nigger; Stult loved him, was proud of him, never more than now. All this time Cock-eye knew that he would get no more water; and Stult knew it, too—as he knew that the sun was shining; it did not occur to him in so many words that the sun was shining.

“Damned black rascal!” he muttered again. “You’d die for me, wouldn’t you, Cock-eye?”

And Cock-eye grinned and protested that he would. Yassa, boss! He’d sure enough die for Gawge Stult.

Stult was pleased; Cock-eye was pleased. But though Cock-eye grinned broadly, there was no real laugh in his eyes. He was fawning, now, like a dog with something to gain in a dismal-appearing future.

Late in the afternoon, Cock-eye looked up from a spell of grave brooding. “Mas’ Gawge,” said he, “yo’ tote yo’ gun erlong?”



Stult drawled:

"Yep."

"Ah—ah—ah reckoned yo' had," said Cock-eye.

Stult laughed. The laugh was so quick and sinister that Cock-eye started.

"Ah reckon," said he reproachfully, "yo' ain't gwine ter *need* no gun, Mas' Gawge." He was for the moment a little bit ashamed of Stult.

When night came Cock-eye did not stay in the cock-pit. It is no place for a dog near his master's meat. Without being bidden, he went forward. This was in cunning. He was away from the water-cask, then, quite beyond suspicion. It would not be wise in him to obtrude himself. The water was the white man's, of course. Cock-eye did not need to be told this; he had learned it in his cradle. Stult had learned the same general truth at the same time. He was not consciously selfish in the extremity any more than Cock-eye was resentful. And Cock-eye was not at all resentful. It did not even occur to him that he was ill used. Indeed, Stult had been good to him—almighty good to him! Stult had freely given him a cup of water. Not many white men, the negro vaguely reflected, would have done as much. So Cock-eye went gratefully to sleep, presently, with his great legs wound around the stump of the mast. But Stult, with the water-cask to guard—he fancied that he must keep an eye on Cock-eye—could not easily sleep. He must be watchful; he must sleep with one eye open. Wakeful, in this way, from time to time, he listened to the negro's restlessness; he could hear the sleeping man try to moisten his mouth—hear his tongue move and his dry lips crack.

There was foreboding in this. And, moreover, Cock-eye's need hurt Stult's feelings.

Next day was hot and flat. It was broiling weather—a parching time. Cock-eye kept to the forward deck. Stult could not coax him into the cockpit. It is easy to conceive that a dog, in like circumstances, having sensed his presence as increasingly undesirable, would behave in precisely the same way. He would wag his tail, to be sure, and grin

amiably when addressed; but he would keep his distance—and possibly snarl when approached.

"Ah'm all right jest where ah is," the negro persisted. He knew, that which Stult did not yet know, that Stult would presently want to be rid of him; and it was in his mind to postpone that extremity as long as he could. To this end he chattered with exaggerated animation, though mouth and gullet were fast drying stiff. When Stult drank, Cock-eye protested, huskily, that he wasn't thirsty; he admitted that it was an extraordinary thing, and argued that a nigger could stand more thirst than a white man, maintaining that his own condition proved the contention. Perceiving in this an admirable regard for his welfare and feelings, Stult's love for Cock-eye increased. What a nigger he was! Poor Stult wept to observe the loyal fellow's distress. Pray God a ship might come in time to save his life!

"Doan' yo' cry, Mas' Gawge!" Cock-eye begged.

"I can't *help* it!" Stult moaned.

"Ah, doan' yo' cry, now!" Cock-eye crooned. Cock-eye was crying, too.

"God!" Stult groaned.

No water was offered the negro; a man will not share his last chance of life with his dog.

Rescue was not in sight when night fell. It was the dark of the moon; there could be no rescue, now, before morning. Cock-eye was by this time in a wretched way. His chatter was feverish; his tongue was so swollen that he articulated thickly; and he had begun to cough, occasionally, in a queer and disquieting way—a dry bark. He admitted thirst when Stult indulged himself with a few drops of water, but he was not so *very* thirsty (said he); he could go—this with a dry crackle of laughter—for some days yet. It crossed Stult's mind that the negro would go mad before long. Cock-eye's laugh, the quality of it, had provoked the idea. And the idea flared into certainty. Of course the negro would go mad! Of course! It was only a matter of time. The man was half mad now. He would be raving soon. Stult was not yet afraid, but his sympathy took a harsher turn—he wondered whether or



not he had better put Cock-eye out of his misery at once. It would have to come, sooner or later, he feared. But not yet. He would give the nigger all the chance there was. Poor ol' Cock-eye! It would be heart-breaking to have to—put him out of misery. Not yet, anyhow—not yet! Stult would keep watch. That would do for the present.

Stult's gun was in a holster slung about his neck. He drew it out. Cock-eye saw him in the starlight.

He sprang up.

"Keep back!" Stult barked.

Cock-eye quavered, "Yassa, boss!"

"Right where you are," Stult drawled.

"Oh, my Gawd!" Cock-eye groaned.

"What yo' gwine ter do, Mas' Gawge?" Terror had somewhat limbered his tongue.

"Nothing, Cock-eye."

"Ain't gwine ter kill po' Cock-eye?"

Stult had not been used to splitting hairs with niggers. "Not yet, Cock-eye," said he.

"Oh, my Gawd!"

Stult explained the exigency. He would not have Cock-eye think hardly of him. It was a bitter thing to do, thus to pronounce sentence. When it comes time for a man to kill his dog he distresses himself with regret. And Stult loved Cock-eye. Poor ol' Cock-eye! It hurt Stult sorely to terrify the negro. But what was a man to do? There was the devil to pay! What was a man to do? He propounded the situation. He spoke softly, patiently, regretfully; he made sure that Cock-eye would not think himself abused. It was an argument.

"I don't want to shoot you, Cock-eye," he concluded, tears in his eyes. "You know that. And I ain't going to shoot you unless I got to. But can't you see, Cock-eye, that if you go mad I *got* to shoot you?"

Cock-eye saw, of course; but Cock-eye promised before God that he would not go mad.

"But you will go mad," Stult argued; "a man goes mad of thirst, and it don't matter whether he's a nigger or not."

Cock-eye protested that, mad or not, he would never lay a hand on George Stult. No, sir! He'd jest lay out on the deck, no matter how mad he was, an' *stay* there; and he wasn't gwine ter ask for no water, neither. Wasn't mad

yet, was he? Hadn't asked for no water yet, had he? Well, then! Huh!

Stult was deeply moved by this new display of devotion. He sighed. "Damn it all!" he exploded, out of patience with fate. "I wish you was white, Cock-eye."

"Ah *always* wished ah was!" Cock-eye sighed.

"You're just as good as a white man," Stult declared, his philosophy for a moment confused.

After a starlit silence:

"Mas' Gawge," Cock-eye inquired, gravely, "yo' won't do—nothin'—in the dark?"

"I won't do nothing at all," said Stult, "unless you go mad."

"Yo' might *think* ah was mad."

"No, I won't!"

"Mas' Gawge, yo' be mighty careful," Cock-eye admonished. "Doan' yo' go too much on mah looks. Ah might *look* mad an' not be mad. Yo'd be pow'ful sorry, Mas' Gawge, ef yo' made a mistake." He added, presently: "Ef yo' won't do nothin' in the dark, Mas' Gawge, ah reckon ah'll lay down an' go ter sleep. Ah'm tired." He stretched himself out then. By and by he seemed to be asleep. But he was not asleep.

Stult was famished. Hunger had weakened him, too; and this greatly alarmed him. He felt that he must run no chances with the nigger; he must dispose of the nigger in the morning. It would be a bitter thing to do; he could not yet quite resign himself to the deed. Nevertheless, he must dispose of the nigger while his strength was sure, before his hand began to tremble. He did not want to make a mess of the business, to make a nasty butchery of it. Cock-eye had been a damned good nigger in his day! In the morning, sure! There was no telling what a desperate nigger might do. Cock-eye was a good nigger, to be sure; Cock-eye was an honest nigger, a loyal nigger. Cock-eye was no thief; Cock-eye had never stolen anything—at least, not from George Stult. But thirst might turn him thief. In the morning, then; the thing must be done in the morning. In the morning, *sure!* In the mean time Cock-eye might be tempted to steal Stult's water. Stult must therefore keep awake. Cock-eye must be preserved from



the temptation to damnable treachery. Well, Stult could surely stay awake—until morning; he would have a long sleep—afterward. But Stult was worn out, and the boat was rocking gently, and the stars were serene overhead, and the night was silent save for the crooning swish of little waves, and a cooling wind was blowing. And presently Stult fell sound asleep with the gun in a restless hand.

When Stult awoke to the morning, to another blazing day of Caribbean blue and yellow, the nigger had the gun.

Except to lift his head from the limp posture of sleep, Stult made no movement whatsoever. It was a critical situation, perhaps. Stult was interested; he was not at all alarmed. Nothing had occurred, as yet, to alarm him. Stult knew that a nigger was a nigger. Cock-eye knew this, too, of course; and Stult knew that he knew it. Stult had taught Cock-eye that a nigger was a nigger. He knew profoundly that Cock-eye had mastered the lesson. Cock-eye was now squatted in his place, forward on the deck, staring blankly at the long revolver. Stult watched him silently for a space. Then his eyes began to twinkle a little with amusement. Presently he laughed—a low, prolonged, contemptuous chuckle.

Cock-eye started. "Ah didn't take no watah!" he exclaimed, instantly. The truth was in his husky whisper.

Stult laughed again. "I reckon not," said he.

"Ah ain't no thief, Mas' Gawge!"

"I know you, Cock-eye."

"Ah—ah—ah jest took the gun!"

Stult gazed at Cock-eye through half-closed eyes. He had not as yet changed a muscle of his lazy posture. "When you're through with that gun, Cock-eye," he said, now, in a lazy drawl, smothering a yawn the mean while, "I reckon you'd better fetch it back."

"Yassa, boss!" said Cock-eye. His voice was subservient. He made no move, however, in Stult's direction.

"I reckon," said Stult, evenly, "you're pretty nigh through with it."

"Yassa, boss!"

"You hear me?"

"Yassa, boss!"

"I reckon," said Stult, his voice rising

a little, "that you're through with that gun *now*!"

"Yassa, boss!"

"Fetch it here!"

Cock-eye hesitated. There had been, however, some wavering sign of compliance. Stult began in a low voice, issuing from between closed teeth—a voice rising as he proceeded—to curse the negro. He cursed him for a nigger. Cock-eye was a nigger—a nigger—a nigger! That was the blasting quality of the invective. Vile cursing, this, too, deepening in filthy insult. When the storm of it got too great for his spirit to bear, Cock-eye crawled to the edge of the cockpit, handed the revolver to Stult, and crawled humbly back to his place. Stult grinned. He was pleased with himself. It takes a Southern-born white man to deal with a nigger, by God! Stult was pleased with Cock-eye, too. Cock-eye was a good nigger! Cock-eye was none o' your damned Northern colored men!—Good ol' Cock-eye!

Cock-eye was now in instant peril. He was guilty to be sure; he knew it (of old)—and he was desperately afraid. Stult's face had hardened; there was death in his eye. There was not the lust of death; but there was death there, nevertheless—sure death. Cock-eye's tactics were those of a dog in trouble with his master. The dog ignores the imminence of punishment, he frisks ingratiatingly, barks with great good humor, protests affection; he seems not to distrust his master's gracious goodness, but yet is wary. Cock-eye's behavior was designed to distract Stult from the purpose dreadfully in his mind. He grinned; he betrayed neither fear nor distrust; he began a gleeful chatter of other days—days of the youth of both. A queer, thick voice: Stult must harken close to understand. A flood of sentimental recollection. For example: Did Stult remember how Cock-eye had lost his left eye? That had been long ago. Stult smiled grimly to recall it. And Cock-eye had been called Cock-eye ever since. 'Member that? Thus poor Cock-eye, a stream of ingratiating chatter, until he could move his wretched tongue no longer.

All this time Cock-eye had kept an eye on the round horizon; and now, gone



silent, he looked once more for a sail or a trail of smoke. Then he looked helplessly, like a patient dog, into Stult's brooding eyes. He sighed—and waited.

Stult was reluctant. It rends a man's heart to kill a good dog. Stult loved Cock-eye. And Stult cocked the revolver against his will.

"Oh, my Gawd!" Cock-eye wailed.

Stult began to cry. "I got to!" he sobbed. "I can't help it, Cock-eye. Damn it! Don't blame *me*!"

"*Now?*" Cock-eye quavered. "Not—*now!*" It was incredible. "Not—so soon!"

Stult moaned.

"Ain't yo' gwine to wait no mo'?"

"You're in misery, Cock-eye," Stult whimpered in protest. "You don't *know* how miserable you look. I can't stand the sight o' you no longer. Don't you think I care nothing about you? Can't you see me—*crying?*"

"Jest wait a minute mo', Mas' Gawge!"

"Stand up!"

Cock-eye rose. "Jest a minute mo', Mas' Gawge!" he begged. He searched the horizon again, but descried nothing. "Ah ain't got nothin' mo' ter say," he mumbled. "Ah'm—jest a niggah—anyhow." He seemed, somehow, in this, to robe Stult with the black mantle of all responsibility. Then he turned his back and hunched his shoulders, as if to withstand the shock and pain of a blow.

"Can't you stand no nearer the edge?" Stult whined. "You might fall on deck."

"Oh, my Gawd!" Cock-eye wailed. He did as he was bid.

"I can't shoot you in the back," Stult explained. "Turn around, can't you?"

"Ah—ah—ah'm scared, Mas' Gawge!"

"Damn it!" Stult whimpered. "You're making it almighty hard for me, Cock-eye. Can't you turn around? I'll shoot as quick as I can. I *can't* shoot you in the back! It's too damned much like murder." Stult was crying again. It is a bitter thing for a man to have to kill a dog that he loves. It is like murder!

Cock-eye looked over his shoulder. "Ah'm almighty scared, Mas' Gawge," he quavered. "I got ter take it in the back."

"*Please*, Cock-eye!"

Cock-eye started in amazement. Please! He turned — involuntarily. *Please!* He smiled. Stult took aim. Tears blinded him. He fired. He missed. Many a man has missed a dog in the same circumstances. In the same circumstances, too, a dog flies at his master. Cock-eye's attitude changed. The devil was in him now. He savagely crouched. And he was leaping aft when Stult fired for the second time. Stult got him that time. Cock-eye crumpled up on the deck.

When, late that afternoon, a boat from the tramp *Twin Sisters* got alongside the wrecked sloop, Stult was deliriously whimpering. "Poor ol' Cock-eye!" he kept muttering all that night, in accents of profoundest affection. "Wasn't thirsty, eh? Damned black rascal! My nigger, boys. Wouldn't drink no water, the damned black rascal!"

Cock-eye, too, was carried aboard. There was life left in him yet—spark enough for a new flame. A wound in the shoulder; no worse than that, thank God! When the *Twin Sisters* docked at Galveston, good ol' Cock-eye, properly fed and watered, went ashore frisking at Stult's heels.

Cock-eye Charlie and George Stult live together to this day on Snake Key. And Stult is almighty proud of Cock-eye Charlie. None o' your Northern niggers, sir! A nigger that is a nigger! And Cock-eye Charlie is devoted to Stult.

"Yassa, boss," says he, grinning, to whom it may concern. "Ah'm Gawge *Stult's* niggah." You can't tell Cock-eye Charlie that George Stult shot to kill him. No, sir! Cock-eye Charlie knows all about *that*. Mas' Gawge *meant* t' miss—*intended* t' miss. Didn't Mas' Gawge give him a cup o' water? Huh! Well, then! What for, then, Mas' Gawge shoot t' kill? Ah-ha! Answer that!



# Wild Burma

BY MARY BLAIR BEEBE

THE time was November, and the place was Myitkyina (Mitch-i-nah'), which is, being interpreted, "Beside the Great River," and the Great River was the Irrawaddy, flowing throughout the length of Burma, and finally emptying itself into the Bay of Bengal, seven hundred and fifty miles away to the south.

The train had hurried us along up from Rangoon to Mandalay through three hundred miles of rice-fields, like great lakes, for the season of rains was but recently over. Egrets, pond herons, marabou storks, and sarus cranes stood statuesque, while the telegraph wires were dotted with dusky drongos, azure rollers, and emerald bee-eaters; the number and tameness of the birds eloquently proclaiming the ancient and benign faith of the Buddha to be more potent, alas! than our modern societies for the preservation of birds, for the true Buddhist holds sacred all life, even the smallest and meanest.

At Mandalay the train had deposited its burden of chattering tourists, who had hastily "done" Rangoon, and must now proceed to "do" Mandalay, in the brief time allotted in their dizzy whirl around the world. With no hurrying West on its mind, the train for Upper Burma had leisurely made its way three hundred and fifty miles farther into the interior and put us out at Myitkyina, the end of all railway travel. The Burma of gilded pagodas and temples, of dainty, silk-clad Burmese maidens—the Burma of superlatively gorgeous Oriental color—was many miles behind us; before us lay Upper Burma, a wilderness of lonely mountains, sparsely peopled with wild hill folk.

The immediate problem was food and shelter for the night, while that of the morrow was to outfit for our trip into the hills, where W—— was to study the pheasants in their native wilds. We knew that Myitkyina boasted nothing so ambitious as a hotel, but there must be

the usual *dâk* bungalow of India, provided by the government for the use of its officials. The *dâk* bungalow offers rooms, but seldom anything more, expecting its guests to provide their own bedding, food, servants, and so forth.

Hailing a *gharry*—the native carriage—we set forth to find the *dâk* bungalow. Now at best the springless wooden *gharry* of the East is a sorry vehicle, but the *gharry* of Myitkyina has seen its best days in Calcutta, and been shipped across the bay to Rangoon. So, rocking and jouncing along, our heads bouncing against the top like corn in a corn-popper, we came at last to the bungalow. There we found, standing guard over his bundle of possessions, a tall, lean native with swarthy, scowling face, above which perched a bright scarlet fez, briefly introduced by our factotum Aladdin, who had been our interpreter, taxidermist, and general pilot on several previous trips, as our "new cook." The cook looked as though he might well have been one of the terrifying genii of the wonderful lamp of *Arabian Nights* fame. "Where is the lamp?" was on the tip of my tongue, but I simply asked, "Where on earth did you get him?"

"Oh, Missy," said Aladdin, carelessly, "I meet on train coming Myitkyina. I tell him about you and marster. He like cook for us"; adding, in a burst of enthusiasm, "He Mohammedan. I think very honest, very good cook."

Naturally we could not quite share Aladdin's delight in the new cook's faith. It was with us a case of Dr. Johnson's "Hang her character! Can she fry collops?"

Beside the Great River we remained for several days, engaging horses, mules, and men for our mountain trip. We found it a difficult matter, for Myitkyina is a military outpost. Trouble was brewing along on the Burma-China border, and all mules were needed for a punitive



column which the British government was about to send out into the mountains. That fact was confided to us as a State secret, to explain why the officials wanted to dissuade us from making our trip just at this time. But we had come many thousands of miles, and our time was precious. If it was a possible thing we must go on.

So it was that five o'clock of a biting-cold morning found us crossing the Great River, with the promise made by a Chinese muleteer that sixteen mules, two horses, and men to care for them would follow us in a few days. In the mean time we planned to stay at a little bungalow at Wain-Maw, just across the river, free from drilling regiments and nearer the pheasants.

But at Wain-Maw we found still more preparations for war, and the haunts of the pheasants seemed as far away as ever. As we found that it was just possible to make the next day's march by bullock-cart, we at once decided to go on if carts could be procured.

Our destination was Wah-hsaung, a tiny native village at the foot of the mountains, only five hundred feet higher in elevation than Wain-Maw, and the trail was said to be passable. Aladdin

was sent out to see if he could get three carts. Meanwhile rain had begun to fall in torrents. We sat in the little leaky bungalow, waiting an interminable time, fearing that with so late a start we should not be able to make Wah-hsaung that night.

At last three carts arrived; our luggage was piled on, with pieces of tarpaulin tied securely over it to protect it from the rain. We climbed in between the boxes and bags, and with squeaking of wheels, puffing of bullocks, and exhortations on the part of the drivers, we set forth for Wah-hsaung. Have you ever ridden all day in a two-wheeled, springless bullock-cart over trails so rough that often one wheel was some three or four feet higher than the other? Sitting bent over like misshapen gnomes—there was not enough room under the tarpaulin to sit erect—and being tossed about against the uncompromising edges of packing-boxes does not improve matters.

Squeak, squeak, squeak—the native encourages his axles in squeaking, for does that not frighten away from the trail all evil spirits?—jounce, thump, splash, through deep pools of water, and so over the miles that separated Wain-Maw from



OUR ENEMIES—THE WATER BUFFALO





THE FORT AT SADON, THE LAST OUTPOST OF BRITISH AUTHORITY

Wah-hsaung! We shuddered at the thought of what must be happening to our cameras and photographic plates. Huddled up under the tarpaulin, we could see nothing ahead or to either side of us; not a glimpse of the surrounding country did we get on this, our first day's journey in Upper Burma.

The rain continued to fall in sheets. We could see the large, flat feet and the gaunt legs, up to the knees, of our genie cook following us, slopping through deep mud, and splashing recklessly through puddles of unknown depth. After many hours we reached Wah-hsaung, so stiff that we could scarcely move, and crawled out, to find ourselves in front of a little white bungalow, which the *chowkidar* (bungalow-keeper) was struggling to open for us, with much rattling of large bunches of rusty keys.

For four happy days we lived at the Wah-hsaung bungalow. A rocky river flowed just back of us—a river cold with the chill of the lofty mountain snows. To the right of the house was a stretch of dense forest. In front ran the trail leading over the mountains; to the left, hidden by the trees, was a small Shan village, and, farther on, the rice-fields of the villagers.

This was the only Shan village near which we were to camp, for as soon as we began the ascent of the mountains we would be among the Kachin tribes.

Being therefore anxious to make the acquaintance of Shans, I set forth one afternoon, with gifts of chocolates as a passport to friendship, and with my kodak. The first villager to see me uttered a sound of alarm and every one scuttled away—women with babies strapped on their backs, toddling youngsters, aged men and women—all disappeared as fast as their respective means of locomotion permitted. Nothing remained but dogs, scores of dirty, half-starved, snarling pariah dogs, yelping and howling. As one "of the white sort"—as they say in Malay—must not show even a tremor of fear before those of the "dark sort," I assumed a nonchalant air, which I did not in the very least feel, proceeded to photograph several uninteresting bamboo fences, as if that had been my sole object in visiting the Shan village, and then to beat a dignified retreat with feet that longed to run.

The early morning always found us threading our way through the dense tangle of the jungle, stepping as softly as possible, for of all shy birds the pheasants are the most wary. Wherever we could, we made use of the paths worn by the semi-domesticated water-buffalo of the natives, for to make one's way through untrodden jungle is necessarily so noisy that it is hopeless to think of finding pheasants. Thus stooping our shoulders to buffalo height, we crept quietly through the



forest, at the slightest sound "freezing" as motionless as a well-trained pointer or setter, with every sense alert for the faintest suspicion of scratching among leaves, or of the low cluck that meant pheasants.

Sometimes in the density of the jungle we would come suddenly upon one of the great water-buffalo themselves, and then there was nothing to do but retreat as expeditiously as possible, for the water-buffalo have as great an antipathy to the white man as have their Shan masters, and with a water-buffalo to feel is to act, which he proceeds to do to the utmost of his terrific strength and his great, menacing horns. In our pheasant-hunting we came to look upon these huge beasts, so omnipresent and so deadly, as our greatest danger.

As we wandered farther into the forest we left behind the trails of the buffalo, and now it was a question of cutting one's way or taking to the tracks of the wild boar or the semi-wild pig. Unfortunately a pig's trail is hardly adapted to the anatomy of the *genus homo*. So it was with aching backs and rush of blood to the head that we painfully crawled along hour after hour *à la* pig. But how great the reward when suddenly we halted, for there was the haughty cock pheasant and his harem, busily scratching for a living. Sometimes the lord of creation was a glossy jungle-fowl cock, with drooping tail and red-and-gold ruff, or sometimes there would be a group of immaculate black-and-white pheasants, with dainty heads alert and high. Our hearts beating with excite-

ment, we would focus our stereo glasses on them, until at last W—— would regretfully raise his gun and shoot what were necessary for use in the Monograph, for which he had come all these miles to get material.

The woods about Wah-hsaung were very lovely, beautifully draped with blossoming vines, musical with the cooing of Malay spotted doves, and bright with great numbers of birds. Black-and-white wagtails and yellow wagtails lived up to their names with a frantic wagging as they scurried about the river-bank. Blue-bearded bee-eaters, short-tailed green parrots, and turquoise rollers were like glowing tropical blossoms which had taken unto themselves wings. There was a pygmy falcon, only five inches long, but every inch a falcon—ferocious little face, with beak of prey and perfectly good talons of its own. But I have not space to enumerate all the delightful bird persons of Wah-hsaung.

We found that the best time to surprise our pheasants was at their meals. After breakfast they would retreat deep into the jungle, and then there would be no scratching or clucking table-talk to guide one to them. Just before sunset they came out for their evening meal, and then W—— and I would set out again with gun and glasses.

Our plan of attack was often as follows: we would walk quietly along some trail until we heard something which might be pheasants. W—— would then creep into the jungle, while I went along the trail for a short distance and then turned quickly into the jungle growth,



A HILLMAN WITH HIS CROSSBOW



the idea being to drive the birds toward W—— as he waited crouched on the ground.

One evening W—— had as usual gone into the forest, and I was hurrying along to head the pheasants in his direction, when, right in front of me, out of the jungle stepped a great water-buffalo and her calf. Instantly her head with its immense, threatening horns was lowered, and the beast made a plunge in my direction. Just in time I reached the fork of the nearest tree, pulling my skirt out of reach of the brute's horns. There I sat with my enemy looking up at me and pawing the ground with rage. I could hear far away W——'s soft, insistent whistle urging me to come on and drive the pheasants toward him. How long I was a prisoner on the slippery, moss-covered limb of that tree I do not know, but it was

almost dark when W——'s figure appeared far down the trail; he had given me up as an assistant and gone off alone into the jungle. There also appeared the small figure of an eight-year-old Shan urchin, come in search of his buffalo, and astride her back he serenely rode home. More than once were we chased up trees by these beasts, to be thus rescued by some small native. Submissive and useful to the natives, the water-buffalo will rarely tolerate the presence of a white man.

Confusion reigned on the morning of our departure from Wah-hsaung. In order to make an early start we had risen while it was yet dark. The mules were unruly, the three Chinese mule-boys slow and stupid; Aladdin in a frantic state of excitement, shout-

ing to them to hurry, in a language of which they knew not a word. With true Chinese indifference and dry humor they remarked to the *chowkidar* that the conversation of Aladdin reminded them of nothing so much as the barking of a dog, which speech the *chowkidar* duly translated to Aladdin, who danced with

rage, to the immense amusement of the China boys. From that day on it was open warfare between them and excitable little Aladdin. Meanwhile above all the *mêlée* rose the braying of mules.

In despair we decided to go on and leave the pack-train to follow after. Cook had appointed himself groom, and we found that our saddles had been put on as close to the neck of the horses as possible, while both reins were fastened on the same side of the bits! These mistakes, which cook considered trivial

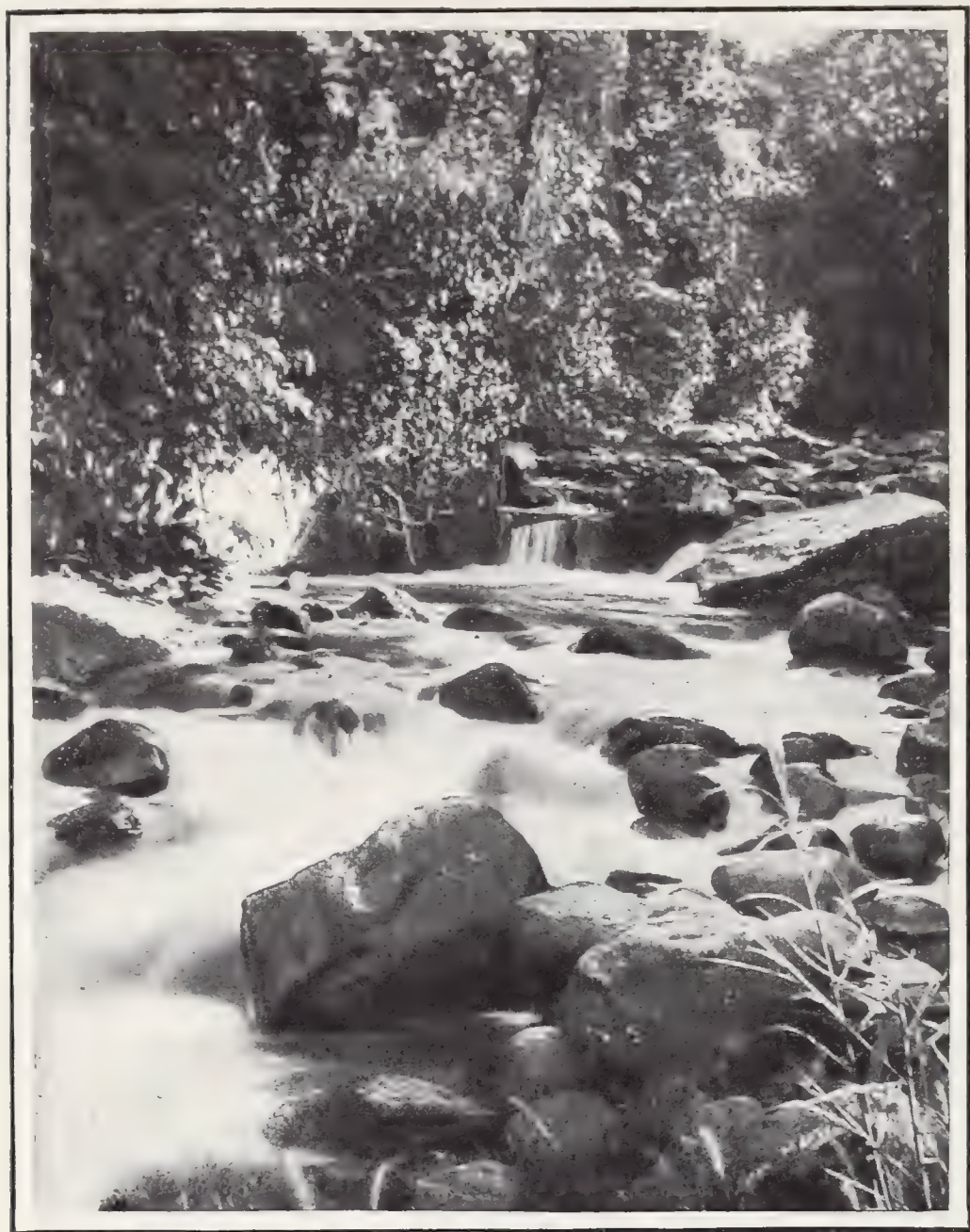
matters, righted, W—— and I set off, taking with us a Burmese boy whom we had engaged to act as interpreter among the hill people into whose country we were going. This boy knew no English, but, as cook spoke a little Burmese, we hoped that ideas might pass from us to Aladdin, thence through cook to the Burmese boy, and eventually to the Kachins.

For the first few miles our way lay through level rice-fields and across a clear, dashing river, and then we began the ascent to the bungalow on the summit of Pungatong, more than three thousand feet above us. The Burmese boy trudged on behind. We often looked back to smile at his picturesque figure. He was clad in a loose, short, white jacket, a handkerchief of cerise silk about his



THE HEAD OF OUR GURKA ESCORT





THE POOL WHERE MY HORSE FELL

neck, and a long strip of blue-and-green cloth wound about his hips, falling almost to his heels like a narrow skirt. His long, black hair was done up in a psyche knot at the back of his head, and he wore the usual crownless turban of the Burman. He carried a huge parasol of orange paper, though which the light shone warm gold upon his face, which was that of a Burne-Jones lady done in sepia.

The country was utterly lovely, the world bathed in sunshine; the trail winding up, circling the hills, sometimes descending, but always leading us to exhilarating higher points. We were in a sea of rolling mountains. The trail was good, the air like wine. Our guide under his bobbing parasol was now far behind, but, as the trail lay straight before us, we plodded on.

Never anywhere in all our wanderings had we seen so many butterflies at one time. They swarmed in the sunshine like clouds of gnats. Butterflies of every

conceivable hue—like the throngs of gay, silk-clad Burmese maids who gather about the railroad stations of Lower Burma. They carpeted the trail, fluttering up before our horses' hoofs, perhaps to light upon us, or upon the horses themselves, or to drift off down the valleys, or to settle on the trail ahead, only to be started up again.

The Burman believes the spirits of human beings to be butterflies, which, when the bodies to whom they belong are at rest, may go fluttering about the world at will. Thus only for the gravest reasons will one Burman waken another; for that butterfly spirit may be wandering, who knows where, and illness or death may come to him who is waked before his spirit has returned gently to arouse the sleeping body.

It was at Pungatong that we first felt the horror

of physical breakdown. I hope that this page may meet the understanding eye of some field naturalist or explorer, for they alone will comprehend what it was that fell upon us. We were surrounded by beauty, yet our very souls were sick. We had just come from months of incessant labor in the most unhealthful tropical jungles of the East, and with the work there had been always the anxiety lest, in spite of all our efforts, the pheasants might escape us. We looked toward the distant mountains, and we saw not their lovely blue undulations; we felt only the unspoken dread which each somehow knew was in the other's heart—"We have not the strength to go on!"

I had been "*Memsahib* the doctor" to many a native, and I now realized that the time had come when it was imperative to put new strength into the indefatigable head of the expedition. There were tonics in my medicine-kit, and these I administered faithfully; but there were also a few dilapidated books in the



bungalow—our blessings on whoever had left them there to comfort weary travelers. I remember neither titles nor plots; I know only that they brought rest. So, sitting in the sunshine, we read—blessed trash; we slept much, and soul and body breathed deep of the bracing mountain air; until little by little the nights ceased to be haunted by hideous dreams and we felt again the peace of normal nerves.

We made ourselves as much at home as if Pungatong was to be our habitation for the rest of our natural lives. So condensed and exact was our equipment that in an hour we could make “home” in a tent or in the empty room of a musty little bungalow. The veranda was our dining-room, with the blue, blue hills, in undulating ranges, from our own altitude of three thousand feet, to eleven thousand feet, seventy miles away at the horizon; while straight down beneath us on all sides there was the jungle, through which wound little man-made trails. In sunny valleys countless species of butterflies danced before one’s eyes until cameras and guns were basely deserted for butterfly-nets. In shaded ravines

were little brooks overhung by giant tree-ferns; here I filled my hands with flowers—fragrant, star-like jasmin, drooping sprays of tiny lavender flowers, wistaria-like vines draping the trees with waterfalls of small white blossoms; here, too, laughing thrushes and bulbuls gurgled and bubbled with very joy of life.

With our souls filled with the beauty of it all, we turned into the jungle itself to “still-hunt” the pheasants, as at Wah-hsaung. Never was burglar more stealthy than we when creeping through the forest in search of our pheasants, stopping instantly at the slightest rustle among the leaves. Oh! the agonized positions which we were forced to assume for what seemed an interminable time, perhaps to find a group of bold, dashing, costumed, white-crested, laughing thrushes hopping daringly about and staring impudently at us. For all their boastful impudence we found that these thrushes were always on the alert to fly out of danger when need be, and that they invariably sounded an alarm when we were near. Further investigation disclosed the fact that where there was a group of these birds there was almost



OUR CAMP NEAR THE VILLAGE OF SIN-MA-HOW



sure to be a flock of pheasants also. W—— and I made this discovery independently; the question was, why did thrushes and pheasants thus consort?

The solution of this problem hardened our hearts against the thrushes; for they spied every danger and their quick note gave warning to the pheasants, who, busily scratching on the ground, had not the same range of vision as their neighbors in the trees. As the hartebeest in Africa is the trial of the sportsman, so here these troublesome thrushes often succeeded in frustrating all our hopes. The insects which flew up out of range of the pheasants were undoubtedly the latter's unconscious payment to the thrushes for this valuable sentinel duty. Similarly the wary pheasants followed in the wake of the tiny musk-deer. In this case, too, the benefit was mutual, the alert eyes of the birds serving the deer, and the sensitive nostrils of the deer scenting danger while it was yet afar. Always clamorous squirrels rushed about the forest giving warning of our approach.



BESIDE THE BURMA-CHINA BOUNDARY-STONE

So we had to reckon with the united efforts of the jungle people, all of whom were allied against us. I often felt like addressing the pheasants in *Alice in Wonderland* fashion, beginning, "O pheasants dear!" and going on to reason with them and to explain that if they would only allow themselves to be

interviewed we would go away and leave them in peace. We simply wanted to know what they had for dinner, how many and what sort of eggs their wives laid, and in what kind of nests and at what time of year. In a word, just a little of their family life; and as to skins—well, perhaps a very few, that famous artists might make beautiful portraits of them, and that great scientists might settle once and for all what were their proper Latin names. Surely that was reasonable?

But W——'s observations and specimens remain to bear witness to our triumph over our enemies, although they had ranked on their side superior vision, superior power of scent and of hearing. The pheasants which we found at Pungatong included the jungle fowl, the peacock pheasant, and the many members of the genus *Gennæus* and others.

Among the jungle people were brilliant wine and chestnut trogons, great hornbills, which flew overhead with a rushing of powerful wings, pearl-gray monkeys swinging from branch to branch, while far down in a valley lived a rhinoceros. W—— discovered him one day, wallowing and snorting with satisfaction in the deep mud of a partly dried-up stream. His glistening back led W—— to think that he was one of our old enemies—the water-buffalo; but he lifted his huge head and gave away the secret that he was a rhinoceros, rare indeed at this elevation of three thousand feet!

At the rest-hour of noon my chief interest was the human life of the trail. Sometimes a

noisy trade-caravan would wind its way past—an unending line of mules, with tinkling bells around their necks and heavy loads upon their backs, while blue-clad Chinamen ran along beside them, with queues twisted around their heads, in order that they might be quite free to battle with the eccentricities



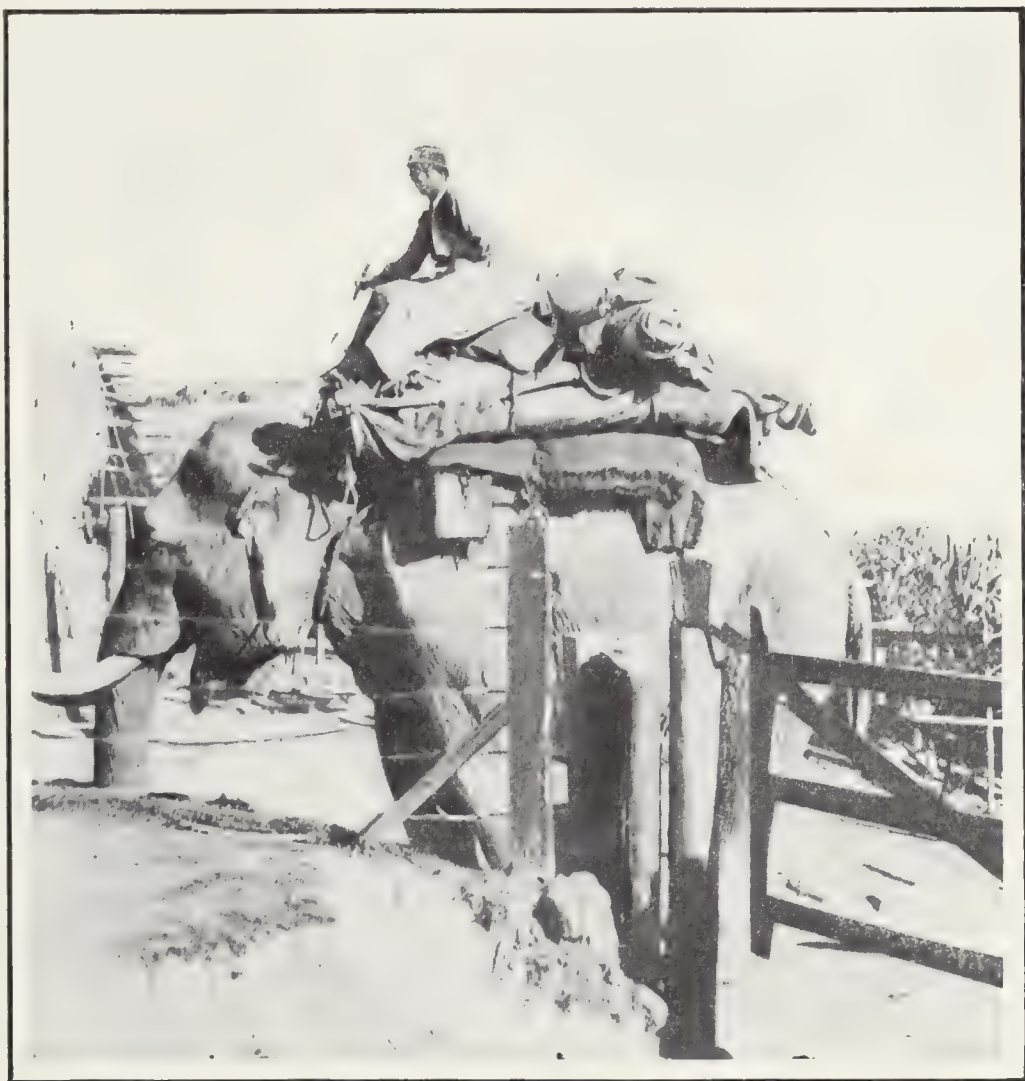
of mule psychology. An occasional pompous Chinaman, whose flesh bore evidence of material prosperity, appeared sitting sideways on a mule, looking about with that supreme condescension of one who rides while others walk.

Again it was an immense drove of hogs which was being urged along the trail — urged, but how gently! A Chinaman walked along in front keeping up a monotone of "*Lulá! Lulá! Lulá!*" Behind him came another Chinaman with a long stick persuasively pointing the way, while still other men in the rear closed in, in order to keep this imposing army intact. There was an epitome of human nature—oppressive and overbearing where it dares to be, servile when it must. All over our world it is with hoots and cries and blows that the long-suffering mule is made to do man's bidding, whereas in the most coaxing of tones man addresses the hog.

Sometimes we had guests. Aladdin would meet me as we returned from our morning in the jungle, of course in chronic state of excitement, to say that there were hungry gentlemen at the bungalow, whose "kit" had not yet arrived. "Think better ask to tiffin," counseled Aladdin. "Have got goosey-stew, jungle-fowl curry, sago pudding." Never was there a house-party so altogether delightful as these little chance gatherings in the far-away frontier hills of Burma. England sends the flower of her youth out to protect her interests in her colonial possessions. And they have *lived*, these young English officers. To be masters often of thousands of men they have first become masters of themselves; their school has been the great world, and their text-books—adventure, hardship, danger, responsibility, close study of the peoples of the earth.

When these officers spent a night at

the bungalow, a Gurka soldier kept guard; the officers looked very grave when they found that we were alone, without an escort of soldiers. There was no knowing, they said, what these hill people would do, let alone the cruel border tribes. The officers brought with them the paraphernalia for heliographing, taking ad-



ELEPHANT LOADED WITH TENTS

vantage of the autumn sunshine to send messages flashing all over northern Burma, by means of native operators, to whom it was all cipher, since they did not know a word of English.

By and by there came a day when, with his servants and a guard of Gurkas, one of the English officers would be brought to the bungalow, on his way back to Myitkyina, haggard and spent with fever in this brief time. Thus does a great nation extend her sphere of influence!

The next stage of our journey took us through a forest of great white blossoming trees, a day's ride beyond Pungatong to Pumkan, where we found a microscopic bungalow and a young English lieutenant serving tea to himself under the trees. Stage by stage did we journey to the



frontier, always higher and always colder. There was a halt of a few days at Sadon, the little fort perched on a mountain-top which was the last outpost of British authority. There we found that strict orders had come from headquarters of the government that we were on no account to be permitted to leave Sadon without an armed escort of six Gurkas.

Our retinue now numbered fourteen mules, three horses, three muleteers, cook, Aladdin, and six Gurkas in knee-trousers, coats, and puttees of khaki, with brown felt hats, cocked up on one side, and each with his rifle over his shoulder.

We were one day joined by a lieutenant, who was going out to the frontier to see whether the tribes across the border had been destroying the boundary-stones of the British. All went well until, about three miles from our old camp, we came to a parting of the ways. The lieutenant's orderly insisted that the right-hand trail was the one we should take. As we went on, however, the trail grew increasingly difficult, until we came to a shaky bridge of loose logs. In crossing the bridge my horse slipped and fell, crashing through the rotten logs into the dashing torrent below. The water was deep, rushing and foaming over big, slippery boulders, between which the horse had fallen, into a pool which was just large enough to save him from landing on the rocks themselves. Had I been on his back I should certainly have been dashed to pieces!

Our first dread was a broken leg for my poor horse, but the accident left nothing worse than a soaking-wet saddle, on which I had to ride all day. The next thought was the mules! How would they ever cross that stream, and what would be the fate of our outfit? W—— hurried back, to find that Gurkas and mules had taken the left-hand trail. Soon our trail ceased to be a trail, ending abruptly at a dilapidated Kachin hut, whose surly owners directed us on by a tiny path—through high bamboos and grasses. It was steep, rocky, and slippery, with unexpected logs lying across it, hidden by the grasses. A dense growth of bamboo closed over our heads, so that I rode practically lying down on my horse, and at the same time on the watch for the dangerous logs and holes. At the foot of a precipitous trail, so danger-

ous that we had to dismount and walk, was a tempestuous river which there was no way of crossing. It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon, at five it would be bitterly cold, and at six dark as midnight. We had no matches, we had had no food since early morning. A night in the jungle was more than probable—a night of bitterest cold, with no wraps; a night to be followed by a day in which we must retrace the trail. I was left with the horse while the men went off to reconnoiter. They returned with a wild-eyed Kachin, who was gesticulating excitedly that we were to follow him.

Wearily we remounted and rode on, the Kachin leading, appearing and disappearing ahead of us, like some elfish sprite of the hills, until I caught sight of a bit of paper stuck in a freshly cut sapling at the side of the road. Eagerly we read the little, misspelled, scarcely legible note—directing us to turn at this spot to the right- (spelled "write") hand trail. It was from Aladdin; assuredly he was this time the "gift of God," as his name implies.

Of all the difficult trails of the day this was the worst. The horses pulled, slipped, and strained up the steep mountain. I was blinded by the bamboos, which constantly struck me in the face. We rode until the lieutenant ahead called out: "My word! it's all right! There are our tents!" Blessed little white tents in a neat row on the crest of a hill below us! Aladdin greeted us with his broadest and most toothless smile, saying: "You find my *chit*?" (*chit* meaning note). "I give Kachin money show me way; more money show you. I thought you in China by this time," he added, with a burst of laughter.

We were camped near the little Chinese village of Sin-Ma-How, the old chief of which we found a most dramatic personality, so much an actor that we seldom had to wait for the interpreter to know that he was describing shooting, building traps, wind, cold, fatigue, or distance. When we asked where we should find the pheasants, the very tones of his voice as well as his gestures indicated a vast and discouraging distance. The chief only two days before had had three of his mules taken by tigers, and his pantomime description of it was



worthy of being put on the stage. In the days that were to come we grew to love this old man—so impressive an individuality, his face so shrewd, so humorous and kindly, his figure in his dark-blue gown so full of dignity. No less did we love his wrinkled, motherly old wife, who came at once to call on me, bringing a gift of two chickens and making a pretty speech, to the effect that I was the first white woman the village had ever seen, and that they hoped I would like them, and that she wished to make me a little present to show how glad she was that I had come! What could be more gracious than the spirit of this old hill woman! I am proud to feel that we are friends, and I hope that she thinks as kindly and as often of her first white woman as does that white woman of her.

As usual, curious visitors frequented our camp—the timid Lishao women of the village and the more friendly Chinese women, who even here in this wilderness of hills had their poor feet bound. It was strange how different were these two types, living side by side in the same isolated little village. The Lishao women were loaded with heavy brass rings hung around their necks and waists, with beadwork, and with sashes of red and yellow. They were suspicious and unfriendly, with dull, heavy faces. The Chinese woman was in the plain dark blue seen among the poor everywhere in the great empire, her ornaments a simple silver necklace and ear-rings of the green jade which stands for purity and is part of the costume of every Chinese woman who can afford it.

In character also they were purely Chinese, with all the patience, humor, and shrewd intelligence which that implies.

Of the interior of the thatched huts of these villagers I saw but little; the houses are windowless, with one door to supply light and ventilation, as well as entrance and exit. In the center of this room is built a fire which fills the place with a dense cloud of smoke. With tears streaming down my face, I returned the calls of my new friends, dimly seeing that they sat about that smoking fire, over which a pot of rice boiled; that in the rear was one of the now familiar altars to the *Nats* (evil spirits), and that the only furniture consisted of a sort of scaffold on which were kept the family possessions—crossbows, knives, and the rough looms for weaving the native cloth.

In the exhilarating cold of

early morning we would dance into our clothes and hurry out in search of the first warmth-giving rays of sunshine peeping over the eastern mountains.

Oh, those mountains, how heart-breaking their ascent, but how rewarding! There, after days of patient pursuit, W—— found the silver, the rare monal, the Lady Amherst pheasants, and many others. Blossom-headed paraquets, in flocks of from two to six hundred, flew low over our heads, until we would be enveloped in a cloud of vibrating wings.

All the days were bathed in sunshine, to be followed by nights so cold that we might not even remember sunshine! Nuraing Singh would carry into our tents the great stones upon which we



THE OLD CHIEF BIDDING US GODSPEED



had had the camp-fire built, and with these red-hot stones under our cots we managed to keep warm for the first half of the night, after which we would be stiff with cold in spite of all our blankets and of the fact that we went to bed dressed in everything we owned, including heavy woolen stockings and gloves, to

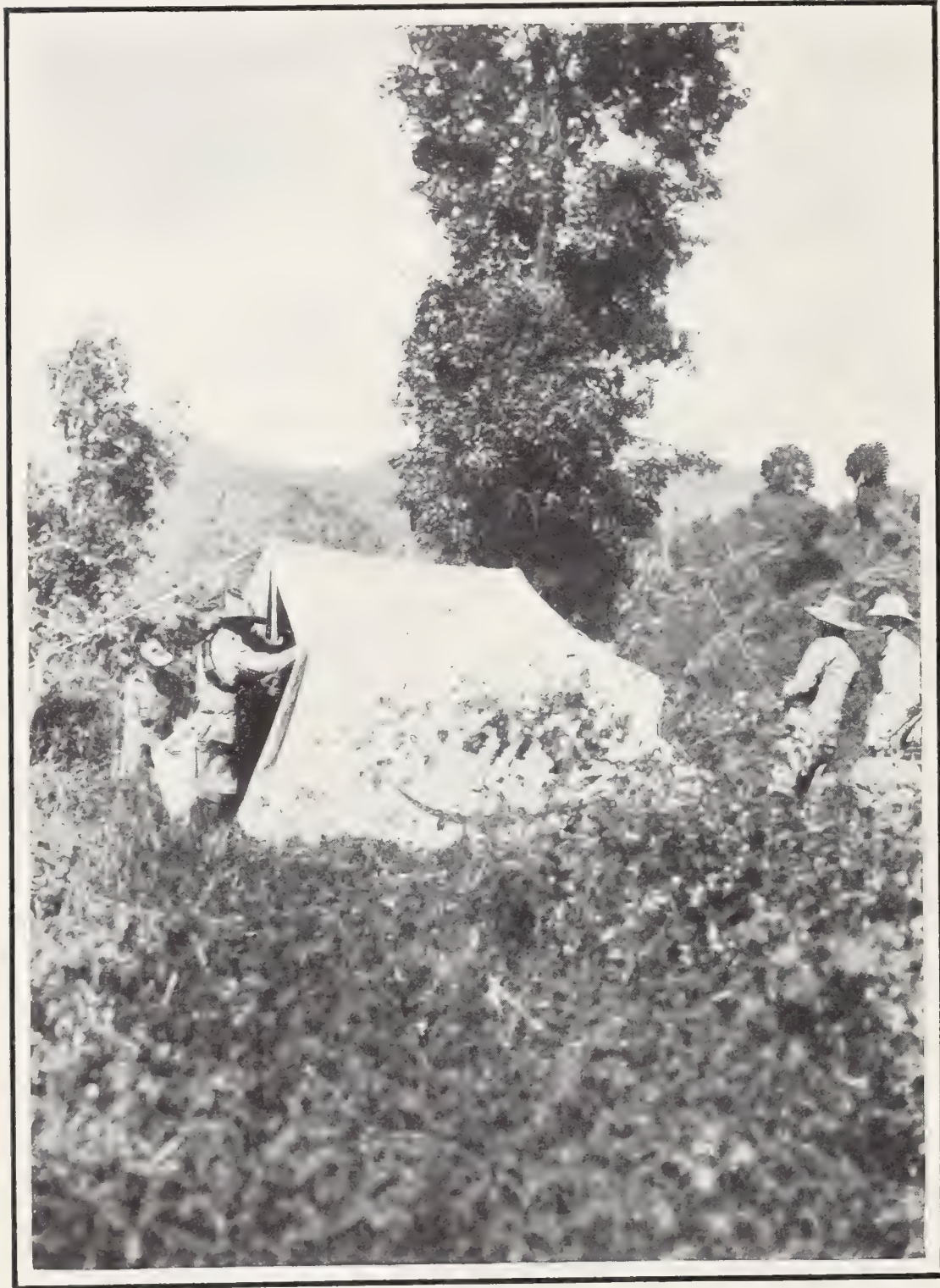
was so many hundreds of years old. There had been no idea of construction or of grading; the hill people had simply followed the old game trails, the trails of the animals as they went down to the water to drink, and up again over the mountains. The horse of civilization would be appalled at such a trail.

We passed herds of goats, headed by patriarchal curly-headed rams, come from mysterious China itself and on their way to Myitkyina. Beside a stream we came upon a camp of Kachins who had failed to make the village of their destination by nightfall, soothing their fears by driving a circle of bamboo poles around themselves, the poles three or four feet apart, and this, our Kachin guide told us, they hoped would keep away the *Nats* and—tigers!

At a place where the trail wound around a mountain-side, overhanging a precipice, we passed a huge Chinese caravan. Long before we saw it we heard the tinkle of countless mule-bells and the resonant beat of metal gongs, to frighten from the trail the ever-present *Nats*. We drew our horses as close as possible to the mountain-side to let

the caravan pass, for we knew the unceremonious, jostling ways of mules, and we had no fancy for being shoved over that precipice. As each mule passed us we had to push him off to the outer edge of the trail to prevent his crushing us against the side of the mountain.

About two hours from the camp we entered a forest of moss, cool and dark, an interlacing network of gnarled, moss-hung trees. Chattering squirrels broke



BREAKING CAMP FOR THE LAST TIME

say nothing of sweaters and rain-coats!

It was while the lieutenant was still with us that we made our first trip over the border into China itself. Leaving part of our escort to guard the camp, we took with us Nuraing Singh, two Gurkas, and a Kachin guide, and every one of us was armed. We made an early start, for it was an all-day trip. Up and down, with always a stream at the bottom, we rode over this trail which



the peace, and pheasants clucked *sotto voce*. From this moss forest we came finally into the zone of stunted bamboo growth, dwarfed rhododendrons, life-everlastings, and dried grasses, all so like the mountain flora beyond Darjeeling that we felt as if we were living over again our trails in the eastern Himalayas.

At last we rode through wind-swept Sansi Gorge itself, where even in early December we found in the shady places patches of snow and ranks of weeds linked together by ice; and then out into Yunnan, the western province of the Great Dragon Empire. There was China, ancient China, spread out before us in a panorama of rugged mountains!

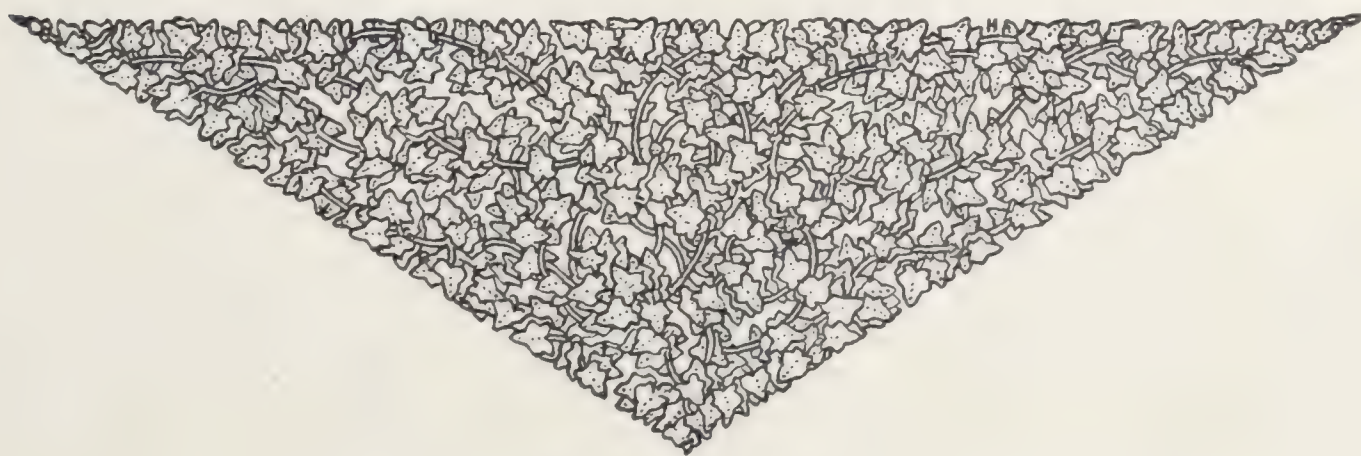
After the lieutenant returned to the fort at Sadon, we remained on at the camp, going again far into Yunnan, where we had rocks rolled down the hillsides at us by wild-looking creatures who appeared for an instant to roll down their missiles and then vanished beyond the mountain-tops. On one of the nights when we could not sleep there suddenly came an ominous sound—a straight, unerring *whir-r-r*, which ended in a soft thud against the back of the tent at the foot of our cots.

“Did you hear that?” asked W——, and we both added in the same breath, “It sounded just like an arrow shot from a crossbow!” Some days before we had bought some bows and arrows from passing Kachins and Chinese, and had practised shooting them off, so that the sound was familiar to us; and the old chief had acted out for us the fate of one struck by the deadly poisoned arrows, which, it is said, have been soaked in aconite

or else buried in putrid flesh that they may convey the dread germs of lock-jaw. A *whir* and a *thud*—evidently the sentry had heard it, too, for he left the camp-fire and paced slowly round and round the tent. At last we slept, for, after all, we might have been mistaken!

The penetrating flute-notes of a whistling thrush awoke us, to find Aladdin outside the door of our tent, where he waited every morning with some startling piece of information, like the scare-lines of a yellow journal. Sometimes it was the delinquencies of his enemies the muleteers, who refused to feed our horses; sometimes a sore finger, or a case of fever who wanted quinine. This time it was to say in a frightened voice: “That China boy dead, sir! One horse dead, too, sir!” Poor little “China boy”! Actually dead of fear, believing a *Nat* had entered him through a felon. In vain had we tried to save him. His was the second death since we set forth on this Asiatic pheasant expedition, and had we never gone a-pheasanting perhaps it might not have happened! Poor little Lanoo—dead, close beside his horse; strange to say it was *his* horse that had died, and at about the same hour!

A poisoned arrow lay broken behind the tent—just where we had heard the thud the night before—but it seemed a small matter now, with our trouble about Lanoo, and with his brothers sitting sullenly smoking, while our Gurkas, fully armed, followed us about, watchful lest there should be trouble among the demoralized villagers, who were erecting fresh *Nat* altars to propitiate the spirits that had claimed Lanoo.





# Motion Study at St. Katharine's

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

IT is indeed hard to begin this narrative—there are so many important things that ought to be said in the first paragraph. Perhaps the most important of all is this, so I will say it at once and let the rest wait.

*No one can appreciate this story unless she has tried to do good, and failed.* If she has, and if she remembers exactly how she felt when failure fell, and if she has read the lives of Cleopatra and Bryan and Napoleon, she may read on.

It began thus: I was sitting at my desk in the study-hall one evening last week, wondering whether I should read Newcomb's *Principles of Political Economy* or Madame Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled*. I had learned my lessons, and I had half an hour left, which was enough to learn all about *either* political economy or theosophy. But I was 'most sure it wasn't enough time to learn all about them *both*; so I sat for a minute fingering the two books and wondering which I would tear the literary heart out of, as another author beautifully expresses it.

Sister Irmingarde was at her desk at the head of the study-hall, sitting with her eyes on a book that lay open before her. When she is reading one cannot see her eyes at all—only eyelids that seem closed, and long, black eyelashes resting on her cheeks. This night, as I looked at her, her face seemed to me like a beautiful home that some one had locked up and left, with the shutters closed and all the blinds drawn down. While I was thinking this, and wondering whether the other girls were clever enough to think of it, and reaching for my note-book so I could preserve it, the study-hall, which had been cool and gray and ordinary, suddenly became bright and warm and cheerful. A kind of ripple passed over the girls, like a breeze touching a field of grain, and they all seemed to sway forward a little, as if they were pulled by invisible strings. Full well did I know what these things meant. Sister

Irmingarde had raised her eyes from her book and was smiling.

I love to see her do that. It is almost the only thing that diverts my mind when I am thinking of my art. I happened to catch her eye, so I smiled back, of course, with all my heart, and she made a little gesture which meant that I was to come to her desk. I was there almost before she had finished the gesture, and she closed the book she had been reading and offered it to me.

"Here is a book that should interest you, May," she said. "Look it over when you have time and tell me what you think of it." Then, as she was handing it to me, she opened it again and showed me a paragraph she had marked in the second chapter, and told me to read that first because it would give me the thing in a nutshell. I thanked her and took the book back to my desk. There were twenty-five minutes left of the study hour, so I slid Newcomb and Blavatsky out of the way and began the new book without losing a second. It is always thrilling to read anything Sister Irmingarde recommends, even when the book is instructive; and I'd rather talk about books with her than go to three matinées.

Of course I started at the place she had marked, and I will admit to the gentle reader that as I read the icy chill of disappointment touched my soul. What I wanted to read about was Life, and this book was about motions—not *emotions*, you know; just plain *motions*.

The writer said motions were important indeed, and that everybody wasted a great many of them, and that the world would be a changed and wonderful place if people would be more careful about them. In the paragraph Sister Irmingarde had marked he told about a girl who made boxes in a factory. She was very quick, and she made more boxes in five minutes than any other girl in any factory anywhere. She was so wonderful that people came to the box-



factory to see her work; and she won prizes and held the box-making record of the world, and all her dear companions were jealous of her. The man who wrote the book said he heard about how fast she worked, so he got permission to visit the factory and watch her—for he was almost sure that she wasted motions.

The gentle reader will admit that this was not exciting, but it became more interesting when the man got to the factory and sat down to watch the girl make boxes. He did not fall in love with her. I hasten to explain this at once, lest the gentle reader expect him to, and be disappointed, as I was. No. He just watched her make boxes; and he discovered that his terrible, innermost suspicions were correct. She wasted motions. Even this wonderful girl wasted them. I don't remember exactly what the figures were, but I think she wasted twenty-eight motions every time she made a box. She made thirty-five boxes every five minutes, so you can see for yourself that the poor girl wasted nine hundred and eighty motions every five minutes, instead of saving them all and using them to make seventy-two boxes in five minutes, as she could have done if she had been really clever and careful about her motions.

When the man told this to the girl she was annoyed and spoke rudely to him—for she had been greatly praised in the past, as I said before. But he pointed out how much she could earn by making seventy-two boxes instead of thirty-five, and he showed her how to do it and to save her motions instead of throwing them carelessly around the factory, as it were. (I put in that "as it were" without thinking, and now I know that when I did it I wasted eighteen motions, for the words were not necessary. Motion study makes life seem terribly serious.)

We will now return to the girl making the boxes. In half an hour after the man met her she was making seventy-two boxes every five minutes, with tears of joy on her pale cheeks.

After telling about this unusual and interesting girl, the author went on to show how we all waste time and money by wasting our motions, and his book told how "fatigue-eliminating devices" would help every one to work "with the

reliability of a steam-valve, the joy of a hunting-dog, and the inspiration of an artist." All we have to do in manual work, he said, is to shorten the distance the right hand has to move, and have the left hand in position to begin the next motion right off, and remember our "variables," and consider separately every element that affects the amount of work we are able to turn out. He said in writing, for instance, we ought to save at least one motion on every letter of the alphabet, and shorten the distance the hand has to travel, besides.

That's all I read then. My brain felt tired and not very clear when I got through. I put my hand up to my brow to see if it was really as hot as it felt, and I remembered that I was wasting a motion, so I took it down in a hurry and wasted another. But of course I couldn't leave it there. Then



THIS BOOK WAS ABOUT MOTIONS—JUST PLAIN MOTIONS

I looked around at my dear companions, to divert my mind.

Kittie James sat just across from me, sharpening a pencil and wasting so many motions that it made me feel sick to watch her. 'Most every time she shaved off a piece of wood she laid down the knife and looked at the pencil and picked up the shaving and threw it in the waste-paper basket, instead of waiting to throw them all in at once. It was a





I TRIED TO DO IT WITH A NOBLE SWEEP OF THE ARM

dreadful sight, after what I had been reading. I turned a hopeful gaze on Mabel Blossom. She was tearing a paper into little bits and dropping half of them on her desk and getting them mixed up with her notes, and, naturally, having to pick them all up again. Maudie Joyce was copying something from a book she was reading, and wasting at least one hundred motions over every paragraph. I looked around the room. Every blessed girl there was wasting motions just as fast as she could waste them, and as I gazed I saw my duty. I realized that what this noble man was doing out in the world I could do in our quiet convent halls. I could "stop the waste" and develop "increased efficiency," as he called it. I thought it over quickly, and my brain throbbed like an engine. I decided that first of all I would teach myself, and next I would teach the girls.

I wanted to begin that very minute, so I sat for a long time studying the things on my desk and planning how I could get them all into the big drawer below it with one motion. It was hard, for there were lots of things there. At last I tried to do it with a noble sweep of the arm, but I didn't get it just

right; so the things all fell off the desk, and the ink spilled, and the pens and pencils rolled over the floor and got under the girls' feet, and I had to get down on my hands and knees and grovel around for them for five minutes. Sister Irmingarde looked dreadfully surprised and all the girls giggled. But I didn't mind very much. I had begun my new Work; and, anyway, I saved one motion by not returning Mabel Blossom's nod when we separated in the hall. Mabel had giggled harder than any one else over the things I spilled.

The next morning I started St. Katharine's Motion-Study Club, and made myself the president. All the girls

joined right off. Most of them seemed to think it was going to be like moving pictures, but they realized their sad error before I got through with them. We went to work in a scientific way, as the man advised in the book. The first thing to do was to study the girls carefully and make notes of their motions, and show them how they could improve. I interested Kittie James immediately by telling her how many motions she wasted at the table. Kittie loves to eat, so I explained to her how much more she could eat if she saved her motions. We have only half an hour for meals, and Kittie saw the point at once; but she was not clever enough to apply it the way she should have done. Her idea was to save her own motions by making the other girls wait on her. I pointed out this error, and Janet Trelawney helped me by making some sketches showing Kittie saving motions at the table. Kittie looked at the pictures and resigned from the club, but I got her back again the next night by giving a spread for her in my room.

Janet's pictures gave me a very good idea. She had a camera, and I persuaded her to take snapshots of all the girls



when they didn't know it but were wasting motions. These gave us what real writers call "powerful weapons." After we made a careful study of every girl, and wrote out a list of things she had to do regularly, we "enumerated all the motions required in that effort," as the author of the book advised, and we showed the girls that they were throwing away thousands of motions every day.

It was simply fascinating after that to see how things worked out. Of course 'most every girl started wrong. Janet Trelawney, who plays the piano beautifully, decided that she could eliminate a lot of motions by not practising any more, and Sister Cecilia had a dreadful time with Janet until I heard about it and pointed out her mistakes to the poor, misguided child. I showed Janet how she could save motions by not glancing at the clock during practice hour, and by not getting up and looking into the garden until she got through. And Sister Cecilia was really enthusiastic when I showed her and Janet how many motions Janet could save by memorizing all her music and not having to turn the sheets. There were over three hundred motions saved every hour, but Janet was cold and unresponsive when I discovered this.

I turned my attention to Adeline Thurston next, and my heart leaped with joy over the dear girl's delight when I showed her how many motions she could save in writing. Adeline writes poetry, and I proved that by making her letters ever so much smaller she could write ever so many more poems without tiring her hand. Adeline was so grateful she almost cried, for she is a frail child and has to save her strength. She tried my plan right off and it worked beautifully, except that the next time she

composed a poem she made the letters so small she couldn't read them afterward, so her beautiful poem was lost to the world. Adeline resigned from the club that very day, and I had to give her my new belt-buckle to get her back. We had to have her, for she is always the secretary of every club and writes the most beautiful Minutes. She wouldn't save any motions on her poetry after her sad experience, but she saved thousands on the reports of the Motion-Study Club. She couldn't read them, and nobody else could, either; but of course nobody dared to complain.

The most interesting experiment of all



I EXPLAINED HOW MUCH MORE SHE COULD EAT IF SHE SAVED HER MOTIONS



was with Mabel Muriel Murphy. Long ere this I have told the gentle reader how messy Mabel Muriel used to be about her clothes, and how, with Sister Edna's help, she reformed and became the neatest girl at St. Katharine's. Since then it has always taken Mabel one full hour to dress and undress. As we are only allowed half an hour, Mabel Muriel had to get up thirty minutes earlier than the rest of us every morning, and go to her room half an hour earlier every night. Thus she missed many pleasant and instructive occasions, including "spreads." Mabel Muriel told me with her own lips that this was often irksome, and when I told her I thought by saving motions she could dress and undress in thirty minutes her face lit up with joy.

The first morning I stole into her room and tried to show her how to save motions we were both an hour late. You see, we made the motions fewer, but as we had to study each motion a long time before we made it, it wasn't really much saving. Mabel Muriel was interested, though, and bound to keep at it; so the second morning, when she dressed without my help and tried to apply our principles, she was an hour and a half late, and Sister Edna called her aside and uttered stern reproaches. The third morning Mabel Muriel came into the classroom on time, but her hair was over her left ear, and three buttons on the back of her blouse were unbuttoned, and her placket was open. Sister Edna had to talk to her again, and her experiment could not yet be called a success.

We then watched with fascinated interest a grim contest between science and affection. Mabel Muriel was dreadfully anxious to learn to dress in thirty minutes, and just as anxious to please Sister Edna, who is her Ideal, by looking neat. So sometimes she would be neat and late, and sometimes messy and on time, but never neat and early, as she was wont to be ere she took up motion study. It was a terrible thing to watch, for when Mabel Muriel Murphy sets her jaw and goes at anything she keeps at it with awful determination. I tried to stop her, for I felt responsible; but as another Literary Artist says, "I had put in motion forces I could not control." All I could do, alas! was to stealthily button Mabel

Muriel up the back whenever I got a chance in a class-room.

Was I, all this time, the gentle reader asks, neglecting my dear friends Maudie Joyce and Mabel Blossom? Nay. But the things that happened to them are almost too sad to describe. I fain would pass them o'er, but that would not be Art. The true Literary Artist writes of Life as it is, even when he has to plunge his pen into the quivering human heart to do it and write his words with Blood. Therefore, I continue.

In the beginning Mabel and Maudie were not very enthusiastic over the Motion-Study Club. They said they thought motion study was silly. But after I had talked to them, and Janet had made a lot of snapshots when they didn't know it, and I had read some of the man's book to them and told them all about the girl in the box-factory, they began to understand. Mabel Blossom has a way of pulling at her lips and pinching her eyebrows and rubbing her forehead when she is studying, and I added these motions up, "estimated their force," as the man said we must do, and showed Mabel that in the next year she would have wasted billions of motions, not to speak of pulling her face out of shape. I showed, too, that her eyebrows would be gone in about eight years more, and that her mouth would be pulled half-way to her left ear in two years and seven months. You'd better believe that interested—yea, staggered—Mabel Blossom. I also reminded her of the beautiful theory that no lady lifts her hands to her face or head after she is dressed, unless she has to use her handkerchief. At St. Katharine's we are not supposed to do a single thing to our features after the dressing-hour, except to make them reflect what Sister Edna calls "a quick and eager intelligence."

The very morning I talked to her, Mabel stopped pulling her mouth, and I pointed out to her at noon that she had saved seventy-three motions. The same morning Maudie had saved two hundred and seventeen motions by not dusting and arranging her desk as usual, but I was not so much gratified with this result. It "left much to be desired," as Sister Irmingarde says about our recitations.

That night we talked about "motion



study" and "increased efficiency" until the Great Silence fell, and the more we talked the more enthusiastic Mabel and Maudie got. After this they were the most zealous members of the club, and though I was giving most of my time to it now, and holding meetings every day, Mabel and Maudie did even more than I did, because there were two of them. They did not exactly work with the reliability of a steam-valve, but all the other girls admitted that they certainly showed the joy of a hunting-dog in chasing their dear companions and making them do things.

They wrote down every girl's name in a special book they had, and then they took all her measurements, because the author of the book said it was necessary to consider the anatomy of workers. Then they carried the girl off to distant corners in the convent grounds and talked to her long and earnestly. Sometimes the girl was grateful and sometimes she wasn't, but, whether she was or not, Mabel and Maudie clung to her and drilled her in motion study, at first alone and then with other girls. Wherever I looked I could see silent groups of girls making strange, mysterious motions under the trees and along the river-bank, or standing petrified in one spot, because they had made a wrong motion and didn't dare to move for fear of making another. Maudie and Mabel went about looking so busy it seemed almost wicked to speak to them. They had a plan of their own and were working it up in secret. Little did I wot, alas! what it would prove to be.

All this time I was so busy myself I didn't have a minute to study my lessons.

Usually I can get them by reading them over once, but now I didn't even have time to do that. There was always some girl standing around waiting to tell me how she had cut down her motions from six thousand seven hundred and eight every day to five hundred and twenty-two, and



WE HAD TO STUDY EACH MOTION A LONG TIME BEFORE WE MADE IT

asking how she could do even better; and it was simply wonderful to watch her go through the few motions that were left and then tell her how many she could drop. I got eight girls down to sixty-nine a day, but they weren't really graceful over them. And when Sister Edna called them before her and asked if it was indolence or paralysis that ailed them, they all cried and blamed me.





THEY DID THEIR STUDYING STANDING UP  
TO SAVE THE MOTION OF SITTING DOWN

It was a whole week before I noticed how different things seemed at St. Katharine's. I had been so busy I hadn't really paid much attention to the girls when we were together; I was more interested in working with them alone or in little groups. But finally I noticed that they didn't seem exactly natural. They stopped waving their hands to one another when they met on the campus, and they did their studying standing up to save the motion of sitting down, and Mabel Blossom went about with a fixed look of awful anxiety on her face because she was afraid she would waste a movement of the lips in smiling. The girls spent all their spare time telling one another how they saved motions, and ever and anon Mabel Blossom and Maudie Joyce drilled them in something new.

This was the way things were when Mother Mary Caroline came to visit St. Katharine's. Mother Mary Caroline is the head of our whole convent Order, and she spends her time traveling from one of her convents to another and giving the Sisters and the House Superiors advice. She comes to St. Katharine's about once a year. It is always a great occasion, and we have a special entertainment for her. She is old—as much as fifty, I should think—and thin, and she has a face like a white rose that has faded, and brown eyes that always look tired. But she is very gracious and dignified, and she acts like what she is—a Frenchwoman with noble blood flowing through her veins.

Her nuns are devoted to her, and count the months till she comes. Every girl at St. Katharine's is on her best behavior when Mother Mary Caroline is within the convent walls. I have to explain all this so the gentle reader will realize how embarrassing was the thing that happened.

One Saturday morning while we were entering the refectory the word ran along the lines that Reverend Mother Mary Caroline had arrived the night before, and would see us in the study-hall as soon as we had finished breakfast. The girls were excited, but Mabel Blossom and Maudie Joyce were the worst of all. They rushed up and down the lines whispering to their friends, which, of course, was against the rules. I remember wondering what they were saying and wishing they would hurry and tell me; and then I noticed that most of the girls looked a little scared. I decided I would keep out of it, whatever it was, and I pretended I had forgotten something and went to my room. When I got back the girls were seated, and talking was not allowed after that. I didn't really think much about what they had been whispering, for the night before I had thought



of a way to do my hair with three motions, and I had tried it that morning, and I wanted to know how they liked it. I was just crazy for a chance to ask them, especially as I was afraid the hair would fall down before my chance came.

There wasn't time to ask more than two or three of them, though, for we went straight from the refectory to the study-hall, and we are not allowed to speak after we have crossed its threshold. I went to my favorite desk at the back of the hall—the last seat of the middle row. I like it because when I sit there I can see the whole room and what all the girls are doing, and I can look, too, at Sister Irmingarde, who is down at the front in a direct line from me. That is why I saw so plainly the unusual incidents that now took place.

The room was strangely quiet. It always is quiet, but usually one hears the rustling of pages as we turn the leaves of our books, or the shuffling of the girls' feet. But motion study had stopped most of that the week before, and now the girls hardly seemed to breathe. Sister Irmingarde raised her head and looked

slowly around the room, and as she looked I saw her catch her lower lip between her teeth for an instant, the way she does when she is puzzled. If she meant to speak, she didn't have time, for the door opened suddenly and Mother Mary Caroline came in with Mother Emily, the House Superior, by her side. Every girl rose to her feet as if some one had touched a spring in her. They are used to that, and always do it pretty well. (If we were all in our graves we'd rise from force of habit if Mother Mary Caroline entered the cemetery.) But this morning those eighty girls got up like one girl rising. Then, instead of settling back comfortably into their seats when Mother Emily gave the signal, they sat down again with a bang that shook the room. You see, they had let themselves drop to save bending their knees. After that not one foot slipped! Not one single hand or head moved! They sat like eighty stone images, looking straight ahead.

I was a little behind the rest, for I hadn't known what was coming. But I sat as still as they did, for I saw



THEY LET THEMSELVES DROP TO SAVE BENDING THEIR KNEES



now why Mabel and Maudie had been drilling the girls so much.

Reverend Mother looked surprised, and Sister Irmingarde's eyes narrowed a little and took on a queer, watchful expression. Then she struck her bell sharply, as a signal that books could be opened, for she and Mother Emily and Mother Mary Caroline always have a little low-voiced chat before they pay much attention to us. She had stood up, too, when Reverend Mother came in, and had given the visitors chairs. Now, as she struck the bell, the right hand of every girl went toward her book like a piston-rod, and drew it toward her, and the left hand went forward and opened it; and the head of every girl bent at the same angle over the page of every book and stayed there. It was done exactly as if they were all parts of a big machine, but without a sound.

We stayed that way for five minutes. I don't believe a single girl moved a single muscle, and when you remember that there were eighty girls and more than four thousand muscles, you'd better believe it was a strain to see them all, as it were, in disuse. I never felt so odd in my life.

Mother Mary Caroline rose, and again every girl rose with her. There was a swish of skirts as they stood, and another bang as they dropped when she motioned them to sit. That was all, but now every eye was fixed with a glassy stare on Mother Caroline's face.

I don't know what she thought of us. She didn't make any sign, except to glance once at Sister Irmingarde's white face and then look away. She talked to those eighty graven images for a few minutes, the way she always did, and when she stopped the eighty girls brought their hands together just once—in one great clap. I don't know what kept me from clapping right along, as we had always done. I suppose it was instinct—or terror; for now Sister Irmingarde had started to her feet, and her face was scarlet up to the edge of the white band that covered her brow. I saw Mother Caroline touch her on the arm, and Sister Irmingarde stood still, and the flush faded slowly from her face.

Mother Caroline spoke to us very quietly.

"Young ladies," she said, "you may resume your work."

At that every right hand in the room reached out, opened an ink-well, grasped a pen from the pen-rack on each desk, and put it into the ink. Then every right hand drew back. At the same time every left hand pushed a pad of writing-paper into position, and every head bent above the pad. Next every hand seized a blotter, blotted a page, and turned it over, while every right hand went on writing. It was a wonderful, almost a terrible sight. No one can imagine how queer it made me feel. I stared until my eyes bulged out of my head, and while I was staring Sister Irmingarde came quietly down the center aisle and stood beside me.

"May," she said, in a voice so low I could hardly hear her, "what does this mean? Is it some of your work?"

I stood up and tried to speak, but I couldn't tell her exactly why they were doing it, and she must have seen by my face that I couldn't. And I didn't know what to say, for I couldn't clear myself and desert my dear companions if they were going to have trouble. She stood looking at me for a minute, and her black eyes burned in her white face like a live coal among ashes. (Please notice that about the coal and the ashes, and ask yourself if any one else would have thought of it at such a moment.)

Suddenly the girl who sat across the aisle from me giggled—a dreadfully frightened giggle—and a girl near her giggled, too.

Sister Irmingarde spoke again then, in a tone we had never heard her use before. I will make another comparison here, as this is a good place. Her voice sounded like a convent bell ringing out at five o'clock on a dreadfully cold winter morning over a frozen lake.

"Silence!" she said. And there was silence. Then she added, "Miss Blossom, possibly you can explain this extraordinary performance."

Mabel Blossom stood up, pale but calm.

"Yes, Sister," she said, in clear, ringing tones, "I can. It's 'increased efficiency.' It means that we have reduced the motions of our study hour from eight hundred and four to seventeen, and





"MISS BLOSSOM, POSSIBLY YOU CAN EXPLAIN THIS EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCE"

we wanted to show you and Mother Caroline how we do it. We wanted to give you a surprise."

Sister Irmingarde stared at her a minute. Then she took her handkerchief out of her sleeve and wiped her brow.

"You have done it," she said, in faint tones. "You have certainly done it."

She walked back to her desk without another word. I looked at Mother Mary Caroline. She had turned her back to the room, but I saw her shoulders shaking, and a terrible weight was lifted from my heart. For the next five minutes Mother Caroline, Mother Emily, and Sister Irmingarde talked in low tones, and their black-veiled heads were very close together. Then Mother Caroline and Mother Emily went away.

After they had gone, Sister Irmingarde sat still for a little while, as if she had had a shock and wanted time to pull herself together. We waited, and I need not tell the gentle reader that we suffered—for it was all too plain that our "surprise" had not been a success. Then Sister Irmingarde began to talk to us. She told us we had "come dangerously near creating an impression of dis-

courtesy toward Reverend Mother," and she warned us against taking up fads and wasting time on experiments we did not understand, and, above all, against taking any "concerted action" without consulting her. She said there had been "a general paralysis of effort" in St. Katharine's during the past week, and she ordered us to make up all the lessons we had lost. Then she swept the room with her beautiful eyes, and smiled her lovely smile—the first since that dreadful half-hour—and we all straightened up again like thirsty plants that have been watered.

"Oh, my girls, my girls," she said, "what *will* you do next?"

Maudie Joyce is sometimes strangely dull. She was now.

"We thought you'd like it, Sister," she said. "Didn't you, *really*?"

Sister Irmingarde wiped her forehead again, as if even to think of it was too much for her.

"*Like* it!" she said. And she added, "For one horrible moment I thought you had all gone mad—or that *I* had!"

Those words were the death-knell of Motion Study in our midst.



# The Passing of a Dictator

BY ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE

FOLK were sitting about the tables in the patio of the Hôtel de Jardine, sipping their afternoon coffee and turning the pages of the latest extras, ink-smeared with hectic headlines. Two children pushed a tin train of cars over one of the graveled paths beneath the patio oaks. Waiters drowsed by the kitchen corner, and the porter at the high doors giving on to the street had his head on his breast.

Then the Voice came. A murmur, far removed, muffled and indefinite—a murmur hardly to be distinguished above the plashing of the fountain; a minute and the timbre of it had strengthened and deepened; another minute and a crackling syncopation broke the monotony of sound. From afar the Voice spoke stronger and in a strange, animal note. Folk dropped their papers and started, heads cocked, to catch the meaning of the unwonted sound. Waiters moved away from the kitchen door out into the patio so that they could hear better. The two children piloted their train safely into the station by the goldfish pond, then sat with questioning eyes on the elders about them. Nearer and louder, louder, louder, sounded the Voice.

A nurse stepped out on the balcony above the patio and screamed as she ran down the stairs to the children. She gathered them into her arms and stumbled blindly back up the stairs, along the balcony, and into one of the suites opening thereon. Her scream, the agitation of her flying skirts, awoke the porter at the gate. For just an instant he sat still, his face puckered in puzzlement, then he jumped to the two high wooden gates giving on to the street, and slammed them shut. He slipped an oak beam through the hasps and double-braced the doors by other beams upended against the cobbles of the court-yard. The maître d'hôtel had rushed out of his little glass office meanwhile, and was calling excitedly to the waiters; they

sped through passageways, and their disappearances were followed by the banging of wooden shutters over windows, the slamming of doors, the frantic trundling of barricades into place. And then high over the clatter and the pounding the Voice snarled—a vicious, bestial snarl that was ear-filling and terrible.

The Voice was of the mob. On an afternoon in late May of 1911 Mexico City was rising against its master. Out of the kennels of mean streets, whose meanness marble palaces and flowering gardens screen, the *canaille* of the capital had come pouring, had whirled into mob coalescence, and now were baying and coursing the streets to seek the life of that master. Don Porfirio, the once beloved—Don Porfirio Diaz, dictator and builder of Mexico for more than thirty years—was the master.

All rules of psychology fall before the manifestations of the Latin-American temperament; so an attempt at analysis of the events of one hour in that May afternoon would be as bewildering to the Anglo-Saxon mind as the deciphering of Norse runes to a sign-painter. At four o'clock the capital of the republic was a city in order (though the north was in rebellion), President Diaz was supreme in his seat, and his hand was heavy over a populace still cowed through memory of the weight of that hand. At five o'clock Mexico City was in rebellion, savoring of the Terror, its streets were choked with the mob; and Diaz, the feared, was a fugitive from his people, besieged in his own house, with no barrier between himself and death but four slender lines of soldiery. One hour had served to pull down the whole fabric of a dictator's building. In one hour the people of the capital, who had cheered themselves hoarse just a year before when the head of the nation rode through the streets in the triumph of the Centennial, were whirled away in a blood-lust that drove them in solid



masses of thousands against the barriers of the Calle Cadenas, where their President lay sick in his bed. Custom of years, instilled always through fear, and latterly, also, through an hysterical sort of affection for the strength of a strong man, had been dropped like a garment, and the mob, seeing its master falter, was ready to pull him down.

Porfirio Diaz in his age had been lulled out of his eternal vigilance by the flattery of sycophants, who cut his power from under him even while they glorified him with the tinsel and band-music of the Centennial celebration. The revolution of Madero, petty at first, grew to grave proportions. Too late the master of Mexico found that the strength that had stayed him for thirty-two years had gone. Five thousand revolutionaries had pressed to within two days' march of his capital, his army was unavailing, his one-time advisers had fled the city. He had announced in his extremity that before the end of May he would resign the Presidency. As the end of May approached, through some devious semi-official channel, information had been carried to the press that on the 24th Diaz would send his message of resignation to the Chamber of Deputies.

An orderly crowd of several thousand cluttered the streets leading to the marble Chamber that afternoon, waiting word from within the bronze gates that the dictator had abdicated. As the thousands waited, a few enthusiasts, still loyal to the weakening cause of the old warrior, wormed their way through the crowd, distributing dodgers, which urged that the Chamber of Deputies would seal the fate of Mexico if it accepted the resignation of Diaz. The temper of the crowd was not in sympathy with the call of the pamphlets; the distributors were hustled and their sheets trampled; an angry, muttering undertone sounded through the babble of voices. Then, a few minutes after four o'clock, just as the keeper of the Chamber doors swung open the bronze gates, one of the journalists from the press gallery, glorying in the opportunity to pose before the crowd, jumped out of the door, leaped to the top of the steps, and held up his hand for silence.

"A trick! A trick!" he exclaimed.

"Diaz has not resigned. The old fox has fooled us again!"

That instant order disappeared and the flux of anarchy began.

There is something devilish in a mob's birth. Out of ten thousand conflicting spurs of action comes, in the snapping of a finger, a sinister unity of purpose, which knows not the individual brain that conceived it, nor the logic of its action. Ten thousand clods, jumbled in confusion, are instantly turned into a single straight furrow. Looking from a window of the Chamber of Deputies that afternoon, one saw the waving arms of the journalist messenger conjure a sprouting stubble of brandished arms over the field of hats up and down the Calle de Factor. For a minute there was a confused weaving of conflicting currents over all the crowd. Faces were seen to be disfigured by an infectious paroxysm of madness. Men stooped and clawed at the cobbles under their feet at the primal dictates of mob madness. Other men went racing from the fringes of the crowd into the side streets, eager to carry the flame to new tinder. Then came unity. Two barefooted women of the slums, their nakedness only half concealed by ragged coffee-sacks, and their Indian faces alight with savagery, held between them aloft on two sticks a piece of white bunting, upon which a lithograph likeness of Francisco Madero had been pasted. Slowly the two women began to pace through the swirling tides of humanity, rhythmically waving back and forth their banner of sedition. Men crowded for places behind them. Now the nascent procession was of three ranks, now of five, now it filled the street from curb to curb. The two women walked ahead and alone, screaming and singing in an intoxication of the mob call; behind them, the mob. The mob found voice, and it was a bestial, un-human voice.

Quick as ever the thousands in front of the Chamber of Deputies found a singleness of purpose, recruits came by other thousands. Bricklayers clambered down from their scaffolds, carrying with them heavy staves and scantlings. Teamsters left their wagons in the middle of the streets, but brought their goods and whips. Even the beggars



jumped from their nestling-places before the cathedrals and kept pace on bandaged feet. Catching the roar of the mob, storekeepers worked feverishly to pull down iron shutters before their plate windows, to barricade doors with heavy staves. *Cocheros*, knowing the vicious temper of the mob, whipped up their nags and skittered around corners in advance of the vanguard. Before the first of the marching thousands had turned into the broad Cinco de Mayo, lined with clubs and fashionable restaurants, the avenue was like a street in a besieged city. Yet still recruits came, smaller bodies of the riotous merged themselves with the greater band, and the course of the march was toward the Calle Cadenas, where in his bed lay the President who would not resign.

The early darkness of spring settled just as the parading thousands began to close in on the Calle Cadenas. Upon both flanks of the short street, where stood the marble house of the President, the assault was made. The first of the rabble to arrive found that a double line of the mounted gendarmes of the Federal District blocked entrance into the street at both ends; the uniformed cavalymen sat their horses, knee to knee, with carbine-butts resting on their hips. The vanguard of the slow-moving procession pushed against the horses' breasts, recoiled, and was hurled by pressure from behind once more upon the double line of soldiers. There were shouts of individuals trampled, the flickering movement of men dodging hoofs, the quick snaffling of mounts made to close holes in the dike of resistance, and then the mob came to a halt. Just those double lines of armed horsemen at either end of a dark alleyway between walls—within the guarded space the marble house where Diaz lay—and stretching far at either end of the blocked thoroughfare the solid masses of humanity, inflexible, unreasoning, and mad with the lust for killing.

Then, finding itself temporarily checked, the mob bayed at the guarded President. Out of the roaring bass of the multitude treble shrieks were distinguishable. "Death to the tyrant!" "Death—death to Diaz!" Other voices taunted with *vivas* for Francisco Madero,

*vivas* for the revolution. The jackals of the city, confident of security in the anonymity of the mob, bravely baited and insulted the old lion of Puebla, whose absolutism had been an ever-present terror for longer than a generation.

Minute by minute the temper of the mob grew more dangerous. When, after it had been held in check for half an hour or more, a troop of the Ninth Cavalry swung down through the Avenida San Juan Lateran and began to cleave a passage through the press to reinforce the gendarmes at the Calle Cadenas, a savage snarl of rage swept from block to block. A pistol-shot cracked over the solid pavement of heads, then another and another. Once more a concerted rush was made upon the guards, and they would have been swept back had not the troopers of the Ninth speared their way to the crumbling line of defense, and with flat sabers and gun-butts blunted the crest of the oncoming wave before its strength was irresistible. Porfirio Diaz, in the darkened house, heard the terrible mouthing of his people baffled.

Then the mob, cheated in its initial purpose, began to divert its energies into channels dictated only by sheer spur of lawlessness. In segments of tens of hundreds it split up and down its length, side streets became choked with slow-moving masses, and flying squadrons of roughs sped ahead of each band to do pillage wherever the menace of the advancing roar should drive shopkeepers to hasty refuge. Staves and beams nailed across store windows were wrenched off to serve as weapons. Where brick piles offered ammunition, there the gangs paused, and when they moved on again the piles had vanished. Occasionally came the tinkling of shattered glass, and at the crash the pack yelped and screamed. One band of several hundred marched to the office of *El Imparcial*, the government's organ. A volley of stones smashed every window facing the street; the crowd hooted. One of the black spaces representing a window spit a thin pencil of fire, and a peon in the mob clawed wildly at his neck for an instant and dropped. Then frenzy. Barrels and kindling from a building under construction near by were piled against the high doors giving to the court-yard,



gasoline plundered from a garage was spilled upon the tinder, and the match struck. When a company of *Bomberos* came with its engine to the call of the flame's light, the engine was tipped over and the mob jeered.

But suddenly the far circle of the flame clipped sparks from steel, rising and falling. Down from the end of the street rode a squadron of gendarmes; sabers chopped on scattering heads viciously. The mob dissolved.

The city slipped closer to the Terror with the passing of the night hours. The failure of Diaz to send in his message had been the inciting cause of the rioting, but the mob that had seized upon that pretext for its inception, finding itself unopposed in the main, now asserted its will through promptings of insolence and the instinct for destruction. Street after street, upon which darkness had settled with the stoning of the arc lights, echoed with the clamor of marching thousands. The "Viva Madero!" came more and more insistently, and with the throaty hoarseness of a battle-cry. Wherever a company of the mounted gendarmes tried with careful patience to turn the head of a crowd away from one of the public buildings, it was met with jeers and was dared to draw guns and shoot. No strong hand of command was behind the gendarmerie; the mob knew that the strong hand of old was now palsied, and that there was none to give the accustomed merciless orders to slay.

It was ten o'clock, and the Plaza Zocalo, which lies before the great Cathedral of Mexico, was black with thousands. From every converging avenue more marching bands came to choke the plaza spaces. A single line of cavalry was drawn up before the façade of the new National Palace, opposite the Cathedral front. The horsemen sat immovable, by their presence denying the crowd only the right to rush the palace building. But that single denial was a defiance in the eyes of license. As the pack grew denser it moved closer upon the cavalry line. Insults and taunts failed to bring even a quiver to the arms that held rifles, butts down, on saddle-pommels. Tension grew, minute by minute. Of a sudden came the sharp

crash of splintered glass, and the clatter of stones against the marble front of the Palace; half of the hundred windows on the plaza side were broken. The vicious roar of the crowd drowned an order that the commander of the cavalry troop gave, but rifles came down to bear on the black masses, and the quick recoiling of the mob's front sent a backward wave through the press. Yet those behind, who could not see the sudden menace, yelled again and sent another shower of stones against the white façade.

Then came the stab and bark of shots all down the line of the cavalry. One standing on the Cathedral steps at the mob's back saw the sudden, fiery lightning spurt forth, saw the great block of humanity waver, split in a dozen lines of cleavage like a plate of glass punctured, and then disintegrate. No longer the roar of insolent mastery; instead, shrill individual cries of terror and shrieks of pain sounded over the pounding of thousands of feet. The cavalry charged—a single, rigid line, moving like the cutting blade of a reaper. In five minutes the Plaza Zocalo was emptied. Only ten or a dozen sprawling blots on the pavements showed where the dead lay.

The city awoke to dread next morning. Still lawless bands paraded the streets. More men were shot—in front of the office of the Minister for Foreign Affairs and at the foot of the statue of Carlos IV. Up and down, past the flowering Alameda and in the Cinco de Mayo, tireless cohorts of the riff-raff from the slums made ceaseless pilgrimages behind improvised drum corps of oil-can beaters. Still Porfirio Diaz was President, and three hundred soldiers guarded his house.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, senators and deputies met in the Chamber of Deputies. All of the approaches to the Chamber were blocked by detachments of infantry and cavalry, which had been hurried into the city from the battle-ground of Morelos overnight. Back of the hedge of steel ten thousand rioters massed themselves in a circle about the meeting-place of the law-makers. The marble Chamber was practically under siege. Each senator and deputy



as he came through the lanes of soldiery was admitted to the Chamber through a little postern gate, and crossed bayonets barred his passage until his identity was established. Within the shadowed congress-hall men walked on tiptoe and spoke in whispers; the heavy silence was punctuated by the rattle of gun-butts on the cobbles outside, and occasionally the dull diapason of the voice of the populace sounded, muffled by the walls. The speaker of the deputies ascended the rostrum and rapped with his gavel; the tapping of the little mallet was as startling as a pistol-shot. "Señores, a message from the President of the Republic," the speaker announced. The clerk stood in his place and began to read:

"Señores,—The Mexican people, who generously have covered me with honors, who proclaimed me as their leader during the international war, who patriotically assisted me in all works undertaken to develop industry and commerce of the Republic, establish its credit, gain for it the respect of the world and an honorable position in the concert of the nations; that same people has revolted in armed military bands, stating that my presence in the exercise of the supreme executive power was the cause of this insurrection.—"

A sick man in his bed, and with the roar of sedition in his ears, had reviewed the years of his building in his hurt pride.—

"I do not know of any facts imputable to me which could have caused this social phenomenon; but permitting, though not admitting, that I may be unwittingly culpable, such a possibility makes me the least able to reason out and decide my own culpability."

Therefore, the message continued, the President of the Republic had decided that to prevent the spilling of more blood he would lay his resignation before the representatives of the people. And in these final words Porfirio Diaz claimed the justice of a dispassionate judgment upon his dictatorship:

"I hope, Señores, that when the passions which are inherent to all revolutions have calmed, a more conscientious and justified study will bring to the national mind a correct acknowledgment, which will allow me to die carrying en-

graved in my soul a just impression of the estimation of my life, which throughout I have devoted and will devote to my countrymen."

There was silence then. Some shadow of the power that had been seemed to press upon the consciences of the people's delegates. A deputy moved the acceptance of the President's resignation, and the vote was polled. There were only two to dissent from the will of the majority—old men who had fought with Diaz against Maximilian, and had seen his triumph at Puebla. There was silence in the great hall even when the speaker announced that Porfirio Diaz was no longer President of Mexico. Suddenly a deputy jumped to his feet, and with a dramatic lifting of his hand he shouted: "President Porfirio Diaz is dead! Long live Citizen Porfirio Diaz!" Just at that instant a deep-throated shout sounded from the streets, where the news had carried, and the spell in the Chamber was broken. Delegates stood in their places and cheered madly; they embraced one another in quick Latin impulsiveness, eddied down the aisles to the street doors, singing the national anthem. Only two old men remained seated, heads bowed and tears dropping upon their beards; they were the two dissenters who remembered the glory of Puebla and the might of Puebla's victor.

Where blood had stained the pavements of the city twelve hours before, delirious throngs now danced. The thousands marched again, but it was not to destroy. The *vivas* did not rasp with the menace of anarchy, but were roared in an abandon of joy. Even at four o'clock the next morning, the morning of the 27th, the streets had not been deserted by the roisterers, but if any of them saw three closed automobiles without lamps speeding through the darkened streets in the direction of the San Lazaro station they paid no heed. The automobiles drew up within the station yard, and gates were closed. Out of one of them stepped an old man, whose neck was swathed in shawls and who leaned heavily on the arm of an officer in the Mexican army as he walked to a train in waiting. The American conductor saluted the old man before he took his arm to help him up



the steps into the Pullman. Then four sleepy children, a nurse with a week-old infant in her arms, three heavily veiled women, and several men who carried sword-cases under their arms, were piloted to the train. An engine with three baggage-cars behind it, each filled with soldiers of the machine-gun detachments of the Eleventh Infantry, moved out of the yards first; behind it came the train of the refugees, and in the rear another short train, carrying a battalion of the Zapadores. So in the dark the deposed master of Mexico began his flight from his capital to the sea.

The fate that directs the destinies of the average Mexican peon seems always to move with a certain perverse malignancy. Does he want political liberty or only an extra drink of *aguardiente*, he dies getting it. His fate leads him blindfolded, ever on the edge of a chasm, where one misstep will blot him out. So it was nothing but their presiding evil genius which dictated that daily for a week before the abdication of Diaz a band of two-hundred-odd *revoltosos* in the state of Puebla had made it a practice to stop the train out of Mexico City running over the narrow-gauge line to Vera Cruz. In theory they stopped it to see that no soldiers of Diaz should be sent out to reinforce the feeble garrisons on the Gulf coast, but probably the perfect joy in doing a simple, lawless act was the sole inspiring cause of their vigilance. They did not rob, did not molest the few passengers who dared a railroad journey during those troublous days; the petty excitement of stopping the train, firing a few shots in the air, and voicing a few *vivas* for the revolution was their sole reward.

No word of the coming of Diaz's train had been sent along the railroad line. The American manager of the railroad in Mexico City feared to trust local telegraphers with train orders, so the light engine running as pilot and the three short trains behind it sped down the slopes of the high plateau toward the sea unheralded and without a schedule. Before the sun was high the band of rebels camped near the railroad track in a barren *maguery* desert near the town of Oriental heard an engine whistle and saw smoke lifting beyond the spur

of the nearest bald knob. They mounted and ranged themselves on both sides of the track; one rode toward the advancing engine with the customary red flag. The pilot engine swung around a curve, the American engineer at the throttle saw the red flag, saw the double line of armed horsemen stretched along the track ahead, then shut off his steam, and, with his fireman, went and lay down behind the parapets of the tender. Behind was the first guard train. It slowed down to a halt just as the careless rebels cantered up to demand the opening of the baggage-car doors. But the doors opened unbidden, and from the space within each the slender barrel of a machine-gun protruded. There was no parley; simply the infliction of death by level sprays of bullets.

Before the riderless horses had plunged a hundred yards into the thicket of the *maguery* plants, Diaz's car had stopped behind the guard train. The ex-President commanded the women and children in the Pullman to lie flat between the seats, as the conductor afterward told the story in Vera Cruz, and then with his son, Col. Porfirio Diaz, the General stepped down and walked along the track to where his soldiers were kneeling by the side of the baggage-cars ahead, answering the shots that came from the clumps of the bayonet plants. He stood at command with his back to the door, where the machine-guns crackled. Under cover of the machine-guns' fire he ordered the infantry battalion of the Zapadores regiment to advance into the thicket and complete the work that the first hail of lead had begun. The soldiers heard the voice of their old commander, went into the thicket, and killed. The brush was over in half an hour. Diaz went on his way to the sea, while buzzards wheeled down from far heights to settle among the spikes of the desert plants.

On the sand-dunes back of the city of Vera Cruz, where unsightly gas-tanks are clustered and the railroad tracks criss-cross the filled ground, Gen. Victor Huerta, Governor of Vera Cruz, picked temporary lodgings for Diaz and his family against the sailing of the German steamer *Ypiranga* for Santandar. Because the old, weather-beaten house



stood alone on the sands and could be surrounded on all sides by troops, it was the only safe refuge for the fleeing dictator. From the rickety gallery Diaz could look out over the blue bay to the ancient gold-and-white fortress of Santiago at the harbor mouth; past that fortress, and through the shark-infested waters of the bay, he, a revolutionary and a fugitive from a government he was attempting to overthrow, had swum to safety from the side of an American steamer thirty-seven years before. Against the walls of that fortress other revolutionaries had stood with bandaged eyes in more recent time, and his had been the word—the word of the dictator—that had loosed the volleys against them.

Diaz's last day in Mexico began with a tragedy. Two hours after midnight on May 31st one of the soldiers of the Eleventh Regiment on outpost guard near the beach caught sight of a dodging shadow that skittered in and out among the freight-cars on the railroad spur. The soldier waited until the shadow ran boldly out on the sands, and then he challenged. The shout was unheeded. The guard fired, and the shadow dropped to the beach. It was only a prisoner escaping from Santiago; a poor wight of the army, who had been in the dungeons for murder of a comrade, and who on that night had won his way through the bay, only to plump into the guard of a fugitive President. General Huerta narrated the incident of the killing of the convict to Diaz in the morning. The old warrior heard the story through, and then shook his head with a gesture of compassion. "Poor devil," he said; "but the end of his flight is more happy than mine."

At ten o'clock Diaz expressed the wish to say farewell to the remnant of his army, and orders were given for mustering the battalions of the guards that had come down from the capital with the ex-President's train, and of the sailors from the gunboats *Zaragoza* and *San Juan de Ulloa*, who had reinforced the infantrymen in the protection of the bleak house on the dunes. In the hot sunshine the soldiers of the Eleventh and the Zapadores were drawn up in double rank before the lower gallery of the house, the sailors flanked

them, and directly in front of the steps the machine-guns that had dealt death in the *maguey* desert two days before were trundled to position, their slender, shining barrels pointing down toward the gold and red roofs of the city. The soldiers stood at rest; those of the Eleventh were all Oaxaca Indians, natives of Diaz's own state, and believers in him as in the power of the saints. They stood there in their wrinkled olive uniforms and heavy, thonged sandals, eyes strangely alight as if with a religious exaltation. A sign from Heaven—a miracle worked by the saints to show that Don Porfirio would still triumph over his enemies, as of old! That was the cry in the eyes of those Indians; discipline caused mouths to pucker with restraint of words that would be voiced. On the gallery a hundred officers of the Palace Guard, who had hurried away from Mexico City to bid their old commander godspeed even at the risk of punishment, had ranged themselves in two lines. Minutes passed and the waiting burdened the nerves of the loyal ones.

Then Don Porfirio stepped out from the dark doorway into the morning radiance, and he stood, bareheaded, before them. The sun searched every lineament of the bronzed face, but found no line of weakness and no stamp of age save its dignity. Steady eyes, strong mouth, heavy jaw of the fighter and broad forehead of the thinker: all the mien of that old Porfirio Diaz, conqueror and inflexible ruler, was there — magnetic, dynamic, compelling. He began to speak, and his voice was at first powerful and unshaken; there was a surprising note of virility in it. He said that this was to be the last time that ever he would address his soldiers—his soldiers, much beloved. For that day his exile from Mexico would begin; he was going to Europe, never to return to his home land unless some danger from foreign source should threaten.

"I give you my word of honor," the strong voice continued, "that if ever sudden danger from without threatens my country I will return, and under that flag for which I have fought much, I, with you at my back, will learn again to conquer." A sudden choking blotted Diaz's speech, and his eyes showed tears.



"And now, my soldiers—last of the army of Porfirio Diaz—I say farewell. You have guarded me to the ultimate moment—you have been loyal. My soldiers, blessing—take the blessing of your old commander! More—more I cannot—say!"

He stopped, and a sibilant intaking of the breath passed down the line of brown faces where stood the Oaxaca Indians. Then, one by one, the officers of the troops sheathed their swords, advanced to the steps, and there embraced their old commander-in-chief. Their grief was frank; tears fell upon Diaz's hands as he said farewell to each. The last officer had returned to his position, and still Diaz stood, his eyes passing in slow review the faces of his soldiers. Abruptly one of them near the steps

dropped his gun, and before interference could check him he had thrown himself on the steps at Diaz's feet. With his head on the old warrior's boots he called hysterically in a speech not Spanish, and caressed the knees of his master. Diaz looked down at the soldier for an instant, patted his black head, and then spoke a low word of command. The Indian stepped quickly back to the ranks, picked up his rifle, and brought it untremblingly to the salute.

A few hours later the fallen dictator, with his family, passed in a hedge of his soldiers' bayonets through the streets of Vera Cruz to the steamer. Vera Cruz was kind at the last. Its women filled the refugee's cabin with flowers, and its men crowded the pier end, and with roaring *vivas* sped Porfirio Diaz to his exile.

## An Easter Canticle

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

IN every trembling bud and bloom  
That cleaves the earth, a flowery sword,  
I see Thee come from out the tomb,  
Thou risen Lord.

In every April wind that sings  
Down lanes that make the heart rejoice;  
Yea, in the word the wood-thrush brings,  
I hear Thy voice.

Lo! every tulip is a cup  
To hold Thy morning's brimming wine;  
Drink, O my soul, the wonder up—  
Is it not Thine?

The great Lord God, invisible,  
Hath roused to rapture the green grass;  
Through sunlit mead and dew-drenched dell  
I see Him pass.

His old immortal glory wakes  
The rushing streams and emerald hills;  
His ancient trumpet softly shakes  
The daffodils.

Thou art not dead! Thou art the whole  
Of life that quickens in the sod;  
Green April is Thy very soul,  
Thou great Lord God!



# At Twilight

BY SUSAN GLASPELL

A BREEZE from the May world without blew through the class-room, and as it lifted his papers he had a curious sense of freshness and mustiness meeting. He looked at the group of students before him, half smiling at the way the breath of spring was teasing the hair of the girls sitting by the window. Anna Lawrence was trying to pin hers back again, but May would have none of such decorum, and only waited long enough for her to finish her work before joyously undoing it. She caught the laughing, admiring eyes of a boy sitting across from her and sought to conceal her pleasure in her unmanageable wealth of hair by a wry little face, and then the eyes of both strayed out to the trees which had scented that breeze for them, looking with frank longing at the campus which stretched before them in all its May glory this sunny afternoon. He remembered having met this boy and girl strolling in the twilight the evening before, and as a buoyant breeze that instant swept his own face he had a sudden, irrelevant consciousness of being seventy-three years old.

Other eyes were straying to the trees and birds and lilacs of that world from which the class-room was for the hour shutting them out. He was used to it—that straying of young eyes in the spring. For more than forty years he had sat at that desk and talked to young men and women about philosophy, and in those forty years there had always been straying eyes in May. The children of some of those boys and girls had in time come to him, and now there were other children who, before many years went by, might be sitting upon those benches, listening to lectures upon what men had thought about life, while their eyes strayed out where life called. So it went on—May, perhaps, the philosopher triumphant.

As, with a considerable effort—for the languor of spring, and some other languor, was upon him—he brought

himself back to the papers they had handed in, he found himself thinking of those first boys and girls, now men and women, and parents of other boys and girls. He hoped that philosophy had, after all, done something more than shut them out from May. He had always tried, not so much to instruct them in what men had thought, as to teach them to think, and perhaps now, when May had become a time for them to watch the straying of other eyes, they were the less desolate because of the habits he had helped them to form. He wanted to think that he had done something more than hold them prisoners.

There was a sadness to-day in his sympathy. He was tired. It was hard to go back to what he had been saying of the different things the world's philosophers had believed about the immortality of the soul. So, as often when his feeling for his thought dragged, he turned to Gretta Loring. She seldom failed to bring a revival of interest—a freshening. She was his favorite student. He did not believe that in all the years there had been any student who had not only pleased but helped him as she had.

He had taught her father and mother. And now there was Gretta, clear-eyed and steady of gaze, asking more of life than either of them had asked; asking not only May, but what May meant. For Gretta there need be no duality. She was one of those rare ones for whom the meaning of life opened new springs to the joy of life, for whom life intensified with the understanding of it. He never said a thing that gratified him as reaching toward the things not easy to say but that he would find Gretta's face illumined—and always that eager little leaning ahead for more.

She had that look of waiting now, but to-day it seemed less an expectant than a troubled look. She wanted him to go on with what he had been saying about the immortality of the soul. But it was



not so much a demand upon him—he had come to rely upon those demands—as it was that he had an odd, altogether absurd sense of its being a fear for him. She looked uncomfortable, fretted; and suddenly he was startled to see her searching eyes blurred by something that must be tears.

She turned away, and for just a minute it seemed to leave him alone and helpless. He rubbed his forehead with his hand. It felt hot. It got that way sometimes lately when he was tired. And the close of that hour often found him tired.

He believed he knew what she wanted. She would have him declare his belief. In the youthful flush of her modernism she was impatient with that fumbling around with what other men had thought. Despising the muddled thinking of some of her classmates, she would have him put it right to them with, "As for myself—"

He tried to formulate what he would care to say. But, perhaps just because he was too tired to say it right, the life the robin in the nearest tree was that moment celebrating in song seemed more important than anything he had to say about his own feeling toward the things men had thought about the human soul.

It was ten minutes from closing-time, but suddenly he turned to his class with: "Go out-of-doors and think about it. This is no day to sit within and talk of philosophy. What men have thought about life in the past is less important than what you feel about life to-day." He paused, then added, he could not have said why, "And don't let the shadow of either belief or unbelief fall across the days that are here for you now." Again he stopped, then surprised himself by ending, "Philosophy should quicken life, not deaden it."

They were not slow in going, their astonishment in his wanting them to go quickly engulfed in their pleasure in doing so. It was only Gretta who lingered a moment, seeming too held by his manner in sending her out into the sunshine to care about going there. He thought she was going to come to the desk and speak to him. He was sure she wanted to. But at the last she went hastily, and he thought, just before she turned her face away, that it was a tear he saw on her lashes.

Strange! Was she unhappy?—she through whom life surged so richly. And yet was it not true that where it gave much it exacted much? Feeling much, and understanding what she felt, and feeling for what she understood—must she also suffer much?

He sighed, and began gathering together his papers. Thoughts about life tired him to-day.

On the steps he paused, unreasonably enough a little saddened as he watched some of them beginning a tennis game. Certainly they were losing no time—eager to let go thoughts about life for its pleasures, very few of them awake to that rich life he had tried to make them ready for. He drooped still more wearily at the thought that perhaps the most real gift he had for them was that unexpected ten minutes.

Remembering a book he must have from the library, he turned back. He went to the alcove where the works on philosophy were to be found, and was reaching up for the volume he wanted, when a sentence from a lowly murmured conversation in the next aisle came to him across the stack of books.

"That's all very well; we know, of course, that he doesn't believe; but what will he do when it comes to *himself*?"

It arrested him, coming as it did from one of the girls who had just left his class-room. He stood there with his hand still reaching up for the book.

"*Do?* Why, face it, of course. Face it as squarely as he's faced every other fact of life."

That was Gretta, and though, mindful of the library mandate for silence, her tone was low, it was vibrant with a fine scorn.

"Well," said the first speaker, "I guess he'll have to face it before very long."

That was not answered; there was a movement on the other side of the barricade of books—it might have been that Gretta had turned away. His hand dropped down from the high shelf. He was leaning against the books.

"Haven't you noticed, Gretta, how he's losing his grip?"

At that his head went up sharply; he stood altogether tense as he waited for Gretta to set the other girl right—Gretta, so sure-seeing, so much wiser and



truer than the rest of them. Gretta would *laugh*!

But she did not laugh. And what his strained ear caught at last was—not her scornful denial, but a little gasp of breath suggesting a sob.

"*Noticed* it? Why, it breaks my heart!"

He stared at the books through which her low, passionate voice had carried. Then he sank to the chair that fortunately was by his side. Power for standing had gone from him.

"Father says—father's on the board, you know" (it was the first girl who spoke)—"that they don't know what to do about it. It's not justice to the school to let him begin another year. These things are arranged with less embarrassment in the big schools, where a man begins emeritus at a certain time. Though, of course, they'll pension him—he's done a lot for the school."

He thanked Gretta for her little laugh of disdain. The memory of it was more comforting—more satisfying—than any attempt to put it into words could have been.

He heard them move away, their skirts brushing the book-shelves in passing. A little later he saw them out in the sunshine on the campus. Gretta joined one of the boys for a game of tennis. Motionless, he sat looking out at her. She looked so very young as she played.

For an hour he remained at the table in the alcove where he had overheard what his students had said of him. And when the hour had gone by he took up the pen which was there upon the study-table and wrote his resignation to the secretary of the board of trustees. It was very brief—simply that he felt the time had come when a younger man could do more for the school than he, and that he should like his resignation to take effect at the close of the present school year. He had an envelope, and sealed and stamped the letter—ready to drop in the box in front of the building as he left. He had always served the school as best he could; he lost no time now, once convinced, in rendering to it the last service he could offer it—that of making way for the younger man.

Looking things squarely in the face, and it was the habit of a lifetime to look

things squarely in the face, he had not been long in seeing that they were right. Things tired him now as they had not once tired him. He had less zest at the beginning of the hour, more relief at the close of it. He seemed stupid in not having seen it for himself, but possibly many people were a little stupid in seeing that their own time was over. Of course he had thought in a vague way that his working time couldn't be much longer, but it seemed part of the way human beings managed with themselves that things in even the very near future kept the remoteness of future things.

Now he understood Gretta's troubled look and her tears. He knew how those fine nerves of hers must have suffered, how her own mind had wanted to leap to the aid of his, how her own strength must have tormented her in not being able to reach his flagging powers. It seemed part of the whole hardness of life that she who would care the most would be the one to see it most understandingly.

What he was trying to do was to see it all very simply, in matter-of-fact fashion, that there might be no bitterness and the least of tragedy. It was nothing unique in human history he was facing. One did one's work; then, when through, one stopped. He tried to feel that it was as simple as it sounded, but he wondered if back of many of those brief letters of resignation which came at quitting-time there was the hurt and the desolation that there was no use denying to himself was back of his.

He hoped that most men had more to turn to. Most men of seventy-three had grandchildren. That would help, surrounding one with a feeling of the naturalness of it all. But that school had been his only child. And he had loved it with the tenderness one gives to a child. That in him which would have gone to the child had gone to the school.

The woman whom he loved had not loved him; he had never married. His life had been called lonely; but, lonely though it undeniably had been, the life he won from books and work and thinking had kept the chill from his heart. He had the gift of drawing life from all contact with life. Working with youth, he kept that feeling for youth





*Drawn by John A. Williams*

HE SAT THERE GOING BACK OVER BUSY YEARS







which does for the life within what sunshine and fresh air do for the room in which one dwells.

It was now that the loneliness that blights seemed waiting for him. . . . Life *used* one—and that in the ugly, not the noble, sense of being used. Stripped of the fine fancies men wove around it, what was it beyond just a matter of being sucked dry and then thrown aside? Why not admit that, and then face it? And the abundance with which one might have given—the joy in the giving—had no bearing upon the fact that it came at last to that question of getting one out of the way. It was no one's unkindness; it was just that life was like that. Indeed, the bitterness festered around the thought that it *was* life itself—the way of life—not the brutality of any particular people. "They'll pension him—he's done a lot for the school." Even the grateful memory of Gretta's tremulous, scoffing little laugh for the way it fell short could not follow to the deep place that had been hurt.

Getting himself in hand again, and trying to face this as simply and honestly as he had sought to face the other, he knew it was true that he had done a great deal for the school. He did not believe it too much to say he had done more for it than any other man. Certainly more than any other man he had given it what place it had with men who thought. He had come to it in his early manhood, and at a time when the school was in its infancy—just a crude, struggling little Western college. Gretta Loring's grandfather had been one of its founders—founding it in revolt against the cramping sectarianism of another college. He had gloried in the spirit which gave it birth, and it was he who, through the encroachings of problems of administration and the ensnarements and entanglements of practicality, had fought to keep unattached and unfettered that spirit of freedom in the service of truth.

His own voice had been heard and recognized, and a number of times during the year calls had come from more important institutions, but he had not cared to go. For year by year there deepened that personal love for the little college to which he had given the youthful ardor of his own intellectual passion. All his

life's habits were one with it. His days seemed beaten into the path that cut across the campus. The vines that season after season went a little higher on the wall out there indicated his strivings by their own, and the generation that had worn down even the stones of those front steps had furrowed his forehead and stooped his shoulders. He had grown old along with it! His days were twined around it. It was the place of his efforts and satisfactions (joys perhaps he should not call them), of his falterings and his hopes. He loved it because he had given himself to it; loved it because he had helped to bring it up. On the shelves all around him were books which it had been his pleasure—because during some of those hard years they were to be had in no other way—to order himself and pay for from his own almost ludicrously meager salary. He remembered the excitement there always was in getting them fresh from the publisher and bringing them over in his arm; the satisfaction in coming in next day and finding them on the shelves. Such had been his dissipations, his indulgences of self.

Many things came back to him as he sat there going back over busy years, the works on philosophy looking down upon him, the shadows of that spring afternoon gathering around. He looked like a very old man indeed as he at last reached out for the letter he had written to the trustees, relieving them of their embarrassment.

Twilight had come on. On the front steps he paused and looked around the campus. It was growing dark in that lingering way it has in the spring—daylight creeping away under protest, night coming gently, as if it knew that the world having been so pleasant, day would be loath to go. The boys and girls were going back and forth upon the campus and the streets. They could not bear to go within. For more than forty years it had been like that. It would be like that for many times forty years—indeed, until the end of the world, for it would be the end of the world when it was not like that. He was glad that they were out in the twilight, not indoors trying to gain from books something of the meaning of life. That course had its satisfactions along the



way, but it was surely no port of peace to which it bore one at the last.

He shrank from going home. There were so many readjustments he must make, once home. So lingering, he saw that off among the trees a girl was sitting alone. She threw back her head in a certain way just then, and he knew by the gesture that it was Gretta Loring. He wondered what she was thinking about. What did one who thought think about—over there on the other side of life? Youth and age looked at life from opposite sides—then they could not see it alike, for what one saw in life seemed to depend so entirely upon how the light was falling from where one stood.

He could not have said just what it was made him cross the campus toward her. Part of it was the desire for human sympathy—one thing, at least, which age did not deaden. But that was not the whole of it, nor the deepest thing in it. It was an urge of the spirit to find and keep for itself a place where the light was falling backward upon life.

She was quiet in her greeting, and gentle. Her cheeks were still flushed, her hair tumbled from the game, but her eyes were thoughtful and, he thought, sad. He felt that the sadness was because of him; of him and the things of which he made her think. He knew of her affection for him, the warmth there was in her admiration of the things for which he had fought. He had discovered it hurt her that others should be seeing and not he, pained her to watch so sorry a thing as his falling below himself, wounded both pride and heart that men who she would doubtless say had never appreciated him were whispering among themselves about how to get rid of him. Why, the poor child might even be tormenting herself with the idea that she ought to tell him.

That was why he told her. He pointed to the address on the envelope, saying, "That carries my resignation, Gretta."

Her start and the tears which rushed to her eyes told him he was right about her feeling. She did not seem able to say anything. Her chin was trembling.

"I see that the time has come," he said, "when a younger man can do more for the school than I."

Still she said nothing at all, but her eyes were deepening and she had that very steadfast, almost inspired look that had so many times quickened him in the class-room.

She was not going to deny it! She was not going to pretend!

After the first feeling of not having got something needed, he rose to her high ground—ground she had taken it for granted he would take.

"And will you believe it, Gretta," he said, rising to that ground and there asking, not for the sympathy that bends down, but for a hand in passing, "there comes a hard hour when first one feels the time has come to step aside and be replaced by that younger man?"

She nodded. "It must be," she said, simply—"it must be very much harder than any of us can know till we come to it."

She brought him a sense of his advantage in experience—his riches. To be sure, there *was* that.

And he was oddly comforted by the honesty in her which could not stoop to dishonest comforting. In what superficially might seem her failure there was a very real victory for them both. And there was nothing of coldness in her reserve! There was the fullness of understanding, and of valuing the moment too highly for anything there was to be said about it. There was a great spiritual dignity, a nobility, in the way she was looking at him. It called upon the whole of his own spiritual dignity. It was her old demand upon him, but this time the tears through which her eyes shone were tears of pride in fulfilment, not of sorrowing for failure.

Suddenly he felt that his life had not been spent in vain, that the lives of all those men of his day who had fought the good fight for intellectual honesty—for spiritual dignity—had not been spent in vain if they were leaving upon the earth even a few who were like the girl beside him.

It turned him from himself to her. She was what counted—for she was what remained. And he remained in just the measure that he remained through her; counted in so far as he counted for her. It was as if he had been facing in the wrong direction and now a kindly hand





*Drawn by John A. Williams*

"A MAN LIKE YOU ISN'T REPLACED; HE'S—FULFILLED!"







had turned him around. It was not in looking back there that he would find himself. He was not back there to be found. Only so much of him lived as had been able to wing itself ahead—on in the direction she was moving.

It did not particularly surprise him that when she at last spoke it was to voice a shade of that same feeling. "I was thinking," she began, "of that younger man. Of what he must mean to the man who gives way to him."

She was feeling her way as she went—groping among the many dim things that were there. He had always liked to watch her face when she was thinking her way step by step.

"I think you used a word wrongly a minute ago," she said, with a smile. "You spoke of being replaced. But that isn't it. A man like you isn't replaced; he's"—she got it after a minute, and came forth with it triumphantly—"fulfilled!"

Her face was shining as she turned to him after that. "Don't you see? He's there waiting to take your place because *you* got him ready. Why, you *made* that younger man! Your whole life has been a getting ready for him. He can do his work because you first did yours. Of

course he can go farther than you can! Wouldn't it be a sorry commentary on you if he couldn't?"

Her voice throbbed warmly upon that last, and during the pause the light it had brought still played upon her face. "We were talking in class about immortality," she went on, more slowly. "There's one form of immortality I like to think about. It's that all those who from the very first have given anything to the world are living in the world to-day." There was a rush of tears to her eyes and of affection to her voice as she finished, very low: "*You'll* never die. You've deepened the consciousness of life too much for that."

They sat there as twilight drew near to night, the old man and the young girl, silent. The laughter of boys and girls and the good-night calls of the birds were all around them. The fragrance of life was around them. It was one of those silences to which come impressions, faiths, longings, not yet born as thoughts. Something in the quality of that silence brought the rescuing sense of its having been good to have lived and done one's part—that sense which, from places of desolation, can find its way to the meadows of serenity.





## Editor's Easy Chair

OF the making of many books about Lincoln there is apparently no end, and we do not know that we could wish there were any, if we may judge from the pleasure they all give us. We have never had, if we can ever have, the wonderful story of that most touching, that most teaching, life told too often. The telling of it always remands us to that condition of childhood in which one telling of a thing implies another and another telling, as the obligation of the teller and as the greatest pleasure and favor he can do the listener. Its very plainness holds us with the charm of mystery. The open day of its few events is of greater witchery than the twilights which involve the incidents, huddled, confused, contradictory, of other great lives, such as, most exemplarily, that of Napoleon. All that each successive biographer of Lincoln can or need do is to give his impression of them, to relate those few events to himself and his time. This is novelty enough; in the events themselves we do not want any novelty; we no more wish to have them added to than taken from; like the children, we prefer to have them just as we had them first.

Of course each new student of Lincoln's life must philosophize it anew; and perhaps in obedience to this necessity the student will come to concern himself with this or that phase of Lincoln's character, touching upon the events which illustrate it, and trusting to the reader's recollection for the relation of other events to it. This seems to have been the notion of Mr. Eliot Norton in his brief, too brief, essay on *Lincoln, A Lover of Mankind*. He conceives of the companionable friendliness of Lincoln, his delight of being with his fellow-men in brotherly intimacy, as something very temperamental if not most characteristic of him. He follows him from his earliest experience to his latest, through that long, slow, continuous rise

out of the depths of the rude poverty, close on barbarism, in which he was born, to that pinnacle of tragic greatness where he remained the same man he had always been, kind, wise, simple, shrewd, humble, but of as much final dignity as ever a man needed for the greatest honor his fellow-man could render him, or fate crown with martyrdom. We do not know whether it is with the wish to declare his own faith in a truer order of the democratic ideals, or only to suggest their acceptance by Lincoln's life that the essayist reads them in his title-page, Equality, Fraternity, Liberty; but the reader will not fail to find the order significant of much that is not explicit in the pages that follow. Equality was the instinct of that friendly soul of Lincoln, aware that without it fraternity could not be and liberty had never been.

He was always seeking the level of other men, in jokes, in stories, in sports, for the sake of the companionship which he loved and found refuge in when care pressed mercilessly upon him. The laughter he enjoyed in common with other men, whatever its immediate cause in him, was from a heart without rancor, from a mind which did not harbor grudge and did not imagine revenge. His official life was a long forgiving, and it became the inspiration of whatever was wise in the much-mistaken policy of Reconstruction. When McClellan was insolent and Stanton was exasperating, he could see them droll, and if he could make some one else see them so, and laugh over it with him, he was consoled and forgot his hurt. He pardoned and pardoned; he could not let the ruthless military code work its logic in the offense of the hapless sentinel who slept on his post, or the wretch who deserted his colors, and after the war he did not intend the death of the public enemies whom their enemies called traitors. The spirit of Lincoln,



who loved so much to be with other men that he was always putting himself in their place, it was this which moved a nation to forgive, for the first time in history, those who had attempted its life. Not one "traitor" perished for his treason, but the mercy which prevailed, far more than the blood of patriots shed in battle, consecrated the dreadful war.

A philosopher of profoundly religious convictions, Henry James, the father of the psychologist and the novelist, was wont to dwell in talk upon this unique fact as the most important among human events; and he may have somewhere expressed his sense of it in his writings. But whether he did so or not the Great Pardon, which the soul of Lincoln inspired, marked an epoch in the evolution of man which had not before found such sublime expression, but which had no doubt been working itself out ever since men were bidden by their Saviour to forgive those who despitefully used them. If Lincoln had lived to have his way, none of the rebel States would have been punished; they would scarcely have been embarrassed in their return to their former functions, since it was his magnanimous theory that they had never been out of the Union. The humor, the amiable irony of his proposition that all should join in "restoring these States to the Union, *and each forever after innocently indulge his own opinion* whether in doing these acts he brought the States from without into the Union, or only gave them proper assistance, they never having been out of it," was a joke which in his companionable heart he knew would carry the magnanimity to the hearts of his fellow-countrymen.

There seems something almost passive in goodness, which for a long time renders advance in the right imperceptible. There is nothing spectacular in forbearance, in mercy. If you pardon your enemy nothing appears to happen; but if you stab him or shoot him there is something appreciable to the bystander. Perhaps this may have had something to do with the perpetuation of revenge among men. In the case of public revenge, or what we call justice, there is always something impressive. If a man is acquitted, say, of murder, the judge simply says the defendant is

discharged, and the defendant takes his hat and goes out. But if he is found guilty, the judge reads him a lecture on the fairness of his trial and the enormity of his crime, and then sentences him to the electric chair. The newspapers print his portrait, and when he comes out of the death-cell to be killed, after all the torture which weeks and months of terror could inflict, a certain favored few witness the butchery and report its dramatic aspects to the press. So, in the case of private vengeance as it used to be taken, the satisfaction might be more or less to the gentleman, but to the immediate or mediate witness it was in the last degree filling. So even now when an injured man, especially a man injured through the frailty of his wife, "pulls his gun" and shoots his enemy in the breast or back, he has done something for which no degree of forgiveness could offer a dramatic equivalent.

Yet in spite of this obvious advantage in the vindictive treatment of injury there does seem to be a decay of revenge. So long ago as the end of the eighteenth century Alfieri, in the preface to a tragedy of his which turns upon revenge, observes and regrets the wane of this "most noble passion." It had all along been the custom of the injured to "take it out" of the injurer in some way or other. The vendetta had a consecration throughout Christendom which it still enjoys in Corsica and Kentucky, and in the wards of New York inhabited by our adoptive citizens from Sicily. But this species of private war was then following other forms of private war to extinction, though revenge on the national scale for hurts to the pocket or the pride of a people continued to be practised in a measure which only now seems to be diminishing, or promising to diminish.

The rivalries of business are scarcely to be classed as revenges; they are the incidents of competition which are presently merged in the calm of monopoly. The lynchings, legal and illegal, which deform our civilization are perhaps to be regarded leniently, especially the illegal lynchings, like the atrocities of war, as necessary concomitants of the hostile state in which imperfectly civilized communities still remain. When a negro is found guilty or is strongly suspected of a crime against



a white woman he is hung up and shot full of holes, or burned alive, in retaliation by people who cannot wait for the law to avenge them. When the lynching is legal, as in a certain *cause célèbre* of the Chicago courts where the State's attorney invited the jury to convict the seven men on trial, though he owned they were not guiltier than a thousand other men in the city, it seems as if vengeance might be safely trusted to the law by the most lawless. Yet the theory of modern jurisprudence is that the courts punish but do not avenge the wrongs suffered by the community, and if there is now and then a howl in the public prints for something very like vengeance on a convicted miscreant, that is because many journalists are of the medieval make, and of the mood of citizens who shoot suspected negroes full of holes or burn them alive. They are not characteristic of the community, or even of the press, which is, upon the whole, more merciful-minded, or at least not so merciless-mouthed.

A curious fact concerning the decay of revenge is the disappearance of the "enemy" as a social factor. In the days, or the ages, when revenge was rife, almost every man had "enemies" singly plotting or collectively conspiring against his health and happiness. A man who had no enemies must be regarded as a poor creature, too insignificant to merit them. The enemy, as he formerly existed, was of course a fruitful occasion for revenge. The injuries he inflicted were to be met with reprisals, which, if possible, were made anticipative; revenge was more effective if it took this form, which was of the nature of the prevention proverbially worth more to the ounce than cure to the pound. An enemy could be disposed of in several ways before he had a chance to do his victim harm. His effigy idealized in a diminutive wax figure could be melted at the fire. This made him very sick, and disabled his malevolence until possibly he came to a better mind. Or he could be disposed of by several popular methods, as the knife of a bravo in his heart, or a few drops of *acquetta* in his drink, administered by one of the skilled females of the period. Still, this was begging the question, the question being

vindication of your honor or profit, your purse or person, from the wrong done either by any one, a secret foe or an open friend, in some specific action. Such a vindication was formerly held imperative in case of a wound to the reputation or even the sensibilities, and advantageous in case of pecuniary loss. As for the alienation of a wife's affections, no self-respecting husband with any sort of public spirit could do less, under any circumstances, than do murder on the guilty, or imaginably guilty, foe or friend committing the wrong.

As we have noted before, at divers times in this place, revenge upon such an occasion is still practised without disgrace and quite without danger. The suspected enemy is taken unawares, when his back is turned, or when he has a revolver thrust in his face before he has time for flight or fight. In the last analysis the injury suffered is a sense of property loss, quite distinctly recognized in the Decalogue, where a man is forbidden coveting his neighbor's wife, or his ox or his ass, or anything which is his. There seems to have been in men's minds a silent revision of this primitive classification; so that few men would now think of their wives in the same category with their oxen or their asses. But whether they still think of them so or not, they probably act, in revenging their honor, from the property instinct, so much older than the sense of honor; and it is their complex motive in the affair which may make this species of revenge the last to fall into disfavor and finally into disuse.

Apparently other kinds of revenge have fallen into disfavor and disuse because they have come to be regarded as barbaric. In civilized communities the law is supposed to be effective in righting wrongs between man and man, and whether it is so or not, the man who takes the law into his own hands is condemned as a survival from an earlier period of human progress. He is not so openly condemned as he ought to be for a recreant to a better order, for a traitor to civilization. Still, however, he is condemned, somewhat as a leader in a private war would be. He is not condemned so much as a pirate, whose calling is now held in such general disesteem but was



once respected by people of his own nation as that of a sort of Captain of Industry; an English gentleman setting sail for the Spanish Main to prey upon the silver-ships from South America departed with the good wishes of all his neighbors. The *chevalier d'industrie* who practises his profession on land has come to be regarded with even greater slight than the pirate, and yet the time was when a noble knight dropping from his castled height upon a merchant-train passing in the valley was regarded with an honor and admiration which the merchant alone did not cherish.

Both callings fell in time to lewd fellows of the baser sort, such as shabby ships' captains and footpads below the rank of highwaymen. They came to be looked upon as vulgar, and this sealed their fate. In like manner, we fancy a blight, an eating rust, has gathered upon the fair flower of revenge, once the ideal, almost the duty, of any self-respecting man who aspired to the dignity of gentleman, or to the applause of his fellows in any rank. Just how this happened we are not quite ready to say, but we have a fancy that it began in the law's meddling with the custom of carrying arms. When a gentleman wore a sword, a common man carried a dirk, but when the law forbade concealed weapons, and fashion frowned upon the rapier as the emblem of a swashbuckler, both were reduced to the coarse necessity of using their fists in taking revenge for an injury or an affront. In some such way, it seems probable, revenge itself came to be regarded as vulgar; the blight passed from the means to the thing, and the decay of "the noble passion," as Alfieri calls it, was only a question of time until it passed into disuse. The very fact that the law provided a help for the "hurt that honor felt" on any level of society was enough to make a gentleman forego vengeance altogether if he must seek it in open court like a common person. Rather than that he would let his enemy go, unless he chose to break the law, and do a brave murder in some such case as that in which the Englishman now finds himself sufficiently righted by the damages that one sort of proud American has no stomach for.


That is, the sort of American who sees

so red that he can see no other color; not even the blackness of blood-guiltiness. The question attaches corrodingly to the glory of all kinds and means of vengeance, once so blindingly splendid in men's eyes. One does not quite like the notion of a man who pursues his enemy in the court or in the press, which is sometimes a court of last resort. One would not only not "count him in one's list of friends," but would rather not meet him at the club.

The man who habitually seeks revenge is already sometimes called an Indian, which sufficiently marks his place in civilization, his period. He is not imagined a noble savage, but a sort of degenerate mongrel who unites the vices of both the white and the red races. Revenge is gone or going because it is no longer possible for people to see it as a fine thing. The Lincolnian manner of man is more in favor than the Indian. Modernity brings us closer together, and the old solitudes are settled by genial spirits that like one another's company. In the pleasure of swapping stories, especially if they are funny ones, we find out what really good fellows we are, and probably have been all along; we feel that a man, if he were really bad, could not have known such a good story as we have heard some one tell whom we had not suspected before of so much virtue. In the mere matter of joking, when the talk strikes fire from the triturated wits, we perceive that the joker who before seemed only as hard as flint may be also as true as steel.

The happy effect may impart itself from the individual to the nation in the course of time, and as the nations become more and more a family they may more and more feel it bad form to make war upon one another for flag-following commerce, or in vindication of that most fantastic thing, the "national honor." As Lincoln imagined forgiving a whole rebellious section of this country, so Mr. Taft has supposed the possibility of France, England, and America getting together in friendly congress and forgiving their respective grievances, or agreeing to forget them. This points to the decay of public revenge as a passion, which may very well follow the decay of the passion of private revenge.





## Editor's Study

SELFHOOD is not a narrow or ignoble term, save as it degenerates into selfishness, which is contractile selfhood, close and secretive. This degeneration is not natural, it is a habit acquired only in unnatural circumstances and conditions.

Natural selfhood is open, eagerly and generously assimilative; it is not contractile, but has that intensiveness, from deep nurture, which results in expansive growth. Its very life is growth into the world, always assimilative for fresh expansion. It has such separateness as the soul itself has; but separateness is here a genetic and not a mechanical term (*pars* having a primary affinity with *partus*, or birth), implying parentage and kinship which it is the sum of the soul's wisdom to recognize and cherish. So, while the true and natural selfhood has its development within the limitations involved in individuality, its quest is always beyond these narrow bounds. The questions which the soul puts to itself are the reflex of that quest. It is the quest of all souls, and would not have motive or scope save from sociability and the sense of universal kinship. An isolated individual's vision of man and nature would be infinitesimally narrow, sterile, and insignificant, devoid of speculation, so inclosed as to be detached from every passionate interest and debarred from even physiological exaltation.

In the natural procedure, the individual is saved from this sheer and barren selfhood. Even in being born and by virtue of heredity, it is a complexly shared selfhood; it is not historically alone; and prospectively the soul, of which it is the intimate investment and personation, can have no use of it nor can speak through it save as it is a still more complexly shared selfhood in its natural and human partnerships.

The powers and capacities of the human soul, not so much as intimated in an isolated individuality, are to an incalcu-

lable degree reinforced and their scope infinitely multiplied by perfect openness and communicability, so that only through social dynamics is psychical evolution established and consummated. What the consummation may be in another, which we call the future, life we can know but by dying. We must be content with the possibilities already to some extent disclosed in our present earthly existence. We have indeed reached a stage of psychical evolution where we no longer can regard our life here as a strictly earthly existence. In a clear and scientific sense, just as our planet has been redeemed from its peculiar isolation and abjectness and restored to its original parity with all celestial spheres, we also have come into the cosmic fraternity in our sense of having intimate participation in the universal life.

The very limitations of individual consciousness and reason become, in the course of psychical evolution, leverages for their own transcendence—every veil transparent and revealing. Such clarification has been possible only through the openness of communication, resulting in community of experience, which is not a composite of actual individual experiences, since the currents of light and power thus generated, in both their source and issue, transcend all actuality. Where two or three are gathered together, Another is there, the Master—the current is imperative.

Every one who has the feeling of this community and who has been illuminated and mastered, as from the central sun of an inclosing harmony, has a new individualism, controlling individuality and not to be confounded with it. All in him that is secretive and self-seeking comes into judgment in a court which he has not created. We suppose that some such individualism—the reflex of invisible currents traversing ways laid open to them by human association—was possible in



the most advanced social life of past ages—to the contemporaries of Plato and Cicero, for example; but never as in our own time of social tolerance and unrestricted fraternization have the main currents controlling the thoughts and sentiments of Christendom had so full and free course or so potently affected individual wills and sensibilities.

The most interesting and, it seems to us, the most hopeful feature of our present social dynamics is its independence of actual social contacts. There fortunately remains enough of the congregational impulse for the performance of certain definite religious, social, and political rites, which, not yet free from sectarian, class, and partisan exclusiveness, would else be neglected altogether—a desolate conclusion. No doubt in many parts of the country the old-fashioned sewing society still has its weekly or monthly meetings, and, despite the attendant gossip, it is better that women should so meet than that they should not meet at all or should attempt in segregate fashion to accomplish the same good ends. The political meetings and conventions, however partisan, could not well be done away with, nor the resultant legislatures, congresses, and cabinets. Celebrations of all sorts, inaugurations, coronations, pageants, and memorial meetings serve a good and commendable purpose simply in bringing people together for the expression of a common interest. They help to quicken and reinforce the feeling of community in the comparatively inert mass, and to bring those least sensitive to the *Zeitgeist* under the leadership open to its inspiration.

But assemblages for prescribed ends and organized with reference to those ends, as in societies and legislative bodies, are apt to be circumscribed and shut in by the very definiteness of the proposed accomplishment—apt also to unduly magnify their special offices and to become the victims of such expertness as they may have as well as to be embarrassed by useful but impedimental technicalities; while, on the other hand, unorganized masses of people spontaneously gathered together are likely to have but a vague sense of the impulse which originally inspired the occasion—the holy day so easily lapsing into the

holiday, the tumult and the shouting drowning the Master's voice. If it is good to pass from the cloister into the open, with others there, yet the time is sure to come when the inspiration thus openly communicated is cloistrally best cherished. And this is just what has happened in the course of our social evolution. With him by whom the Master has been found in brotherly meeting, the Master abides in the closet, which is transformed into his spacious hostelry. This is the larger individualism of all new days, past or present; but, in our new day, it is an immense reservoir of power, an indomitable stronghold, our greatest spiritual asset. From this fountainhead issue noiseless and hidden streams, but they have emergence in every field of psychical activity.

For this individualism is distinctly psychical. Fed from eternal sources, it is manifest in new beginnings, sure implications of surprising issues in life and in imaginative creation.

Therefore we say that, as a social power, it is independent of actual social contacts, though it determines their nature, vitalizing and transforming them—the change thus effected within a few years being so great as to promise a new era for society and the commonwealth. It is because of the inspiration derived from a larger individualism that educational and religious institutions are revising their attitude toward life and are becoming creative powers, and that all organization, political, industrial, and charitable, has gained fresh momentum and significance. There have been peace societies for more than a century, but the present movement for the creation of the spirit that commands peace is to be attributed to that individualism which cherishes and expresses the main current of human desire and destiny. The scores of associations now ostensibly existing for the promotion of this special end depend upon it, not it upon them.

This individualism is itself not set in grooves toward the attainment of particular ends; it holds by implication the issues of all our twentieth-century ideals. Its compulsion of individualities possessed by it is according to the degree and extent of the possession, which is vastly as well as variously distributed in



a maturing democracy. It may not strive in the streets, and may not, save at critical moments, be open to observation, but in its nurture and culture, as in its essence, it is openness itself.

Yet we often hear the complaint that this age lacks individualism. This is mainly because individualism is confounded with individuality as expressed in those competitive aspects or in those elemental dispositions of an undeveloped nature which it is the largest office of individualism to eclipse or control. Individualism has no conflict with individual initiative or with scientific efficiency or any technical excellence; but these, which may be coincidental with it, do not directly express its nature or its kind of power. Individualism is the very counterpart and countersign of significant collectivism; and it is more than this, because it is the psychical reflex of creative evolution in man and nature. Its inspiration is drawn from the dynamic persistence of the living past in the living present—not merely of that past which, as definitely known and felt, is present to the individual consciousness, but of that past—though it may be called past only through a mental illusion—the pulse of which is invisibly registered, and which is most potent in ways hidden from consciousness; wherefore we say that individualism is fed from eternal sources; the openness is all.

If it is objected that this kind of individualism is an illusion of our creation, or that it is something in the empty air, too vague for comprehension, we can only reply that its reality stands or falls with the reality of the soul itself, since it is the very aura of the soul—its incorruptible personality, as distinguished from dissoluble individuality. The soul, whatever its investment, has infinite communicability in ways undreamed of in our philosophy, though the realization of it in that investment may depend upon permissive conditions, as all evolution does. With freedom comes openness, tolerance, a new sense of life and of the world, the realization of new powers—all in the eternal ground.

The soul works through means, but it transcends the means, as wireless telegraphy transcends telegraphy through

wires. So, while it inspires association and, through the utmost freedom of association, realizes new sensibility and new powers, it has a sociability transcending actual contacts or even actual acquaintance. If we do not burn our bridges behind us, many of our most important social activities ignore them. The economy of social dynamics is thus promoted, multiplication of power being gained through apparent minification of means. There is no form of actual association or communicability as vast as that established by literature, and no such lasting sociability. A book written in the closet reawakens, inspires, and re-creates the world. This has been so in all historic periods, but the relation of a powerful writer to his readers is more intimate and the communication more intensively significant in humanly vital terms than ever before, while the audience is immensely greater and more quickly receptive.

Literature, especially in the form of fiction, is becoming a more potent social power as it becomes less literary. The matter more and more determines style, and the presentment is more natural. Reality in fiction, when fiction has reality and is not merely statically real, not only secures naturalness of character, situation, and action, rejecting therefore the accidental and extravagant, but implies imaginative creation, since nothing genuinely real can be the product of inventive fancy. Modern fiction of this order is a dealing with souls, not so much seriously as sincerely, and has little leisure for the portrayal of costumes and masks. Its originality is not striking through peculiarities, idiosyncrasies, or those casual earmarks of dramatic characterization which Dickens so freely emphasized; it is rather the originality of the commonplace made significant. Its humor is inseparable from its creative realism, subdued to the natural tone and color of life. This distinctively modern fiction is, therefore, at its best, an illustration of the individualism of genius in the field of creative art.

Individuality depends upon heredity. Individualism is the expression of the hope which masters heredity; it is our cumulative and compelling idealism.



## Editor's Drawer

# According to Destiny

BY GEORGE WESTON

LITTLE Miss Mercer was spending the evening with her canary, her cat, and her cards. Suddenly she held her breath, wished and cut the pack. The king of diamonds made his blond appearance. She cut again and turned over the nine of hearts.

"He's coming!" she thought, nodding her head until her puffs nearly jumped off. "Whoever he is, he's coming with a good heart. That's the third time I've cut him to-night. M—m—m—!"

She ran the cards over, one by one, and when she reached the end of the pack she went over to the mirror and saw that she was smiling. The cat watched her from its cushioned chair, and the canary, rocking himself on his swinging perch, kept his eye upon her, too. Not that either the cat or the canary can be blamed, for in the whole sprawling city there were few that night who were better worth watching than little Miss Mercer, the milliner, who worked by day in one of the large department stores and lived by night just under the roof of an old-fashioned house near the Elevated. Disregarding all her other charms, for instance, she was gifted with a delectable pug nose and an even more delightful habit of shyness. To this latter quality was probably due the fact that she was a spinster in her thirty-fifth year, living alone with Snootzy and Dotty, reading every book of poetry that she could find in the libraries and playing solitaire as a favorite means of dissipation.

"And here he is again," she continued, returning to her chair. "See, Snootzy? If he didn't drop on the floor! 'Drops on the floor, comes to the door!' Oh, I wonder who he is!"

A jealous young gale of wind was rattling the shut-

ters outside the window, and shaking them as though they were teeth in a chill.

"A good night for the millinery business," nodded little Miss Mercer. "These are the nights that blow the hats to smithereens, Dotty! Ten past eight—they are going into the theaters now. Well, I'd rather be home. Y-e-s, I suppose I would. My, what a wind! Those shutters will be sailing off down the street in just about another minute. I wonder if they are fastened right."

She had risen from her chair and was walking toward the window when a terrific bombardment sounded on the roof overhead. Miss Mercer held her hands over her ears and half crouched where she stood, her eyes tightly shut.



"AND HERE HE IS AGAIN"



"I know!" she gasped at last, opening her eyes and looking up at the ceiling like a terrified bird. "The chimney's blown down, and now we'll all be burned alive, and, oh, what shall I do!"

In the basement of the house where our frightened little prophetess of evil had her room, the curious might have seen this sign over the door:

BENJAMIN WILLETS

Stone-mason and Contractor.

And any one passing through that basement door in the evening might have been edified by the sight of a blue-eyed youth making clumsy entries in a very small ledger and inking himself to the roots of his hair. Whether or not little Miss Mercer was so edified, however, is another matter altogether, for when she appeared before Mr. Willets that evening, with Snootzy under her arm and Dotty's cage in her hand, she was hardly in the frame of mind to make any detailed observations.

"Is Mr. Willets in?" she gasped.

"Right here," acknowledged the inky one, dropping his pen with relief.

"Oh, Mr. Willets, our chimney's blown down and we'll all be burned up, and it was right over my head, and there doesn't seem to be anybody home but me!"

He quickly lit a lantern, and she followed him up-stairs, where they opened the door at the top and walked out on the flat roof. Instead of the scene of wrack and ruin which little Miss Mercer had expected, the prospect was most irritatingly peaceful. The wind had gone away as unexpectedly as it had come, and the moon was grandly rising in the east.

"I feel like a fool!" she thought, following Mr. Willets to the chimney, and aloud she added, "I was sure the chimney had blown down."

"It was the top bricks," he reported. "They're scattered all over the roof. No wonder they nearly scared you to death."

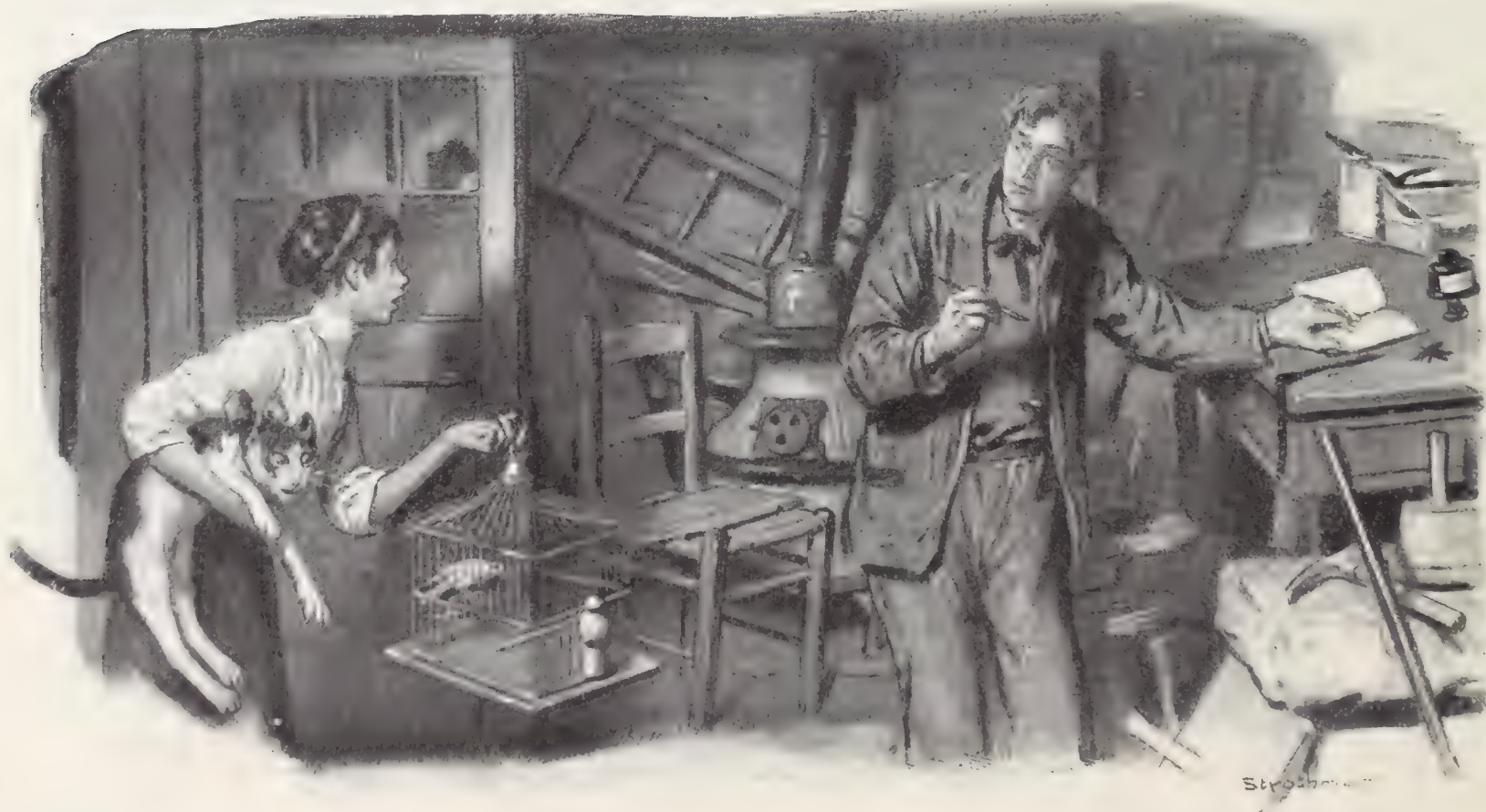
The moonlight was on her face, and it suddenly occurred to Mr. Willets that he was a bashful young stone-mason and contractor when it came to making conversation with Beauty in Distress, but that when it came right down to a question of his trade there was nothing on earth that could rattle him.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, "I'll mix some mortar and put these bricks back in no time." He headed for the roof door. "I'll be back in a minute," he told her over his shoulder, and when he heard the tone of his voice he knew he was making a plea. "I guess it's better not to look," he thought, "when the moon shines on her face."

He brought up a pyramid of mortar on a board, and Miss Mercer held the lantern for him and handed him the bricks. In the street below the Elevated roared and nothing could be seen but tin and slates and chimney-tops, but after the two on the roof had talked and had smiled to each other for a few minutes the scene gradually dissolved and changed. The roof became a bosky dell, the bricks were buttercups and daisies, and these she gathered and handed to him and he fashioned them into a garland. But disillusionment came with the end of the task, and he arose with a painful look of regret.

"There," he said, "I guess they'll stick. But, if they come blowing down again, all you've got to do is to let me know."

Little Miss Mercer blushed and thanked him, and when she returned to her room she looked at herself long and earnestly in the mirror and held down the tip of her nose for a minute and studied the comparative effects. Then, shuffling the cards once more, she wished and cut and looked at them again.



"IS MR. WILLETS IN?" SHE GASPED



"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she said in a tremulous voice, "and now I see trouble and tears!"

Bashful was little Miss Mercer—bashful and backward and shy. And bashful was the blue-eyed youth in the basement—and even more backward and shy. A week passed and though each of them thought continually of the other, they hid their feelings like accomplished actors and made no outward signs. Mr. Willets sighed over his little ledger with force enough to blow it nearly off the counter, and Miss Mercer even went so far as to leave Dotty without any water in his cup for two whole days. But one night when the wind was blowing gently against the shutter, the little milliner had a famous idea. "If the bricks blow down again," he had said to her, "all you have to do is to let me know." She stared at the stars steadily for five minutes. Then, picking up a tack-hammer and a pair of scissors, she went up on the roof and began picking and scratching at the mortar between the chimney bricks.

"I'll knock off one or two," she thought, "and then I'll tell him— Oh, oh! What's that?"

The roof door creaked, and, like a shadow, she vanished behind a table-cloth that was drying on a line. Watching between two clothes-pins, she saw Mr. Willets emerging stealthily from the doorway. He carried a crowbar, and, tiptoeing straight to the chimney, he, too, began loosening the mortar. She waited until he was absorbed in his work, and then, quietly laying down her tack-hammer and scissors, she stole to his side.

"Why, Mr. Willets!" she exclaimed, trying to speak like one who would scorn deception, "what are you doing that for?"

#### True

LITTLE Johnnie was puzzled over the name of the explorer and asked his father about it.

"Say, how do you pronounce this first name of K-n-u-d Rasmussen—with a short u or a long one?"

FATHER (*who of course doesn't know*). "Oh, it doesn't make any difference."

THE BOY. "Well, I guess it makes a good



HE, TOO, BEGAN LOOSENING THE MORTAR

They looked half fearfully into each other's eyes, and again the prosaic scene dissolved and changed. The roof was a lover's lane, then, and the roar of a passing Elevated train was the entrancing song of a nightingale.

"Do you know," he said, "when the moon is on your face—like it is now—I feel like—like—like as though I loved you."

She slipped her palm into his pleading hand.

"Well," she whispered back, "that's a nice feeling to have; isn't it—Mr. Willets?"

deal of difference whether a man is nud or nude up in the Arctic regions."

#### Her Job

A COLORADO school superintendent noticed a little girl standing just outside the gate, watching the playing group inside. Fearing some injustice, he asked, "What is the matter? Won't they let you play?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, "I'm the baby waiting to be born."



## Persevering

AUNT JULIA, Mrs. B——'s colored washer-woman is a thrifty, respectable, and self-respecting representative of her race, but is unfortunate, however, in having an utterly worthless scapegrace son, who lately served a richly deserved sentence in the penitentiary at Pittsburg. Notwithstanding his disgrace, Aunt Julia is exceedingly proud of him and misses no occasion of chanting his praises. The other day, on her weekly mission at the B——'s, she observed:

"Ah s'pose yo'all didn't know ah'm gwine to hab my boy home for Christmas."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, ma'am, he done wrote yisteday he comin' home Tuesday."

"You must be very glad, Aunt Julia. How long has he been away?"

"Eighteen months. Ah tell yo', honey, *he jest stuck right to it!*"

## Too Critical

AT dinner Mr. Manning sampled the pie. Looking across the table at his wife, he said:

"I am sorry to be critical, my dear, but this pie is not the kind that mother used to make, not by a long shot."

Mrs. Manning smiled. "It's too bad," she answered, amiably. "I don't know what to do about it, I'm sure. Perhaps it would be a good idea for you to call her up and tell her. She sent it over this afternoon."



MISS GIRAFFE: *Is my hat on straight?*  
OTHER: *Really, my dear, I can't see it.*

## His Conclusion

HENRY possessed an imagination, and at the tender age of five he knew nothing of restraint—at least, so far as the imagination was concerned. He told little John of a wonderful air-ship he had built in his attic, and how he flew away with it, when it was completed; and John, being of a literal and unsuspecting mind, believed it all. He brought the tale to his mother, and she, very gently, tried to show him how impossible it was: the attic-window was too small for any air-ship to pass, and Henry certainly would have been eager to show his air-ship if he had had one. Finally, it dawned upon John that the whole story was a fabrication. He sat a minute, as if stunned, and then said, with great emphasis, "Mother, I don't think Henry's mother can be very nice!"

## Insulted

A CITY visitor heard a farmer's wife say that she got up at four every morning, and the city visitor said, "You must go to bed with the chickens to be able to do that."

"Indeed, I have a nice house of my own," was the indignant reply.

## The Sleeping Porch Craze as Seen by Mother Goose

JACK and Jill  
Sleep out until  
Their bed with snow all white is.  
Jack's nose  
And ears are froze  
And Jill has caught bronchitis.  
Shivery divery dide!  
The family sleep outside.  
The craze struck Dad—  
It makes us mad  
To have to sleep outside!

Hush-a-by, Baby, out in the storm,  
What does it matter if Baby ain't warm?  
When this fad's over, we'll all sleep inside,  
And I hope of exposure my babe won't have died!

Little Bo-Peep  
Has lost her sleep,  
The rising moon it wakes her,  
And there she lies  
With open eyes  
Till early sunshine bakes her.

Move out my cot to the next vacant lot,  
For this "Sleep-in-the-Open" fad I have got!

Mitts on my fingers and socks on my toes,  
But long before morning I'm perfectly froze!

There is a man in our town,  
And he is Nobody's Fool.  
All summer he slept out of doors,  
Until it got quite cool;  
But when he found his pillow wet  
With snow and hail and rain,  
He jumped out of his breezy cot  
And slept indoors again!

SARAH REDINGTON.





## When an Irresistible Force Meets an Immovable Body

### Glad They Told Him

WHAT it is to be a genuine, single-minded egotist is illustrated by an occurrence related by an American who spends much of his time in England.

Among his acquaintances is a certain distinguished Britisher who is a great invalid and spends most of his time in bed, a fact which, however, does not prevent him from receiving a great deal of company.

One day while thus in bed the Britisher received several guests. They all began to shiver and pull their coats about them as they huddled around the bed.

"What," exclaimed the invalid, "is it cold here?"

"We are freezing," answered a guest.

"Thank you for telling me," said the distinguished invalid, who thereupon rang a bell. The guests supposed that he was summoning a servant to build a fire; but when his man came in the invalid said:

"Mullins, bring me my down coverlet."

### Too Thorough

HOW does it happen that you are five minutes late at school this morning?" the teacher asked, severely.

"Please, ma'am," said William, "I must have overwashed myself."

### Why He Wept

IF one cannot eat his cake and have it, too, it is none the less true that he cannot let the other fellow eat it.

"Henry," demanded a Philadelphia mother, "what is the matter with your brother Richard?"

"Mother," responded Henry, "he is crying because I'm eating my cake and won't give him any."

"Is his own cake finished?"

"Yes, ma'am, and he cried while I was eating that, too."

### Stage Fright

AT a wedding feast in Chicago recently the bridegroom was called upon, as usual, to respond to the given toast, despite the fact that he had previously pleaded to be excused.

The poor man, blushing to the roots of his hair, rose to his feet. He intended to convey the idea that he was no hand at speech-making. Unfortunately, however, he placed a hand upon the bride's shoulder, and looked down at her as he stammered out his first conventional remarks, and then, at a loss how to conclude, added, lamely:

"My friends — er — this — er — thing has been forced upon me."





### Just Supposing

*There was no such thing as wrapping-paper.*

#### Muzzled Wolves

A YOUNG New-Yorker who has spent a bit of his time in Russia was telling a thrilling story of his hairbreadth escape in Muscovy, and the young woman who formed his audience leaned forward and hung upon his words breathlessly.

"And they were so near," the young man said, in a hoarse whisper induced by the excitement of his recital, "that we could see the dark muzzles of the wolves."

"Oh, how lucky!" exclaimed the young woman. "How glad you must have been that they had their muzzles on!"

#### A Practical Query

MY little boy stood, open-mouthed, while a friend elaborated the details of a sudden death. The patient had not been considered very seriously ill, and his nurse entered, bringing a baked potato for which the sick man had expressed a wish—"But," said my friend, "before he had tasted it he died." I deprecated the sadness of such recital before the child, but I need not have feared. His baby voice piped out, "And what became of the potato?"

#### She Would Talk

A PROMINENT motor racer was asked by a friend if he would be so kind as to allow three young women to accompany him while he was trying out a new racing-car.

"Why, I can't be bothered with passengers at a time like that, and especially with women. They always talk to me and I can't have my mind distracted. It might prove dangerous, you know."

"But these girls won't bother you. I'll tell them not to. One of them is my sister. They are crazy to go; want to say they have ridden with you. You know how girls are."

"Well, if you will tell them they mustn't speak to me while I am driving, they may go. They mustn't move around, or do anything to distract my attention. You impress this upon them. If they are willing to do this they can go."

The promise was made and they started. At one place the driver ran over a water-guard and there was a tremendous bump. He did not try to look around, as he was going at a rapid rate of speed, but presently he felt a timid touch on his shoulder.

"What is it?" he growled.

A weak little voice answered him: "Really, I hate awfully to bother you. I know I shouldn't, and I promised not to; but I feel that I must tell you that Helen isn't with us now."

#### In a Puddle

A NEW-YORKER who put up at a country hotel in the Middle West was much impressed by the deft skill of a brisk waitress who attended him. At breakfast she waved a glass pitcher above some steaming-hot buckwheat-cakes that she had just placed before him.

"Syrup?"

"Please."

"How will you have it—round an' round or in a puddle?"

"Pardon me, but I don't—"

"Round an' round, or in a puddle?"

"In a—in a—puddle, I think."

Whereupon the golden stream began its sticky descent to the center of the cakes. As she poured, the waitress's eyes embraced the New-Yorker in a contemplative glance.

"Some prefers it round an' round," she explained, "but I likes it best in a puddle."



## A Solution

ONE of the young men attached to the American Embassy at Berlin tells a story to illustrate that modern advertising can cope even with the etiquette of courts.

A young American woman wished to be presented at the court of the King of Saxony. The high officials, having inquired into her social standing at home, objected. They represented to her that the King could scarcely receive the daughter of a retail boot-seller.

The young woman cabled home, and told her father the situation. The next morning she received his answer:

"Can't call it selling. Practically giving them away. See advertisement."

That solved the difficulty. She was presented as the daughter of an eminent philanthropist.

## She Knew

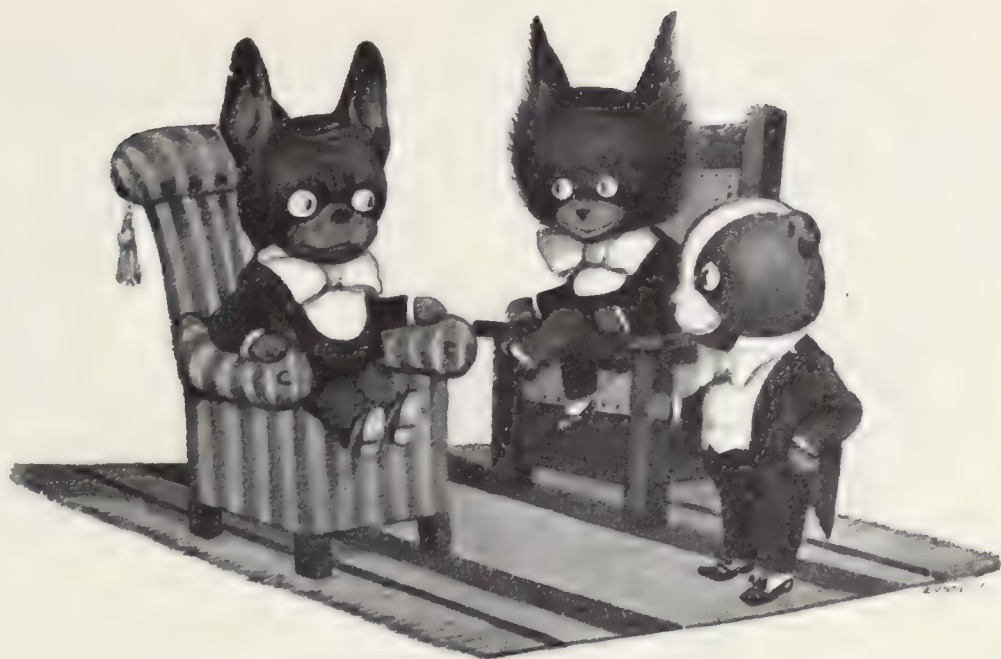
THE son of the rector of the village church was passing a friend's house, and, seeing one of the ladies on the lawn, stopped for a chat.

"I am going over to see the nave of the new church," he replied, in response to a question from her.

"Is that so? Well, you needn't mention any names, I know who he is," responded the lady, with a knowing look.



"That's what I think of you, Sally Brown!"



TERRIER: *Why do you call Towser a pessimist?*

BULL: *Because he sniffs at everything.*

## Interference

THEY were not by any means brilliant exponents of football, but what they lacked in ability they made up in earnestness. Feeling ran high between the teams, and some exciting incidents were witnessed during the progress of the game. With only a few minutes to go, a perfect mêlée took place in front of one of the goals, and in the midst of the scramble a voice was heard calling:

"Hey! Three or four of you fellows get off my face while I blow the whistle. I'm the referee!"

## Beset by Angels

IN the household of a Washington family there is a five-year-old who is afraid of the dark. All the persuasive eloquence of the little girl's mother is required to induce the child to leave the brilliantly lighted rooms for her own dark bedroom.

One evening not long ago a whispered colloquy between mother and child finally resulted in the little one's departure to her room without further protest. When the mother returned to the dining-room she said:

"After all, it is easy to handle children if only you know how. I told her that there was no reason to be afraid: that the dark was filled with angels, all watching over her. Now she is quite content to be left alone and—"

"Mamma! Mamma!" just then piped a small, far-away voice. "Please come quick. The angels are biting me."





LADY (as picture is put up): Excuse me, but is that a Troyon?

AUCTIONEER: Well, no, ma'am; I'm no farmer, but I should say it was a Holstein.

## Pa's Medicine

BY S. E. KISER

ONE time, when I was sick in bed  
And pa stayed home with me all day,  
I noticed that his eyes were red,

And everything that he would say  
Was soft and trembly, and he'd stand  
Beside me there and hold my hand

And look down at me, kind of sad,  
And suddenly it seemed as though  
He had forgot or didn't know

That I had ever acted bad.

And when the doctor came to call,

And looked at me a little while,  
Pa whispered to him in the hall,

And pretty soon commenced to smile  
And then he got a rockin'-chair  
And stayed with me and stroked my hair

And patted me upon the cheek,  
And when ma brought my broth for me  
Pa kissed her, and both seemed to be  
So happy they could hardly speak.

He made up lots of funny rhymes

And kept the day from seemin' long,

He told me of the high old times

We'd have when I got well and strong;

He drew a lot of pictures, too—

All funny—and, first thing I knew,

Why, I forgot that I was sick,

And when the doctor came that night

He said I'd get along all right—

Pa's medicine had done the trick.

I never knew before that day

How good and kind a pa I had;

He seemed to know of every way

There was to make a person glad;

He told me of the time when he

Was just a little boy like me

And sometimes made his pa complain;

I almost wish I'd nearly die

Some other time, that way, so I

Could take pa's medicine again.









Painting by W. J. Aylward

THE SURRENDER OF THE "GUERRIERE"

Illustration for "The Spirit of 1812"



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## The Austere Attraction of Burgos

BY W. D. HOWELLS

AS the train took its time and ours in mounting the uplands toward Granada, on the soft, but not too soft, evening of November 6, 1911, the air that came to me through the open window breathed as if from an autumnal night in the middle eighteen-fifties in a little village of northeastern Ohio. I was now going to see for the first time the city where so great a part of my life was then passed, and in this breath the two epochs were blent in reciprocal association. The question of my present identity was a thing indifferent and apart; it did not matter who, or where, or when I was. Youth and age were at one with each other: the boy abiding in the old man, and the old man pensively willing to dwell for the enchanted moment in any vantage of the past which would give him shelter.

In that dignified and deliberate Spanish train, I was a man of seventy-four crossing the last barrier of hills that helped keep Granada from her conquerors, and at the same time I was a boy of seventeen in the little room under the stairs in a house now practically remoter than the Alhambra, finding my unguided way through some Spanish story of the vanished kingdom of the Moors. The little room which structurally ceased fifty years ago from the house that ceased to be home even longer ago had returned to the world with me in it, and fitted perfectly into the first-class railway compartment which my luxury had provided for it. From its window I saw through the car-window the olive groves and

white cottages of the Spanish peasants, with the American apple orchards and meadows stretching to the primeval woods that walled the drowsing village round. Then, as the night deepened with me at my book, the train slipped slowly from the hills, and the moon, leaving the Ohio village wholly in the dark, shone over the roofs and gardens of Granada, and I was no longer a boy of seventeen, but altogether a man of seventy-four.

I do not say the experience was so explicit as all this; no experience so mystical could be so explicit; and perhaps what was intimated to me in it was only that if I sometime meant to ask some gentle reader's company in a retrospect of my Spanish travels, I had better be honest with him and own at the beginning that passion for Spanish things which was the ruling passion of my boyhood; I had better confess that, however unrequited, it held me in the eager bondage of a lover still, so that I never wished to escape from it, but must inwardly grieve whenever the real Spain fell below the ideal, however I might reason with my infatuation or try to scoff it away. It had once been so inextinguishable a part of me that the record of my journey must be more or less autobiographical; and though I should decently try to keep my past out of it, perhaps I should not try very hard, and certainly should not succeed.

It was fully a month before that first night in Granada that I arrived in



Spain after some sixty years' delay. We spent the two first of our Spanish days, very wet and cold ones, at the pretty, modern watering-place of San Sebastian, and then we pushed on to Burgos, which was to be my first real experience of the ideal Spain. In our drive from the hotel to the station we were glad of the overtures made us in a mixed Spanish, English, and French by a charming family from Chile, a brother to one of the ladies with him and a husband to the other. When he perceived from my Spanish that we were not English, he generously rejoiced that we were Americans of the North, and as joyously proclaimed that they were Americans of the South. We were at once sensible of a community of spirit in our difference from our different ancestral races. They were Spanish, but with a New World blitheness which we nowhere afterward found in the native Spaniards; and we were English, with a willingness to laugh and to joke which they had not

perhaps noted in our ancestral contemporaries. Again and again we met them in the different cities where we feared we had lost them, until we feared no more, and counted confidently on seeing them wherever we went. They were always radiantly smiling; and upon this narrow ground I am going to base the conjecture that the most distinctive difference between the Western Hemisphere and the Eastern is our habit of seeing the fun of things. With those dear Chileans we saw the fun of many little hardships of travel which might have been insupportable without the vision. Sometimes we surprised one another in the same hotel; sometimes it was in the street we encountered, usually to exchange amusing misfortunes. If we could have been constantly with them, our progress through Spain would have been an unbroken holiday.

There is a superstition of travelers in Spain, much fostered by innkeepers and porters, that you cannot get seats in the

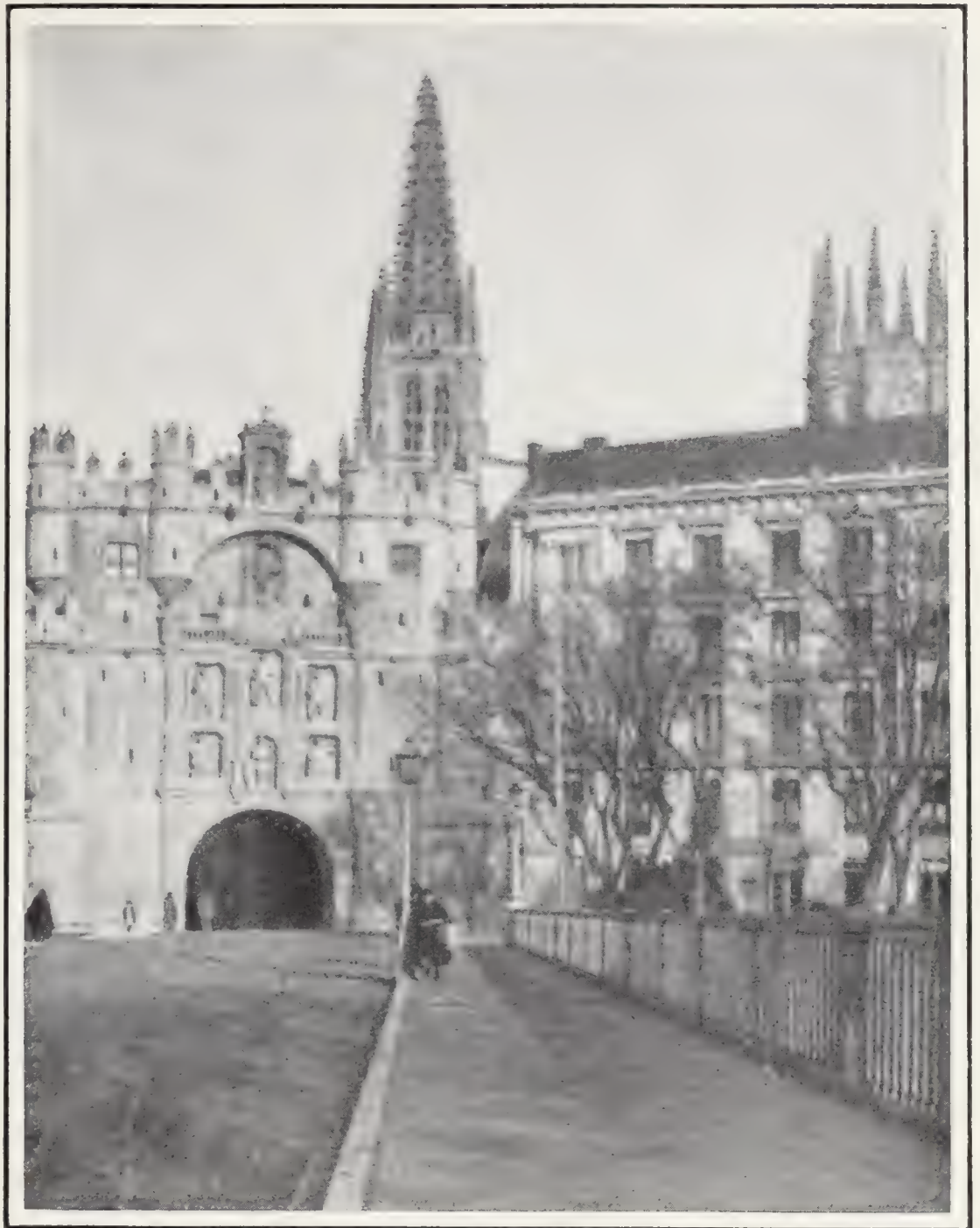
fast trains without buying your tickets the day before, and then perhaps not, and we abandoned ourselves to this fear at San Sebastian so far as to get places some hours in advance. But once established in the ten-foot-wide interior of our compartment (the Spanish railroad gauge is six feet), every anxiety fell from us: and I do not know a more flattering emotion than that which you experience in sinking into your luxurious seat, and after a glance at your hand-bags in the racks, where they have been put with no strain on your own muscles, giving your eyes altogether to the joy of the strange landscape.



A BURGOS STREET



The train was what they call a *Rapido* in Spain, and though we were supposed to be devouring space with indiscriminate gluttony, I do not think that in our mad rush of twenty-five miles an hour we failed to taste any essential detail of the scenery. In the first two hours of the six to Burgos we ran through lovely valleys held in the embrace of gentle hills, where the fields of Indian corn were varied by groves of chestnut-trees, with the thick, clustering burrs gaping on their stems. The blades and tassels of the corn had been stripped away, and with the ripe ears a-tilt at the tops the stalks stood like cranes on one leg with their heads slanted in pensive contemplation. There were no vineyards, but orchards aplenty near the farm-houses, and all about there were other trees pollarded to the quick, and tufted with mistletoe, not only the stout oaks, but the slim poplars trimmed up into tall plumes like the poplars in southern France. The houses, when they did not stand apart like our own farm-houses, gathered into gray-brown villages around some high-shouldered church with a bell-tower in front, or at one corner of the façade. In most of the larger houses an economy of the sun's heat, the only heat recognized in the winter of southern countries, was practised by glassing in the balconies that stretched quite across their fronts and kept the cold from at least one story. This gave them a very cheery look, and must have made them livable at least in the daytime. Now and then the tall chimney of one of those manufactories we had seen on the way



THE GATE OF SANTA MARIA, LEADING TO THE CATHEDRAL

to San Sebastian invited belief in the march of industrial prosperity; from time to time a mountain stream brawled from under a world-old bridge, and then spread a quiet current for the women to kneel beside and wash the clothes which they spread to dry on every bush and grassy slope of the banks.

The whole scene changed after we ran out of the Basque country and into the austere landscape of Old Castile. The hills retreated and swelled into mountains that were not less than terrible in their savage nakedness. The fields of corn and the orchards ceased, and the green of the pastures changed to the tawny gray of the measureless wheatlands into which the valleys flattened and widened. There were no longer any factory-chimneys; the villages seemed to turn from stone to mud; the human poverty showed itself in the few patched and tattered figures that followed the oxen



in the interminable furrows, shallowly scraping the surface of the lonely levels. The haggard mountain ranges were of stone that seemed blanched with geological superannuation, and at one place we ran by a wall of hoary rock that drew its line a mile long against the sky, and then broke and fell, and then staggered up again in a succession of Titanic bulks. But stupendous as these mountain masses were they were not so wonderful as those wheat-lands which in harvest-time must wash their shores like a sea of gold. Where they now rose and sank with the long ground swell of the plains in our own West, a thin gray stubble covered them from the feeble culture which leaves Spain, for all their extent in both the Castiles, in Estremadura, in Andalusia, still without bread enough to feed herself, and obliges her to import alien wheat.

At the lunch which we had so good in the dining-car we kept our talk to the wonder of the scenery, and well away from the interesting Spanish pair at our table. It is never safe in Latin Europe to venture upon ignorance of English in educated people, or people who look so; and with these we had the reward of our prudence when the husband asked after dessert if we minded his smoking. His English seemed meant to open the way for talk, and we were willing he should do the talking. He spoke without a trace of accent, and we at once imagined circles in which it was now as *chic* for Spaniards to speak English as it once was to speak French. If he indeed represented a more cosmopolitan and modern Spain, it was interesting to escape to something quite native in the three young girls who got in at the next station and shared our compartment with us as far as we went. They were tenderly kissed by their father in putting them on board, and held in lingering farewells at the window till the train started. The eldest of the three then helped in arranging their baskets in the racks, but it was the middle sister who took motherly charge of the youngest, whom she at once explained to us as *enferma*. This middle sister was the prettiest girl of the conventional Spanish type we had yet seen: dark-eyed and dark-haired, regular, but a little overfull of

the chin which she would presently have double. She was very, very pale of face, with a pallor in which she had assisted nature with powder, as all Spanish women, old and young, do. But there was no red underglow in the pallor, such as gives many lovely faces among them the complexion of whitewash over pink on a stucco surface. She wrapped the youngest sister, who would by and by be beautiful, and now, being sick, had only the flush of fever in her cheeks, and propped her in the coziest corner of the car, where she tried to make her keep still, but could not make her keep silent. In fact, they all babbled together, over the basket of luncheon which the middle sister opened after springing up the little table-leaf at the window, and spread with a substantial variety, including fowl and sausage and fruit, such as might tempt a sick appetite, or a well one, even. As she brought out each of these victuals, together with a bottle of wine and a large bottle of milk, she first offered it to us, and when it was duly refused with thanks, she made the invalid eat and drink, especially the milk, which she made a wry face at. When she had finished they all began to question whether her fever was rising for the day; the good sister felt the girl's pulse, and got out a thermometer, which together they arranged under her arm, and then duly inspected. It seemed that the fever *was* rising, as it might very well be, but the middle sister was not moved from her notable calm, and the eldest did not fear. At a station where a class of young men was to be seen before an ecclesiastical college the girls looked out together, and joyfully decided that the brother (or possibly cousin) whom they expected to see was really there among them. When we reached Burgos we felt that we had assisted at a drama of family medicine and affection which was so sweet that if the fever was not very wisely it was very winningly treated. It was not perhaps a very serious case, and it meant a good deal of pleasant excitement for every one concerned.

It appears to be the use in several minor cities of Spain for the best hotel to send the worst omnibus to the station, as who should say, "Good wine needs





THE IRON-GRAY BULK OF THE CATHEDRAL REARS ITSELF FROM CLUSTERING WALLS AND ROOFS

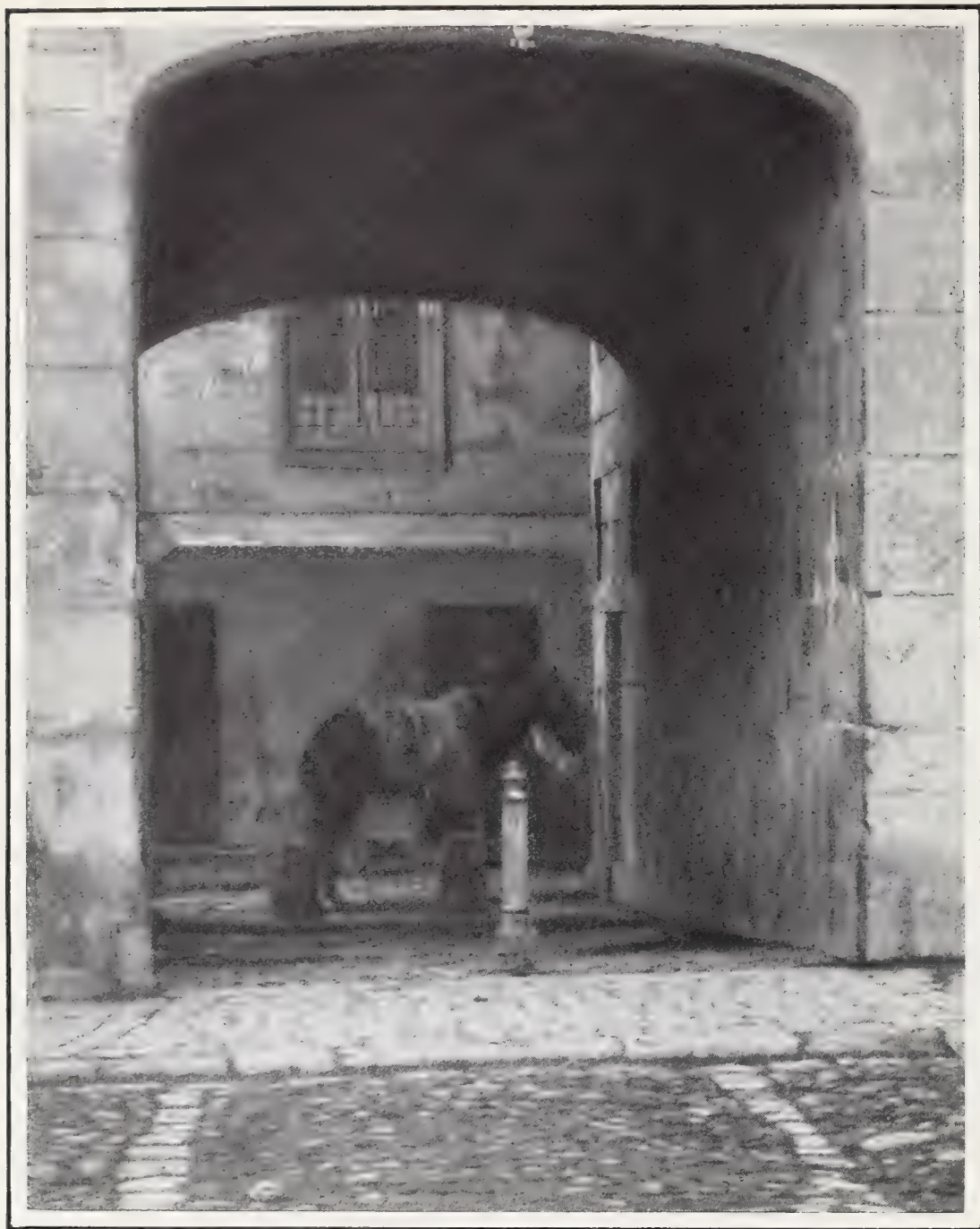
no bush." At Burgos we were almost alarmed by the shabbiness of the omnibus for the hotel we had chosen through a consensus of praise in the guide-books, and thought we must have got the wrong one. It was indeed the wrong one, but because there is no right hotel in Burgos when you arrive there on an afternoon of early October, and feel the prophetic chill of that nine months of winter which is said to contrast there with three months of hell. The air of Burgos when it is not the breath of a furnace is so heavy and clammy, by the testimony of all comers, that Burgos itself no longer attempts to deny it from her high perch on the uplands of Old Castile. Just when she ceased to deny it I do not know, but probably when she ceased to be the sole capital and metropolis of Christian Spain and shared the primacy with Toledo sometime in the fourteenth century.

Now, in the twentieth, we asked nothing of it but two rooms in which we could have a fire, but the best hotel in Burgos openly declared that it had not

a fireplace in its whole extent, though there must have been one in the kitchen. The landlord pointed out that it was completely equipped with steam-heating apparatus, but when I made him observe that there was no steam in the shining radiators he owned with a shrug that there was truth in what I said. He showed us large, pleasant rooms to the south which would have been warm from the sun if the sun, which we left playing in San Sebastian, had been working that day at Burgos; he showed us his beautiful new dining-room, cold, with the same sunny exposure. I rashly declared that all would not do, and that I would look elsewhere for rooms with fireplaces.

I had first to find a cab in order to find the other hotels, but I found instead that in a city of thirty-eight thousand inhabitants there was not one cab standing for hire in the streets. I tried to enlist the sympathies of some private carriages, but they remained indifferent, and I went back foiled but not crushed to our hotel. There it seemed that the only vehicle to be had was the omnibus





CALLE DE LA PELLEJERIA—THE STREET OF THE FURRIERS

which had brought us from the station. The landlord calmly (I did not then perceive the irony of his calm) had the horses put to and our baggage put on, and we drove away. But first we met those charming travelers from Chile coming to our hotel from the hotel they had chosen, and from a search for hearthstones in others; and we drove to the only hotel they had left unvisited. There at our demand for fires the landlord all but laughed us to scorn; he laid his hand on the cold radiator in the hotel as if to ask what better we could wish than that. We drove back, humbled, to our own hotel, where the landlord met us with the Castilian calm he had kept at our departure. Then there was nothing for me but to declare myself the Prodigal Son returned to take the rooms he had offered us. We were so perfectly in his power that he could magnanimously afford to offer us other rooms equally cold, but we did not care to move. The Chileans had retired

baffled to their own hotel, and there was nothing for us but to accept the long evening of gelid torpor which we foresaw must follow the effort of the soup and wine to warm us at dinner. That night we heard through our closed doors agonized voices which we knew to be the voices of despairing American women wailing through the freezing corridors, "Can't she understand that I want *boiling* water?" and, "Can't we go down-stairs to a fire *somewhere*?" We knew the one meant the chambermaid and the other the kitchen, but neither prayer apparently was answered.

As soon as we had accepted our fate, while as yet

the sun had not set behind the clouds which had kept it out of our rooms all day, we hurried forth, not only to escape the rigors of our hotel, but to see as soon as we could as much as we could of the noble and famous city. We had an excellent cup of tea in the glass-roofed pavilion of our beautiful cold dining-room, and now our spirits rose level with the opportunities of the entrancing walk we took along the course of the Arlanzon. I say course, because that is the right word to use of a river, but really there was no course in the Arlanzon. Between the fine, wide embankments and under the noble bridges there were smooth expanses of water, naturally with women washing at them, which reflected like an after-glow of the evening sky the splendid masses of yarn hung red from the dyers' vats on the bank. The expanses of water were bordered by wider spaces of grass which had grown during the rainless summer, but which were no doubt soon to be submerged un-



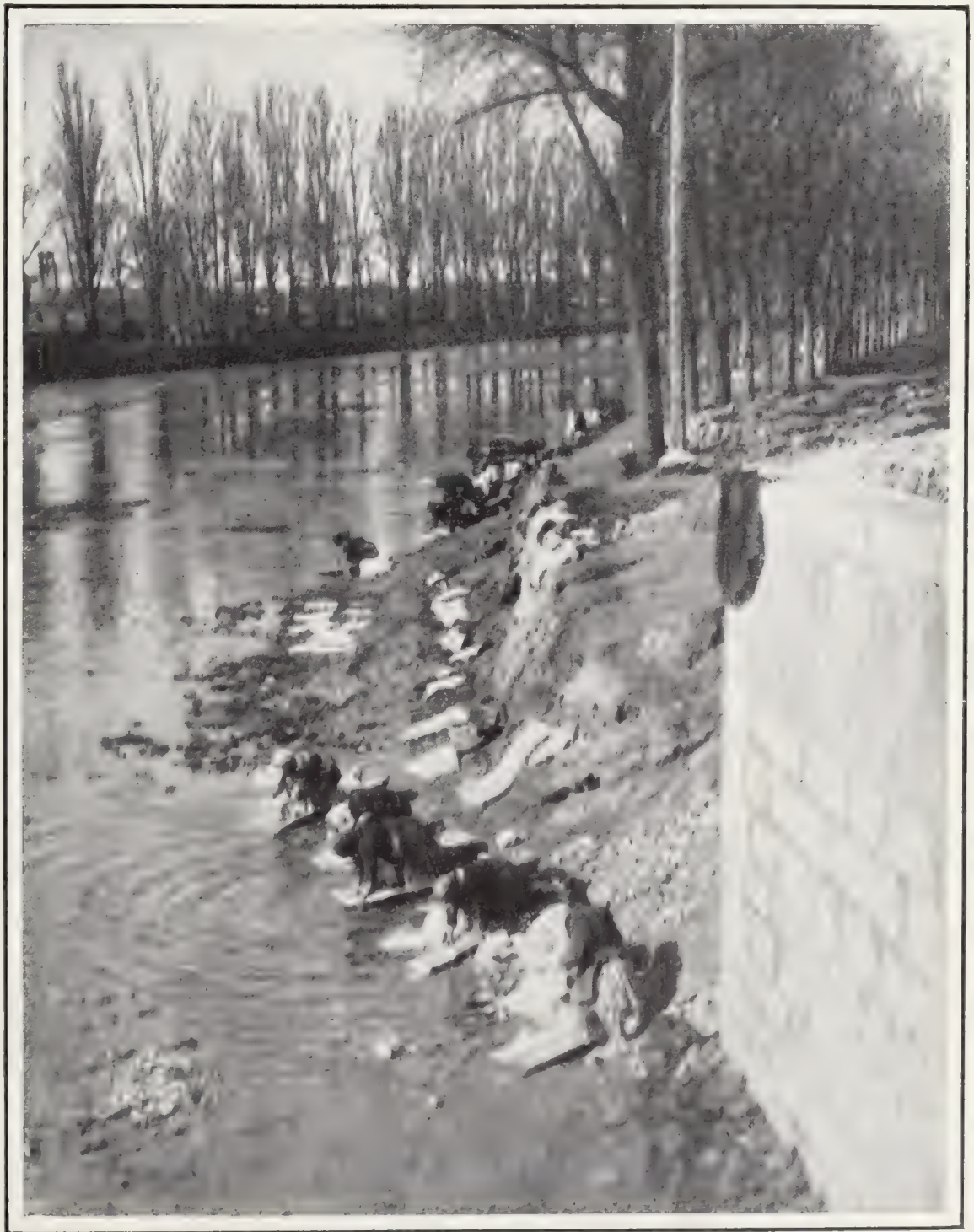
der the autumnal torrent the river would become.

The street, which shaped itself to the stream, was a rather modern avenue, leading to a beautiful public garden, with the statues and fountains proper to a public garden, and densely shaded against the three months of hell which Burgos every year confessedly suffers. But the houses were glazed all along their fronts with the sun-traps which we had noted in the Basque country, and which do not wait for a certain date in the almanac to do the work of steam-heating. They gave an alluring effect to the house-fronts, but they could not distract our admiration from the successive crowds of small boys playing at bull-fighting in the streets below and in the walks of the public garden. The population of Burgos is above thirty-eight thousand, and of the inhabitants at least thirty-seven thousand are small boys, as

I was convinced by the computation of the husband and brother of the Chilean ladies, which agreed perfectly with my own hasty conjecture; nearly all the rest are small girls. In fact, large families, and large families mostly of boys, are the rule in Spain everywhere; and the boys everywhere know how to play bull-fighting, to flap any-colored old shawl or breadth of cloth in the face of the bull, to avoid his furious charges, and doubtless to deal him his death-wound, though to this climax I could not bear to follow.

One or two of the bull-fighters

offered to leave the national sport and show us the House of Miranda, but it was the Cathedral which was dominating our desire, as it everywhere dominates the vision, in Burgos and out of Burgos, as far as the city can be seen. The iron-gray bulk, all flattered or fretted by Gothic art, rears itself from the clustering brown walls and roofs of the city, which it seems to gather into its mass below, while its towers soar far above them. We needed no pointing of the way to it; rather we should have needed instruction for shunning it; but we chose the way which led through the gate of Santa Maria, where in an arch once part of the city wall, the great Cid sits with half a dozen more or less fabled or storied worthies of the renowned city. Then with a minute's walk up a stony-sloping little street we were in the beautiful and reverend presence of one of the most august temples of the Christian faith.



GROUPS OF WOMEN ON THEIR KNEES BEATING CLOTHES IN THE WATER



The avenue where the old Castilian nobles once dwelt in their now empty palaces climbs along the hillside above the Cathedral, which on its lower side seems to elbow off the homes of meaner men, and in front to push them away beyond a plaza not large enough for it. Even this the Cathedral had not cleared of the horde of small Burgos boys who followed us unbidden to its doors and almost expropriated those authorized blind beggars who own the church doors in Spain. When we declined the further company of these boys they left us with expressions which I am afraid accused our judgment and our appearance; but in another moment we were safe from their censure and hidden as it were in the thick smell of immemorial incense.

It was not the moment for doing the Cathedral in the wonted tiresome and vulgar way; that was reserved for the next day; now we simply wandered over the vast twilight spaces, and craned our necks to breaking in trying to pierce the gathering gloom in the vaulting overhead. It was a precious moment, but perhaps too weird, and we were glad to find a sacristan with a business-like activity setting red candlesticks about a bier in the area before the choir, which here, as in all other Spanish cathedrals, is planted frankly in the middle of the edifice, a church by itself, as if to emphasize the incomparable grandeur of the cathedral. The sacristan willingly paused in his task and explained that he was preparing the bier for the funeral of a Church dignitary (as we learned later, the dean), which was to take place the next day at noon; and if we would come at that hour we should hear some beautiful music. We knew that he was establishing a claim on our future custom, but we thanked him and provisionally feed him, and left him at his work, at which we might have all but fancied him whistling, so cheerfully and briskly he went about it.

Outside we lingered a moment to give ourselves the solemn joy of the Chapel of the Constable, which forms the apse of the Cathedral and is its chief glory. It mounted to the gray sky, from which a keen wind was sweeping the narrow street leading to it and blustering round the corner of the Cathedral,

so that the marble men holding up the Constable's coat of arms in the rear of his chapel might well have ached from the cold which searched the marrow of the flesh-and-blood men below. These hurried by in flat caps and corduroy coats and trousers, with sashes at their waists and comforters round their necks; and they were picturesque quite in the measure of their misery. Some whose tatters were the most conspicuous feature of their costume I am sure would have charmed me if I had been a painter; as a mere word-painter I find myself wishing I could give the color of their wretchedness to my page.

In the absence of any specific record in my note-book I do not know just how it was that between this first glimpse of the Cathedral and dinner (but it must have been on our return to our hotel) the little interpreter who had met us at the station, and had been intermittently constituting himself our protector ever since, convinced us that we ought to visit the City Hall and see the outside of the marble tomb containing the bones of the Cid and his wife. Such as the bones were, we found they were not to be seen themselves, and I do not know that I should have been the happier for their inspection. In fact, I have no great opinion of the Cid as a historical character or a poetic fiction. His epic, or his long ballad, formed no part of my young study in Spanish, and when four or five years ago a friend gave me a copy of it, beautifully printed in black letter, with the prayer that I would read it sometime within the twelvemonth, I found the time far too short. As a matter of fact, I have never read the poem to this day, though I have often tried, and I doubt if its author ever intended it to be read. He intended it rather to be recited in stirring episodes, with spaces for refreshing slumber in the connecting narrative. As for the Cid in real life under his proper name of Rodrigo de Bivar, though he made his king publicly swear that he had had no part in the murder of his royal brother, and was the stoutest and bravest knight in Castile, I cannot find it altogether admirable in him that when his king banished him he should resolve to fight thereafter for any master who paid him





THE TOMB OF DONNA MARIA MANUEL

best. That appears to me the part of a road-agent rather than a reformer, and it seems to me no amend for his service under Moorish princes that he should make war against them on his personal behalf, or afterward under his own ungrateful king. He is friends now with the Arabian King of Saragossa, and now he defeats the Aragonese under the Castilian sovereign, and again he sends an insulting message by the Moslems to the Christian Count of Barcelona, whom he takes prisoner with his followers, but releases without ransom after a contemptuous audience. Is it well, I ask, that he helps one Moor against another, always for what there was in it, and, when he takes Valencia from the infidels, keeps none of his promises to them, but, having tortured the governor to make him give up his treasure, buries him to his waist and burns him alive? After that, to be sure, he enjoys his declining years in making forays into the neighboring country, and dies "satisfied with having done his duty toward his God."

Our interpreter, who would not let us

rest till he had shown us the box holding the Cid's bones, had himself had a varied career. If you believed him, he was born in Madrid and had passed, when three years old, to New York, where he grew up to become a citizen and to be the driver of a delivery-wagon for a large department store. He was now one of those government interpreters whom you find at every large station throughout Spain in the number of the principal hotels of the place. They pay the government a certain tax for their license, though it was our friend's expressed belief that the government, on the contrary, paid him a salary of two dollars a day; but perhaps this was no better founded than his belief in a German princess who, when he went as her courier, paid him ten dollars a day and all his expenses. She wished him to come and live near her in Germany, so as to be ready to go with her to South America, but he had not yet made up his mind to leave Burgos, though his poor eyes watered with such a cold as only Burgos can give a man in the early autumn;



when I urged him to look to the bad cough he had, he pleaded that it was a very old cough. He had a fascination of his own, which probably came from his imaginative habit of mind, so that I could have wished more adoptive fellow-citizens were like him. He sympathized strongly with us in our grief with the cold of the hotel, and when we said that a small oil-heater would take the chill off a large room, he said that he had advised that very thing, but that our host had replied with proud finality, "I am the landlord." Whether this really happened or not I cannot say, but I have no doubt that our little guide had faith in it as a real incident. He apparently had faith in the landlord's boast that he was going to have a stately marble staircase to the public entrance of his hotel, which was presently of common stone, rather tipsy in its treads and much in need of scrubbing.

There is as little question in my mind that he believed the carriage we had engaged to take us next morning to the Cartuja de Miraflores would be ready at a quarter before nine, and that he may have been disappointed when it was not ready until a quarter after. But it was worth waiting for if to have a team composed of a brown mule on the right hand and a gray horse on the left was to be desired. These animals, which nature had so differenced, were equalized by art through the lavish provision of sleigh-bells, without some strands of which no team in Spain is properly equipped. Besides, as to his size the mule was quite as large as the horse, and as to his tail he was much more decorative. About two inches after this member left his body it was closely shaved for some six inches or more, and for that space it presented the effect of a rather large size of garden-hose; below, it swept his thighs in a lordly switch. If anything could have added distinction to our turnout it would have been the stiff side-whiskers of our driver—the only pair I saw in real life after seeing them so long in pictures on boxes of raisins and cigars. There they were associated with the look and dress of a *torero*, and our coachman, though an Old Castilian of the austere, may have been in his gay youth an Andalusian bull-fighter.

Our pride in our equipage soon gave way to our interest in the market for sheep, cattle, horses, and donkeys, which we passed through just outside the city. The market folk were feeling the morning's cold; shepherds folded in their heavy shawls leaned motionless on their long staves, as if hating to stir; one ingenious boy wore a live lamb round his neck, which he held close by the legs for the greater comfort of it; under the trees by the roadside some of the peasants were cooking their breakfasts and warming themselves at the fires. The sun was on duty in a cloudless sky; but all along the road to the Cartuja we drove between rows of trees so thickly planted against his summer rage that no ray of his friendly heat could now reach us. At times it seemed as if we should escape from this remorselessly shaded avenue into the open; the trees gave way, and we caught glimpses of wide plains and distant hills; then they closed upon us again, and in their chill shadow it was no comfort to know that in summer, when the townspeople got through their work, they came out to these groves, men, women, and children, and had supper under their hospitable boughs.

One comes to almost any Cartuja at last, and we found ours on a sunny top just when the cold had pinched us almost beyond endurance, and joined a sparse group before the closed gate of the convent. The group was composed of poor people who had come for the dole of food daily distributed from the convent, and better-to-do country folk who had brought things to sell to the monks, or were there on affairs not openly declared. But it seemed that it was a saint's day; the monks were having service in the church solely for their own behoof and edification, and they had shut us sinners out not only by locking the gate, but by taking away the wire for ringing the bell, and leaving nothing but a knocker of feeble note with which different members of our indignation meeting vainly hammered. Our guide assumed the virtue of our greatest indignation because he ought to have known that we could not get in on that saint's day; but it did not avail, and the little group dispersed, led off by the brown peasant who was willing to share my pleasure in our



exclusion as a good joke on us, and smiled with a show of teeth as white as the eggs in his basket. After all, it was not wholly a hardship; we could walk about in the sunny if somewhat muddy field, and warm ourselves against the icy shaded drive back to town; besides, there was a little girl crouching at the foot of a tree, and playing at a phase of the housekeeping which is the universal game of little girls the world over. Her sad, still-faced mother standing near, with an interest in her apparently renewed by my own, said that she was four years old, and joined me in watching her as she built a pile of little sticks and boiled an imaginary little kettle over them. I was so glad even of a make-believe fire that I dropped a copper coin beside it, and the mother smiled pensively as if grateful but not very hopeful from this beneficence, though after reflection I had made my gift a "big dog" instead of a "small dog," as the Spanish call a ten and a five centime piece. The child bent her pretty head shyly on one side, and went on putting more sticks under her supposititious pot.

I found the little spectacle reward enough in itself, and in a sort compensation for our failure to see the exquisite alabaster tomb of Juan II. and his wife Isabel which makes the Cartuja church so famous. There are a great many beautiful tombs in Burgos, but none so beautiful there (or in the whole world if the books say true) as this; though we made what we could of some in the Museum, where we saw the recumbent effigies of a husband and wife, with features worn away by

time and incapable of expressing the disappointment, the surprise, they must have felt in the vain effort to warm their feet on the backs of the little marble angels put there to support them. We made what we could, too, of the noted Casa de Miranda, the most famous of



ON THE ROAD TO THE CONVENT OF LAS HUELGAS

the palaces in which the Castilian nobles have long ceased to live at Burgos. There we satisfied our longing to see a *patio*, that roofless colonnaded court which is the most distinctive feature of Spanish domestic architecture, and more and more distinctively so the farther south you go, till at Seville you see it in its constant prevalence.

At Burgos it could never have been a great comfort, but in this House of Miranda it must have been a great glory. The spaces between many of the columns have long been bricked in, but there is fine carving on the front



and the vaulting of the staircase that climbs up from it in neglected grandeur. So many feet have trodden its steps that they are worn hollow in the middle, and to keep from falling you must go up next the wall. The object in going up at all is to join in the gallery an old

in approaching the House of Miranda. We had to stop in the narrow street and let them pass piled high on a vintner's wagon and looking like a load of pork: they are trimmed and left to keep the shape of the living pig, which they emulate at its bulkiest, less the head and

feet, and seem to roll in fatness. It was joy to realize what they were, to feel how Spanish, how literary, how picturesque, how romantic. There they were, such as the wine-skins are that hang from the trees of pleasant groves in many a merry tale, and invite all swains and shepherds and wandering cavaliers to tap their bulk and drain its rich plethora. There they were, such as when Don Quixote, waking from his dream at the inn, saw them malignant giants and fell enchanters, and slashed them with his sword till he had spilled the room half-full of their blood. For me this first sight of them was magic. It brought back my boyhood as nothing else had yet, and I never afterward saw them without a return to those days of my delight in all Spanish things.

Literature and its associations, no matter from how lowly suggestion, must always be first for me, and I still thought of those wine-skins in yielding to the claims of the Cathedral on my wonder and reverence when now for the second time we came to it. The funeral ceremony of the dean was yet in course, and after listening for a moment to the mighty orchestral music of it—the deep bass of the priests, swelling up with the organ notes, and suddenly shot with the shrill, sharp trebles of the choir-boys, and pierced with the keen strains of the violins—we left the Cathedral to the solemn old ecclesiastics who sat confronting the bier, and once more deferred our more detailed and intimate wonder.



IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY

melancholy custodian in looking down into the *patio*, with his cat making her toilet beside him, and to give them a fee, which they receive with equal calm. Then, when you have come down the age-worn steps without breaking your neck, you have done the House of Miranda, and may lend yourself with what emotion you choose to the fact that this ancient seat of hidalgos has now fallen to the low industry of preparing pig-skins to be wine-skins.

I do not think that a company of hidalgos in complete medieval armor could have moved me more strongly than the first sight of these wine-skins, distended with wine, which we had caught



We went, in this suspense of emotion, to the famous Convent of Las Huelgas, which invites noble ladies to its cloistered repose a little beyond the town, and entered to the convent church through a sort of slovenly court, where a little girl begged severely, almost censoriously, of us, and presently a cold-faced young priest came and opened the door. Then we found the interior of that rank Spanish baroque which escapes somehow the effeminate effusiveness of the Italian; it does not affect you as decadent, but as something vigorously perfect in its sort, somberly authentic, and ripe from a root and not a graft. In its sort, the high altar, a gigantic triune, with massive twisted columns and swagger statues of saints and heroes in painted wood, is a prodigy of inventive piety, and compositely has a noble exaltation in its powerful lift to the roof.

The nuns come, beautifully dressed, to hear mass at the grilles giving into the chapel adjoining the church; the tourist may have his glimpse of them there on Sundays, and on week-days he may have his guess of their cloistered life, and his wonder how much it continues the tradition of repose which the name of the old garden-grounds implies. These lady nuns must be of patrician lineage and of fortune enough to defray their expenses in the convent, which is of the courtliest origin, for it was founded eight hundred years ago by Alfonso VIII. "to expiate his sins and to gratify his queen," who probably knew of them. I wish now I had known, while I was there, that the abbess of Las Huelgas once had the power of life and death in the neighborhood, and could hang people if she liked; I cannot think just what good it would

have done me, but one likes to realize such things on the spot. She is still one of the greatest ladies of Spain, though perhaps not still "lady of ax and gibbet," and her nuns are of like dignity. In their chapel are the tombs of Alfonso and his queen, whose figures are among those on the high altar of the church. She was Eleanor Plantagenet, the daughter of our Henry II., and was very fond of Las Huelgas, as if it were truly a rest for her in the far-off land of Spain: I say our Henry II., for in the eleventh century we Americans were still English, under the heel of the Normans, as not the fiercest republican of us now need shame to own.

In a sense of this historical unity, we felt at Las Huelgas as much at home as if we had been English tourists, and we had our feudal pride in the palaces where the Castilian nobles used to live in Burgos as we returned to the town. Their deserted seats



A BURGOS COURTYARD



are mostly to be seen after you pass through the Moorish gate overarching the stony, dusty, weedy road, hard by the place where the house of the Cid is said to have stood. The arch, so gracefully Saracenic, was the first monument we had seen of the Moslem obsession of the country which has left its signs so abundantly in the South; here in the North, the thing seemed almost prehistoric, almost pre-glacially old, the witness of a world utterly outdated. But perhaps it was not more utterly outdated than the residences of the nobles who had once made the ancient Castilian capital splendid, but were now as irrevocably merged in Madrid as the Arabs in Africa.

Some of the palaces looked down from the narrow street along the hillside above the Cathedral, but only one of them was kept up in at all the state of other days; and I could not be sure at what point this street had ceased to be the street where our guide said every one kept cows, and "the ladies" took big pitchers of milk away to sell every morning. But I am sure those ladies could have been of noble descent only in the farthest possible remove, and I do not suppose their cows were even remotely related to the haughty ox-team which blocked the way in front of the palaces and obliged us to dismount while our carriage was lifted round the cart. Our driver was coldly disgusted, but the driver of the ox-team preserved a calm as perfect as if he had been a *hidalgo* interested by the incident before his gate. It delayed us till the psychological moment when the funeral of the dean was over, and we could join the formidable party following the sacristan from chapel to chapel in the Cathedral.

We came to an agonized consciousness of the misery of this process in the Chapel of the Constable, where it threatened to be finally stayed by the indecision of certain ladies of our party in choosing among the postal-cards for sale there. By this time we had suffered much from the wonders of the Cathedral. The sacristan had not spared us a jewel or a silvered or gilded sacerdotal garment or any precious vessel of ceremonial; so that our jaded wonder was inadequate to the demand of the beautiful tombs of the Constable and his lady. The Coffer of the Cid — fastened against

the Cathedral wall for a monument of his shrewdness in doing the Jews of Burgos, who, with the characteristic simplicity of their race, received it back full of sand and gravel in payment of the gold they had lent him in it—could as little move us. Perhaps if we could have believed that he finally did return the value received, we might have marveled a little at it, but from what we know of the Cid this was not credible.

We did what we could with the painted wood-carving of the cloister doors; the life-size head of a man with his mouth open for a key-hole in another portal; a fearful silver-plated chariot given by a rich blind woman for bearing the Host in the processions of Corpus Christi; but it was very little, and I am not going to share my failure with the reader by the vain rehearsal of particulars.

No literary art has imparted a sense of picture or architecture or sculpture to me; the despised postal-card is better for that; and probably throughout these "trivial, fond records" I shall be found shirking as much as I may the details of such sights, seen or unseen, such as embitter the heart of travel with unavailing regret for the impossibility of remembering them. I must leave for some visit of the reader's own the large and little facts of the many chapels in the Cathedral at Burgos, but I will try to overwhelm him with my sense of the whole mighty interior, the rich gloom, the potent exaltation, which I made such shift as I could to feel in the company of those picture-postal amateurs. It was like, say, a somber afternoon, verging to the twilight of a cloudy sunset, so that when I came out of it into the open noon it was like emerging into a clear morrow. Perhaps because I could there shed the harassing human environment, the outside of the Cathedral seemed to me the best of it, and we lingered there for a moment in glad relief.

One house in some forgotten square commemorates the state in which the Castilian nobles used to live in Burgos before Toledo, and then Valladolid, contested the primacy of the grim old capital of the northern uplands. We stayed for a moment to glance from our carriage through the open portal into its leafy *patio*, shivering in the cold, and then we



bade our guide hurry back with us to the hot luncheon which would be the only heat in our hotel. But to reach this we had to pass through another square, which we found full of peasants' ox-carts and mule-teams; and there our guide instantly jumped down and entered into a livelier quarrel with those peaceable men and women than I could afterward have believed possible in Spain, and which he continued till somehow the ox-carts and mule-teams were jammed together, and a thoroughfare was found for us. Then it was explained that those peasants were always blocking that square in that way, and that I had, however unwillingly, been discharging the duty of a public-spirited citizen in compelling them to give way. I did not care for that; I prized far more the quiet with which they had taken the whole affair. In a Europe abounding in volcanic Italians, nervous Germans, and exasperated Frenchmen, it was comforting, it was edifying, to see those Castilian peasants so self-respectfully self-possessed in the wrong.

From time to time in the opener spaces we had got into the sun from the chill shadow of the narrow streets, but now it began to be cloudy, and when we re-entered our hotel it was almost as warm indoors as out. After luncheon we had nothing for it but to go away from Burgos and take with us such scraps of impression as we could. We decided that there was no street of gayer shops than those gloomy ones we had chanced into here and there; I do not remember now anything like a book-seller's or a milliner's or a draper's window. There was no sign of fashion among the ladies of Burgos, so far as we could distinguish them; there was not one glowering or perking hat, and I do not believe there was a hobble-skirt in all the grim old capital except such as some tourist wore. The only cheerfulness in the local color was to be noted in the caparison of the donkeys, which we were to find more and more brilliant southward. Do I say the only cheerfulness? I ought to except also the involuntary hilarity of a certain poor man's suit, which was so patched together of myriad scraps that it looked as if

cut from the fabric of a crazy-quilt. I owe him this notice the rather because he almost alone did not beg of us in a city which swarmed with beggars in a forecast of that pest of beggary which infests Spain everywhere. I do not say that the thing is without picturesqueness, without real pathos; the little girl who kissed the copper I gave her in the Cathedral remains endeared to me by that perhaps conventional touch of poetry.

There was compensation for the want of presence among the ladies of Burgos in the leading lady of the theatrical company who dined, the night before, at our hotel with the chief actors of her support, before giving a last performance in our ancient city. The leading lady had luminous black eyes, large like the head-lamps of a motor-car, and a wide, crimson mouth, which she employed as at a stage banquet throughout the dinner, while she talked and laughed with her fellow-actors, beautiful as bull-fighters, clean-shaven, serious of face, and shapely of limb. They were unaffectedly professional, and the lady made no pretense of not being a leading lady. One could see that she was the kindest creature in the world, and that she took a genuine pleasure in her large, practicable eyes. At the other end of the room a Spanish family—father, mother, and small children, down to some in arms—were dining, and the children wailing as Spanish children will, regardless of time and place; and when the nurse brought one of the disconsolate infants to be kissed by the leading lady, one's heart went out to her for the amiability and abundance of her caresses.

We were sorry we had not got tickets for the leading lady's public performance; it could have been so little more public; but we had not, and there was nothing else in Burgos to invite the foot outdoors after dinner. From my own knowledge I cannot yet say the place was not lighted; but my sense of the tangle of streets lying night-long in a rich Gothic gloom shall remain unimpaired by statistics. Very possibly Burgos is brilliantly lighted with electricity; only they have not got the electricity on, as in our steam-heated hotel they had not got the steam on.



# The Frog in the Well

BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

"OH, how can I work with all this noise?" Elsa burst out, petulantly, after a prolonged scratching of pencil against paper.

"Why don't you take your work upstairs?" Mrs. Morgan asked.

"Oh, it's too quiet up there, mother," Elsa answered, discontent succeeding the petulance in her tone. "I feel lonesome away from everybody."

It would have been impossible for Elsa to feel lonesome where she was, for as yet no member of the patriarchal Morgan family had left the house, and perhaps more than the normal air of noise, confusion, and excitement hung over it.

Outside in the pergola Mr. Morgan trolled a tenor stave as he painted furiously at another "Study of a Marsh," the purple-and-gold succession of which had kept the Morgan pot boiling for the last four years. Inside, the children—Kim, Polly, Jerry, the indeterminate twins—played games that varied with their tastes and years. The four women of the household worked with sewing-bags and sewing-baskets at the center-table.

"Father said he'd give me a dollar if I'd do this problem, mother," Elsa went on. "'A frog is trying to climb a well twenty-seven feet deep. If he climbs three feet every day and falls back two feet every night, how long will it take him to get out?' It seems perfectly easy—twenty-seven days. But father says that isn't right. I've tried and tried, but I can't get any other answer. I do want to do it; for I'm going to get that paste-board doll-baby house in Mallon's window with the dollar. I can't understand it, somehow. Oh, mother, help me, won't you?"

Mrs. Morgan shook her head. The look that always came into her face when she contemplated her daughter made a mask of her features. Elsa had never consciously noted that look. But, subconsciously, it always gave her a sensa-

tion of uneasiness. She felt that she had done something of which her mother disapproved. She experienced the same sensation with strangers. Their faces often filmed or hardened when they first looked at her. She felt that they too disapproved. But it was no more true in their case than in her mother's case. Mrs. Morgan, for instance, was only trying to conceal as long as possible from Elsa her own pride in her daughter's beauty. She was trying to conceal from her the very existence of that beauty. Strangers were undoubtedly trying to conceal their amazement.

Mrs. Morgan herself had never been more than pleasantly pretty. And now that she was the mother of six children, she was only comfortably comely. But Elsa—

It gave you a strange sensation to look at Elsa. It gave you a feeling of joy so great that it finally merged with sadness, and left you with the beginning of a lump in your throat. She had been predestined to beauty. Her infancy had trailed one long, admiring exclamation. Her little-girlhood was veiled in a mist of furtive admiration. But now that a hint of the perfected loveliness was beginning to glow through all her surfaces, people paid it the tribute of silence.

In the first place, although she was only thirteen, she was unusually tall—she looked sixteen. Basically, every slim line, every delicate curve, was perfect. And yet, while still you wondered at this Tanagra-like perfection, you noted a dozen exquisite variations from the regular. It was as if a Greek sculptor had started the creation of her, had striven to make another Clytie. Then came some devil-may-care, graceless, Gallic modern who gave a touch here, a twist there, flattened this contour, swelled that one—in brief, broke her perfection with the subtleties of imperfection. And all this was only structure. When you came to



her coloring, again there were complications. Greuze might have taken a hand at her golden, shadow-shot blondness. His work done, came another, again a modern. He added a splash of pale-gold freckles to her chiseled nose, drooped one eyelid by a curve, immeasurably exquisite, deepened to umber the shadows in the corners of her mouth.

Yes, it thrilled and perturbed you to look at Elsa. It almost hurt. All this, notwithstanding there was not a line of history written on her face. Indeed, she often seemed a little sulky and awkward. She was neither, in point of fact; she was only perplexed; perplexed by that first long, involuntary stare which strangers always gave her, perplexed by the blankness which always followed it. She felt that people took an immediate dislike to her. She was tortured by the thought that her clothes were awry, that there might be something hanging or unbuttoned.

Now she dropped the problem of the frog in the well with a deep sigh. "Oh, I do wish I had something to do, mother. Can't you think of anything? Colette's away. And I'm mad with Cordy, and I don't like Hannah Merrill, and Betsy Clark's too far off. And it's so long before Aline and Laura come."

"Why don't you play with Janey?"

"That *baby*!"

"Why don't you read, then?"

"Oh, I've read all my books and all Janey's—and you won't let me get any novels from the library. I don't know

why it is, but I don't seem to have any fun nowadays."

"I tell you what to do, little daughter," said Mrs. Morgan, placidly. "Go upstairs and put your top bureau drawer in order."

"All right, mother," Elsa said, in a resigned tone. "But I don't call that having a good time."

"That child has changed her hair-ribbons twice this morning," said Grandma Morgan. Little, straight-backed, caustic Grandma Morgan was knitting with

a pair of long, shining needles that made an agreeable clatter. Conversation was always subsidiary to her knitting. And just as her needles seemed to bite off the thread, so her lips seemed to bite off superfluous words. "Vainest child I ever saw. If she were mine, I'd take the vanity out of her—between hay and grass—doesn't know what to do with herself."

"Oh, it's not so bad as that," said Grandma Thayer, in her swelling contralto accent. Mrs. Thayer did not answer to the appellation Grandma. The children called her Deeda.

In her youth Deeda had been a successful concert-singer. She had never lost her concert presence. She always moved and spoke as if for an audience. "I un-

derstand Elsa perfectly, Dora. She's just like me. At least she's a combination of her father and me." Deeda adored her handsome, temperamental son-in-law, who, like herself, had every earmark of genius except genius it-



"A FROG IS TRYING TO CLIMB A WELL"



self. Whenever there were minor differences of opinion in the family, Deeda and her son-in-law inevitably sided together. Just as naturally, Grandma Morgan and her daughter-in-law arrayed themselves against them.

"She's very mature for her years," Deeda went on, dropping the boudoir cap of filet lace on which she was working. "Everybody thinks she's sixteen or seventeen. You ought to lengthen her dresses a little, Dora. It's no use trying to make such a tall, long-legged thing look like a child. You can't hold her back. Especially with Laura and Aline coming so soon. Just think, Aline's fifteen and Laura's seventeen."

"I notice," Aunt Almira said, mildly, "that Elsa still plays with her dolls."

"But not nearly so much as she used to," said Deeda, with a triumphant air.

"I shall hate to have Elsa give up playing with dolls," said Mrs. Morgan.

"I sha'n't," said Deeda, recklessly. "I want her to grow up and have parties and beaus and break hearts and get engaged two or three times."

Grandma Morgan's lips set in their finest lines of disapproval. Her only audible remonstrance, however, was the more vehement peck and snap of her needles.

But Mrs. Morgan considered her mother's words as she considered everybody's—conscientiously. "Well," she said finally, with a sigh, "I don't see how she's going to grow up properly with all of us pulling in different directions."

Elsa did not go to work immediately on the top drawer. Instead she took off the ribbons which tied her braids and let her hair fall loose. The sunlight was pouring into the room, and Elsa moved until she caught it on her head. By a charitable euphemism, all light hair, from dulled flaxen to an illuminated brown, is called gold. But Elsa's hair was the real fairy gold of childhood. A hint of green filmed its brightness and gave it mystery. She stood quiet as a little statue, studying her reflection in the mirror.

This performance was habitual with Elsa. It was an infallible cure for the *ennui* that dogged her moods. As she contemplated her golden hair, a series of strange ideas and images drifted

through her mind—pictures of Goldilocks, Hans Andersen's little mermaid, the long line of adventurous fairy-tale princesses, pictures from the few plays that she had seen, pictures from such poetry as her carefully nurtured girlhood had been permitted to read. Vaguely it appeared to her as a glittering ladder on which she would climb to grown-up land. It would prove a credential so magic, in that far-off, romantic domain, that it would carry her into the very court of royalty. In brief, it was an earnest of the mysterious joys of womanhood.

After she had tired of the sun's work on her hair, she peacocked a little, moving this way and that, bowing, bridling, tossing it, her eyes ever on her reflection.

And, as always, her mind went through the following catechism. "I wonder if I'm pretty? I think I'm pretty, but I don't know whether other people do. I'm prettier than Betsy or Hannah or Cordy, I know. But I don't know whether I'm as pretty as Colette. I think I am. Father thinks I'm 'paintable.' But what's father's opinion?—he thinks everybody's 'paintable'—even Bridget. Deeda thinks I'm pretty. She's always telling me so. But, then, Deeda thinks Polly's pretty, and she isn't. If mother'd only say I was pretty, I'd believe it. I could trust mother. But, oh, I never would ask her!"

Five minutes of this, then she began to braid her hair. She rejected the black ribbons which she had just taken off. She put some pale-blue ones in their place. She changed her plain white canvas shoes for a pair of beaded, gray suède slippers rejected by her favorite young aunt, Anne. She transferred her little garnet ring from one hand to the other. For an instant she felt herself another person. Then suddenly, in spite of these enlivening innovations, *ennui* caught and choked her again.

She turned to her dolls. Ranged, according to height, from Mary Ann, her first, huge "indestructible" doll, through Evelyn, her middle-sized daughter, down to Posie-Poppy-Patricia, the baby of them all, they filled the generous length of the window-seat. Elsa seized the baby and dandled her passionately for a while.

"Oh, dear!" she apostrophized her, wordlessly. "If I could only do the frog-



in-the-well problem! I'd get the dollar father promised me and go right over to the village and buy that baby-doll house in Mallon's window! Then you'd have a place to live in—you darling. 'A frog is trying to climb out of a well twenty—' Oh, what's the use? I know I can't do it."

Still holding Posie-Poppy-Patricia, her

at snaring boys. The Morgan place swarmed with half-grown lads whenever Aline was about. Not that boys were necessary to their good times. Boys only added a fillip. The three girls were really sufficient unto themselves. They were always stealing into one another's beds after the rest of the family fell asleep. They believed that they talked all night. Certainly they giggled all day.

Elsa put Posie-Poppy-Patricia back on the window-seat. She sauntered downstairs.

Mr. Morgan had come inside. A long, lithe, graceful figure, amber-eyed and tawny-haired, he leaned against the mantel, still trolling a tenor stave. His



thoughts leaped to her cousins Laura and Aline. Those were the most magic names she knew. Just to say them over mentally raised her spirits. The two girls had visited the Morgans every year until the previous summer, when they had gone abroad. Younger than they, but quite their size, Elsa had always been accepted by them as a contemporary. Elsa did not know which she liked the better. Laura, the long-legged, freckled, snub-nosed Laura, was a genius at planning adventurous thefts. They stole cookies and currants and raisins from the kitchen. Although the Morgan trees groaned with fruit, and although they hated apples, they robbed every orchard in the neighborhood. They had even stolen turnips and cabbages. Aline, the quiet, dreamy, blond Aline, was an adept

"I DON'T SEE HOW SHE'S GOING TO GROW UP PROPERLY WITH ALL OF US PULLING IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS"

eyes narrowed to the concentrated painter's gaze as Elsa came down the stairs. "Gad, how beautiful she is!" he murmured to the others.

Elsa knew that look. "Oh, I do hope he won't ask me to pose," she thought. But she passed unchallenged out onto the piazza.

"That child has changed her ribbons for the third time this morning," Grandma Morgan said to Mrs. Morgan. "Changed her slippers, too."

Mrs. Morgan's smooth brow furrowed. "Yes, I noticed it, Grandma," she said.



"But I really don't think Elsa's such a vain child. I don't know exactly how to express it. But it's more that she hasn't anything else to do."

"Well, then," said Mr. Morgan, "the thing is to find her something to do. Her arithmetic reports have been vile." Mr. Morgan expressed in a flashing eye all the noble indignation of the man who could not himself add a column of figures—"I hate all this vanity, too." Mr. Morgan expressed by an ample gesture all the noble contempt of the man who had planned the careful carelessness of his brown corduroy. "I'm going to give her a problem every day all summer long.—Have you solved that frog-in-the-well problem, Elsa?" he asked.

"No, father," Elsa answered, languidly, from the piazza. "I'm still working on it, though."

"Elsa," said her mother, "how would you like to stay in and help me at tea this afternoon? You can put your new mull on, and your best white slippers. I think maybe I'll take you to Mrs. Carroll's tea to-morrow."

"Oh, mother," said Elsa, bursting in from the piazza, "I'd just *adore* it!"

"When Laura and Aline get here," Mrs. Morgan went on, placidly, "I shall give a tea or two and maybe a dance. You might as well learn this afternoon how you can help me."

"Oh, mother!" Elsa said again. "Won't that be lovely! Can I go upstairs now and put on my bed everything that I'm going to wear this afternoon?"

"Of course, if you like," Mrs. Morgan permitted, smiling.

"There, there's Janey now. She'll help me. Janey!" Elsa called, "Janey! Oh, Janey, come right up to my room. Mother's going to let me help her at our tea this afternoon. And she said I could

put everything out on the bed all ready to wear. Want to come up?"

"I'd *love* to," said Janey Blair, with the whole-souled surplusage of emphasis which was, perhaps, her most engaging mannerism.

But there was much else that was engaging about Janey, although she was as different from Elsa as a child could be. Tiny for her years, slim, freckled, it seemed to Elsa that she would never cease to be a baby. And yet Janey had a meretricious effect of grownupness. It was puzzling. Elsa herself attributed it to the numberless books that Janey devoured.

The two children went up-stairs, Elsa loosening the rapid, facile monologue which Janey's appreciative listening always drew from her.

"I'm to wear my new white mull. But I can't make up my mind whether I'll wear my pink ribbons or my blue ribbons. And I want to wear my watch and my necklace and my bracelet and my ring, but mother will not let me wear more than two pieces of jewelry at once. My necklace is pink coral, but it isn't the same shade as my pink ribbons. I don't like it so very well with the blue ribbons. Still, blue's my color."



"HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE IS!"



One by one she brought out these sartorial treasures. Her monologue culminated in the proudly simple announcement, "Here's my dress, Janey."

She held it up, still on the hanger, against her budding slimness, and looked at Janey over it.

"Oh, it's perfectly *bee-yu-tiful*," said Janey Blair.

The soft white mull was beautiful—with all Mrs. Thayer's old-time ideas of what a little girl should wear. It was fashioned to lie about Elsa's delicate throat in a little flat tucker. It drew in a soft fullness down to her little waist—drew in there, and then drew out to a flaring fullness that ended in a wide ruffle.

"I know what to do," said Janey, who was subject both to inspiration and generous impulse. "You wear the blue ribbons, Elsa. Because blue's your color. I'll go over and get my necklace of Venetian beads. They're gold-colored glass with blue spots on them. They will look sweet."

"That would be lovely," said Elsa. "Run right over now, Janey."

Elsa looked transfigured. And in preparation for the event she did her hair for the fourth time—this time with her second-best blue ribbons.

"Well, mother," said Mrs. Morgan, triumphantly, the next morning, "Elsa didn't seem so very grown-up at the tea yesterday. Somehow she never looked such a little girl to me as when she passed the sandwiches. She said 'Excuse me!' every time she walked in front of people until they were bored to death saying, 'Certainly!' You know, mother, I'm very different from you. You were always crazy to make a woman of me. But I want to keep my children children as long as possible. I don't believe Elsa's started to grow up. To-

day she's gone over to play dolls with Janey Blair. Why, she hasn't done that for months."

"Well, you watch!" was Deeda's deep-toned prophecy.

Indeed, Elsa was playing dolls—playing furiously and frantically. If she had climbed three feet of her well-wall the day before, she was now as certainly falling back two. Ordinarily Janey surged with nebulous ideas, plans, creative instincts, and impulses. Ordinarily Elsa bristled only with concrete efficiencies and capabilities. But to-day Elsa took the initiative. "Let's dress all our dolls like babies!" she ordered, briefly. And she ripped the clothes off the two families as one husking corn. "We'll play we're running a dolls' hospital."

"Oh, Elsa, have you done that problem



"LET'S DRESS ALL OUR DOLLS LIKE BABIES!"





"HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, JANEY?"

yet?" Janey asked, in the midst of their work.

"Oh no," said Elsa, in a despairing tone. "I think of it all the time—in the morning when I get up and at night when I go to bed. I still can't make it anything but twenty-seven days. If I'd solved it I should have gone over to Mallon's and got the baby-doll house, and we'd have used it for the hospital. But I sha'n't give it up, Janey. We'll have that house yet."

"Did you have a good time at the tea yesterday?" Janey asked.

"No, not very," said Elsa, disdainfully. "I don't like grown-up people very much. They don't do anything. Yesterday they just sat round and talked and drank tea."

The two children worked the entire

morning. Elsa ran home for a preoccupied lunch. They worked all the afternoon until it was time for Elsa to dress for Mrs. Carroll's tea.

"Well, mother," Mrs. Morgan said the next day, "you certainly never saw Elsa more a little girl than she was yesterday. She just sat the whole hour eating Mrs. Meredith up with her eyes." Mrs. Morgan stopped to laugh happily. "And now she's over to Janey Blair's, playing dolls again."

But Deeda only intoned again her cryptic, "Well, you watch!"

But if yesterday morning Elsa had fallen back two feet on her well-wall, she had in the afternoon as certainly gained another three.

"Did you have a nice time at Mrs. Carroll's?" Janey inquired, when she and Elsa were alone.

"Lovely!" said Elsa, ecstatically. "It was given for a Mrs. Meredith, of New York. And, oh, wasn't she beautiful! She had her hair done

such a wonderful way. Wait and I'll show you!"

Elsa pulled her braids free of their ribbons. Her hair flashed its rippled flood to her waist.

"Oh, Elsa, your hair is just like princesses' in fairy tales!" said the tow-headed Janey.

Elsa smiled her mysterious, triumphant, wistful smile. But she said nothing—only plunged both hands into her hair.

The golden torrent divided, stranded, plaited, curled, twisted, rolled, puffed to a towering structure. From her pocket Elsa produced another ribbon. She banded it over her forehead. From a tied handkerchief corner she produced two peanuts. Slitting the ends delicately,



she caught them about the pink lobes of her ears.

"How do you like it, Janey?" Elsa asked, languidly. She posed her head as for a picture. Her eyes went to Janey's face, to the mirror, to Janey's face.

Janey stared mute. The sunlight grew cold. Ten years had suddenly piled their insuperable barrier between them.

"And her dress, Janey! Wait, let me show you." A sash waved from among the doll-things. Elsa tied it about her skirt just above the ankles. "And one wide gold bracelet on her arm—there." Elsa's slim finger touched a spot midway between wrist and elbow. "When you stood beside her, Janey, she smelled so sweet! I wish mother would let me use perfumery. Don't you love it, Janey?"

"Oh *yes*," said Janey. "Delia once let me have some of hers. They gave it away to Delia in a store free on bargain-day. I thought it was *bee-yu-tiful*. I poured on a lot. But mother took my clothes right off and gave me a bath."

"I tell you what let's do to-day, Janey,"

said Elsa. "I'm tired of baby-dolls. Let's dress them like grown-up ladies. You get some of your uncle Jim's magazines and we'll copy the dresses out of them. And when I buy the doll-baby house we'll give a little tea in it."

"Oh, Elsa, I do wish you'd hurry up and do that problem."

"I wish I could," Elsa sighed. "Father scolds me something awful every morning. And Grandma Morgan. And nobody will help me. I asked grandma and mother, and they wouldn't. Deeda said she would, quick as a flash, but she doesn't even know her multiplication-table yet. I always have been perfectly awful in arithmetic. But just the same I'm going to do that problem, because I want the doll-baby house."

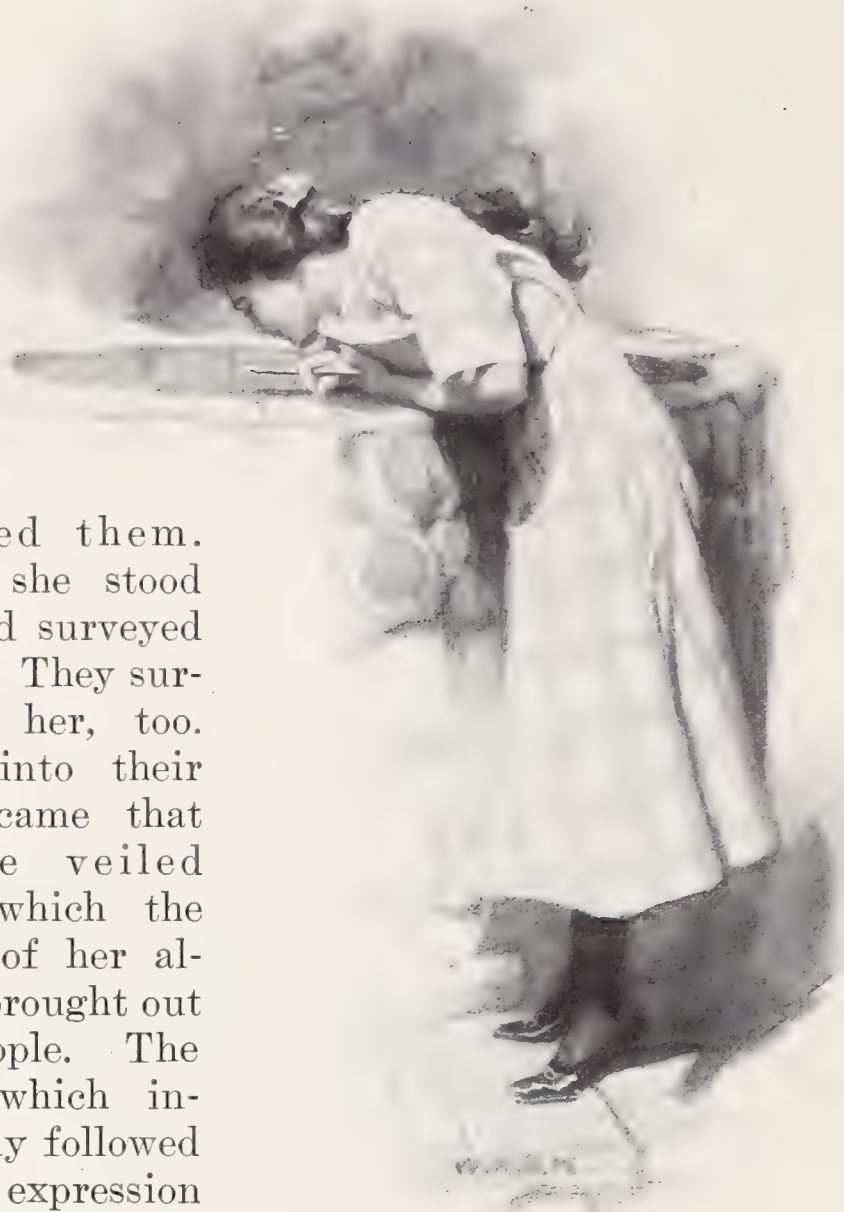
For three days they toiled, preparing the dolls for the tea. For three days Elsa worked sporadically at her problem—took with meekness her father's attacks of wrath and dismay. At the end of that time a round dozen of dolls, violently translated to ladyhood, disported smart walking-length suits, hats that obscured one eye, bags and veils even. At the end of that time Elsa's frog still languished in the well. Then, cutting short dressmaking and arithmetic, Aline and Laura arrived.

"Oh, Aline!" said Elsa, quivering, and, "Oh, Laura!" She kissed them. She



"THIS IS THE DRESS I'M GOING TO WEAR TO THE DANCE"





hugged them. Then she stood off and surveyed them. They surveyed her, too. And into their eyes came that strange veiled look which the sight of her always brought out in people. The chill which inevitably followed that expression came over Elsa—doubled. For Aline it was, and Laura it was,

SUDDENLY A BREATHLESS IDEA CAME TO ELSA

but, oh, with what a difference! Aline transmogrified! Laura translated! She followed them and her mother up to their room, waited after her mother left, shooed away the fascinated Polly, sat down on the bed, and watched.

She watched them remove two veils apiece, watched them slip little vanity-bags from slender wrists, watched them pile up their hair, watched them draw on silk stockings and grown-up-looking slippers, watched them change into light, one-piece gowns which came to their very ankles, watched them fasten little ribbony fillets on wavy hair, *watched them pass a square of powdery chamois over tiny noses.*

Dinner came. Elsa, Kim, Polly, Jerry ate, drank, talked, with round eyes glued to the young-lady guests.

In the evening Aline played a selection on the piano. Laura sang. Both talked with composure of London, Paris, Rome.

Just as they were going to bed, the trunks came. Elsa curled up on the bed

and watched her cousins unpack. Incredible things appeared.

"This is the dress I'm going to wear to the dance," said Aline. She held up a narrow tube of blue satin, over which fell a wisp of blue chiffon. There were pink rosebuds on it.

"And this is mine," said Laura. She held up a slim cylinder of white silk, over which dropped a film of white chiffon. There were crystal beads on it.

"Show us yours," they begged.

Mortified, humiliated, ashamed, abased, abashed, Elsa brought in the gown of white mull. It lacked the Dutch neck. How archaically it came to slenderness at the waist! How unfashionably it spread to fullness at the ankles! And a ruffle!

"Oh, how sweet!" said Aline, perfunctorily. "Oh, how pretty!" said Laura, mechanically.

Elsa drooped as she carried the white mull back to her closet.

"This is the band for my hair," said Aline. She held up a blue satin circlet with rosebuds.

"And this is mine," said Laura. She displayed a silver tissue crown with crystal beads.

"Show us yours," they implored.

"I haven't one—yet," confessed Elsa, miserably.

Elsa went into her mother's bedroom before she went to bed. But Mrs. Morgan was immovable. She could not have a new dress for the dance. She must wear the white mull.

Elsa cried for an hour. After the house was quiet, she arose stealthily and lighted her candle. She pulled her hair out of its braids. But now she did not delay to gloat over its flowing golden glitter. She piled it up on her head—a mass of rolls, puffs, waves, and curls. She slept with it so.



"Have you solved that frog-in-the-well problem, Elsa?" her father demanded, peremptorily, the next morning.

"No, father," Elsa said. "But I'm sure I will. I'm trying all the time."

"Take pencil and paper right after breakfast," said Mr. Morgan, "and go to work. I'll take Aline and Laura to ride."

Elsa obeyed meekly. But the instant the automobile party left the house she dropped her work, stole up-stairs, seized her blue ribbons, took them down to the kitchen, and begged Bridget to press them. Bridget put the whole weight of her hearty Irish bulk on the iron, but she could not entirely smooth from the stiff taffeta the lines of past tyings and untyings. Elsa realized that she must give up all idea of wearing a fillet.

When her father returned, her head was bent over her paper. "Keep at that problem until you finish it, Elsa," he ordered, curtly.

Elsa did not mind that. But her disappointment over the fillet hung in the back of her mind all day, blanketing a little her joy in Aline and Laura.

Late in the afternoon, while those two fashionable ones bathed and dressed, Elsa stepped outdoors, paper and pencil in hand. She wandered lonesomely through the rose-garden, picked up a yellow bloom, thrust it into

the green-gold ripples of her hair, wandered down the lawn, paused at the well.

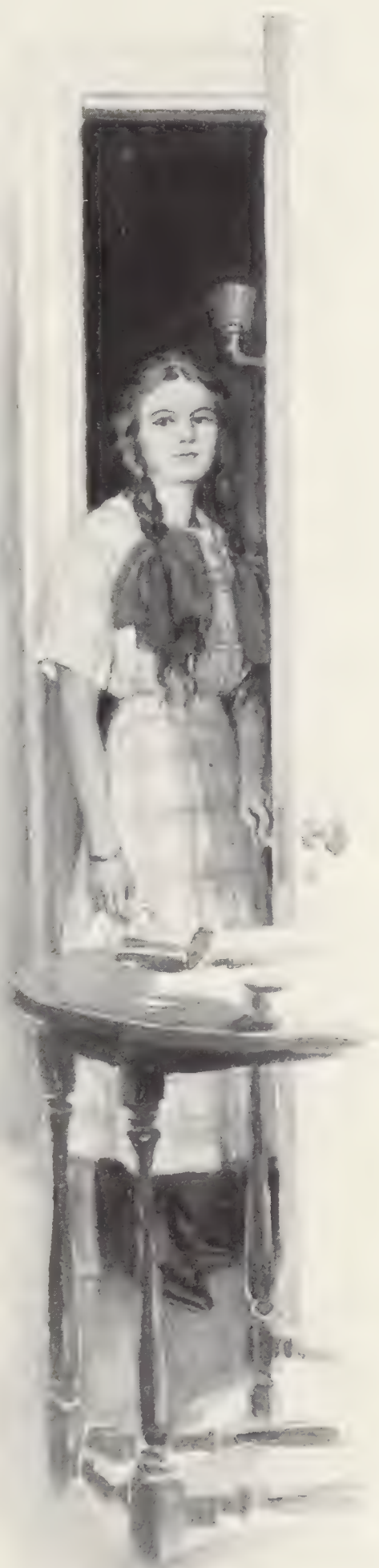
The stone well-side was a comfortable height. Looking over it, Elsa could see the smoky water far down, and on it a golden blur. Peacocking a little, she made out a yellow blob that was the reflection of the rose. It was a very deep well. She wondered if it were twenty-seven feet high. Now suppose that the frog of her problem were at the bottom of this well. If he climbed three feet the first day, it would bring him about to where that green stone protruded. If he fell back two feet the next night, he would land about at that mortared spot. He would have gained a foot. Now the second day he would climb three feet more. That would bring him to that mossy smear. The second night he would fall back two feet—to about where that long, black crack came. He would have gained another foot, two feet in all.

Suddenly a breathless idea came to Elsa.

She made a sketch of the well.

Five minutes later she was speeding into the house. "I've got it, father!" she called. "I've done the frog-in-the-well problem! I've done it! I've done it! Twenty-five days! Now give me my dollar! There's something I want to buy with it."

She ran all the way to the village. Panting, she stopped before Mallon's window. The doll-baby house was not



"DID I HURT MOTHER'S FEELINGS, I WONDER?"



sold. Elsa turned in at the door. But with her fingers on the knob she stopped, stunned. What had happened? Had the sky fallen? Had the earth sunk away from under her feet? Had all air been drawn out of the universe? A miracle had come.

*She did not want the doll-baby house any more.*

Could she ever have wanted it? Now it was as outgrown as last year's shoe.

Then what was the use of the dollar? What was the use of money forevermore?

And then another miracle happened. In a lightning flash the prerogative of maturity revealed itself.

An hour later Elsa came into her mother's room. "I've solved the frog-in-the-well problem, mother," she said. "And father gave me a dollar. I didn't buy the doll-baby house. I decided I didn't want it. But I bought two yards and a half of ribbon at the hat-shop, and I made this." Elsa's hand came from behind her back. It held a fillet—superb—of gold tissue with an edging of blue velvet. "Can I wear it to the dance with my mull?"

Mrs. Morgan nodded.

"And, mother, I collected all my dolls and took them over and gave them to Janey Blair—all except Mary Ann. She was my first, and I shall always keep her. They were only taking up room that I needed for something else. I shall never play dolls again. Doesn't this look nice on me, mother?"

Mrs. Morgan's eyes had fallen to her sewing. At this they came up as with an effort and fastened on her daughter.

The little figure had taken the new pose of its slim, budding dignity. The little head to which the blue-and-gold fillet gave so delicate, so elusive, so subtle a look of maturity had taken a new angle. The little face—the sunset light flooded it; but that did not explain its luminous look. Elsa's very soul shone as she emerged from her well.

Mrs. Morgan nodded. Her eyes went to her sewing again.

Elsa lingered — moved on — moved back — fiddled — left the room. Subconsciously she experienced a sensation of extreme discomfort. "Did I hurt mother's feelings, I wonder?" she thought. "She looked as if she was going to cry."

## An Invitation

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

UNLESS you come while still the world is green,  
A place of birds and the blue dreaming sea,  
In vain has all the singing summer been,  
Unless you come and share it all with me.

Ah! come, ere August flames its heart away,  
Ere, like a golden widow, autumn goes  
Across the woodland sad with thoughts of May,  
An aster in her bosom for a rose.

Unless you come, who knows but you and I,  
Another year, may seek ourselves in vain;  
For flowers live on, yet each October die,  
But human faces—do they bloom again?



# The Spirit of 1812

BY JAMES BARNES

ON the 1st of June, one hundred years ago, James Madison, President of the United States, sent a manifesto to the Senate and the House of Representatives, in which, after a long preamble dealing with Great Britain's theories on the rights of blockade and embargo, there occurs the following statement of the condition of affairs:

Our moderation and conciliation have had no other effect than to encourage [England's] perseverance and to enlarge her pretensions. We behold our seafaring citizens still the daily victims of lawless violence committed on the great common and highway of nations, even within sight of the country which owes them protection. We behold our vessels, freighted with the products of our soil and industry, or returning with the honest proceeds of them, wrested from their lawful destinations, confiscated by prize-courts no longer the organs of public law, but the instruments of arbitrary edicts; and their unfortunate crews dispersed and lost, or forced or inveigled, in British ports, into British fleets; whilst arguments are employed in support of these aggressions which have no foundation but in a principle equally supporting a claim to regulate our external commerce in all cases whatsoever.

We behold, in fine, on the side of Great Britain, a state of war against the United States; on the side of the United States, a state of peace towards Great Britain.

On the 17th of the month (the thirty-seventh anniversary of Bunker Hill) Congress declared war against Great Britain, an act that was approved on the following day by the President. In this act, which was but one hundred and fifty words in length, there were written some sentences the carrying out of which

bore great results. But these sentences never appeared again, and never will appear in a declaration of international hostilities. They prove that, in the judgment of the members of Congress, the sea would be the theater of successful conflict. Thus run the words:

The President of the United States be, and is hereby authorized to use the whole land and naval force of the United States to carry the same [the war] into effect, and to issue to private armed vessels of United States commissions or letters-of-marque and general reprisal, in such form as he should think proper, and under the seal of the United States, against the vessels, goods, and effects of the government of the same United Kingdom of Great Britain, and Ireland, and of the subjects thereof.

Despite the bitter political feelings of the time, the whole country rose almost unanimously in support. Even the advanced Federalists, who were supposed by some to be almost pro-British in their sympathies, backed up the government, and the *Philadelphia Freeman's Journal*, a decided Federal paper, came out with the following patriotic leader:

*War is declared.* It must be carried on with vigor and activity, commensurate with the expectations of the people. *If any foreign nation has, for a moment, indulged a belief that they could profit by political divisions in this country they will now be convinced that such a belief was preposterous and that it must be abandoned forever.*

Every daily journal and every little weekly paper rang with fervid approval; war-poets seemed to spring up everywhere. It was a great day for patriotic poetasters—they fluted, blared, and ranted and roared, according to the inten-



HEAVING A BOARDING GRAPPLE



sity of their feelings. What appeared in the *Trenton True American* is a fair sample:

"Shall menial slaves presume to scan  
The sacred Heaven-descended plan,  
Built on the Eternal Rights of Man,  
The Freedom of the ocean?"

"No! By the souls of millions, no!!  
We'll strike their proud pretensions low,  
Blow the war trumpets, loudly blow—!  
And summon all the Nation!"

The inhabitants of the United States thus summoned in 1812 numbered approximately some seven million three hundred and fifty thousand souls—they had nearly doubled since the Revolution. The greater proportion lived on the sea-coast, or, in those days of slow travel, but two or three days' journey from it. Fired by patriotic fervor (and doubtless by a hope of reward), there was an actual scramble to get to sea, and it was the seamen who manned the little privateers, no less than the hardy tars of the little navy, who brought the war to a successful close and reflected what glory there was to our arms. The regular and the volunteer service between them captured on the high seas more than sixteen hundred British sail, with a total of three thousand and eighty-three guns and nearly twelve thousand prisoners of war. There were captured or destroyed by British ships forty-two American naval vessels, one hundred and thirty-three privateers, and five hundred and eleven merchant vessels, a total of six hundred and eighty-six.

While the newspaper editors of the day deplored the early blunders and disasters of our land forces on the Canadian frontier, the poets looking seaward had something to sing about.

What a subject for exultant verse was the career of the little privateer sloop *Dart*, which mounted two swivels and a brass six-pounder, could be propelled by sweeps, and came into port *triumphantly mounted on the deck* of her captured adversary, the British brig *Diana*! Many songs became historic: "Hull's Victory," "Bainbridge's Tid Ri Di," "Yankee Tars," "The Privateers"—good old sea-songs they were. The newspapers were filled with highfalutin doggerel, and took on a rather gloating style in their news columns and editorials.

To the State of Virginia belongs the honor of taking the first prisoner and the first prize of the war. The former was a Captain Wilkinson, of the Royal Marine, who was captured in Norfolk while endeavoring to make his way out in a rowboat to a British man-of-war then hovering off the coast. The first prize was the schooner *Patriot*, bound from Guadaloupe to Halifax with a valuable cargo of sugar. She was taken by the cutter *Jefferson*, William Ham master, and arrived at Norfolk on June 26th.

The list of British war-ships on the Halifax station at the time of the breaking out of hostilities more than equaled the weight of armament of the regular navy of the United States. These vessels consisted of the *Africa*, a ship of the line of sixty-four guns, flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Herbert Sawyer; two receiving-ships, four frigates, nine sloops-of-war, and seven schooners. No wonder the little American navy needed the assistance of the privateers, if for no other purpose than to divert attention.

On the regular navy list in 1812 were sixteen vessels, only six of which rated over thirty-two guns; three only were frigates of the first class, rating forty-four. These were the *United States*, the *Constitution*, and the *President*. They were the oldest on the list; built in the year 1797, in the ports of Philadelphia, Boston, and New York, in the order named. There is hardly a school-boy who does not recall their deeds. Some private yachts afloat at the present day would almost equal their tonnage, which was but one thousand five hundred and seventy-six tons. Out of the list of sixteen ships, there were six others, rating from a hundred and sixty tons to twelve hundred and sixty-five, who lent their names to fame: the *Chesapeake*, 38; the *Essex*, 32; the *Hornet*, 18; the *Wasp*, 18; the *Argus*, 16; and the *Enterprise*, 12. But three of the sixteen were taken by the enemy, and only one surrendered after a single combat with a vessel of her own size. There were but twelve officers with the rank of captain in 1812, and the total of those of all grades holding commissions was but five hundred. Less than three thousand seamen were available for cruising war-vessels; the





*Drawn by W. J. Aylward*

THE GUN DECK





THE ESCAPE OF THE "CONSTITUTION"

marine corps numbered fifteen hundred and twenty-three men and officers. During the war the personnel of the navy grew continually until it was between three and four times what it was at the beginning, the list showing nearly fifteen thousand of all grades on the nation's pay-roll in 1815.

Very early indeed were the doings of the ships made known to the public. Within a few hours after receiving news of the declaration of war in the city of New York a squadron of three frigates, one brig, and one sloop-of-war sailed from that port in quest of several of the enemy's frigates known to be cruising off the harbor. On the 3d of July the frigate *Essex*, under Captain Porter, went to sea from New York. The brigs *Nautilus*, *Viper*, and *Vixen* were cruising off the coast, and the sloop-of-war *Wasp* was on the high seas returning from France. On the 12th of July the *Constitution*, under the command of Captain Isaac Hull, put out from Chesapeake Bay. Efforts had been made to detain her, as it was held by some in the Navy Department that she was not in the proper condition for service. She was, however, equal to the most strenuous demands ever put upon the sailing quali-

ties of any vessel that spread canvas, as will be seen. Let us tell it just as it was given to the public of that day. It has a modest introduction to a stirring, heart-lifting story. On the 1st of August there appeared in *The National Intelligencer* this paragraph:

The following copy of a letter received at the Navy Department will serve to relieve the anxiety which has generally been felt for the fate of the United States' frigate *Constitution*, Captain Hull, since the report of her having been chased by a British fleet, on her passage from Lynnhaven Bay to an Eastern Port:

*Constitution, at Sea, off Nantucket.*

*July 20, 1812.*

SIR,—The *Constitution* is on her way to Boston for your orders, having been chased by a British squadron off New-York and very near being taken. The chase continued three days and nights, by a line of battle ship, four frigates, a brig, and a schooner.

I shall call off Boston and write from there, and continue cruising in the bay until I hear from you.

Respectfully,

ISAAC HULL.

HON. PAUL HAMILTON,

*Secretary of the Navy.*

The *Boston Gazette*, in the issue that appeared on the morning of the 27th of



July, printed the following news item in large type:

#### U. S. FRIGATE *CONSTITUTION* SAFE

We have the pleasure of announcing the arrival in our harbor, last evening, of the frigate *Constitution*, Captain Hull. She left the Chesapeake Bay on the 12th inst., and on the 16th, in the afternoon, saw a frigate, and gave chase; the wind being light they could not come near enough before night to ascertain who she was. It continued calm the principal part of the night. On the morning of the 17th saw a British squadron, consisting of a ship of the line, four frigates, a brig, and a schooner; the nearest frigate within gunshot. Throughout the whole of this day it was calm; and every exertion made, by towing and warping, to make headway; but the enemy, by attaching all their boats to two frigates, were evidently gaining upon the *Constitution*, and occasionally enabled them to bring their bow guns to bear upon her. This kind of manœuvring, and the frequent discharge of the *Constitution's* stern chasers, continued the whole of this day. On the 18th, at day-

light, a small breeze sprang up, when the *Constitution* spread all her canvas, and by outsailing the enemy, escaped a conflict, which she could not have maintained with any hope of success against a force so greatly superior. The chase was continued sixty hours, during which time the whole crew remained at their stations. The *Constitution* was bound to New York, but from the unfavorableness of the wind, has put in here.

We feel an additional pleasure in stating the safety of this vessel, as it puts to rest the thousand rumors which have been in circulation respecting her; and more especially as it enabled us to contradict the article in the last New-York *Evening Post*, that "she was compelled to go to sea without either powder or ball," which we do on the authority of an officer of the ship, who assures us that she is completely provided with every necessary munition of war, and has a full crew of brave and gallant seamen.

Contemporaneous with General William Hull's surrender at Detroit in the middle of August, where he practically handed over his army to the British,



PRIVATEERSMEN



followed a succession of brilliant achievements on the ocean which entirely dispelled the temporary gloom which pervaded the minds and filled with grief the hearts of the American people. The country was soon electrified by the news that an English frigate had surrendered to an American for the first time in history. Let us quote from one of the least exultant editorials published in *The War*:

#### NAVAL VICTORY!

To compensate our readers, in some degree, for the disappointment and mortification they cannot but feel at the misfortune of our little army under gen. Hull, it is with feelings of pride and pleasure that we refer them to the gallant exploit of capt. Hull, his nephew, in the frigate *Constitution*, in capturing and destroying the British frigate *Guerriere*. What adds to our satisfaction on this heart-cheering occasion is, that the *Guerriere* was esteemed by the British as one of the finest frigates in their service, was manned by a picked crew, and suffered to cruise alone, with the full confidence that any American frigate would be an easy prey to her. Last winter, while off this harbor, the capt. of the *Guerriere* vauntingly had his vessel's name, printed in large characters on her foretopsail, and inquired of every vessel he met of commander Rodgers, intimating that he meant to chastise him for the dressing he gave the *Little Belt*. We trust that the valiant captain Dacres will boast no more.

We find in the columns of the *Boston Patriot* the following interesting detail:

Capt. Dacres, of the *Guerriere*, landed on Monday on parole, and resides in town: The other officers of the ship are to be paroled in Concord. The British wounded men were immediately landed and sent to the hospital on Rainsford Island, to which place Marshal Prince has sent surgeons, and every necessary for their comfort and recovery, under

the direction of Capt. S. Prince, Dep. Marshal, whose attention and humanity to the unfortunates under his care are highly spoken of. They were brought up yesterday from the island, and are now in the Naval Hospital, Charlestown. The well prisoners have all been put on board the prison-ship in Charles-river.

Capt. Dacres is son of the late Ad. Dacres, and was made Post Captain in 1806. The *Guerriere* was a French vessel taken in 1806, off the Faro Islands, by the *Blanche*, 38 guns, Capt. Lavie, after a spirited action of 45 minutes.

The prisoners taken from the *Guerriere* have been treated with every kindness and attention becoming the American character. Much better, we apprehend, than would have been—experienced by our brave fellows if the chance of war had placed them in command of the enemy. . . .

We are told the officers of the *Guerriere* have about 20,000 dollars of gold and silver in their baggage. If

they brought this with them from England, it is *private property*; and for honor's sake let them keep it. But if it is part of the plunder of defenceless Americans, seized and distributed before condemnation, it is not their property, it belongs justly to the brave crew by whom the *Guerriere* has been destroyed.

The capture of the *Guerriere* took place on August 19th, two days after General Hull's surrender at Detroit. A month later the American sloop-of-war *Wasp*, Captain Jacob Jones, took the British sloop-of-war *Frolic* (she and her prize were almost immediately retaken by H.M.S. *Poictiers*, 74, and on top of this bit of news the country was set in commotion again by the appearance of the frigate *United States*, commanded by Stephen Decatur, at the entrance to Long Island Sound, with the captured British frigate *Macedonian* following in



THE STROKE OAR





*Painting by W. J. Aylward*

THE "CHESAPEAKE'S" MIZZENTOP DURING THE BATTLE







her wake. The *New London Gazette*, of the issue of Saturday, December the 5th, printed the following:

NEW LONDON, Dec. 5.

Yesterday afternoon arrived off the light-house, the U. S. frigate *United States*, commodore Decatur. A gale of wind blowing, no communication was had with the shore until evening, when a boat came up to town with several officers, from whom the editor of the *Gazette* gathered the following information.

On the 25th of October, early in the morning, lat. 30, lon. 36, the *United States* discovered the *Macedonian* to windward, and gave chase. The enemy bore down upon her, and about 10 o'clock a distant and partial exchange of shot commenced, when the *Macedonian* having her mizen topmast shot away, bore down for closer action. In seventeen minutes after she struck her colors to the *United States*.

The *Macedonian* was commanded by captain John S. Carden, esq., mounting 49 guns—had a full complement of men (about 300), 104 of whom were killed and wounded, among them no officer of rank. The *United States* had 12 men only killed and wounded, of the latter lieutenant Funk, who died of his wounds, a valuable officer, much esteemed in this city, and whose death will be universally regretted. The nation will render his name hallowed.

When the *Macedonian* struck, she had nothing standing but her fore and main-masts, and fore-yard. The fore and main-masts were badly wounded, and every spar, even to the smallest, cut. She received nearly 100 shots in her hull, several of which were between wind and water. All her boats were rendered useless, excepting a small one, which was veered out astern before the action commenced. During the action, the fire of the *United States* was so vivid, that the crew of the *Macedonian* cheered three times, conceiving her to be on fire—but so little was the *United States* impaired, that in 5 minutes after she had possession of the *Macedonian*, she was completely ready for another action.

When captain Carden came on board the *United States* to present his sword to commodore Decatur, the commodore said—"Sir, I cannot receive the sword of a man who has so bravely defended his ship, but I will receive your hand." The reader can easily imagine what must have been the impression produced by this noble reception of a vanquished enemy.

The *Macedonian* was built in 1810. She is now off Montauk Point.

A local poet was immediately stirred into the following outburst, which was

sung to the tune of "Ye Tars of Columbia." It ran on for some twenty stanzas, of which the following is one:

"Let Britain no longer lay claim to the seas,

For the trident of Neptune is ours, if we please,

While Hull and Decatur and Jones are our boast,

We dare their whole navy to come to our coast."

The story of the arrival of the flag of the *Macedonian* at Washington, brought by Lieutenant Hamilton, the son of the Secretary of the Navy, and his entry with the colors to the naval ball given to the officers of the navy and particularly to Captain Stewart, has been described many times. The Washington correspondent to a New York paper, under the date of December 10th, ends his picture thus: "Such a scene as this occasion exhibited we have never before witnessed; and never, never, 'so long as memory holds her seat,' shall we forget it!"

Niles's *Weekly Register* ended its comment on the latest victory in the following words: "*Let the navy be augmented—and impressments will cease.* Let it be done quickly that the war may end with glorious safety."

On Monday, the 15th of February, 1813, the frigate *Constitution*, that had been cruising in southern waters, principally off the coast of Brazil, arrived in Boston harbor with the news that she had taken, on the 29th of December, his Britannic Majesty's frigate *Java*, of forty-nine guns and upward of four hundred men, commanded by Captain Lambert, and conveying Lieutenant-General Hislop, governor of Bombay, and his staff. A New York paper, under the date of February 23d, made the following announcement:

#### GREAT NAVAL VICTORY NO. 4!

It is with peculiar pride and pleasure that we are enabled *at this time*, to lay before our readers the following account of another most splendid Naval Victory, which was obtained by our good frigate the *Constitution*, commanded by commodore Bainbridge, over the British frigate *Java*, commanded by captain Lambert, a very distinguished officer. It is no less remarkable than true, that every disaster we have suffered upon the land, has been accompanied by a brilliant triumph upon the ocean. Another incident



worthy of remark is, that this action took place on the very day on which captain Hull, the former commander of the *Constitution*, was a guest at the dinner given by the corporation and citizens of New-York in honor of the exploits of our naval heroes. It is to be regretted that the shattered state of this immensely valuable prize after the action, and her great distance from our coast, rendered it necessary to destroy her. Yet we sincerely hope that Congress may reconsider the case of the brave tars of the *Constitution*, and make them ample remuneration for an act, which no doubt the public service rendered indispensable.

The *Constitution* arrived at Boston on Monday last; and lieutenant Ludlow passed through this city on Thursday, with the Commodore's dispatch for the Secretary of the Navy, which we shall probably receive in time for our next paper.

All the officers and seamen taken in the *Java* were paroled by Commodore Bainbridge, and landed on the 3d of January at San Salvador, Brazil—thirty-two officers and three hundred and twenty-nine petty officers, seamen, and marines. In a private letter commenting upon the action Commodore Bainbridge makes this generous observation: "The *Java* was exceedingly well fought and bravely defended. Poor Lambert, whose death I sincerely regret, was a distinguished, gallant officer and worthy man. He has left a widow and two helpless children. But his country makes provision for such sad events."

After the action of two hours the *Java* had been completely dismantled, and so riddled that it was impossible to save her, and she was set on fire. Her losses had been sixty killed, including her gallant commander, and a hundred and seventy wounded; the *Constitution* losing nine killed and twenty-six wounded. The *Boston Patriot* printed a picturesque account of the arrival of Commodore

Bainbridge and his reception by the populace:

#### HONOR TO THE BRAVE

On Thursday at 12 o'clock, commodore Bainbridge landed at the long-wharf from the frigate *Constitution*, amidst acclamations, and roaring of cannon from the shore. All the way from the end of the pier, clear up to the Exchange Coffee-House, was decorated with colors and streamers. In

State-street, they were strung across from the opposite buildings, while the windows and balconies of the houses were filled with ladies, the tops of the houses were covered with spectators, and an immense crowd filled the streets, so as to render it difficult for the military escort to march. The Commodore was distinguished by his noble figure, and his walking uncovered. On his right hand was the pride of our navy, the veteran commodore Rodgers, and on his left, brigadier-general Welles—then followed the brave

captain Hull, col. Blake, and a number of officers and citizens—but the crowd was so immense that it was difficult to keep the order of procession. The band of music in the balcony of the State Bank, and the music of the New England Guards, had a fine effect, especially when they struck up *Yankee Doodle*.

England not only was surprised at the unexpected turn of events at sea, but her own newspapers took on a note of consternation, as is evident from this editorial in the *London Times*, March 20, 1813:

The public will learn, with sentiments which we shall not presume to anticipate, that a third British frigate has struck to an American. This is an occurrence that calls for serious reflection—this, and the fact stated in our paper of yesterday, that Lloyd's List contains notices of upwards of five hundred British vessels captured in 7 months by the Americans. Five hundred merchantmen and three frigates! (Ay and three sloops of war!)



THE COXSWAIN





*Drawn by W. J. Ayward*

CAPTURE OF THE "MACEDONIAN" BY THE AMERICAN FRIGATE "UNITED STATES"







Can the statements be true: and can the English people hear them unmoved? Any one who had predicted such a result of an American war, this time last year, would have been treated as a madman or a traitor. He would have been told, if his opponents had condescended to argue with him, that long ere seven months had elapsed, the American flag would be swept from the seas, the contemptible navy of the United States annihilated, and their maritime arsenals rendered a heap of ruins. Yet down to this moment not a single American frigate has struck her flag. They insult and laugh at our want of enterprise and vigor. They leave their ports when they please, and return to them when it suits their convenience; they traverse the Atlantic; they beset the West-India islands; they advance to the very chops of the channel; they parade along the coasts of South America; nothing chases, nothing intercepts, nothing engages them, but to yield them triumph.

A year to a day after President Madison's manifesto to Congress, quoted in the opening of this article, the frigate *Chesapeake*—"the luckless *Chesapeake*," as the sailors called her—put out from Boston harbor to answer the challenge of the *Shannon*, made evident by her flaunting her flag off the entrance to the harbor. The latter ship, a 38, under command of Captain Philip Bowes Vere Broke, was at the top-notch of efficiency and preparation. Her commander had written a personal letter to Captain James Lawrence, challenging him to this meeting, and stating his complement and broadside strength; but this letter was never received, although it was a remarkable manifestation of a naval officer's outspoken manliness and candor. The story of the fight is well known; how the green crew of the *Chesapeake* was almost at the point of mutiny before the action, the rigging being newly rove and the men unacquainted with their officers; everything was in disorder.

Captain Lawrence was very early mortally wounded and carried below. Captain Broke, who led the boarding party that gained the *Chesapeake's* deck, was also severely shot in the neck and taken aboard his own vessel. Every one of the *Chesapeake's* officers was either killed or wounded. After her capture she was taken into the harbor of Halifax, where the bodies of Captain Lawrence

and his gallant officers slain with him in battle were committed to the grave, attended by all the civil, naval, and military officers of the two nations who happened to be in the port.

Again a local poet was moved to do something better than the ordinary seafaring rhyme, and two of his stanzas have some merit of feeling:

"To thee, thy foes could not refuse  
The meed to valor, justly due,  
Nor shall an humble lowly muse,  
Forget to praise a patriot true.

"What though no friends nor kindred dear,  
To grace his obsequies attend;  
The foemen are his brothers here,  
And every hero is his friend."

Despite this generous treatment and the display of grief on the enemy's part, England was sent into a mad rejoicing by the news that at last an American frigate had been taken in equal combat.

Nearly two months later *Woodworth's Journal* referred to the singular demonstrations that took place in the following editorial:

#### OUR TRIUMPHS

According to the London newspapers, our enemies have paid higher compliments to the valor of our tars than we have done ourselves. Their *lamentations* over the *Guerriere*, *Java*, *Macedonian*, *Frolic*, &c., &c., have *thundered* our applause over the universe; the tone of deep regret has been so universal with the boasted masters of the ocean, that its singularity must have been noted even at Algiers. Nor is our glory emblazoned only by British lamentations—our fame is spread abroad by the tower guns and by British illuminations. Formerly, when a Duncan, a St. Vincent, or a Nelson gained a signal victory, and destroyed a Dutch, a Spanish, or a French fleet, the tower guns were then fired, but never were there rejoicings at a victory over a squadron or a ship *until the capture of the "Chesapeake."* Then, indeed, were the tower guns fired, and the Bow bells rung, and well they might, for it was an unusual thing to triumph over Americans—what an encomium did those guns pay to our tars! What a peal of joy did the bells ring in the ears of Americans! Yes, the bravery of our tars is such, that we have compelled the enemy to proclaim it themselves; so difficult was it to gain a single victory or a single ship from us, that, when gained, as much was



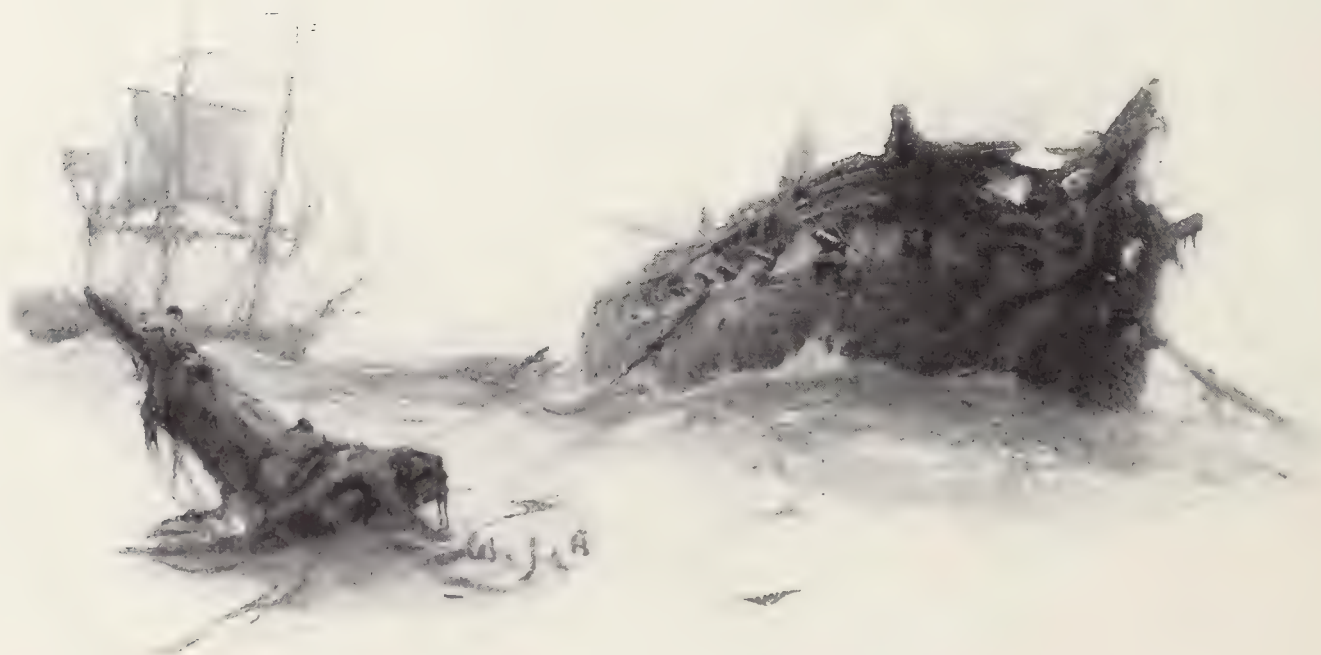
done to celebrate it, as used to be done after a battle in which 20 ships of the line were taken.

Notwithstanding this reverse, the successes continued, varied by a few small losses, until the war was over. Perry's victory on Lake Erie and McDonough's on Lake Champlain were the only "fleet actions," if so they could be called, of the war, and between them they saved New York State from invasion. A strange commentary on the slowness with which news traveled was that the treaty of peace had already been signed at The Hague in December, 1814, before the loss of the U.S.S. *President*, which was forced to surrender to a British squadron, January 15, 1815, and the capture of the *Cyane* and *Levant* by the *Constitution* in February. Of only one great land victory can the United States boast—New Orleans, fought, like the two last ship actions, after peace had been signed.

The spirit of 1812 lived on the sea; it reflected itself in catch-words and phrases that became traditional inheritances to the generation succeeding. The little frigate *Essex*, commanded by David Por-

ter, after maintaining for hours in the harbor of Valparaiso an unequal combat against two vessels, the *Phœbe* and the *Cherub*, which, combined, were almost double her own armament, left "Remember the *Essex*!" as a heritage. The gallant Lawrence's last words, "Don't give up the ship!" would animate the gun-deck crew of any vessel, and, though the old-time sailor has disappeared and his successor is a machine-made product who must be instructed to know and to handle the complicated mechanism of the modern war-ship, the need, if need arises, is for the same class of men.

But the days of the privateersman, with his lightly built, oversparred craft, with the "Long Tom" amidships and a broadside battery that could be carried in the crown of one's hat, have gone. There will be no more privateers, nor is it possible to build a war-ship in three months. Ships must be ready and the crews must be prepared. But if this country has the misfortune to find herself at war again it will have to look to the sea, as heretofore, and may the spirit of 1812 be found still living!



OUT OF THE FIGHT



# Madame Jolicœur's Cat

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

BEING somewhat of an age, and a widow of dignity—the late Monsieur Jolicœur had held the responsible position under government of Ingénieur des Ponts et Chaussées—yet being also of a provocatively fresh plumpness, and a Marseillaise, it was of necessity that Madame Veuve Jolicœur, on being left lonely in the world save for the companionship of her adored Schah de Perse, should entertain expectations of the future that were antipodal and antagonistic: on the one hand, of an austere life suitable to a widow of a reasonable maturity and of an assured position; on the other hand, of a life, not austere, suitable to a widow still of a provocatively fresh plumpness and by birth a Marseillaise.

Had Madame Jolicœur possessed a severe temperament and a resolute mind—possessions inherently improbable, in view of her birthplace—she would have made her choice between these equally possible futures with a promptness and with a finality that would have left nothing at loose ends. So endowed, she would have emphasized her not excessive age by a slightly excessive gravity of dress and of deportment; and would have adorned it, and her dignified widowhood, by becoming *dévoté*; and thereafter, clinging with a modest ostentation only to her piety, would have radiated, as time made its marches, an always increasingly exemplary grace. But as Madame Jolicœur did not possess a temperament that even bordered on severity, and as her mind was of a sort that made itself up in at least twenty different directions in a single moment—as she was, in short, an entirely typical and therefore an entirely delightful Provençale—the situation was so much too much for her that, by the process of formulating a great variety of irreconcilable conclusions, she left everything at loose ends by not making any choice at all.

In effect, she simply stood attendant

upon what the future had in store for her: and meanwhile avowedly clung only, in default of piety, to her adored Schah de Perse—to whom was given, as she declared in disconsolate negligence of her still provocatively fresh plumpness, all of the bestowable affection that remained in the devastated recesses of her withered heart.

To prevent compromising misunderstandings, unjust to Madame Jolicœur, the fact must be stated promptly that the personage thus in receipt of the contingent remainder of her blighted affections—far from being an Oriental potentate temporarily domiciled in Marseille—was a Persian superb black cat; and a cat of such excellences as abundantly to deserve all of the affection that any heart of the right sort—withered or otherwise—could bestow upon him. His equal in grace and in beauty, Madame Jolicœur admitted grudgingly, possibly might be found in the Persian royal catteries; but neither there nor elsewhere in the whole universe, she declared with conviction, was there a cat even remotely comparable with him in intelligence, in deportment, and above all in sweetness of disposition—a sweetness so marked that never, even under extreme provocation, had he been known to raise an angry paw.

This is not to say that the Schah de Perse was a characterless cat, a lymphatic nonentity. On occasion he could, and did, manifest his disapprovals and his resentments—but always with a dignified restraint: usually by no more overt act than that of retiring to a corner—he had his choices in corners, governed by the intensity of his feelings—and there seating himself with his back turned scornfully to an offending world. Even in his kindest corner, on such occasions, the expression of his scornful back was a whole volume of winged words!

But the rare little cat tantrums of the



Schah de Perse—if to his so gentle excesses may be applied so strong a term—were but as sun-spots on the effulgence of his otherwise constant amiability. His regnant desires, by which his worthy little life was governed, were to love and to please. He was the most cuddlesome cat, Madame Jolicœur unhesitatingly asserted, that ever had lived; and he had a purr—softly thunderous and winningly affectionate—that was in keeping with his cuddlesome ways. When, of his own volition, he would jump into her abundant lap and go to burrowing with his little soft round head beneath her soft round elbows, the while gurglingly purring forth his love for her, Madame Jolicœur, quite justifiably, at times was moved to tears.

In the performance of his many interesting tricks—his “dead cat” act was done with an almost painful realism—he took so genuine a pleasure that a mere word of prompting sufficed to set him at them; and, so great was his intelligence, he engaged in his most notable trick—a game with his mistress known between them as “surprises”—when she merely set the signal for it, without any word of prompting at all.

The signal to which he responded was a close-fitting white cap—to be quite frank, a nightcap—that Madame Jolicœur tied upon her head when it was desired that their frolic should begin. It was of the game that she should assume her cap with an air of detachment and aloofness: as though no such entity as the Schah de Perse existed, and with an insisted-upon disregard of the fact that he was watching her alertly with his great golden eyes. Equally was it of the game that the Schah de Perse should affect—save for his alert watching—a like disregard of the doings of Madame Jolicœur: usually by an ostentatious pretense of washing his upraised hind-leg, or by a like pretense of scrubbing behind his ears. These conventions duly having been observed, Madame Jolicœur would seat herself in her especial easy-chair, above the relatively high back of which her night-capped head rose a little. Being so seated, always with the air of aloofness and detachment, she would take a book from the table and make a show of be-

coming absorbed in its contents. Matters being thus advanced, the Schah de Perse would make a show of becoming absorbed in searchings for an imaginary mouse—but so would conduct his fictitious quest for that supposititious animal as eventually to achieve for himself a strategic position close behind Madame Jolicœur's chair. Then, dramatically, the pleasing end of the game would come: as the Schah de Perse—leaping with the distinguishing grace and lightness of his Persian race—would flash upward and “surprise” Madame Jolicœur by covering her white cap with his small black person, all a-shake with triumphant purrs! It was a charming little comedy—and so well understood by the Schah de Perse that he never ventured to essay it under other, and more intimate, conditions of nightcap use; even as he never failed to engage in it with spirit when his white lure properly was set for him above the back of Madame Jolicœur's chair. It was as though to the Schah de Perse the white nightcap of Madame Jolicœur, displayed in accordance with the rules of the game, were an oriflamme: akin to, but in minor points differing from, the helmet of Navarre.

Being such a cat, it will be perceived that Madame Jolicœur had reason in her avowed intention to bestow upon him all of the bestowable affection remnant in her withered heart's devastated recesses; and, equally, that she would not be wholly desolate, having such a cat to comfort her, while standing impartially attendant upon the decrees of fate.

To assert that any woman not conspicuously old and quite conspicuously of a fresh plumpness could be left in any city isolate, save for a cat's company, while the fates were spinning new threads for her, would be to put a severe strain upon credulity. To make that assertion specifically of Madame Jolicœur, and specifically—of all cities in the world!—of Marseille, would be to strain credulity fairly to the breaking point. On the other hand, to assert that Madame Jolicœur, in defense of her isolation, was compelled to plant machine-guns in the doorway of her dwelling—a house of modest elegance on the Pavé



d'Amour, at the crossing of the Rue Bausset—would be to go too far. Nor indeed—aside from the fact that the presence of such engines of destruction would not have been tolerated by the other residents of the quietly respectable Pavé d'Amour—was Madame Jolicœur herself, as has been intimated, temperamentally disposed to go to such lengths as machine-guns in maintenance of her somewhat waveringly desired privacy in a merely cat-enlivened solitude.

Between these widely separated extremes of conjectured possibility lay the mediate truth of the matter: which truth—thus resembling precious gold in its valueless rock matrix—lay embedded in, and was to be extracted from, the irresponsible utterances of the double row of loosely hung tongues, always at hot wagging, ranged along the two sides of the Rue Bausset.

Madame Jouval, a milliner of repute—delivering herself with the generosity due to a good customer from whom an order for a trousseau was a not unremote possibility, yet with the acumen perfected by her professional experiences—summed her views of the situation, in talk with Madame Vic, proprietor of the Vic bakery, in these words: "It is of the conveniences, and equally is it of her own melancholy necessities, that this poor Madame retires for a season to sorrow in a suitable seclusion in the company of her sympathetic cat. Only in such retreat can she give vent fitly to her desolating grief. But after storm comes sunshine: and I am happily assured by her less despairing appearance, and by the new mourning that I have been making for her, that even now, from the bottomless depth of her affliction, she looks beyond the storm."

"I well believe it!" snapped Madame Vic. "That the appearance of Madame Jolicœur at any time has been despairing is a matter that has escaped my notice. As to the mourning that she now wears, it is a defiance of all propriety. Why, with no more than that of color in her frock"—Madame Vic upheld her thumb and finger infinitesimally separated—"and with a mere pin-point of a flower in her bonnet, she would be fit for the opera!"

Madame Vic spoke with a caustic bit-

terness that had its roots. Her own venture in second marriage had been catastrophic—so catastrophic that her neglected bakery had gone very much to the bad. Still more closely to the point, Madame Jolicœur—incident to finding entomologic specimens misplaced in her breakfast-rolls—had taken the leading part in an interchange of incivilities with the bakery's proprietor, and had withdrawn from it her custom.

"And even were her mournings not a flouting of her short year of widowhood," continued Madame Vic, with an acrimony that abbreviated the term of widowhood most unfairly—"the scores of eligible suitors who openly come streaming to her door, and are welcomed there, are as trumpets proclaiming her audacious intentions and her indecorous desires. Even Monsieur Brisson is in that outrageous procession! Is it not enough that she should entice a repulsively bald-headed notary and an old rake of a major to make their brazen advances, without suffering this anatomy of a pharmacien to come treading on their heels?—he with his hands imbrued in the life-blood of the unhappy old woman whom his mismade prescription sent in agony to the tomb! Pah! I have no patience with her! She and her grief and her seclusion and her sympathetic cat, indeed! It all is a tragedy of indiscretion—that shapes itself as a revolting farce!"

It will be observed that Madame Vic, in framing her bill of particulars, practically reduced her alleged scores of Madame Jolicœur's suitors to precisely two—since the bad third was handicapped so heavily by that notorious matter of the mismade prescription as to be a negligible quantity, quite out of the race. Indeed, it was only the preposterous temerity of Monsieur Brisson—despairingly clutching at any chance to retrieve his broken fortunes—that put him in the running at all. With the others, in such slighting terms referred to by Madame Vic—Monsieur Peloux, a notary of standing, and the Major Gontard, of the Twenty-ninth of the Line—the case was different. It had its sides.

"That this worthy lady reasonably may desire again to wed," declared Monsieur Fromagin, actual proprietor of the



Epicerie Russe—an establishment liberally patronized by Madame Jolicœur—"is as true as that when she goes to make her choosings between these estimable gentlemen she cannot make a choice that is wrong."

Madame Gauthier, a clearstarcher of position, to whom Monsieur Fromagin thus addressed himself, was less broadly positive. "That is a matter of opinion," she answered; and added: "To go no further than the very beginning, Monsieur should perceive that her choice has exactly fifty chances in the hundred of going wrong: lying, as it does, between a meager, sallow-faced creature of a death-white baldness, and a fine big pattern of a man, strong and ruddy, with a close-clipped but abundant thatch on his head, and a mustache that admittedly is superb!"

"Ah, there speaks the woman!" said Monsieur Fromagin, with a patronizing smile distinctly irritating. "Madame will recognize—if she will but bring herself to look a little beyond the mere outside—that what I have advanced is not a matter of opinion but of fact. Observe: Here is Monsieur Peloux—to whose trifling leanness and aristocratic baldness the thoughtful give no attention—easily a notary in the very first rank. As we all know, his services are sought in cases of the most exigent importance—"

"For example," interpolated Madame Gauthier, "the case of the insurance solicitor, in whose countless defraudings my own brother was a sufferer: a creature of a vileness, whose deserts were unnumbered ages of dungeons—and who, thanks to the chicaneries of Monsieur Peloux, at this moment walks free as air!"

"It is of the professional duty of advocates," replied Monsieur Fromagin, sententiously, "to defend their clients; on the successful discharge of that duty—irrespective of minor details—depends their fame. Madame neglects the fact that Monsieur Peloux, by his masterly conduct of the case that she specifies, won for himself from his legal colleagues an immense applause."

"The more shame to his legal colleagues!" commented Madame Gauthier, curtly.

"But leaving that affair quite aside," continued Monsieur Fromagin, airily, but with insistence, "here is this notable advocate who reposes his important homages at Madame Jolicœur's feet: he a man of an age that is suitable, without being excessive; who has in the community an assured position; whose more than moderate wealth is known. I insist, therefore, that should she accept his homages she would do well."

"And I insist," declared Madame Gauthier, stoutly, "that should she turn her back upon the Major Gontard she would do most ill!"

"Madame a little disregards my premises," Monsieur Fromagin spoke in a tone of forbearance, "and, therefore, a little argues—it is the privilege of her sex—against the air. Distinctly, I do not exclude from Madame Jolicœur's choice that gallant Major: whose rank—now approaching him to the command of a regiment, and fairly equaling the position at the bar achieved by Monsieur Peloux—has been won, grade by grade, by deeds of valor in his African campaigns which have made him conspicuous even in the army that stands first in such matters of all the armies of the world. Moreover—although, admittedly, in that way Monsieur Peloux makes a better showing—he is of an easy affluence. On the Camargue he has his excellent estate in vines, from which comes a revenue more than sufficing to satisfy more than modest wants. At Les Martigues he has his charming coquette villa, smothered in the flowers of his own planting, to which at present he makes his agreeable escapes from his military duties; and in which, when his retreat is taken, he will pass softly his sunset years. With these substantial points in his favor, the standing of the Major Gontard in this matter practically is of a parity with the standing of Monsieur Peloux. Equally, both are worthy of Madame Jolicœur's consideration: both being able to continue her in the life of elegant comfort to which she is accustomed; and both being on a social plane—it is of her level accurately—to which the widow of an Ingénieur des Ponts et Chaussées neither steps up nor steps down. Having now made clear, I trust, my reasonings, I repeat the proposition





"WE HAVE OUR GOOD UNDERSTANDINGS, THE SCHAH DE PERSE AND I"

with which Madame took issue: When Madame Jolicœur goes to make her choosings between these estimable gentlemen she cannot make a choice that is wrong."

"And I repeat, Monsieur," said Madame Gauthier, lifting her basket from the counter, "that in making her choosings Madame Jolicœur either goes to raise herself to the heights of a matured happiness or to plunge herself into bald-headed abysses of despair. Yes, Monsieur, that far apart are her choosings!" And Madame Gauthier added, in communion with herself as she passed to the street with her basket: "As for me, it would be that adorable Major by a thousand times!"

As was of reason, since hers was the first place in the matter, Madame Jolicœur herself carried on debates—in the portion of her heart that had escaped

complete devastation—identical in essence with the debates of her case which went up and down the Rue Bausset.

Not having become *dévoté*—in the year and more of opportunity open to her for a turn in that direction—one horn of her original dilemma had been eliminated, so to say, by atrophy. Being neglected, it had withered: with the practical result that out of her very indecisions had come a decisive choice. But to her new dilemma, of which the horns were the Major and the Notary—in the privacy of her secret thoughts she made no bones of admitting that this dilemma confronted her—the atrophying process was not applicable; at least, not until it could be applied with a sharp finality. Too long dallied with, it very well might lead to the atrophy of both of them in dudgeon; and thence onward, conceivably, to her being left to cling only to the Schah de Perse for all the remainder of her days.



Therefore, to the avoidance of that too radical conclusion, Madame Jolicœur engaged in her debatings briskly: offering to herself, in effect, the balanced arguments advanced by Monsieur Fromagin in favor equally of Monsieur Peloux and of the Major Gontard; taking as her own, with moderating exceptions and emendations, the views of Madame Gauthier as to the meagerness and pallid baldness of the one and the sturdiness and gallant bearing of the other; considering, from the standpoint of her own personal knowledge in the premises, the Notary's disposition toward a secretive reticence that bordered upon severity, in contrast with the cordially frank and debonair temperament of the Major; and, at the back of all, keeping well in mind the fundamental truths that opportunity ever is evanescent and that time ever is on the wing.

As the result of her debatings, and equally as the result of experience gained in her earlier campaigning, Madame Jolicœur took up a strategic position nicely calculated to inflame the desire for, by assuming the uselessness of, an assault. In set terms, confirming particularly her earlier and more general avowal, she declared to both besiegeants for her grace that the whole of her bestowable affection was bestowed upon the Schah de Perse; and so, with an alluring nonchalance, left them to draw easily the logical inference that their respective quests for that desirable commodity were vain.

The reply of the Major Gontard to this declaration was in keeping with his known amiability, but also was in keeping with his military habit of command. "Assuredly," he said, "Madame shall continue to bestow, within reason, her affections upon Monsieur le Schah; and with them that brave animal—he is a cat of ten thousand—shall have my affections as well. Already, knowing my feeling for him, we are friends—as Madame shall see to her own convincing." Addressing himself in tones of kindly persuasion to the Schah de Perse, he added: "Viens, Monsieur!"—whereupon the Schah de Perse instantly jumped himself to the Major's knee and broke forth, in response to a *savant* rubbing of his soft little jowls, into his gurgling purr.

"Voilà, Madame!" continued the Major. "It is to be perceived that we have our good understandings, the Schah de Perse and I. That we all shall live happily together tells itself without words. But observe"—of a sudden the voice of the Major thrilled with a deep earnestness, and his style of address changed to a familiarity that only the intensity of his feeling condoned—"I am resolved that to me, above all, shall be given thy dear affections. Thou shalt give me the perfect flower of them—of that fact rest thou assured. In thy heart I am to be the very first—even as in my heart thou thyself art the very first of all the world. In Africa I have had my successes in my conquests and holdings of fortresses. Believe me, I shall have an equal success in conquering and in holding the sweetest fortress in France!"

Certainly, the Major Gontard had a bold way with him. But that it had its attractions, not to say its compelling, Madame Jolicœur could not honestly deny.

On the part of the Notary—whose disposition, fostered by his profession, was toward subtlety rather than toward boldness—Madame Jolicœur's declaration of cat rights was received with no such beligerent blare of trumpets and beat of drums. He met it with a light show of banter—beneath which, to come to the surface later, lay hidden dark thoughts.

"Madame makes an excellent pleasantry," he said, with a smile of the blandest. "Without doubt, not a very flattering pleasantry—but I know that her denial of me in favor of her cat is but a jesting at which we both may laugh. And we may laugh together the better because, in the roots of her jesting, we have our sympathies. I also have an intensity of affection for cats"—to be just to Monsieur Peloux, who loathed cats, it must be said that he gulped as he made this flagrantly untruthful statement—"and with this admirable cat, so dear to Madame, it goes to make itself that we speedily become enduring friends."

Curiously enough—a mere coincidence, of course—as the Notary uttered these words so sharply at points with veracity, in the very moment of them, the Schah de Perse stiffly retired into his sulkiest corner and turned what had every appear-





"I ALSO HAVE AN INTENSITY OF AFFECTION FOR CATS"

ance of being a scornful back upon the world.

Judiciously ignoring this inopportunistely equivocal incident, Monsieur Peloux reverted to the matter in chief and concluded his deliverance in these words: "I well understand, I repeat, that Madame for the moment makes a comedy of herself and of her cat for my amusing. But I persuade myself that her droll fancyings will not be lasting, and that she will be serious with me in the end. Until then—and then most of

all—I am at her feet humbly: an unworthy, but a very earnest, suppliant for her good will. Should she have the cruelty to refuse my supplication, it will remain with me to die in an unmerited despair."

Certainly, this was an appeal—of a sort. But even without perceiving the mitigating subtlety of its comminative final clause—so skilfully worded as to leave Monsieur Peloux free to bring off his threatened unmeritedly despairing death quite at his own convenience—



Madame Jolicœur did not find it satisfying. In contrast with the Major Gontard's ringingly audacious declarations of his habits in dealing with fortresses, she felt that it lacked force. And, also—this, of course, was a sheer weakness—she permitted herself to be influenced appreciably by the indicated preferences of the Schah de Perse: who had jumped to the knee of the Major with an affectionate alacrity; and who undeniably had turned on the Notary—either by chance or by intention—a back of scorn.

As the general outcome of these several developments, Madame Jolicœur's debatings came to have in them—if I so may state the trend of her mental activities—fewer bald heads and more moustachios; and her never severely set purpose to abide in a loneliness relieved only by the Schah de Perse was abandoned root and branch.

While Madame Jolicœur continued her debatings—which, in their modified form, manifestly were approaching her to conclusions—water was running under bridges elsewhere.

In effect, her hesitations produced a period of suspense that gave opportunity for, and by the exasperating delay of it stimulated, the resolution of the Notary's dark thoughts into darker deeds. With reason, he did not accept at its face value Madame Jolicœur's declaration touching the permanent bestowal of her remnant affections; but he did believe that there was enough in it to make the Schah de Perse a delaying obstacle to his own acquisition of them. When obstacles got in this gentleman's way it was his habit to kick them out of it—a habit that had not been unduly stunted by half a lifetime of successful practice at the criminal bar.

Because of his professional relations with them, Monsieur Peloux had an extensive acquaintance among criminals of varying shades of intensity—at times, in a professional way, they could be useful to him—hidden away in the shadowy nooks and corners of the city; and he also had his emissaries through whom they could be reached. All the conditions thus standing attendant upon his convenience, it was a facile matter for him to make an appointment with one of

these disreputables at a cabaret of bad record in the Quartier de la Tourette: a region—bordering upon the north side of the Vieux Port—that is at once the oldest and the foulest quarter of Marseille.

In going to keep this appointment—as was his habit on such occasions, in avoidance of possible spying upon his movements—he went deviously: taking a cab to the Bassin de Carénage, as though some maritime matter engaged him, and thence making the transit of the Vieux Port in a *bateau-mouche*. It was while crossing in the ferry-boat that a sudden shuddering beset him: as he perceived with horror—but without repentance—the pit into which he descended. In his previous, always professional, meetings with criminals his position had been that of unassailable dominance. In his pending meeting—since he himself would be not only a criminal but an inciter to crime—he would be, in the essence of the matter, the under dog. Beneath his seemly black hat his bald head went whiter than even its normal deathly whiteness, and perspiration started from its every pore. Almost with a groan, he removed his hat and dried with his handkerchief what were in a way his tears of shame.

Over the interview between Monsieur Peloux and his hireling—cheerfully moistened, on the side of the hireling, with absinthe of a vileness in keeping with its place of purchase—decency demands the partial drawing of a veil. In brief, Monsieur Peloux—his guilty eyes averted, the shame-tears streaming afresh from his bald head—presented his criminal demand and stated the sum that he would pay for its gratification. This sum—being in keeping with his own estimate of what it paid for—was so much in excess of the hireling's views concerning the value of a mere cat-killing that he fairly jumped at it.

“Be not disturbed, Monsieur!” he replied, with the fervor of one really grateful, and with the expansive extravagance of a Marseillais keyed up with exceptionally bad absinthe. “Be not disturbed in the smallest! In this very coming moment this camel of a cat shall die a thousand deaths; and in but another moment immeasurable quanti-



ties of salt and ashes shall obliterate his justly despicable grave! To an instant accomplishment of Monsieur's wishes I pledge whole-heartedly the word of an honest man."

Actually—barring the number of deaths to be inflicted on the Schah de Perse, and the needlessly defiling concealment of his burial-place—this radical treatment of the matter was precisely what Monsieur Peloux desired; and what, in terms of innuendo and euphemism, he had asked for. But the brutal frankness of the hireling, and his evident delight in sinning for good wages, came as an arousing shock to the enfeebled remnant of the Notary's better nature—with a resulting vacillation of purpose to which he would have risen superior had he been longer habituated to the ways of crime.

"No! No!" he said, weakly. "I did not mean that—by no means all of that. At least—That is to say—You will understand me, my good man, that enough will be done if you remove the cat from Marseille. Yes, that is what I mean—take it somewhere. Take it to Cassis, to Arles, to Avignon—where you will—and leave it there. The railway ticket is my charge—and, also, you have an extra Napoléon for your refreshment by the way. Yes, that suffices. In a bag, you know—and soon!"

Returning across the Vieux Port in the *bateau-mouche*, Monsieur Peloux no longer shuddered in dread of crime to be committed—his shuddering was for accomplished crime. On his bald head, unheeded, the gushing tears of shame accumulated in pools.

When leaves of absence permitted him to make retirements to his coquette little estate at Les Martigues, the Major Gontard was as another Cincinnatus: with the minor differences that the lickerish cookings of the brave Marthe—his old *femme de ménage*: a veritable protagonist among cooks, even in Provence—checked him on the side of severe simplicity; that he would have welcomed with effusion lictors, or others, come to announce his advance to a regiment; and that he made no use whatever of a plow.

In the matter of a plow, he had his excuses. His two or three acres of land

lay on a hillside banked in tiny terraces—quite unsuited to the use of that implement—and the whole of his agricultural energies were given to the cultivation of flowers. Among his flowers, intelligently assisted by old Michel, he worked with a zeal bred of his affection for them; and after his workings, when the cool of the evening was come, smoked his pipe refreshingly while seated on the vine-bowered estrade before his trim villa on the crest of the slope: the while sniffing with a just interest at the fumes of old Marthe's cookings, and placidly delighting in the ever-new beauties of the sunsets above the distant mountains and their near-by reflected beauties in the waters of the Etang de Berre.

Save in his professional relations with recalcitrant inhabitants of Northern Africa, he was of a gentle nature, this amiable warrior: ever kindly, when kindness was deserved, in all his dealings with mankind. Equally, his benevolence was extended to the lower orders of animals—that it was understood, and reciprocated, the willing jumping of the Schah de Perse to his friendly knee made manifest—and was exhibited in practical ways. Naturally, he was a liberal contributor to the funds of the *Société Protectrice des Animaux*; and, what was more to the purpose, it was his well-rooted habit to do such protecting as was necessary, on his own account, when he chanced upon any suffering creature in trouble or in pain.

Possessing these commendable characteristics, it follows that the doings of the Major Gontard in the railway station at Pas de Lanciers—on the day sequent to the day on which Monsieur Peloux was the promoter of a criminal conspiracy—could not have been other than they were. Equally does it follow that his doings produced the doings of the man with the bag.

Pas de Lanciers is the little station at which one changes trains in going from Marseille to Les Martigues. Descending from a first-class carriage, the Major Gontard crossed the line and awaited the Martigues train—his leave was for two days, and his thoughts were engaged pleasantly with the breakfast that old Marthe would have ready for him





THE MAJOR IN HIS GARDEN

and with plans for his flowers. From a third-class carriage descended the man with the bag, who also crossed the line and awaited the Martigues train. Presently—the two happening to come together in their saunterings up and down the platform—the Major's interest was aroused by observing that within the bag went on a persistent wriggling; and his interest was quickened into characteristic action when he heard from its interior, faintly but quite distinctly, a very pitiful half-strangled little mew!

"In another moment," said the Major, addressing the man sharply, "that cat will be suffocated. Open the bag instantly, and give it air!"

"Pardon, Monsieur," replied the man, starting guiltily, "this excellent cat is not suffocating. In the bag it breathes freely with all its lungs. It is a pet cat, having the habitude to travel in this manner; and, because it is of a friendly

disposition, it is accustomed thus to make its cheerful little remarks." By way of comment upon this explanation, there came from the bag another half-strangled mew that was not at all suggestive of cheerfulness. It was a faint miserable mew—that told of cat despair!

At that moment a down train came in on the other side of the platform, a train on its way to Marseille.

"Thou art a brute!" said the Major, tersely. "I shall not suffer thy cruelties to continue!" As he spoke, he snatched away the bag from its uneasy possessor, and applied himself to untying its confining cord. Oppressed by the fear that goes with evil-doing, the man hesitated for a moment before attempting to retrieve what constructively was his property.

In that fateful moment the bag was opened, and a woebegone little black cat-head appeared; and then the whole of a



delighted little black cat-body emerged—and cuddled with joy-purrs of recognition in its deliverer's arms! Within the sequent instant the recognition was mutual. "Thunder of guns!" cried the Major. "It is the Schah de Perse!"

Being thus caught red-handed, the hireling of Monsieur Peloux cowered. "Brigand!" continued the Major. "Thou hast ravished away this charming cat by the foulest of robberies. Thou art worse than the scum of Arab camp-followings. And if I had thee to myself, over there in the desert," he added, grimly, "thou shouldst go the same way!"

All overawed by the Major's African attitude, the hireling took to whining. "Monsieur will believe me when I tell him that I am but an unhappy tool—I, an honest man whom a rich tempter, taking advantage of my unmerited poverty, has betrayed into crime. Monsieur himself shall judge me when I have told him all!" And then—with creditably imaginative variations on the theme of a hypothetical dying wife in combination with six supposititious starving children—the man came close enough to telling all to make clear that his backer in cat-stealing was Monsieur Peloux!

With a gasp of astonishment, the Major again took the word. "What matters it, animal, by whom thy crime was prompted? Thou art the perpetrator of it—and to thee comes punishment! Shackles and prisons are in store for thee! I shall—"

But what the Major Gontard had in mind to do toward assisting the march of retributive justice is immaterial—since he did not do it. Even as he spoke—in these terms of doom that qualifying conditions rendered doomless—the man suddenly dodged past him, bolted across the platform, jumped to the foot-board of a carriage of the just-starting train, cleverly bundled himself through an open window, and so was gone: leaving the Major standing lonely, with impotent rage filling his heart, and with the Schah de Perse all a purring cuddle in his arms!

Acting on a just impulse, the Major Gontard sped to the telegraph office. Two hours must pass before he could follow the miscreant; but the departed train ran express to Marseille, and tele-

graphic heading off was possible. To his flowers, and to the romance of a breakfast that old Marthe by then was in the very act of preparing for him, his thoughts went in bitter relinquishment: but his purpose was stern! Plumping the Schah de Perse down any way on the telegraph table, and seizing a pen fiercely, he began his writings. And then, of a sudden, an inspiration came to him that made him stop in his writings—and that changed his flames of anger into flames of joy.

His first act under the influence of this new and better emotion was to tear his half-finished despatch into fragments. His second act was to assuage the needs, physical and psychical, of the Schah de Perse—near to collapse for lack of food and drink, and his little cat feelings hurt by his brusque deposition on the telegraph table—by carrying him tenderly to the buffet; and there—to the impolitely over-obvious amusement of the buffetière—purchasing cream without stint for the allaying of his famishings. To his feasting the Schah de Perse went with the avid energy begotten of his bag-compelled long fast. Dipping his little red tongue deep into the saucer, he lapped with a vigor that all cream-splattered his little black nose. Yet his admirable little cat manners were not forgotten: even in the very thick of his eager lappings—pathetically eager, in view of the cause of them—he purred forth gratefully, with a gurgling chokiness, his earnest little cat thanks.

As the Major Gontard watched this pleasing spectacle his heart was all aglow within him and his face was of a radiance comparable only with that of an Easter-morning sun. To himself he was saying: "It is a dream that has come to me! With the disgraced enemy in retreat, and with the Schah de Perse for my banner, it is that I hold victoriously the whole universe in the hollow of my hand!"

While stopping appreciably short of claiming for himself a clutch upon the universe, Monsieur Peloux also had his satisfactions on the evening of the day that had witnessed the *enlèvement* of the Schah de Perse. By his own eyes he knew certainly that that iniquitous kidnapping



of a virtuous cat had been effected. In the morning the hireling had brought to him in his private office the unfortunate Schah de Perse—all unhappily bagged, and even then giving vent to his pathetic complainings—and had exhibited him, as a *pièce justificatif*, when making his demand for railway fare and the promised extra napoleon. In the mid-afternoon the hireling had returned, with the satisfying announcement that all was accomplished: that he had carried the cat to Pas de Lanciers, of an adequate remoteness, and there had left him with a person in need of a cat who received him willingly. Being literally true, this

statement had in it so convincing a ring of sincerity that Monsieur Peloux paid down in full the blood-money, and dismissed his bravo with commendation. Thereafter, being alone, he rubbed his hands—gladly thinking of what was in the way to happen in sequence to the permanent removal of this cat stumbling-block from his path. Although professionally accustomed to consider the possibilities of permutation, the known fact that petards at times are retroactive did not present itself to his mind.

And yet—being only an essayist in crime, still unhardened—certain compunctions beset him as he approached himself, on the to-be eventful evening of that eventful day, to the door of Madame Jolicœur's modestly elegant dwelling on the Pavé d'Amour. In the back of his head were justly self-condemnatory thoughts, to the general effect that he was a blackguard and deserved to be kicked. In the dominant front of his head, however, were thoughts of a more agreeable sort: of how he would find Madame Jolicœur all torn and rent by the bitter sorrow of her bereavement; of

how he would pour into her harried heart a flood of sympathy by which that injured organ would be soothed and mollified; of how she would be lured along gently to requite his tender condolence with a softening gratitude—that presently would merge easily into the

yet softer phrase of love! It was a well-made programme, and it had its kernel of reason: to his sympathetic method of dealing with juries—notably, for example, in the case of the insurance solicitor—in the main was to be attributed his exceptionally successful professional career.

"M a d a m e dines," was the announcement that met Monsieur Peloux when, in

response to his ring, Madame Jolicœur's door was opened for him by a trim maid-servant. "But Madame already has continued so long her dining," added the maid-servant, with a glint in her eyes that escaped his preoccupied attention, "that in but another instant must come the end. If M'sieu' will have the amiability to await her in the salon, it will be for but a point of time!"

Between this maid-servant and Monsieur Peloux no love was lost. Instinctively he was aware of, and resented, her views—practically identical with those expressed by Madame Gauthier to Monsieur Fromagin—touching his deserts as compared with the deserts of the Major Gontard. Moreover, she had personal incentives to take her revenges. From Monsieur Peloux, her only vail had been a miserable two-franc Christmas-box. From the Major, as from a perpetually-verdant Christmas-tree, bonbons and five-franc pieces at all times descended upon her in showers.

Without perceiving the curious smile that accompanied this young person's curiously cordial invitation to enter, he



HE RUBBED HIS HANDS OVER THE  
PERMANENT REMOVAL OF THE CAT





*Drawn by Frank Craig*

"FINDING HIMSELF AS ON ICE, HE CLUTCHED WITH ALL HIS CLAWS"







accepted the invitation, and was shown into the salon: where he seated himself—a left-handedness of which he would have been incapable had he been less perturbed—in Madame Jolicœur's own especial chair. An anatomical vagary of the Notary's meager person was the undue shortness of his body and the undue length of his legs. Because of this eccentricity of proportion, his bald head rose above the back of the chair to a height approximately identical with that of its normal occupant.

His waiting time—extending from its promised point to what seemed to him to be a whole geographical meridian—went slowly. To relieve it, he took a book from the table, and in a desultory manner turned the leaves. While thus perfunctorily engaged, he heard the clicking of an opening door, and then the sound of voices: of Madame Jolicœur's voice, and of a man's voice—which latter, coming nearer, he recognized beyond all doubting as the voice of the Major Gontard. Of other voices there was not a sound: whence the compromising fact was obvious that the two had gone through that long dinner together, and alone! Knowing, as he did, Madame Jolicœur's habitual disposition toward the *convenances*—willingly to be boiled in oil rather than in the smallest particular to abrade them—he perceived that only two explanations of the situation were possible: either she had lapsed of a sudden into madness; or—the thought was petrifying—the Major Gontard had won out in his French campaigning on his known conquering African lines. The cheerfully sane tone of the lady's voice forbade him to clutch at the poor solace to be found in the first alternative—and so forced him to accept the second. Yielding for a moment to his emotions, the death-whiteness of his bald head taking on a still deathlier pallor, Monsieur Peloux buried his face in his hands and groaned.

In that moment of his obscured perception a little black personage trotted into the salon on soundless paws. Quite possibly, in his then overwrought condition, had Monsieur Peloux seen this personage enter he would have shrieked—in the confident belief that before him was a cat ghost! Pointedly, it was not

a ghost. It was the happy little Schah de Perse himself—all a-frisk with the joy of his blessed home-coming, and very much alive! Knowing, as I do, many of the mysterious ways of little cat souls, I even venture to believe that his over-bubbling gladness largely was due to his sympathetic perception of the gladness that his home-coming had brought to two human hearts.

Certainly, all through that long dinner the owners of those hearts had done their best, by their pettings and their pamperings of him, to make him a participant in their deep happiness; and he, gratefully respondent, had made his affectionate thankings by going through all of his repertory of tricks—with one exception—again and again. Naturally, his great trick, while unexhibited, repeatedly had been referred to. Blushing delightfully, Madame Jolicœur had told about the nightcap that was a necessary part of it; and had promised—blushing still more delightfully—that at some time, in the very remote future, the Major should see it performed. For my own part, because of my knowledge of little cat souls, I am persuaded that the Schah de Perse, while missing the details of this love-laughing talk, did get into his head the general trend of it; and therefore did trot on in advance into the salon with his little cat mind full of the notion that Madame Jolicœur immediately would follow him—to seat herself, duly night-capped, book in hand, in signal for their game of surprises to begin.

Unconscious of the presence of the Schah de Perse, tortured by the gay tones of the approaching voices, clutching his book vengefully as though it were a throat, his bald head beaded with the sweat of agony and the pallor of it intensified by his poignant emotion, Monsieur Peloux sat rigid in Madame Jolicœur's chair!

"It is declared," said Monsieur Brisson, addressing himself to Madame Jouval, for whom he was in the act of preparing what was spoken of between them as "the tonic," a courteous euphemism, "that that villain Notary, aided by a bandit hired to his assistance, was engaged in administering poison to the cat; and that the brave animal, free-



ing itself from the bandit's holdings, tore to destruction the whole of his bald head—and then triumphantly escaped to its home!"

"A sight to see is that head of his!" replied Madame Jouval. "So swathed is it in bandages that the turban of the Grand Turk is less! But Monsieur is a little in error," she added, "as to the happening. Among his many tricks, the cat has the habitude of jumping to the head of his mistress when she encourages him to that purpose by putting on a white cap. In his emotions, he mistook the Notary's bald head for the cap; and in his tremors of fear—at finding himself as on ice on that slippery eminence, and verging to a fall—he clutched for his holding with all his claws. Madame Jolicœur herself has told me that the situation was of so exquisite an absurdity that when she and the Major together beheld it—while regretting the cat's ravagings—they could not refrain from laughing even to tears. Truly, he got his deserts, that iniquitous Notary! That he stole the innocent cat is certain; quite possibly, as Monsieur tells, he also tried to poison him—before the gallant Major rescued the excellent animal, and so brought all to a most happy end!"

"And all of his stealings and poisonings," said Monsieur Brisson, putting aside Madame Jouval's emendations and speaking with rancor, "because of his jealousies of the cat's place in Madame Jolicœur's affections—the affections which he so hopelessly hoped, forgetful of his own repulsiveness, to win for himself."

"Ah, she has done well, that dear lady," said Madame Jouval, warmly. "As between the Notary—repulsive, as Monsieur justly terms him—and the charming Major, her instincts rightly have directed her. That she should wed again, and happily, was Heaven's will!"

"It was the will of the baggage herself!" declared Monsieur Brisson, with bitterness. "Hardly had she put on her travesty of a mourning than she began her oglings of whole armies of men!"

Aside from having confected with her own hands the mourning to which Monsieur Brisson referred so disparagingly, Madame Jouval was not one to hear calmly the ascription of the term bag-

gage—the word has not lost in its native French, as it has lost in its naturalized English, its original epithetical intensity—to a patroness from whom she was in the very article of receiving an order for an exceptionally rich trousseau. Naturally, she bristled. "Monsieur must admit, at least," she said, sharply, "that her oglings did not come in his direction"; and with an irritatingly smooth sweetness added: "As to the dealings of Monsieur Peloux with the cat, Monsieur doubtless speaks with an assured knowledge. Remembering, as we all do, the affair of the unhappy old woman, it is easy to perceive that to Monsieur, above all others, any one in need of poisonings would come!"

The thrust was so keen that for the moment Monsieur Brisson met it only with a savage glare. Then the bottle that he handed to Madame Jouval inspired him with an answer. "Madame is in error. For poisons it is possible to go variously elsewhere—as, for example, to Madame's tongue." Had he stopped with that retort courteous, but also searching, he would have done well. He did ill by adding to it the retort brutal: "But that old women of necessity come to me for their hair-dyes is another matter. That much I grant to Madame with all good-will."

Admirably restraining herself, Madame Jouval replied in tones of sympathy: "Monsieur receives my commiserations in his misfortunes." Losing a large part of her restraint, she continued, her eyes glittering: "Yet Monsieur's temperament clearly is over-sanguine. What he imagined was not less than a miracle of absurdity: that he, weighted down with his infamous murderings of scores of innocent old women, had even a chance the most meager of realizing his ridiculous aspirations to Madame Jolicœur's hand! Monsieur and his aspirations are a tragedy of stupidity—and equally are abounding in all the materials for a farce at the Palais de Cristal!" Snatching up her bottle, and dropping every shred of restraint, she added, conclusively, from the threshold: "As to Monsieur's insults to myself, they are beyond words despicable. Effectively, he is a camel. I heap upon him my mountains of disdain!"



# “Came Those Who Saw and Loved Her”

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

CAME those who saw and loved her,  
She was so fair to see!  
No whit their homage moved her,  
So proud she was, so free;  
But, ah, her soul was turning  
With strange and mystic yearning,  
With some divine discerning,  
Beyond them all—to me.

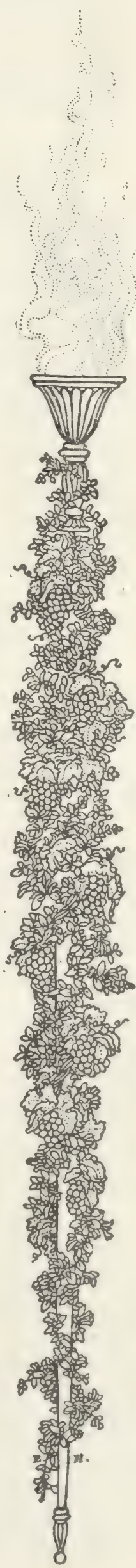
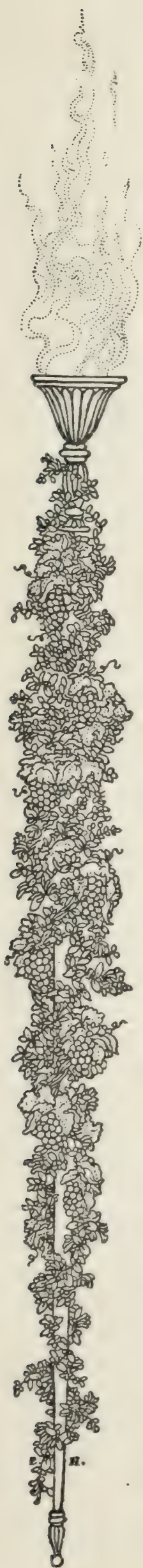
As light to lids that quiver  
Throughout a night forlorn,  
She came—a royal giver—  
My temple to adorn;  
And my soul rose to meet her,  
To welcome her, to greet her,  
To name, proclaim, her sweeter  
And dearer than the morn.

For her most rare devising  
Was mixed no common clay,  
Nor earthly form, disguising  
Its frailty for a day;  
But sun and shadow blended,  
And fire and love descended  
In one creation splendid  
Nor less superb than they.

You, of the finer molding—  
You, of the clearer light—  
Whose spirit life, unfolding,  
Illumed my spirit's night,  
Stoop not to end my dreaming,  
To stain the vision gleaming,  
Or mar that glory, seeming  
Too high for touch or sight.

Dear as the viewless portal  
Of dream-embroidered sleep,  
Lift me to dreams immortal,  
Till, purified, I leap  
To hear the distant thunder  
Of dark veils rent asunder,  
And lose myself in wonder  
At mysteries so deep.

Till, past the somber meadows,  
Tearless and unafraid,  
Linked even in the shadows,  
Our deathless souls have strayed;  
And you, my soul's defender,  
O valiant one and tender,  
Cry out to God's own splendor,  
“Behold the man I made!”





# The Street Called Straight

## A NOVEL

By the Author of "The Inner Shrine"

### CHAPTER XVI

ASHLEY wanted to be alone. He needed solitude in order to face the stupendous bit of information Mrs. Fane had given him. Everything else he had heard during the past twenty-four hours he had felt himself more or less competent to meet. True, his meeting it would be at a sacrifice and the probable loss of some of the best things he had hoped and worked for; but he would have the satisfaction that comes to every man of honor when he has done a brave thing well. There would be something, too, in giving the lie to people who accused him of having no thought but for his own advancement. He had been sensitive to that charge, because of the strain of truth in it, and yet had seen no means of counteracting it. Very well; he should counteract it now.

Since there was no way out of the situation he had found in America—that is, no way consistent with self-respect—it was characteristic of him, both as diplomatist and master of tactics, to review what was still in his favor. He called himself to witness that he had wasted no time in repining. He had risen to the circumstances as fast as nature would permit, and adapted himself right on the spur of the moment to an entirely new outlook on the future. Moreover, he had been able to detach Olivia herself from the degrading facts surrounding her, seeing her as he had seen her from the first, holy and stainless, untouched by conditions through which few women could pass without some personal deterioration. In his admiration and loyalty he had not wavered for a second. On the contrary, he was sure that he should love her the more intensely in spite of, and perhaps because of, her misfortunes.

He felt free, therefore, to resent this

new revelation so fantastically out of proportion to the harmony of life. It was the most staggering thing he had ever heard of. An act such as that with which Drusilla credited Davenant brought into daily existence a feature too prodigious to find room there. Or, rather, having found the room through sheer force of its own bulk, it dwarfed everything else into insignificance. It hid all objects and blocked all ways. You could get neither round it nor over it nor through it. You could not even turn back and ignore it. You could only stand and stare at it helplessly, giving it the full tribute of awe.

Ashley gave it. He gave it while lighting mechanically a cigar which he did not smoke, and standing motionless in the middle of the lawn, heedless of the glances—furtive, discreet, sympathetic, admiring—cast at him from the windows and balconies of the surrounding houses. His quick eye, trained to notice everything within its ken, saw them plainly enough. The houses were not so distant nor the foliage so dense but that kindly, neighborly interest could follow the whole drama taking place at Tory Hill. Ashley could guess with tolerable accuracy that the ladies whom he saw ostensibly reading or sewing on verandas had been invited to the wedding, and were consequently now in the position of spectators at a play. The mere detail of this American way of living, with un-walled properties merging into one another, and doors and windows flung wide to every passing glance, gave him an odd sense of conducting his affairs in the market-place or on the stage. If he did not object to it, it was because of the incitement to keep up to the level of his best which he always drew from the knowledge that other people's eyes were upon him.

He felt this stimulus when Olivia came



out to the Corinthian portico, seating herself in a wicker chair, with an obvious invitation to him to join her.

"Drusilla Fane has been telling me about your—your friend."

She knew he meant the last two words to be provocative. She knew it by slight signs of nervousness in his way of standing before her, one foot on the grass and the other on the first step of the portico. He betrayed himself, too, in an unsuccessful attempt to make his intonation casual, as well as by puffing at his cigar without noticing that it had gone out. An instant's reflection decided her to accept his challenge. As the subject had to be met, the sooner it came up the better.

She looked at him mildly. "What did she say about him?"

"Only that he was the man who put up the money."

"Yes, he was."

"Why didn't you tell me that this morning?"

"I suppose because there was so much else to say. We should have come round to it in time. I did tell you everything but his name."

"And the circumstances."

"How do you mean—the circumstances?"

"I got the impression from you this morning that it was some millionaire Johnny who'd come to your father's aid by advancing the sum in the ordinary way of business. I didn't understand that it was a comparatively poor chap who was cleaning himself out to come to yours."

In wording his phrase he purposely went beyond the warrant, in order to rouse her to denial, or perhaps to indignation. But she said only:

"Did Drusilla say it was to come to my aid?"

"She didn't say it—exactly. I gathered that it was what she thought."

She astonished him by saying, simply: "I think so, too."

"Extraordinary! Do you mean to say he dropped out of a clear sky—?"

"I must answer that by both a yes and a no. He did drop out of a clear sky just lately; but I'd known him before."

"Ah!" His tone was that of a cross-

examiner dragging the truth from an unwilling witness. He put his questions rapidly and sharply, as though at a court-martial. "So you'd known him before! Did you know him *well*?"

"I didn't think it was well; but apparently he did, because he asked me to marry him."

Ashley bounded. "Who? That—that cowboy!"

"Yes; if he is a cowboy."

"And you took money from him?"

Her elbow rested on the arm of her chair; the tip of her chin on the back of her bent fingers. Without taking her eyes from his she inclined her head slowly in assent.

"That is," he hastened to say, in some compunction, "your father took it. We must keep the distinction—"

"No; I took it. Papa was all ready to decline it. He had made up his mind—"

"Do you mean that the decision to accept it rested with you?"

"Practically."

"You didn't—" He hesitated, stammered, and grew red. "You didn't—" he began again. "You'll have to excuse the question. . . . I simply *must* know, by Jove! . . . You didn't *ask* him for it?"

She rose with dignity. "If you'll come in I'll tell you about it. We can't talk out here."

He came up the portico steps to the level on which she was standing. "Tell me that first," he begged. "You *didn't* ask him for it? Did you?"

In the French window, as she was about to enter the room, she half turned round. "I don't think it would bear that construction; but it might. I'd rather you judged for yourself. I declined it at first—and then I said I'd take it. I don't know whether you'd call that asking. But please come in."

He followed her into the oval room, where they were screened from neighborly observation, while, with the French window open, they had the advantage of the air and the rich, westering sunshine. Birds hopped about in the trees, and now and then a gray squirrel darted across the grass.

"I should think," he said, nervously, before she had time to begin her explanation, "that a fellow who had done that



for you would occupy your mind to the exclusion of everybody else."

Guessing that he hoped for a disclaimer on her part, she was sorry to be unable to make it.

"Not to their exclusion—but perhaps—a little to their subordination."

He pretended to laugh. "What a pretty distinction!"

"You see, I haven't been able to help it. He's loomed up so tremendously above everything—"

"And every one."

"Yes," she admitted, with apologetic frankness, "and every one—that is, in the past few days—that it's as if I couldn't see anything but him."

"Oh, I'm not jealous," he exclaimed, pacing up and down the length of the room.

"Of course not," she agreed, seating herself in one of the straight-backed chairs. Her arm rested on the small round table in the center of the room, while she looked out across the lawn to the dahlias and zinnias on its farther edge.

Ashley, who had flung his panama on a sofa, continued to pace up and down the room. He moved jerkily, like a man preserving outward self-control in spite of extreme nervous tension.

He listened almost without interruption while she gave him a precise account of Davenant's intervention in her father's troubles. She spared no detail of her own opposition and eventual capitulation. She spoke simply and easily, as though repeating something learned by heart, just as she had narrated the story of Guion's defaulting in the morning. Apart from the fact that she toyed with a paper-knife lying on the table, she sat rigidly still, her eyes never wandering from the line of autumn flowers on the far side of the lawn.

"So you see," she concluded, in her quiet voice, "I came to understand that it was a choice between taking it from him and taking it from the poor women papa had ruined; and I thought that as he was young—and strong—and a man—he'd be better able to bear it. That was the reason."

He came to a standstill on the other side of the table, where he could see her in profile.

"You're extraordinary, by Jove!" he muttered. "You're not a bit like what you look. You look so fragile and tender; and yet you could have let that old man—"

"I could only have done it if it was right. Nothing that's right is very hard, you know."

"And what about the suffering?"

She half smiled, faintly shrugging her shoulders. "Don't you think we make more of suffering than there's any need for? Suffering is nothing much—except, I suppose, the suffering that comes from want. That's tragic. But physical pain—and the things we call trials—are nothing so terrible, if you know the right way to bear them."

The abstract question didn't interest him. He resumed his restless pacing.

"So," he began again, in his tone of conducting a court-martial—"so you refused the money in the first place, because you thought the fellow was trying to get you into his power. Have you had any reason to change your opinion since?"

"None, except that he makes no effort to do it."

He stopped again beside the table. "And do you suppose he would? When you've prepared your ambush cleverly enough you don't have to go out and drag your victim into it. You've only to lie still and he'll walk in of his own accord."

"Of course I see that."

"Well, what then?"

She threw him a glance over her shoulder. To do so it was necessary for her to turn her head both sidewise and upward, so that he got the exquisite lines of the neck and profile, the mysterious gray-green tint of the eyes, and the coppery gleam of her hair.

The appeal to his senses and to something beyond made him gasp. It made him tremble. "My God, what a wife for *me*!" he was saying to himself. "She's got the pluck of a Jeanne d'Arc and the nerve of a Christian martyr."

"Well, then," she said, in answer to his words, "I don't have to walk into the ambush—unless I want to."

"Does that mean that there are conceivable conditions in which you might want to?"





*Drawn by Orson Lowell*

SHE SPARED NO DETAIL OF HER OWN OPPOSITION AND EVENTUAL CAPITULATION







She turned completely round in her chair. Both hands, with fingers interlaced, rested on the table as she looked up at him.

"I shall have to let you find your own reply to that."

"But you know he's in love with you."

"I know he was in love with me once. I've no absolute reason to think that he is so still."

"But supposing he was? Would it make any difference to you?"

"Would it make any difference to you?"

"It would make the difference—"

He stopped in confusion. While he was not clear as to what he was going to say, he was startled by the possibilities before him. The one thing plain was that her question, simple as it seemed, gave an entirely new turn to the conversation. It called on him to take the lead, and put him, neatly and skilfully, in the one place of all others which—had he descried it in advance—he would have been eager to avoid. Would it make any difference to him? What difference *could* it make? What difference *must* it make?

It was one of those moments which occur from time to time when a man of honor must speak first and reflect afterward—just as at the heights of Dargal he had had to risk his life for Private Vickerson's, without debating as to which of them could the more easily be spared.

"It would make the difference—"

He stopped again. It was a great deal to say. Once he had said it there could be no reconsideration. Fear, destruction, and the pit might come upon him; the Service, the country, Heneage, home, honors, ambitions, promotions, high posts of command, all might be swept into the abyss, and yet one imperative duty would survive the wreck, his duty to be Rupert Ashley at his finest.

He was silent so long that she asked, not impatiently: "It would make what difference, Rupert?"

It was clear that she had no idea as to what was passing in his mind. There had been an instant—just an instant—no more—when he had almost doubted her, when her strategy in putting him where he was had seemed too deft to be the result of chance. But with her pure

face turned upward and her honest eyes on his that suspicion couldn't last.

"It would make the difference—"

If he paused again, it was only because his throat swelled with a choking sensation that made it difficult to speak. Nevertheless, the space, which was not longer than a few seconds by the clock, gave him time to remember that as his mother's and his sister's incomes were inalienable, he was by so much the more free. He was by so much the more free to do the mad, romantic, quixotic thing which might seem to be a contradiction of his past, but was not so much a contradiction of *himself* as people who knew him imperfectly might suppose. He was taken to be ambitious, calculating, shrewd; when all the while he knew himself to be—as most Englishmen are at heart—quixotic, romantic, and even a little mad, when madness can be sublime.

He was able at last to get his sentence out.

"It would make the difference that . . . before we are married . . . or after . . . probably after . . . I should have to square him."

"Square him?" she echoed the words as though she had no idea what they meant.

"I'm worth . . . I *must* be worth . . . a hundred thousand pounds . . . perhaps more."

"Oh, you mean, square him in that way."

"I must be a man of honor before everything!"

"You couldn't be anything else. You don't need to go to extremes like that to prove it."

Her lack of emotion, of glad enthusiasm, chilled him. She even ceased to look at him, turning her profile toward him, and gazing again abstractedly across the lawn. A sudden fear took hold of him, the fear that his hesitations, his evident difficulty in getting the thing out, had enabled her to follow the processes by which he whipped himself up to an act that should have been spontaneous. He had a suspicion, too, that in this respect he had fallen short of the American—the cowboy, as he had called him. "I must do better than him," he said, in his English idiom. The thought that he might not have done as well was rather sickening.



ing. If he had so failed it was through inadvertence, but the effect on Olivia would be as great as if it was from fear. To counteract it he felt the need of being more emphatic. His emphasis took the form of simple common sense.

"It isn't going to extremes to take up one's own responsibilities. I can't let a fellow like that do things for your father any more than for mine, by Jove! It's not only doing things for my father, but for—my wife."

Drawing up a small chair, he sat down on the other side of the table. He sat down with the air of a man who means to stay and take possession.

"Oh, but I'm not your wife, Rupert."

"You're my wife already," he declared, "to all intents and purposes. We've published our intention to become man and wife to the world. Neither of us can go back on that. The mere fact that certain words haven't been mumbled over us is secondary. For everything that constitutes duty I'm your husband now."

"Oh no, you're not. You're the noblest man in the world, Rupert. I never dreamed that there could be any one like you. But I couldn't let you—I couldn't—"

He crushed her hands in both of his own, leaning toward her across the table. "Oh, my darling, if you only knew how easy it is—"

"No, it isn't easy. It can't be easy. I couldn't let you do it for me—"

"But what about *him*? You let *him*!"

"Oh, but that's different."

"How is it different?"

"I don't know, Rupert; but it is. Or rather," she went on, rapidly, "I do know, but I can't explain. If you were an American you'd understand it."

"Oh, American—be blowed!" The accent was all tenderness, the protest all beseeching.

"I can't explain it," she hurried on, "because you don't understand us. It's one of the ways in which an Englishman never *can* understand us. But the truth is that money doesn't mean as much to us as it does to you. I know you think the contrary, but that's where you make your primary mistake. It's light come

and light go with most of us, for the simple reason that money is outside our real life; whereas with you English it's the warp and woof of it."

"Oh, bosh, darling!"

"No, it isn't bosh. In your civilization it's as the blood; in ours it's only as the clothing. That's something like the difference. In accepting it from Peter Davenant—which is hard enough!—I take only what he can do without; whereas—"

"I can do without it, too."

"Whereas," she persisted, "if I were to let you do this I should be robbing you of the essence of what you are."

He drew back slightly. "You mean that your Yankee is a strong man, while I'm—"

"I don't mean anything invidious or unkind. But isn't it self-evident, or nearly, that we're individuals, while you're parts of an intricate social system? The minute you fall out of your place in the system you come to grief; but vicissitudes don't affect us much more than a change of coats."

"I don't care a button for my place in the system."

"But I do. I care for it *for* you. I should have married you and shared it if I could. But I'd rather not marry you than that you should lose it."

"That is," he said, coldly, "you'd rather use *his* money than—"

She withdrew her hands, her brows contracting and her eyes clouding in her effort to make him understand the position from her point of view. "You see, it's this way. For one thing, we've taken the money already. That's past. We may have taken it temporarily, or for good and all, as things turn out; but in any case it's done. And it is easier for us to draw on him rather than on you, because he's one of ourselves."

"One of yourselves? I thought that's just what he wasn't. I thought he was a jolly outsider."

"You mean socially. But that again hasn't much significance in a country where socially we're all of one class. Where there's only one class there can't be any outsiders."

"Oh, that's all very fine. But look at you!—with your extremes of rich and poor—!"



"That's the most superficial difference among us. It's the easiest possible thing to transcend. I'm transcending it now in feeling that I've a right—yes, a kind of right—to take Peter Davenant's money, because as Americans we've a claim on each other."

He threw himself against the straight back of the chair, his arms flung out with a gesture that brought his hands nearly to the floor. "You're the last people in the world to feel anything of the kind. Every one knows that you're a set of ruthless, predatory—"

"I know that's the way it seems; and I'm not defending anything that may be wrong. And yet, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, we *have* a sense of brotherhood—I don't know any other name for it—among ourselves which isn't to be found anywhere else in the world. You English haven't got it. That's why the thing I'm saying seems mere sentiment to you, and even mawkish. You're so afraid of sentiment. But it's true. It may be only a rudimentary sense of brotherhood; and it's certainly not universal, as it ought to be, because we feel it only among ourselves. We don't really include the foreigner—not at least till he becomes one of us. I'm an instance of that limitation myself, because I can't feel it toward you, and I do—"

"You do feel it toward the big chap," he said, scornfully.

She made a renewed effort to explain herself. "You see, it's something like this. If my aunt de Melcourt, who's very well off, were to come forward and help us, I'd let her do it without scruple. Not that there's any particular reason why she should! But if she did—well, you can see for yourself that it wouldn't be as if she were a stranger."

"Of course! She's one of your own people—and all that."

"Well, he's one of our own people. Not to the degree that she is, but the same sort of thing, even if more distant. It's very distant, I admit."

His lip curled. "So distant as to be out of sight."

"No; not for him—or for me."

He sprang to his feet. "Look here, Olivia," he cried, nervously, holding his chair by the back, "what does it all mean? What are you leading up to?"

"I'm telling you as plainly as I can."

"What you aren't telling me as plainly as you can is which of us you're in love with."

She colored. It was one of those blushes that spread up the temples and over the brows and along the line of the hair with the splendor of a stormy dawn.

"I didn't know the question had been raised," she said; "but since apparently it has—"

It might have been contrition for a foolish speech, or fear of what she was going to say that prompted him to interrupt her hurriedly:

"I beg your pardon. It was idiotic of me to say that. I didn't mean it. As a matter of fact, I'm jumpy. I'm not master of myself. So much has been happening—"

He came round the table, and, snatching one of her hands, he kissed it again and again. He even sank on one knee beside her, holding her close to him. With the hand that remained free she stroked his crisp, wavy, iron-gray hair as a sign of pardon.

"You're quite wrong about me," he persisted. "Even if you're right about other Englishmen—which I don't admit—you're wrong about me. If I had to give up everything I had in the world, I should have all the compensation a man could desire if I got you."

She leaned over him, pressing his head against her breast, as she whispered:

"You couldn't get me that way. You must understand—I must make it as plain to you as I can—that I couldn't go to you except as an equal. I couldn't go to any man—"

He sprang to his feet. "But you *came* to me as an equal," he cried, in tones of exasperation. "That's all over and done with. It's too late to reconsider the step we've taken—too late for me, much too late!—and equally too late for you."

"I can't admit that, Rupert. I've still the right to draw back."

"The legal right, yes; whether or not you've the moral right would depend on your sense of honor."

"Of honor?"

"Certainly. There's an honor for you as well as for me. When I'm so true to you it wouldn't be the square thing to play me false."



She rose without haste. "Do you call that a fair way of putting it?—to say that I play you false because I refuse to involve you in our family disasters? I don't think any one could blame me for that."

"What they could blame you for is this, by Jove!—for backing out of what is practically a marriage, and for deserting me in a way that will make it seem as if I had deserted you. Quite apart from the fact that life won't be worth anything to me without you, it will mean ruin as a man of honor if I go home alone. Every one will say—*every one*—that I funk'd the thing because your father—"

She hastened to speak. "That's a very urgent reason. I admit its force—"

She paused because there was a sound of voices overhead. Footsteps came along the upper hall and began to descend the stairs. Presently Davenant could be heard saying:

"Then I shall tell Harrington that they may as well foreclose at one time as another."

"Just as well," Guion's reply came from the direction of his bedroom door. "I see nothing to be gained by waiting."

"They're talking about the mortgage on the property," Olivia explained, as Davenant continued to descend. "This house is to be sold, and everything in it."

"Which is one more reason why we should be married without delay. I say," he added, in another tone, "let's have him in."

"Oh no! What for?"

Before she could object further, Ashley had slipped out into the hall. "I say! Come along in."

His attitude as he stood with hands thrust into his jacket pockets and shoulders squared bespoke conscious superiority to the man whom he addressed. Though Davenant was not in her line of vision she could divine his astonishment at this, as well as his resentment to the tone of command. She heard him muttering an excuse which Ashley interrupted with his offhand "Oh, come in. Miss Guion would like to see you."

She felt it her duty to second this invitation. Davenant murmured something about town and business.

"It's too late for town and business at this hour," Ashley objected. "Come in."

He withdrew toward the room where Olivia was standing between the portières of the doorway. Davenant yielded, partly because of his ignorance of the small arts of graceful refusal, but more because of his curiosity concerning the man Olivia Guion was to marry. He had some interest, too, in observing one who had been chosen where he himself had been rejected. It would afford an answer to the question, "What lack I yet?" with which he was tormented at all times. That it could not be a flattering answer was plain to him from the careless, indefinable graces of Ashley's style. It was a style that Davenant would have scorned to imitate, but which nevertheless he envied. In contrast with its unstudied ease he could feel his own social methods to be labored and apologetic. Where he was watchful to do the right thing, what Ashley said or did became the right thing because he said or did it. With the echo of soft English vowels and clear, crisp consonants in his ears, his own pronunciations, too, were rough with the harshnesses transmitted from an ancestry to whom the melody of speech was of no more practical concern than the music of the spheres.

Something of all this Olivia guessed. She guessed it with a feeling of being on his side—on the American side—which a month ago would have astonished her. She guessed, too, on Davenant's part, that feeling of irritation which the calm assumptions of the Old World are likely to create when in contact with the aggressive unpretentiousness of the New, and if need were she was ready to stand by him. All she could say, however, for the moment was:

"Won't you sit down? Perhaps I ought to ring for tea."

She made the latter remark from habit. It was what she was accustomed to think of when on an autumn day the sun went behind the distant rim of Brookline hills, and dusk began to gather in the oval room, as it was gathering now. If she did not ring, it was because of her sense of the irony of offering hospitality in a house where not even a cup of tea was paid for.

She seated herself beside the round table, in the chair she had occupied a half-hour earlier, facing inward to the



room instead of outward to the portico. Ashley backed to the curving wall of the room, while Davenant scarcely advanced beyond the doorway. In his slow, careful approach the latter reminded her somewhat of a big St. Bernard dog responding to the summons of a leopard.

"Been up to see—?" Ashley nodded in the direction of what he took to be Guion's room.

Davenant, too, nodded, but said nothing.

"How did you find papa to-day?"

"Pretty fair, Miss Guion; only, perhaps, a little more down on his luck than usual."

"The excitement kept him up at first. Now that that's over—"

Ashley interrupted her, addressing himself to Davenant. "I understand that it's to you we owe Mr. Guion's relief from the most pressing part of his cares."

Davenant's face clouded. It was the thing he was afraid of—Ashley's intrusion into the little domain of helpfulness which for a few days he had made his own. He answered warily.

"My business with Mr. Guion, Colonel, has been private. I hope you won't mind if we leave it so."

Ashley's manner took on the diplomatic persuasiveness he used toward restive barbaric potentates.

"Not a bit, my dear fellow. Of course it's private—only not as regards Miss Guion and me. You simply *must* allow us to say how grateful we are for your help, even though it need be no more than temporary."

The word produced its effect. Davenant looked from Ashley to Olivia while he echoed it. "Temporary?"

Ashley nodded again. "You have no objection, I presume, to that?"

"If Mr. Guion is ever in a position to pay me back," Davenant said, slowly, in some bewilderment, "of course I'll take it."

"Quite so; and I think I may say that with a little time—let us say a year—we shall be able to meet—"

"It's a good bit of money," Davenant warned him.

"I know that; but if you'll give us a little leeway—as I know you will—"

"He means," Olivia spoke up, "that he'll sell his property and pay you."

"I don't want that," Davenant said, hastily.

"But I do. It's a point of honor with me not to let another man shoulder—"

"And it's a point of honor with me, Rupert—" interrupted Olivia.

"To stand by me," he broke in, quickly.

"I can't see it that way. What you propose is entirely against my judgment. It's fantastic; it's unreal. I want you to understand that if you attempted to carry it out I shouldn't marry you. Whatever the consequences either to you or to me—I *shouldn't* marry you."

"And if I didn't attempt it? Would you marry me then?"

She looked up, then down, then at Davenant, then away from him. Finally she fixed her gaze on Ashley.

"Yes," she said at last. "If you'll promise to let this wild project drop, I'll marry you whenever you like. I'll waive all the other difficulties—"

Davenant came forward, his hand outstretched. "I think I must say good-by now, Miss Guion—"

"No; wait," Ashley commanded. "This matter concerns you."

Olivia sprang to her feet. "No, it doesn't, Rupert," she said, hastily.

"No, it doesn't," Davenant repeated after her. "It's not my affair. I decline to be brought into it. I think I must say good-by now, Miss Guion—"

"Listen, will you!" Ashley said, impatiently. "I'm not going to say anything either of you need be afraid of. I'm only asking you to do me the justice of trying to see things from my point of view. You may think it forced, or artificial, or anything you please; but unfortunately, as an officer and a gentleman, I've got to take it. The position you'd put me in would be this—of playing a game, and a jolly important game at that—in which the loser loses to me on purpose."

Ashley found much satisfaction in this way of putting it. Without exposing him to the necessity of giving details, it made clear his perception of what was going on. Moreover, it secured him *le beau rôle*, which for a few minutes he feared he might have compromised. In the look he caught, as it flashed between Olivia and Davenant, he



saw the signs of that appreciation he found it so hard to do without—the appreciation of Rupert Ashley as the chivalrous Christian gentleman, at once punctilious and daring, who would count all things as loss in order to achieve the highest type of manhood.

"If we're going to play a game," he continued, addressing Davenant, before the latter had time to speak, "for Heaven's sake let us play it straight—like men. Let the winner win and the loser lose—"

"I've no objection to that, Colonel, when I *do* play—but at present—"

"Look here," Ashley said, with a new inspiration, "I put it to you—I put it to you as a man—simply as a *man*—without any highfalutin principles whatever. Suppose I'd done what you've done—and given my bottom dollar—"

"But I haven't."

"Well, no matter! Suppose I had done what you've done—and you were in my place—would you, as a man—simply as a *man*, mind you—be willing to go off with the lady whom I had freed from great anxiety—to say the least—and be happy forever after—and so forth—with nothing but a Thank-you-sir? Come now! Would you?"

It was evident that Davenant was shy of accepting this challenge. He colored and looked uneasy—all the more so because Olivia lifted her eyes to him appealingly, as though begging him to come to her support. It was perhaps in the belief that he would do so that she said, earnestly, leaning forward a little:

"Tell him, Mr. Davenant, tell him."

"I don't see what it's got to do with me—" Davenant began to protest.

"It's got everything to do with you," Ashley broke in. "Since you've created the situation you can't shirk the responsibilities."

"Tell him, Mr. Davenant, tell him," Olivia repeated. "Would you, or would you not?"

He looked helplessly from the one to the other. "Well, then—I wouldn't," he said, simply.

"There you are!" Ashley cried, triumphantly, moving away from the wall and turning toward Olivia.

She was plainly disappointed. Davenant could so easily have said, "I would."

Nevertheless, she answered quietly, picking up the paper-knife that lay on the table and turning it this way and that as though studying the tints of the mother-of-pearl in the dying light:

"It doesn't matter to me, Rupert, what other people would do or would not do. If you persist in this attempt—this mad attempt—I shall not marry you."

He strode to the table, looking down at her averted face and bent head.

"Then we're at a deadlock."

She gave him a quick glance. "No; it isn't a deadlock, because—because there's still a way out."

He leaned above her, supporting himself with his hand on the table. "And it's a way I shall never take so long as you can't say—what you admitted a little while ago that you couldn't say—"

"I can't say it," she murmured, her face still further averted; "but all the same it's cruel of you to make it a condition."

He bent lower till his lips almost touched her hair. "It's cruel of you," he whispered, "to put me in the position where I must."

The room and the hall behind it were now so dim that Davenant had no difficulty in slipping between the portières and getting away.

## CHAPTER XVII

"HE'S going to squeeze me out."

This was Davenant's reflection as he walked back, along the embankment, to Rodney Temple's house. He made it bitterly, in the light of clarified views as to the ethics of giving and taking benefits. Up to within the last few days the subject had seemed to him a relatively simple one. If you had money, and wished to give it away, you gave it. If you needed it, and were so lucky as to have it offered you, you took it. That was all. That such natural proceedings should create complicated relations and searchings of heart never entered his mind.

He could see that they might, however, now that the knowledge was forced upon him. Enlightenment came by the easy process of putting himself in Ashley's place. "I wouldn't take my wife as a kind of free gift from another fellow—"



I'll be hanged if I would! I'd marry her on my own or not at all."

And unless Ashley assumed the responsibilities of his future wife's position, he couldn't marry her "on his own." That much was clear. It was also the most proper thing in the world. It was a right—a privilege. He looked upon it chiefly as a privilege. Ashley would sell his estate, and having paid him, Davenant, the money he had advanced, would send him about his business. There would be nothing left for him but to disappear. The minute there was no need for him there would be no place for him. He had been no more than the man who holds a horse till the owner comes and rides away.

Worse than that reflection was the fear that his intervention had been uncalled for in the first place. The belief that it was imperative had been his sole excuse for forcing himself on people who fought against his aid and professed themselves able to get along without it. But the event seemed to show that, if he had let things alone, Rupert Ashley would have come and taken the burden on himself. As he was apparently able to shoulder it, it would have been better to let him do it. In that case he, Peter Davenant, would not have found himself in a position from which he could not withdraw, while it was a humiliation to be dislodged from it.

But, on the other hand, he would have missed the most wonderful experience of his life. There was that side to it, too. He would not have had these moments face to face with Olivia Guion which were to be as food for his sustenance all the rest of his life. During these days of discussion, of argument, of conflict between his will and hers, he had the entirely conscious sense that he was laying up the treasure on which his heart would live as long as it continued to beat. The fact that she found intercourse with him more or less distasteful became a secondary matter. To be in her presence was the thing essential, whatever the grounds on which he was admitted there. In this way he could store up her looks, her words, her gestures, against the time when the memory of them would be all he should have. As for her proposals of friendship made

to him that day—her suggestions of visits to be paid to Ashley and herself, with introductions to a greater world—he swept them aside. He quite understood that she was offering him the two mites that make a farthing out of the penury of her resources, and, while he was touched by the attempt to pay him, he didn't want them.

He had said, and said again, that he didn't want anything at all. Nor did he. It would have been enough for him to go on as he was going now—to fetch and carry—to meet lawyers and pacify creditors—to protect her father because he *was* her father—and get a glimpse of her or a word from her when he came on his errands to Tory Hill. There were analogies between his devotion and the adoration of a mortal for a goddess beyond the stars. Like Hippolytus, he would have been content that his Artemis should never step down from her shrine so long as he was permitted to lay his gifts on her altar.

At least, he had felt so till to-day. He had begun the adventure in the strength of the desire born of his visit to the scene of his father's work at Hankow to do a little good. True, it was an impulse of which he was more than half ashamed. Its mere formulation in words rendered it bumptious and presumptuous. Beyond the confession made to Rodney Temple on the night of his arrival no force could have induced him to avow it. Better any imputation of craft than the suspicion of wanting to confer benefits on his fellow-men. It was a satisfaction to him to be able to say, even in his own inner consciousness, that the desperate state of Guion's affairs forced his hand and compelled him to a quixotic course which he would not otherwise have taken. There was even some truth in his assertion that, in the mood in which he returned from China, he would have done as much, or nearly as much, for any chance needy individual who happened to cross his path.

That is to say, during the first four-and-twenty hours he got no special gratification from the fact that he was helping Olivia Guion's father, and indirectly Olivia Guion herself. He was helping a man because he was a man, and, in



this particular instance, a man whom he had once respected and admired. Exaltation came only after his first long talk with her alone. Not till then did he truly see in the humiliated woman with whom he had to do the girl who nine years earlier had stirred all his senses, changing him from a lad into a man.

He drew a distinction, however, between his state of mind as it had been then and as it was to-day. Nine years earlier he had admitted frankly that he was in love. He made no such admission now. To do so would have put him in a disadvantageous position, if not a false one. "I'm not in love with her," he reiterated from time to time, thus obtaining, or fancying he obtained, immunity from that mischance.

The first glimpse of Ashley brought this verbal shelter to the dust. So long as the accepted lover had been but an abstract conception, Davenant had been able to think of him with toleration. But in presence of the actual man the feeling of antagonism was instinctive, animal, instantaneous. With this alert and capable soldier on the spot, there would be no need for a clumsy interloper any longer. They could do without him, and would be glad to see him go.

The upshot of it all was that he must retire. It was not only the part of tact, but a gentleman could do no less. Ashley had all the rights and powers. The effort to withstand him would be worse than ineffectual, it would be graceless. In Miss Guion's eyes it would be a blunder even more unpardonable than that for which her punishment had been in some ways the ruling factor in his life. He was sure she would not so punish him again, but her disdain would not be needed. Merely to be *de trop* in her sight, merely to be troublesome, would be a chastisement from which he should suffer all the stings of shame. If he was to go on serving her with the disinterestedness of which, to himself at any rate, he had made a boast, if he was to keep the kindly feeling she had perhaps begun to entertain for him, he must resign his provisional authority into Ashley's hands and efface himself.

To do that would be easy. He had only to advance by a few weeks his de-

parture for Stoughton, Michigan, where he meant to return in any case. It was the familiar field of those opportunities in copper which he hoped to profit by again. Once he was on that ground, Olivia Guion and her concerns would be as much a part of a magic past as the woods and mountains of a holiday are to a man nailed down at an office desk. With a very little explanation to Ashley he could turn his back on the whole business and give himself up to his own affairs.

He made an effort to recapture his zest in the old game, but after the passionate interest he had put into the past week the fun was out of it. Stoughton, Michigan, presented itself as a ramshackled, filthy wooden town of bar-rooms, eating-rooms, pool-rooms, and unspeakable hotels. The joys and excitements he had known over such deals as the buying and selling of the Catapult, the Peppermint, and the Etna mines were as flat now as the lees of yesternight's feast. "I'm not in love with her," he kept saying doggedly to himself; and yet the thought of leaving Olivia Guion and her interests to this intrusive stranger, merely because he was supposed to have a prior claim, was sickening. It was more sickening still that the Englishman should not only be disposed to take up all the responsibilities Davenant would be laying down, but seemed competent to do it.

On the embankment he met Rodney Temple, taking the air after his day in the Gallery of Fine Arts. Temple walked slowly, with a stoop, his hands behind him. Now and then he paused to enjoy the last tints of pink and purple and dusky saffron mirrored in the reaches of the river, or to watch the swing of some college crew and the swanlike movement of their long, frail shell.

"Hello!" he called. "Are you going home?"

Davenant had not yet raised this question with himself, but now that it was before him he saw it was worth considering. Home, for the present, meant Drusilla and Mrs. Temple, with their intuitions and speculations, their hints and sympathies. He scarcely knew which he dreaded most, the old lady's inquisitive tenderness or Drusilla's unsparing perspicacity.



"Not home just yet, sir," he had the wit to say. "In fact, I'm walking in to Boston, and may not be home to dinner. Perhaps you'll tell Mrs. Temple so when you go in. Then I sha'n't have to 'phone her."

Temple let this pass. "Been up to look at the great man?"

Peter nodded. "Just come from there."

"And what do you make of him?"

"Oh, he's a decent sort."

"Not going to back out, eh?"

"Not at all; just the other way: he wants to step in and take everything off—off our hands."

"You don't say so. Then he's what you say—a decent sort."

"He's more than that," Davenant heard himself saying, to his own surprise. "He's a fine specimen of his type, and the type itself—"

"Is superb," the old man concluded. "That's about what I supposed he'd be. You could hardly imagine Olivia Guion picking out any other kind—especially as it's a kind that's as thick as blackberries in their army."

Davenant corroborated this by a brief account of what Ashley proposed to do. Light gleamed in the old man's eyes and a smile broke the shaggy crevice between his beard and mustache as he listened.

"Splendid! Splendid!" he commented, now at one point and now at another of the information Peter was imparting. "Sell his estate and pay up? That's downright sporting, isn't it?"

"Oh, he's sporting enough."

"And what a grand thing for you to get your money back. I thought you would some day—if Vic de Melcourt ever came to hear of what you'd done; but I didn't expect it so soon."

Davenant turned away. "I wasn't in a hurry."

"No; but he is. That's the point. That's where the beauty of it comes in for Olivia and you."

Davenant looked blank. "Olivia and me?"

"He's doing right," the old man explained, taking hold of the lapel of Davenant's coat, "or what he conceives to be right; and no one man can do that without putting us into a better position all round. Doing right," he continued, emphasizing his words by shaking the lapel

and hammering on Davenant's breast—"doing right is the solution of all the difficulties in which we get ourselves tied up by shilly-shallying and doing wrong. If Ashley were to hang fire you wouldn't know where the devil you were. But now that he's going straight, it leaves you free to do the same."

"It leaves me free to cut and run." He made little effort to conceal his bitterness.

"Then cut and run, if that's what you feel impelled to do. You won't run far before you see you're running to a purpose. I'll cut and run, too," he added, cheerfully. "I'll be off to see Olivia, and tell her she's made a catch."

Davenant was glad to be able to resume his tramp. "Poor old chap," he said to himself; "a lot he knows about it! It's damned easy to do right when you've got everything your own way."

Having everything his own way was the happy position in which he placed Rupert Ashley, seeing he was able to marry Olivia Guion by the simple process of selling an estate. There was no more to that in Davenant's estimation than to his own light parting with his stocks and bonds. Whatever sacrifice the act might entail would have ample compensation, since the giving up of the temporal and non-essential would secure supreme and everlasting bliss. He would gladly have spared a hand or an eye for a mere chance at the same reward.

Arrived in Boston there was nothing for him to do but to eat an expensive dinner at a restaurant, and go back again. He did not return on foot. He had had enough of his own thoughts. They led him round and round in a circle. He was ashamed, too, to perceive that they concerned themselves chiefly, not with his love for Olivia Guion, but with his enmity to Rupert Ashley. It was the first time in his life that he was ever possessed by the fury to kill a man. He wouldn't have been satisfied to be rid of Ashley; he wanted to leap on him, to strike him, to choke him, to beat him to death. Sitting with his eyes fixed on the table-cloth, from which the waiter had removed everything but the finger-bowl and the bill, and allowing the cigar that protruded between his knuckles to smoke uselessly, he had al-



ready indulged in these imaginary exercises not a little to his relief before he shook himself and muttered: "I'm a damned fool."

The repetition of this statement, together with the dull belief that repetition engenders, braced him at last to paying his bill and taking the tram-car to Waverton. He had formed a resolution. It was still early, scarcely later than the hour at which he usually dined. He had a long evening before him. He would put it to use by packing his belongings. Then he would disappear. He might go at once to Stoughton, or he might travel no farther than the rooms he had engaged, and which he had occupied in former years, on the less attractive slope of Beacon Hill. It would be all the same. He would be out of the circle of interests that centered round Olivia Guion, and so free to come back to his senses.

He got so much elation out of this resolve that from the electric car to Rodney Temple's house he walked with a swinging stride, whistling tunelessly beneath his breath. He tried to think he was delivered from an extraordinary obsession, and restored to health and sanity. He planned to initiate Ashley as the new *chargé d'affaires* without any necessity on his part of seeing Miss Guion again.

And yet when he opened the door with his latch-key and saw a note lying on the table in the hall, his heart bounded as though it meant to stop beating. It was sheer premonition that made him think the letter was for him. He stooped and read the address before he had taken off his hat, and while he was still tugging at his gloves.

"Peter Davenant, Esq.,  
"31 Charlesbank."

It was premonition again that told him the contents before he had read a line.

"DEAR MR. DAVENANT,—If you are quite free this evening, could you look in on me again? Don't come unless you have really nothing else to do.

"Yours sincerely,  
"OLIVIA GUION."

He looked at his watch. It was only half-past eight. "I've no excuse for not

going," he said to himself. He made it clear to his heart that he regretted the necessity. After the brave decisions to which he had come, decisions which he might have put into execution, it was a call backward, a retrogression. He began already to be afraid that he might not be so resolute a second time. But he had no excuse for not going. That fact took the matter out of his hands. There was nothing to do but to crumple the letter into his pocket, take down his evening overcoat from its peg, and leave the house before any one knew he had entered.

The night was mild. It was so soft and scented that it might have been in June. From the stars and the street-lamps and the line of electrics along the water's edge there was just light enough to show the surface of the river, dim and metallic, and the wisps of vapor hovering above the marshes. In the east, toward Cambridge and beyond Boston, the sky was bright with the simulation of the dawn that precedes the moonrise.

His heart was curiously heavy. If he walked rapidly it was none the less reluctantly. For the first time since he had taken part and lot in the matter in hand he had no confidence in himself. He had ceased to be able to say, "I'm not in love with her," while he had no other strengthening formula to put in its place.

Algonquin Avenue, which older residents still called Rodney Lane, was as still and deserted as a country road. The entry gate to Tory Hill clicked behind him with curious, lonely loudness. The gravel crunched in the same way beneath his tread. Looking up at the house, he saw neither light nor sign of living. There was something stricken and sinister about the place.

He was half-way toward the front door when a white figure came forward beneath the Corinthian portico. If it had not been so white he couldn't have seen it.

"I'm here, Mr. Davenant."

The voice, too, sounded lonely, like a voice in a vast, empty house. He crossed the lawn to the portico. Olivia had already reseated herself in the wicker chair from which she had risen at his approach.

"Aren't you afraid of taking cold?" She had not offered him her hand; both



hands were hidden in the folds of her voluminous wrap. He said the simplest thing he could think of.

"No. I'm wearing a very warm fur-lined cloak. It's very long, too. I couldn't stay indoors. The house seemed so—so dead."

"Is there nobody with you?"

"Colonel Ashley went back to town before dinner. Papa wasn't quite so well. He's trying to sleep. Will you sit down on the step, or go in and bring out a chair? But perhaps you'll find it chilly. If so, we'll go in."

She half rose, but he checked her. "Not at all. I like it here. It's one of our wonderful, old-fashioned Octobers, isn't it? Besides, I've got an overcoat."

He threw the coat over his shoulders, seating himself on the veranda floor, with his feet on the steps below him and his back to one of the fluted Corinthian pilasters. The shadow was so deep on this side of the house, the side remote from the approaching moonrise, that they could see each other but dimly. Of the two she was the more visible, not only because she was in white, but because of the light coming through the open sitting-room behind her from the hall in the middle of the house. In this faint glimmer he could see the pose of her figure in the deep wicker arm-chair and the set of her head with its heavy coil of hair.

"I asked you to come," she said, simply, "because I feel so helpless."

"That's a very good reason," he responded, guardedly. "I'm glad you thought of me, rather than of any one else."

He was pleased to note that even to his own ears his accent was polite, but no more. At the same minute he found the useful formula he had been in search of—"I mustn't let her know I'm in love with her."

"There's no one else for me to think of," she explained, in self-excuse. "If there were, I shouldn't bother you."

"That's not so kind," he said, keeping to the tone of conventional gallantry.

"I don't mean that I haven't plenty of friends. I know lots of people—naturally; but I don't know them in a way to appeal to them like this."

"Then so much the better for me."

"That's not a reason for my imposing

on your kindness; and yet I'm afraid I must go on doing it. I feel like a person in such desperate straits for ready money that he's reckless of the rate of interest. Not that it's a question of money now—exactly."

"It doesn't matter what it's a case of. I'm at your service, Miss Guion."

"I know. That's why I asked you to come. I want you to keep Colonel Ashley from doing what he proposed this afternoon."

She spoke more abruptly, more nervously, than was her habit.

"I would if I could; but I don't know that I've any way of dissuading him."

"You needn't dissuade him. You've simply to refuse to take his money."

"It's not quite so easy as that, because there's no direct business between him and me. If Mr. Guion wanted to pay me what I've lent him, I couldn't decline to accept it. Do you see?"

In the dim light he noticed her head nodding slowly. "Oh, so that's the way, is it? It would have to be done through papa?"

"It would have to be done through him. And if he preferred to use Colonel Ashley's money rather than mine, I should have nothing at all to say."

"I see; I see," she commented, thoughtfully. "And I don't know how papa would feel about it, or how far I could count on him."

For a few minutes Davenant said nothing. When he spoke it was with some amazement at his own temerity. "I thought you didn't want my help, if you could possibly get any other?"

The words took her by surprise. He could see her draw her cloak more tightly about her, her hands still within its folds.

"I felt that way at first. I don't now. Perhaps I understand you a little better. But, in any case, I couldn't take his."

He pushed the liberty a little further. "But if you're going to marry him—?"

"That's just it. I wonder if you've the faintest idea of what it means to a woman to marry a man by making herself a burden to him in advance—and such a burden!"

"It wouldn't be a burden to any one who—who—"

"I know what you're going to say.



Love does make a difference. Of course. But it acts one way on the man and another way on the woman. In proportion as it urges him to make the sacrifice, it impels her to prevent it."

He grew still bolder. The cover of the night and the intimacy of the situation made him venturesome. "Then why don't you break off your engagement?"

It was a long while before she answered. "He won't let me," she said then. "And, besides," she added, after slight hesitation, "it's difficult not to be true to a man who's showing himself so noble."

"Is that your only reason?"

She raised her head slightly and turned toward him. He expected something cutting, but she only said: "What makes you ask that?"

He was a little frightened. He backed down, and yet not altogether. "Oh, nothing. I only—wondered."

"If you think I don't care for him—"

"Oh, no. Not that—not that at all."

"Well, if you *were* to think it, it would probably be because I've been through so much—I'm *going* through so much—that that sort of thing has become secondary."

"I didn't know that—that sort of thing—was ever secondary."

"Because you've never had the experience. If you had—"

The freedom of speech she seemed to be according him led him on to say:

"I've had experience enough, as you may know, to be sure it wouldn't be secondary with me."

She seemed willing to discuss the point.

"When I say secondary I mean that I'm in a position in which I find it isn't the most important thing in the world to me to marry the man I—I care for."

"Then, what is the most important thing?"

She stirred impatiently. "Oh, it's no use going into that; I suppose it would be to be free—not to owe you anything—or anybody anything—to be out of this big, useless house—away from these unpaid servants—and—and free! I'm not a dependent person. I dare say you've noticed that. I shouldn't mind having no money. I know a way by which I could support myself—and papa. I've thought that out. I shouldn't mind being alone in the world, either—if I

could only burst the coil that's been wound about me."

"But since you can't," he said, rather cruelly, "wouldn't the next best thing be to marry the man you care for?"

Her response was to say, irrelevantly, somewhat quaveringly, in a voice as near to tears as he could fancy her coming: "I wish I hadn't fallen out with Aunt Vic."

"Why? Would she help you?"

"She's very good and kind—in her way."

"Why don't you write to her?"

"Writing wouldn't be any good now. It's too late."

Another long silence fell between them. The darkened windows of the house on the other side of the lawn began to reflect a pallid gleam as the moon rose. Shadows of trees and of clumps of shrubbery became faintly visible on the grass. The great rounded elm in the foreground detached itself against the shimmering, illuminated sky like an open fan. Davenant found something ecstatic in the half-light, the peace, and the extraordinary privilege of being alone with her. It would be one more memory to treasure up. Silence, too, was a form of communion more satisfactory to him than speech. It was so full of unutterable things that he wondered at her allowing it to last.

Nevertheless, it was he who broke it. The evening grew chilly at last. Somewhere in the town a clock struck ten. He felt it would be indiscreet to stay longer.

"I'll make a try for it, Miss Guion," he said, when he had got on his feet to go away. "Since you want me to see Colonel Ashley, I will."

"They always say that one man has such influence on another," she said, rising, too, "and you see things so clearly and have such a lot of common sense. I'll walk down to the gate with you. I'm tired with sitting still."

He offered his hand to help her in descending the portico steps. Though there was no need for her to take it, she did so. The white cloak, loosely gathered in one hand in front, trailed behind her. He thought her very spirit-like and ethereal.

At the foot of the steps his heart gave





*Drawn by Orson Lowell*

"THEN WHY DON'T YOU BREAK OFF YOUR ENGAGEMENT?"







a great bound; he went hot and cold. It seemed to him—he was sure—he could have sworn—that her hand rested in his a perceptible instant longer than there was any need for.

A moment later he was scoffing at the miracle. It was a mistake on his part or an accident on hers. It was the mocking of his own desire, the illusion of his feverish, overstrained senses. It was a restorative to say to himself: "Don't be a damned fool."

And yet they walked to the gate almost in silence. It was a silence without embarrassment, like that which had preceded it. It had some of the qualities of the silence which goes with long-established companionships. He spoke but once, to remind her, protectingly, that the grass was damp, and to draw her—almost tactually—to the graveled path.

They came to the gate, but he did not immediately say good night.

"I wish you could throw the burden of the whole thing on me, Miss Guion," he ventured, wistfully, "and just take it easy."

She looked away from him, over the sprinkling of lights that showed the town. "If I could do it with any one, it would be with you—now."

There was an inflection on the *now* which again gave him strange and sudden thrills, as though some extraordinary chemical agent had been infused into his blood. All kinds of capitulations were implied in it—changes of heart and mind and attitude—changes that had come about imperceptibly, and for reasons which he, and perhaps she, could not follow. He felt the upleaping of great joy. It was joy so intense that it made him tactful, temperate. It also made him want to rush away and be alone.

"I'll make that do for the present," he said, smiling down at her through the darkness. "Thank you for letting me come. Good night."

"Good night."

There was again that barely noticeable lingering of her hand in his. The repetition rather disappointed him. "It's just her way of shaking hands," was the explanation he gave of it.

When he had passed out the gate he pretended to take his way down Algonquin Avenue, but he only crossed the

street to the shelter of a friendly elm. There he could watch her tall, white figure as it went slowly up the driveway. Except for a dim light in the fan-shaped window over the front door the house was still dark. The white figure moved with an air of dragging itself along.

"It isn't the most important thing in the world for her," he whispered to himself, "to marry *the man she cares for*."

There was a renewal of his blind fury against Ashley, while at the same time he found himself groaning, inwardly: "I wish to God the man she cares for wasn't such a—such a—trump!"

## CHAPTER XVIII

WHEN the colonel of the Sussex Rangers woke on the following morning, the Umfraville element in him, fatigued doubtless with the demands of the previous day, still slept on. That strain in him which had made his maternal ancestors gentlemen-adventurers in Tudor times, and cavaliers in the days of Charles the First, and Jacobites with James the Second, and roisterers with George the Fourth—loyal, swashbuckling, and impractical, daring, dashing, lovable, absurd, bound to come to grief one day or another, as they had come—that strain lying dormant, Ashley was free to wake in the spirit of the manufacturer of brushes. In other words, he woke in alarm. It was very real alarm. It was alarm not unlike that of the gambler who realizes in the cold stare of morning that for a night's excitement he has thrown away a fortune.

Fortunately, when he had sprung out of bed the feeling became less poignant. By the time he had had his bath and his breakfast it had got itself within the limits of what could be expressed in the statement, "I've been a jolly ass."

Though there was no denying this fact, he could nevertheless use the reproach in its precise signification. He was not a jolly ass because he had remained true to Olivia Guion, but because of the extravagant methods of his faithfulness. No one but an Umfraville, he declared, would have hesitated to accept the *status quo*. Considering that in spite of everything he was still eager to give Olivia the shelter of his name and the



advantages of his position, his insistence on doing more fell little short of the grotesque.

Nevertheless he had insisted on it, and it was too late now to shrink from making good his offer. No doubt, if he did so shrink, Olivia would commend him; but it would be a commendation not inconsistent with a fall in her esteem. His nerves still tingled with the joy of hearing her say, as she had said yesterday: "You're the noblest man in the world; I never dreamed there could be any one like you." She was so sparing with her words that these meant more from her than from another. If she used them, it was because she thought he *was* the noblest man in the world, and because he *did* surpass her dreams. This was setting up the standard in a way that permitted no falling short of it. He must be Rupert Ashley at his best even if the world went to pieces while he made the attempt. Moreover, if he failed, there was always Peter Davenant ready to loom up above him. "I must keep higher than him," he said to himself, "whatever it costs me." So, little by little, the Umfraville in him also woke, with its dare-devil chivalry. It might be said to have urged him on, while the Ashley prudence held him back, when from his room in the hotel he communicated by telephone with Olivia, begging her to arrange an interview between Guion and himself about eleven o'clock.

On taking the message to her father Olivia found him awake, but still in bed. Since his downfall had become generally known, she had noticed a reluctance on his part to get up. It was true he was not well; but his shrinking from activity was beyond what his degree of illness warranted. It was a day or two before she learned to view this seeming indolence as nothing but the desire to creep, for as many hours as possible out of the twenty-four, into the only refuge left to him. In his bed he was comparatively safe, not from the law which he no longer had to fear, but from intrusion and inspection, and, above all, from sympathy.

It was between nine and ten o'clock. The blinds were up, the windows open, and the sunshine streaming in. A tray

with his scarcely tasted breakfast on it stood beside the bed. Guion lay on his back, his head sunk deep into the pillows. Though his face was turned from the door, and his eyes closed, Olivia knew he was not sleeping. After performing small tasks in the room, carrying the breakfast tray into the hall, and lowering the blinds, she sat down at the bedside.

"Papa, darling."

As he turned his head slowly she thought his eyes had the look of mortal ennui that Rembrandt depicts in those of Lazarus rising from the tomb and coming back to life.

She delivered her message, to which he replied, simply, "He can come."

"I think I ought to tell you," she continued, "what he's coming for."

She gave him the gist of her conversation with Ashley on the previous day, and the one great decision to which they had led him up.

"So he wants to go ahead?" Guion said, when she had finished.

"Apparently."

"Can't he do that and still leave things as they are?"

"He seems to think he can't."

"I don't see why. If I have to owe the money to any one, I'd rather owe it to Davenant."

"So should I."

"Do you really want to marry him?"

The question startled her. "Marry him? Who?"

There was a look almost of humor in Guion's forlorn eyes. "Well, I didn't mean Davenant. I didn't suppose there was any—"

"Papa, darling," she hastened to say, "as things are at present I'd rather not marry any one at all. There's so much for me to do in getting life on another footing for us both that marriage seems to belong to another kind of world."

He raised himself on his elbow, turning toward her. "Then why don't you tell him so?"

"I have; but he won't take that as a reason. And, besides, I've said I *would* marry him if he'd give up this wild project—"

"But you're in love with him, aren't you? You may as well tell me," he continued, as she colored. "I must have some data to go on."



"I—I *was* in love with him," she faltered. "I suppose I am still. But while everything is as it is, I—I—can't tell; I—I don't know. I'm—I'm feeling so many other things that I don't know whether I feel—feel love—or not. I dare say I do. But it's like asking a man if he's fond of playing a certain game when he thinks he's going to die."

He dipped down into the bed again, pulling the coverlet about his chin and turning his face away. As he said nothing more, she rose to go. "About eleven, then, papa dear."

She could hear a muffled assent as she left the room. She was afraid he was crying.

Nevertheless, when she had gone Guion rang for Reynolds and made his usual careful toilet with uncommon elaboration. By the time his guest arrived he was brushed and curled and stretched on the couch. If he had in the back of his mind a hope of impressing Ashley, and showing him that if he, Guion, had fallen, it was from a height, he couldn't help it. To be impressive was the habit of his life, a habit it was too late now to overcome. Had he taken the Strange Ride with Morrowby Jukes, he would have been impressive among the Living Dead. Curiously enough, too, now that that possibility was past, he wondered if he didn't regret it. He confessed as much to Ashley.

"I know what you've come for," he said, when Ashley, who had declined a cigar, seated himself beside the couch.

"That means, I suppose, that Olivia has got ahead of me."

"She's told me what you've proposed. It's very fine—very sporting."

"I haven't proposed it because it's either sporting or fine. It seems to me the only thing to do."

"Y-es; I can understand that you should feel so about it. I should myself, if I were in your place. The trouble is that it wouldn't work."

Ashley would have given much not to feel this sudden exhilaration of relief. It was so glowing that in spite of his repugnance he could have leaned forward and wrung Guion's hand. He contrived, however, to throw a tone of objection into his voice as he said: "Wouldn't work? Why not?"

Guion raised himself on his elbow. "It's no use going over the arguments as to the effect on your position. You've considered all that, no doubt, and feel that you can meet it. Whether you could or not when it came to the point is another question. But no matter. There are one or two things you haven't considered. I hate to put them before you, because—well, because you're a fine fellow—and it's too bad that you should be in this fix. It's part of my—my—my chastisement to have put you there; but it 'll be something to me—some alleviation, if you can understand—to help to get you out."

Ashley was dumb. He was also uncomfortable. He hated this sort of thing.

Guion continued. "Suppose I were to let you go ahead on this—let you raise the money, and take it from you, and pay Davenant, and all that—then you might marry my daughter, and get life on some sort of tolerable working basis, I dare say." He pulled himself forward on the couch. Ashley noticed the blazing of his eyes and hectic color in his cheeks. "You might even be happy, in a way," he went on, "if you didn't have—*me*."

"Didn't have—you? I don't understand—"

"And you'd *have* me. You couldn't get out of it. I'm done for—I'm no good to any one any more—but I'm not going to die. That's my point. That's my punishment, too. Can't you imagine what it means to a man like me—who used to think well of himself, who's been well thought of—can't you imagine what it is to have to inspire every one who belongs to him with loathing? That's what I've got to do for the rest of my life—and I'm going to *live*."

"Oh, I say—!"

"You mayn't believe it, Ashley, but I'd rather have been—shut up—put away—where people couldn't see me—where I didn't have to see them. You know Olivia and I were facing that. I expect she's told you. And 'pon my soul there are many ways in which it would have been easier than this. But that's not what I'm coming to. The great fact is that after you'd counted your cost, and done your utmost, you'd still have *me*—like a dead rat strung round your neck—"

"Oh, I say—!"



"Olivia, poor child, has to bear it. She can, too. That's a remarkable thing about us New England people—our grit in the face of disgrace. I fancy there are many of our women who'd be as plucky as she—and I know one man. I don't know any others."

Ashley felt sick. He had never in his life felt such repulsion as toward what seemed to him this facile, theatrical remorse. If Guion was really contrite, if he really wanted to relieve the world of his presence, he could blow his brains out. Ashley had known, or known of, so many who had resorted to this ready remedy for a desperate plight that it seemed simple. His thoughts were too complex, however, for immediate expression, and, before he could decide what to respond, Guion said:

"Why don't you give him a chance?"

Ashley was startled. "Chance? What chance? Who?"

"Davenant."

Ashley grasped the back of his chair as though about to spring up. "What's he want a chance for? Chance for what?"

"I might have said: 'Why don't you give *her* a chance?' She's half in love with him as it is."

"That's a lie. That's an infernal lie."

Ashley was on his feet. He pushed the chair from him, though he still grasped it. He seemed to need it for support. Guion showed no resentment, continuing to speak with feverish quiet.

"I think you'll find that the whole thing is predestined, Ashley. Davenant's coming to my aid is what you might call a miracle. I don't like to use the expression—it sounds idiotic and canting and all that—but, as a matter of fact, he came—as an answer to prayer."

Ashley gave a snort of impatience. Guion warmed to his subject, dragging himself farther up on the couch and throwing the coverlet from his knees.

"Yes, of course; you'd feel that way about it—naturally. So should I, if anybody else were to tell me. But this is how it happened. One night, not long ago, while you were on the water, I was

so hard hit that I—well, I actually—*prayed*. I don't know that I ever did before—that is, not really *pray*. But I did then; and I didn't beat about the bush, either. I didn't stop at half-measures; I asked for a miracle right out and out—and I got it. The next morning Davenant came with his offer of the money. You may make what you like out of that; but I make—"

"I make this, by Jove! that you and he entered into a bargain that he should supply the cash and you should—"

"Wrong!" With his arm stretched to its full length Guion pointed his forefinger up into Ashley's face. "Wrong!" he cried again. "I asked him if she had anything to do with it, and he said she hadn't."

"Pff! Would you expect him to acknowledge it? He might deny it till he damned his soul with lies, but that wouldn't keep you and him from—"

"Before God, Ashley, I never thought of it till later. I know it looks that way—the way you put it—but I never thought of it till later. I dragged it out of him that he'd once been in love with her, and had asked her to marry him. That was a regular knock-down surprise to me. I'd had no idea of anything of the kind. But he said he wasn't in love with her any longer. I dare say he thinks he isn't; but—"

"Suppose he is! That needn't affect *her*—except as an impertinence. A woman can defend herself against that sort of thing."

"It needn't affect *her*—only, as a matter of fact, it does. It appeals to her imagination. The big scale of the thing would impress almost any woman. Look here, Ashley," he cried, with the touch of hysteria, "it 'll be better for us all in the long run if you'll give him a chance. It 'll be better for you than for any one else. You'll be well out of it—any impartial person would tell you that. You must see it yourself. You *do* see it yourself. We're not your sort—"

But Ashley could stand it no longer. With a smothered, inarticulate oath, he turned abruptly and left the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



# The Die of Fate

BY HOWARD PYLE

IN the old, old days of long ago there lived near to Florence and a little off from San Domenico a well-to-do farmer by name Niccolo Ramselli. He dwelt in a cheerful, pleasant farm-house, but in those days it was like a fallen pear, looking rich and beautiful, perhaps, but decayed at the heart when you bit into it. For grief and sorrow were within this fair exterior. The reason was this: that the son of the house, a young man of twenty, lay dying there of the fever.

Niccolo Ramselli, the father, sat on a green-painted bench close beside the door. He sat with his elbows on his knees, his eyes fixed upon the ground between his feet, sunk in melancholy thought, without a sparkle of hope to illuminate the darkness of his soul.

The doctor was inside the house at that moment visiting the sick man, and Niccolo was waiting for him to come out again.

At last the door opened and the doctor came forth. He shook his head slowly from side to side as he came forth from the doorway, and moved his lips as though he were communing with himself.

Niccolo looked up from where he sat. "Well," he said, "what have you to say to-day? How is Sebastiano? Is the boy better?"

The physician shook his head. "No," he said, "I cannot say he is better."

"Is he worse, then?" said Niccolo.

The physician still shook his head. "No," said he, "I cannot say that, either. He is thin and dried like to a skeleton lying upon the bed. His pulse is high and his breath comes quickly. I shall be surprised if he lives until this time to-morrow."

Niccolo's head sank down still lower between his shoulders, and again he stared at the ground. "Well," he said, "then the bottom is out of the bucket, and it will carry no more water from the well."

The physician stopped shaking his

head and began nodding it slowly up and down. "Hah, well," said he, "it is a sad business. He will never sit in front of the fire to warm his shins again."

Niccolo did not say anything to this. He was gazing again upon the ground in front of him. He heaved a great sigh. His son was going to die. What would he do then? He was a widower, and his son was almost a man. He himself was old. If God should take Sebastiano to Himself, he, Niccolo, would be left like a horse with three legs. He wiped his eyes upon his shirt-sleeve. "This is a very sad business," said he, choking as he spoke, as though his words were like hard nuts in his throat, "and I had just bought him a suit of clothes and paid a great deal for them, too." He wiped his eyes again with his shirt-sleeve, for trouble knocked at his heart as though it were the devil's kettledrum. Then he got up from where he sat and stood staring at the earth as though he saw pins there. The doctor went away, leaving him standing there in front of the green bench.

Now there was at that time a magician living in Florence named Montofacini. He was the most wise and learned man then living in Italy, or any other country upon which God's sun shines on a clear day. He was so good a mathematician that he could tell by once looking at it how many drops there were in a glass-ful of wine. He could talk in three languages, and could discourse Latin and Greek besides as easily as he could talk good Florentine Italian. He could read the heavens and the stars as easily as one could read the paternoster in a book of prayers, printed in big, clear letters.

That evening a neighbor came to see Niccolo. "Why don't you go," said he, "to Montofacini in Florence, and talk to him about your son?"

Niccolo still sat upon the green bench, and still looked upon the ground as though he were searching for crickets.



He needed shaving, and his cheeks and chin were rough with a two days' beard that grew upon them. He shook his head. " 'Twould do no good," said he, "to see Montofacini. He is a very wise man, but he could do no good here. Sebastiano has got the fever in his vitals. He is dried to a bone. He will die to-morrow, for the doctor says so."

"But Montofacini will give you sound advice," said the neighbor. "Advice is something. Listen! When a man is hungry a very small cake is better than no bread at all. Last week Giovanni Pisanti's wife was sick of a colic. Her face was green and was covered all over with sweat, so that she shone like a blue glaze on a white earthen pot. What did Pisanti do? He went to Florence to see Montofacini. Montofacini gave him some red medicine in a bottle. And now the woman is about, singing like a bird and as strong as a grasshopper."

Niccolo still shook his head stubbornly. "That was the colic she had," said he. "You may cure the colic with red medicine, but when the fever eats into a strong man's vitals you can't cure that. Sebastiano will die to-morrow, for the doctor said so."

"Well," said the neighbor, "if my son were sick and going to die, I would go and see Montofacini and tell him all about the case. Maybe he could do something for the young man."

So the neighbor talked. The next day Niccolo went into Florence and saw Montofacini.

Montofacini was a noble, tall man, with hair and beard as white as snow. He sat at his table, dressed all in black from top to toe. Niccolo came before him, and Montofacini looked at him as though his eyes could pierce the man through. For they seemed to be like long, sharp needles of pure light—they went in at the breast and out at the back, as though the glance was thrust through the heart. Montofacini bade Niccolo to sit down, and Niccolo did so. So far Niccolo had said nothing to him.

"Well," said Montofacini, "I am sorry to hear that your son Sebastiano is sick. When a man of your age who is a widower loves a son and the son dies, it is like taking from him a strong staff of support. If he stumbles he falls."

"I cannot guess how you know about me and my son," said Niccolo, "but I came to see if you will help my son in his sickness. To-day he will die unless you help him to live. He has been sick," said Niccolo, "this five weeks, and I could put my thumb and finger around his thigh-bone this minute. He is like a skeleton lying there alive upon his bed."

"Have you not Dr. Faustani?" said Montofacini. "He is the best *medico* in Florence. He is watching your son, and if he dies it will be a decree of Providence. Trust to that decree, for Providence is always merciful."

"And," said Niccolo, "can you do nothing to help him? Nothing at all?"

"Perhaps I can," said Montofacini, "but I am afraid to interfere with the cast of the die made by Providence! You can but turn over the die, but the six is opposite the one. Your misfortune may be six times as great as it was before."

The tears started to run down Niccolo's face. There were deep channels in his worn cheeks, and the tears ran down these like diamonds into the cracks. "Ah," he said, "do not talk in that way! If you can save my son, do so and I will take the risks myself. My life is in him, and if his life is taken my life is taken also. Give me a charm to cure him if you can."

Montofacini looked at the man, and his heart relented at the sight of his gray hair and his tears. "I will see," said he, "what I can do. If I can cure him, I will do so. Come back at noon to-day and I will have a charm for you."

Niccolo came back as the bells rang for noon. Montofacini sat just where he had sat that morning. "I have a charm for your son's life," said he, "if you still want it, but think well before you take it. See!" He held up a little crystal globe about the bigness of a walnut. The sunlight shone upon it and made it glow as though with light from within. "Here," said Montofacini, "is the sphere of your life's fortune. Cherish it well, for if it breaks, your life will disappear from your body like smoke from a fagot. Outside of this, you will observe, is a mist as though you had breathed upon it. Wipe away this mist with a soft handkerchief so that the sphere is clear, and if the mist



does not return, your misfortune will pass and your son will live. But do not let this mist gather, or else misfortune will come upon you and will settle about your head in a dark and gloomy cloud."

Niccolo took the sphere carefully between his thumb and finger and looked at it. It was as though made of thin glass. There was some clear liquid within it that looked like wonderfully transparent water. He could not see it clearly, for the globe was covered with a mist as though the glass were frosted.

"Will you take it?" said Montofacini.

"Yes," said Niccolo, "I will!"

"Then be careful of it, for if it is broken, your life will leave you in that moment."

Niccolo took the crystal globe home with him. He cleared the mist from it with a soft red handkerchief of silk. He could see within the globe very clearly now; there was what looked like bright water in it. In a little while the mist returned, and it was nearly as cloudy as ever. Again he cleared it. By and by the mist returned again. Niccolo worked over it for a long, long time, rubbing it and rubbing it. The sweat ran from his face in streams, but still he wiped the mist from the globe.

After a while it seemed to him it remained clearer than it had been before. Yes, it stayed clear for a longer and a longer time. He felt cheerful and encouraged. At last the mist did not return for a long time, and the globe was much brighter than it had been at first. Again he rubbed it, and now it was clear. It gleamed and shone as though it were a living eye, bright and vitreous like water. It seemed to Niccolo as though he had saved his son's life. He went into the sick-room to see him. Yes, indeed, he could see there was a great change. The young man's eyes no longer roved restlessly hither and thither, but were steady and tranquil. His breath was even and undisturbed. He looked at his father as though he knew him. His forehead was no longer dry and burning, but was cool and moist.

The doctor came into the room. He seemed to be struck with surprise at the looks of Sebastiano. He came to the bedside and felt his wrists, his forehead, and his body. He spoke to the young

man, and he answered calmly and rationally. "This is strange," said the doctor as though to himself; "I do not understand how this is. The young man is very different from what I have seen him before. He has not been thus for five weeks. He will get well if nothing now happens to him."

Niccolo heard his words. His heart leaped within him. His legs grew suddenly weak beneath him. He sat down upon a chair that was near. He did not say anything to the doctor, but he knew that he had saved his son's life by rubbing clear that sphere of crystal. He wept into his handkerchief.

This was how Niccolo Ramselli saved his son's life. Thereafter he watched him like a hawk, and nursed him like fresh bread. For a long time he remembered only that his son had been close to death, that the scythe had missed him, and it was he who had warded off the stroke of the conqueror.

So Sebastiano grew slowly back to health again. His skeleton filled up with good, wholesome fat. He sat in a chair outside of the house and warmed himself in the bright sunshine. But as he grew better his father slowly forgot to be always tender toward him. He was sometimes short in his speech and contradicted him very sharply. Then he would be sorry for his irritation and speak words of repentance, but again he would be sharp in his discourse.

In short, Sebastiano was rapidly growing well again.

Niccolo Ramselli made up his mind that it behooved him to marry. He said: "A man should not carry all his eggs in one basket, as I do mine. Sebastiano came near dying. If he had died, how would it then have been with me? By and by I should have been an old man alone in the world. Yes, I will marry; I am but forty-eight years old, and have plenty of good days before me yet. Let me marry a young wife, and I may, perhaps, have children by her. Even if I do not, she will still be young; and when I am old, if she loves me, as I believe she will, I shall have a hand to support me when my feet grow uncertain and I stumble in going down the path of life."

So, having made up his mind, he began to look about for a fit girl to marry.



Ettore Savisini lived a near neighbor to Niccolo Ramselli, and the two had known each other and had been friends for twenty-two years, ever since Ettore was married. For Ettore had a wife, but no children. In this he was shut away from the rest of the world, and while other husbands and wives had noise and tumult in the house when the children were home, their house was silent. No one teased the dog; no one robbed the cherry-tree; no one chased the chickens.

And yet the two were a loving couple, as husbands and wives go in this world. He did not beat her at all; he did not swear at her unless the need arose; he did not even scold her unless there was just occasion for it. Yet they had no children.

At last Ettore said to his wife, whose name was Maria: "Well, little apple, we have no children, and are not likely after all these years to have any. Listen; your sister Serafina had a little girl that she left behind her when she died. Now her father is also dead, for he was drowned in the sponge-fishing. The child was left alone in the world, and is living now with her grandmother. Let us send for the little one to come here to make our home bright for us."

Maria Savisini began to weep. She had always wanted children of her own, but Heaven had not been kind to her. Now she was asked to bring a cuckoo bird to fill the nest that her imagination had so often peopled with noisy, curly-headed brats of her own. Now she would have no children. Her house would be as lonely as a nest from which the bird of hope had flown, and Elisabetta Rambolli would come to settle there. Well, that was right. If Heaven refused one children of one's own, one should do what one could elsewhere.

So the upshot of it was that Ettore hitched his little gray donkey to the gay cart in which he carried pumpkins to town, and drove away to Fovezzano, where Elisabetta lived with her grandmother; and that same day he returned home, bringing the girl with him.

She was only fourteen years old when she came. She made no noise or disturbance in the house. She seemed to be sad and serious. She entered very quietly and without tears into the new

household, and made the fires and boiled the water and cooked the macaroni, and was as though she had always belonged there. She had no home to be sorry for and no people to grieve after.

So four years had passed, and now Elisabetta was the prettiest girl that came to the store at San Domenico. When she came there of a morning, with her short petticoats, her bare feet, and a red-and-yellow handkerchief wrapped around her head, every young man who met her turned him to look after her, and even the great lord who sat like a fat poodle in his gilded chariot would say to his wife, "There, that is the prettiest girl I have seen for a great many days!"

Niccolo Ramselli said: "Yonder is the girl I want for my wife. She is young, beautiful, a good housekeeper, and only eighteen years old. If I can win her I will win a treasure, for she is as pretty as a painted picture of the Virgin."

So that evening he went to Ettore's house after supper, and then the two sat side by side for a long time, watching the gold and crimson light fade out of the sky over above the opposite hill, the stars shine out, and the bats flicker in angular flight against the brightness.

Then Niccolo said: "Ettore, your niece is a beautiful girl. She is gentle and mild, a good housekeeper, and as patient as ever was the maid Griselda. She is now eighteen years old. Had you thought of marrying her to any one?"

"No," said Ettore, "I had not. She is useful to us. We love her, and to whom should I marry her? She is portionless and will have no prospects in time to come. Who would climb so thick a hedge to pluck a berry on the other side?"

"I would do that," said Niccolo. "I would do that, even if I tore my shirt in climbing it. Listen, Ettore; I have no wife, for God took her eighteen years ago. I have a son who is now nearly a man, and who in a little while will be thinking of looking out for his own life. I will take the girl if you will give her to me, and will be glad to have her. Give her to me."

"Do you mean this?" said Ettore.

"I mean it," said Niccolo, "and a thousand times more. She is very beau-



tiful, and my heart goes out to her. I want her for my wife."

Ettore rubbed his hand over his chin and thought of what Niccolo had said. At last he spoke. "I will think," he said, "of what you say, and will let you know what I have thought to-morrow."

So the next day Niccolo came again to Ettore's house dressed in his very best. His jacket was rich. It had a double row of brass buttons down the front, and they shone in the daylight like disks of pure, bright gold. His shirt was white, and his breeches were green. He had a knit crimson sash about his waist with the bow hanging behind, and his shirt was fine and as white as milk. He looked the very picture of a prosperous contadino. "What answer have I?" said he.

"What answer?" said Ettore. "Well, did you ever hear the answer the moon gave the dog? The moon shone, and the dog said: 'Yah, yah! You are fine! You are fine!' But the moon listened to him and said nothing."

"And does she say nothing?" said Niccolo.

"That is what she says," said Ettore. "She does not say yes, and she does not say no. She asks me whether you are too bashful to ask her yourself. Then she laughs at the thought. She says you are too old to speak of marriage to a young girl; but if you speak, why not lift up your voice and call it out so that she can hear what you say."

"So I will call it out," said Niccolo; "I will call it out now. Where is she?"

"She is not here," said Ettore; "she went up the road awhile ago to Pia Grinchini's."

"Then I will go back home," said Niccolo, "and come again to-morrow."

Niccolo talked a great deal that evening to his boy Sebastiano about Elisabetta. At first Sebastiano listened, but by and by he got up from where he sat and began to walk up and down in the dusk.

Niccolo talked on and on about her, for the more he talked the more he loved her. And still Sebastiano walked up and down in the darkness.

Suddenly he said, as though he were barking, "You are too old for the girl, or she is too young for you."

Niccolo stopped suddenly in his speech. "What say you?" said he. "Too old,

say you? I am not too old; I will not be fifty for two years. I am older than she is, but, God wot, I am not too old. A man may lack a tooth and yet eat a peach, if it is ripe."

"I am a better match for her than you," said Sebastiano. "I am not three years older than she. Better that than twenty-three."

Niccolo was silent for a moment or two. Then he laughed aloud. "Yes," said he, and laughed again. "Well, I will talk reason with you. The girl is poor, and I have plenty for her and for myself. What would you have to keep her on?"

"Let me take this place," said Sebastiano, "and I will farm it. You shall be the father of the family and nurse the children, and I will care for you for the longest day you live."

The red mounted to Niccolo's face hidden in the darkness. "No," said he, in a loud voice, "my money is mine and I will keep it. I will not give up my farm or rock my grandson's cradle!"

"Very well," said Sebastiano; "if not me, then let some one speak who is more near to the girl's age. She is a good girl, and as beautiful as she is good. Any one would take her and work for her without a soldo of dower."

"Go," said Niccolo, "and see that the cow is in the byre." He did not like Sebastiano's talk, especially as his heart told him that there was more truth in what he said than could be packed into a hazel-nut.

The next day Niccolo went to Ettore's house, and this time he saw Elisabetta. He took her hand and held it in his own. He did not let it go immediately, and the sparks of pure love shot up his arm and through his heart like twenty bright and sharp arrows of Cupid. "Tell me," he said, "have you an answer for me? Will you marry me?"

"What answer shall I give you?" said she. "I am too young to think of marrying."

"No!" said Niccolo, "you are the ripe age to think of it. Your people are dead and you have no dower. Marry me and I will dower you."

She turned her face away. By and by she turned it to him again. There were tears in her beautiful shining eyes. "I like you," said she, "but not as you



would have me like you. My heart has flown elsewhere like a bird, and now it is in a golden cage and some one holds it."

Niccolo was silent, and then he said, "Has this other one told you that he loves you?"

"No," said Elisabetta, "he has not." And now the tears rolled down her cheeks like bright jewels.

"Then listen," said Niccolo; "I will not ask you now who this one is, but I will give him time to ask you. I will give him until this day next month. Then, if he has not asked you, I shall ask you again to give yourself to me."

Elisabetta wiped her eyes. "You are good," said she, "and you shall not suffer because of me. Give me four weeks from to-day, and then I will answer you."

So Niccolo went away. He was pleased with himself that he had got a promise from her of some sort, and yet he was displeased that he was not to know his real answer for four weeks.

He told Sebastiano how it had gone with him in his courting. Sebastiano did not wish him joy; instead he walked away a little distance. By and by he returned. "All the same," he said, "four weeks is a long time. Suppose the one whom she loves should come and take her, then what would you do?"

"Well," said Niccolo, "I have thought of that, and I have thought of a way out of the difficulty. You are not strong enough yet to do hard work. I will go every evening to see her, and when I am not there you shall go and be near her so as to be in the way of any one who comes to make love to her."

Sebastiano laughed. "Well," he said, "that is a great idea you have thought of, and I will be glad to help you."

So that day he went to Elisabetta, and every day thereafter that his father was not at Ettore's house he was there to be near to Elisabetta.

So the days flowed by, the one after the other, and the weeks followed them. And so came the fourth week, when Niccolo was to have his answer. So came also the day before the day when he was to have it. That evening he said to Sebastiano: "Sebastiano, it is not fit that I should be following the girl to-night, for to-morrow I am to ask her for my answer. Go you to be near her

and to keep mischief away from her. For this night, if any, her lover will come to take her from me. I do not know what I should do if I lost her!" And Sebastiano laughed and went to Ettore's house.

Then passed the night. In the morning Niccolo dressed himself in his best and went over to Ettore's house. Ettore and his wife met him with long and troubled faces, but there was no Elisabetta in sight. "Why do you look so melancholy?" said Niccolo.

"Do you not know?" said Ettore. "Did they not come to your house?"

"What do you mean?" said Niccolo. But a pang went through his heart like the cut of a sharp knife.

Ettore answered as it were the thought in his mind. "Sebastiano and Elisabetta," said he, "went out of the house last night for a walk. The walk must have been long, for they have not come back yet."

"Where did they go?" said Niccolo, and his voice came dry and, as it were, from his feet.

"Go?" said Ettore. "God knows where they went, but if it was not to a priest shame will surely come of it."

So Niccolo went home again. He sat in the kitchen near to the fire. He thought and thought and thought over what had happened. He could see he had sent a wolf to guard his lamb, and the wolf had run away with her. And this was the son whom he had saved from death not two months ago. He ground his teeth together; yes, he saw it all; he had saved a fagot from the fire and it had burned his hand. That is what came of interfering with Providence. Had his son not lived, Niccolo would now have had a beautiful young wife.

He thought of his crystal globe. Why had he not looked at it before? It was the fate of his life. He had felt so sure of his happiness that it had lain in the strong-box for weeks and he had never thought of it. He went to the strong-box and opened it. He took out the silk handkerchief and unwrapped it. The ball was in his hands. It was covered all over with a thick mist. But even as he looked the mist was disappearing and the globe was becoming as bright and as lustrous as ever. He sighed so that



it lifted his heart within him. He had not thought that this would have been so terrible to him. His son had not known how hard it would be or he would not have robbed him of his treasure. Had he forgotten that he owed his life to his father? Again he sighed profoundly. He wrapped up the globe of crystal and put it back into the strong-box again.

That night Sebastiano and Elisabetta came and knelt before him. They begged his forgiveness. They were married. They had gone straight to Elisabetta's grandmother's house, and there the priest had made them husband and wife. They had been called three times, and now they were married. They had come home again for his forgiveness.

Niccolo listened to all they said. Then he spoke. "You have robbed me," said he to Sebastiano, "of all that I held dearest in the world. You have deceived me and robbed me. And now you ask me to smile and forgive you. I know neither of you. You were once my son, and I would have given my life for yours; and this was the girl whom I loved. Now you are nothing to me. You have my ewe lamb. She is yours, for the priest has made you one. Take her away, and never come to me again."

They arose from their knees. Niccolo's face was fixed and hard as stone. Sebastiano looked at him. There was no forgiveness there. So he went away.

They hired a little hut not far away, and Sebastiano worked every day in the fields. He earned a living thus, and so they kept body and soul together. Sometimes Sebastiano worked for his father, but Niccolo never looked at him nor spoke to him. Sebastiano said to himself, "Well, sometime the ice will melt and the water will flow again." But Niccolo did not forgive them.

Niccolo was a very different man from what he had been before. In a year he had grown a great deal older. His hair had been gray; now it was white. In a year's time he seemed to have added twenty years to his age. He grew mean, and became more and more miserly. By and by money was all to him. In the old times—the times before his trouble had come to him—he used to talk of an

evening with his son; now, when he was through his supper, he would go to his room and lock the door, count over what he had, and reckon how much he had gained in the month that was passed. Every day he looked at his globe and saw that the surface was without blemish of any kind. Yes, it was clear and brilliant now and as transparent as air.

Everything was prosperous with him. He lent money at usury and made much by it. It was money, money, money with him. He became ever more and more a stern and unrelenting creditor. The money in his money-chest increased rapidly, for he spent little or nothing upon himself. He skimmed every rind of cheese and every crust of bread. The people about him complained to their friends that he starved them, but still they stayed with him in spite of starvation; for he paid them very good wages. And so he grew rapidly toward being a rich man.

And Sebastiano was happy, too. For though he was poor, yet he had a beautiful wife who loved him with her whole heart. So for a time all was joy and sunshine with them. But by and by things began to be different. The harvest was over, and now work was difficult to find. He had to beg for money. He got help here and he got help there. Elisabetta's grandmother lent them some money, but she was poor and could not do much, and by and by she could do no more.

Then Ettore gave them some, but one day he said to Sebastiano: "Look you, Sebastiano! Every man owes more to himself and those who belong to him than to anybody else. Why do you not go to your father for help? You are not my kin. I can give you no more after this."

Then came the winter, and a baby was born to them. Sebastiano earned no money, and by and by in a few days he had nothing. Then he remembered what Ettore said to him—that he should go to his father for help.

So one morning he went to the house where he was born. His father was in front of the house turning over the orris-root that was drying there. He looked up when Sebastiano came and frowned at him. The young man needed shav-



ing; his clothes looked poor and ragged. He was in his bare feet, for he had no shoes. He looked like the picture of crying poverty.

Niccolo saw it all and smiled wickedly. "Hah," he said, "it is you, is it?"

"Father," said Sebastiano, "I come to you for help. Others will not do any more for me, but you cannot see me starve."

"Hah," said Niccolo, "is there no more for you? Shake the tree! Shake the tree!"

Sebastiano smiled as though he strained his lips to do it. "I shake," said he, "but nothing falls. There is nothing more for me unless you will help me over this rough place."

"Hah," said Niccolo, "are there no more plums? Shake the tree again! Shake it again! Surely they are not all fallen." Then of a sudden he said with anger, "Why do you not go to work and earn some money for yourself?"

"I have tried everywhere," said Sebastiano, "and there is nothing to do."

"Then beg!" said Niccolo. "Go beg! You still have a pair of legs and a good voice. Use them and go beg."

"I do beg," said Sebastiano. "I beg you to forgive me and to show me mercy. You are still a man and my father, and I am a man in need."

"You lie!" said Niccolo. "I am not your father and you are not my son. I have cast you off. You deceived me—you whom I trusted as I trusted my own right hand. You robbed me of my wife!" cried he. "Go rob some one of his money if you cannot beg!"

Sebastiano's face was as pale as dough. The muscles of his unshaven cheeks twitched as with pain. "Do you mean this?" said he—"that I should rob if I cannot beg?" But Niccolo only said: "Away! Away!" Then he himself turned and went into the house.

Sebastiano looked after him with a white face. Then he, too, turned and went away with his head raised and his gaze fixed straight before him.

But Niccolo was in great trouble. Conscience pricked him at the heart as with a fine, sharp needle. "Why should I not have given him money?" said he. "I have plenty of it."

He went to his room to comfort him-

self with the sight of what he owned. He unlocked his chest; yes, there was a great quantity of money, a peck of it, maybe. He gathered it up and poured it from his hand. This was all his own—his own. There was great comfort in the thought. Why should he give any of it away? He could not. Then Sebastiano came into his mind, and the thought of keeping it melted like a breath. If he had given one handful of this silver money, what would it have mattered to him? Sebastiano was starving, and he had driven him away like a mangy dog.

"Well," he said to himself, "he will be here again, and then, maybe, I will give it to him."

He banged down the lid of his money-chest and locked it. He would look at his globe of life. He went to the other chest and unlocked it. He took out the handkerchief and opened it very carefully. The crystal globe lay in the palm of his hand. What was this? It was covered all over with a thick gray mist. It was the mist of misfortune, and it was thick upon it. His heart went cold at the sight. What new misfortune was coming to him? He rubbed it with his handkerchief. The globe was clear and brilliant, but only for a moment. Almost immediately the mist gathered upon it as thick as ever. He rubbed it and rubbed it and rubbed it until the sweat ran. But always the mist returned to the ball. It was as though he had breathed upon it. He rubbed it and rubbed it and still the mist gathered upon it as he rubbed it off. "Well, I cannot clean it," he said. "To-morrow I will rub it clean." He wrapped it up and put it away whence he had brought it.

The next day was the Florentine market. He arose early and went into the Piazza della Signoria and stood with the other farmers at that place. He had a good crop of corn. He would sell it there and add to his store of money at home. But he could not keep the thought of Sebastiano from his mind. Suddenly he thought of him. Was this his trouble? Sebastiano had looked very poor and miserable the day before when he had come to him, hungry, barefoot, and unshaved. He had driven him away as though he were a beggar.

The thought caught his vitals, and he





*Drawn by Howard Pyle*

NICCOLO AND THE ROBBER







writhed under it as the devil twisted it where it was driven. Well, he would give the boy some money when next he saw him. If he did not come for it, then he would send it to him. He made a good bargain for his corn, but every now and then the thought of Sebastiano came to him, even in the midst of his bargaining, and each time he would twist with the remorse of his thoughts. Yes, he would send money to him as soon as he got home. The clouds of thought were so thick in his mind that now and then it was as though they took form and Sebastiano stood before him in the flesh. Even as he closed his bargain with Hieronimo Bistini for a part of his crop of corn, he saw before him that thin, bearded face, the bare feet, and the poor, starved look of the young man.

It was evening when he was through with his business at the market. The quarter-moon was shining thin and white on the silent earth. As he turned into the road that led to his house he suddenly bethought him of his globe of life. The mist of misfortune was upon it yesterday. He would go and look at it now.

He left his donkey-cart in the care of his hired help and went straight into the house. He took off his boots in the kitchen by the fire and went to his room in his bare feet. As he climbed the stairs he saw a thin slit of light coming out from under the door of his room. Some one was there. Who was it?

He suddenly walked very softly to the door. It was unlatched. He pushed it slowly open, silently. A man was there. He had a short candle near to him. He was bending over the money-chest. He was counting out the money. It fell with a soft chink! chink! from one hand to the other.

All other thoughts went out of Niccolo's mind. Some one was robbing him. Some one was taking the very money, perhaps, that he was intending giving to his son. The robber was so intent upon his business that he did not hear the master of the house.

Niccolo entered the room very softly. He felt at his side. The knife was there. He drew it silently from its sheath. Then he sprang forward. The man was bent over the chest. Niccolo plunged the knife

once and again into his body—two strokes as quick as a wink.

The man gave a shriek of agony. He fell forward upon one hand. The blood came streaming down the arm and into the chest of silver money. He turned his head around. The candle-light was full in Niccolo's face; his own was in the shadow.

"Is it you?" he gasped. "You have done it!" Then he fell forward, his head in the chest.

It seemed to Niccolo that he recognized the voice. He stood for a while breathing quickly; then he reached slowly for the candle end, which still burned with a wavering light. His hands trembled so that he could hardly hold the light. He brought it forward, and the shine of brightness went quickly across the white face beneath him. The face was that of his son.

He flung himself down upon his knees and clapped his hands over his son's wounds. He could not stop the blood; it still flowed beneath his fingers. "Sebastiano," he cried, "I did not know you! I did not mean to hurt you; I meant to help you! Speak to me, Sebastiano!"

But Sebastiano could not answer. He was dead.

Niccolo sat upon his heels, gazing at him. He groaned and groaned. The tears were running down his face in streams. He thought nothing of the money that had been his pride and joy. What was it now? Suddenly he thought of his accursed ball. That was his curse. It had followed him with misfortunes ever since it had come into his hands.

He got up from his knees and went to his strong-chest and opened it. He snatched the ball from where it lay. It was covered with mist; in the candle-light the mist looked purple black. He hurled it violently upon the floor. With a flash of light it burst, emitting a thin, brown smoke.

It suddenly seemed to Niccolo as though the strength had gone out of his body. It seemed to him as though he could feel it passing out through the soles of his feet. He tottered toward his bed and fell half across it, his feet resting still upon the floor. He moved his hand feebly and then lay still. He, too, was dead. For the ball was broken.



# Your United States

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

SECOND PAPER

WHEN I first looked at Fifth Avenue by sunlight, in the tranquillity of Sunday morning, and when I last set eyes on it, in the ordinary peevish gloom of a busy sailing-day, I thought it was the proudest thoroughfare I had ever seen anywhere. The revisitation of certain European capitals has forced me to modify this judgment; but I still think that Fifth Avenue, if not unequaled, is unsurpassed.

One afternoon I was driving up Fifth Avenue in the company of an architectural expert who, with the incredible elastic good nature of American business men, had abandoned his affairs for half a day in order to go with me on a voyage of discovery, and he asked me, so as to get some basis of understanding or disagreement, what building in New York had pleased me most. I at once said the University Club—to my mind a masterpiece. He approved, and a great peace filled our automobile; in which peace we expanded. He asked me what building in the world made the strongest appeal to me, and I at once said the Strozzi Palace at Florence. Whereat he was decidedly sympathetic.

"Fifth Avenue," I said, "always reminds me of Florence and the Strozzi. . . . The cornices, you know."

He stopped the automobile under the Gorham store, and displayed to me the finest cornice in New York, and told me how Stanford White had put up several experimental cornices there before arriving at finality. Indeed, a great cornice! I admit I was somewhat dashed by the information that most cornices in New York are made of cast iron; but only for a moment! What, after all, do I care what a cornice is made of, so long as it juts proudly out from the façade and helps the street to a splendid and formidable sky-line? I had neither read nor heard a word of the cornices of

New York, and yet for me New York was first and last the city of effective cornices! (Which merely shows how eyes differ!) The cornice must remind you of Italy, and through Italy of the Renaissance. And is it not the boast of the United States to be a renaissance? I always felt that there was something obscurely symbolic in the New York cornice—symbolic of the necessary qualities of a renaissance, half cruel and half humane.

The critical European excusably expects a very great deal from Fifth Avenue, as being the principal shopping street of the richest community in the world. (I speak not of the residential blocks north of Fifty-ninth Street, whose beauty and interest fall perhaps far short of their pretensions.) And the critical European will not be disappointed, unless his foible is to be disappointed—as, in fact, occasionally happens. Except for the miserly splitting, here and there in the older edifices, of an inadequate ground floor into a mezzanine and a shallow box (a device employed more frankly and usefully with an outer flight of steps on the East Side), there is nothing mean in the whole street from the Plaza to Washington Square. A lot of utterly mediocre architecture there is, of course—the same applies inevitably to every long street in every capital—but the general effect is homogeneous and fine, and, above all, grandly generous. And the alternation of high and low buildings produces not infrequently the most agreeable architectural accidents: for example, seen from about Thirtieth Street, the pale-pillared, squat structure of the Knickerbocker Trust against a background of the lofty red of the Æolian Building. . . . And then, that great white store on the opposite pavement! The single shops, as well as the general stores and hotels on Fifth Avenue, are impressive in the





*Drawn by Frank Craig*

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

THE GLORY OF FIFTH AVENUE INSPIRES EVEN THOSE ON FOOT







lavish spaciousness of their disposition. Neither stores nor shops could have been conceived, or could be kept, by merchants without genuine imagination and faith.

And the glory of the thoroughfare inspires even those who only walk up and down it. It inspires particularly the mounted policeman as he reigns over a turbulent crossing. It inspires the women, and particularly the young women, as they pass in front of the windows, owning their contents in thought. I sat once with an old, white-haired, and serious gentleman, gazing through glass at Fifth Avenue, and I ventured to say to him, "There are fine women on Fifth Avenue." "By Jove!" he exclaimed, with deep conviction, and his eyes suddenly fired, "there are!" On the whole, I think that, in their carriages or on their feet, they know a little better how to do justice to a fine thoroughfare than the women of any other capital in my acquaintance. I have driven rapidly in a fast car, clinging to my hat and my hair against the New York wind, from one end of Fifth Avenue to the other, and what with the sunshine, and the flags wildly waving in the sunshine, and the blue sky and the cornices jutting into it and the roofs scraping it, and the large whiteness of the stores, and the invitation of the signs, and the display of the windows, and the slippery sinuousness of the other cars, and the proud opposing processions of American subjects—what with all this and with the supreme imperialism of the mounted policeman, I have been positively intoxicated!

And yet possibly the greatest moment in the life of Fifth Avenue is at dusk, when dusk falls at tea-time. The street lamps flicker into a steady, steely blue, and the windows of the hotels and restaurants throw a yellow radiance; all the shops—especially the jewelers' shops—become enchanted treasure-houses, whose interiors recede away behind their façades into infinity; and the endless files of innumerable vehicles, interlacing and swerving, put forth each a pair of glittering eyes. . . . Come suddenly upon it all, from the leafy fastnesses of Central Park, round the corner from the Plaza Hotel, and wait your turn until the arm of the policeman, whose blue

coat is now whitened with dust, permits your restive chauffeur to plunge down into the main currents of the city. . . . You will have then the most grandiose impression that New York is, in fact, inhabited; and that even though the spectacular luxury of New York be nearly as much founded upon social injustice and poverty as any imperfect human civilization in Europe, it is a boon to be alive therein! . . . In half an hour, in three-quarters of an hour, the vitality is clean gone out of the street. The shops have let down their rich, gathered curtains, the pavements are deserted, and the roadway is no longer perilous. And nothing save a fire will arouse Fifth Avenue till the next morning. Even on an election night the sole sign in Fifth Avenue of the disorder of politics will be a few long strips of tape-paper wreathing in the breeze on the asphalt under the lonely lamps.

It is not easy for a visiting stranger in New York to get away from Fifth Avenue. The street seems to hold him fast. There might almost as well be no other avenues; and certainly the word "Fifth" has lost all its numerical significance in current usage. A youthful musical student, upon being asked how many symphonies Beethoven had composed, replied four, and obstinately stuck to it that Beethoven had only composed four. Called upon to enumerate the four, he answered thus, the C minor, the Eroica, the Pastoral, and the Ninth. "Ninth" had lost its numerical significance for that student. A similar phenomenon of psychology has happened with the streets and avenues of New York. Europeans are apt to assume that to tack numbers instead of names on to the thoroughfares of a city is to impair their identities and individualities. Not a bit! The numbers grow into names. That is all. Such is the mysterious poetic force of the human mind! That curt word "Fifth" signifies as much to the New-Yorker as "Boulevard des Italiens" to the Parisian. As for the possibility of confusion, would any New-Yorker ever confuse Fourteenth with Thirteenth or Fifteenth Street, or Twenty-third with Twenty-second or Twenty-fourth, or Forty-second with One



Hundred and Forty-second, or One Hundred and Twenty-fifth with anything else whatever? Yes, when the Parisian confuses the Champs Elysées with the Avenue de l'Opéra! When the Parisian arrives at this stage—even then Fifth Avenue will not be confused with Sixth!

One day, in the unusual silence of an election morning, I absolutely determined to see something of the New York that lies beyond Fifth Avenue, and I slipped off westward along Thirty-fourth Street, feeling adventurous. The excursion was indeed an adventure. I came across Broadway and Sixth Avenue together! Sixth Avenue, with its barbaric paving, surely could not be under the same administration as Fifth! Between Sixth and Seventh I met a sinister but genial ruffian, proudly wearing the insignia of Tammany; and soon I met a lot more of them: jolly fellows apparently, yet somehow conveying to me the suspicion that in a saloon shindy they might prove themselves my superiors. (I was told in New York, and by the best people in New York, that Tammany was a blot on the social system of the city. But I would not have it so. I would call it a part of the social system, just as much a part of the social system, and just as expressive of the national character, as the fine schools, the fine hospitals, the superlative business organizations, or Mr. George M. Cohan's Theater. A civilization is indivisibly responsible for itself. It may not, on the Day of Judgment, or any other day, lessen its collective responsibility by baptizing certain portions of its organism as extraneous "blots" dropped thereon from without.) To continue—after Seventh Avenue the declension was frank. In the purlieus of the Five Towns themselves—compared with which Pittsburg is seemingly Paradise—I had never trod such horrific sidewalks. I discovered huge freight-trains shunting all over Tenth and Eleventh Avenues, and frail flying bridges erected from sidewalk to sidewalk, for the convenience of a brave and hardy populace. I was surrounded in the street by menacing locomotives and crowds of Italians, and in front of me was a great Italian steamer. I felt as though Fifth Avenue was a three days' journey away, through a hostile country. And yet I

had been walking only twenty minutes! I regained Fifth with relief, and had learned a lesson. In future, if asked how many avenues there are in New York, I would insist that there are three: Lexington, Madison, and Fifth.

The chief characteristic of Broadway is its interminability. Everybody knows, roughly, where it begins, but I doubt if even the topographical experts of Albany know just where it ends. It is a street that inspires respect rather than enthusiasm. In the daytime all the uptown portion of it—and as far downtown as Ninth Street—has a provincial aspect. If Fifth Avenue is metropolitan and exclusive, Broadway is not. Broadway lacks distinction, it lacks any sort of impressiveness, save in its first two miles, which do—especially the southern mile—strike you with a vague and uneasy awe. And it was here that I experienced my keenest disappointment in the United States.

I went through sundry disappointments. I had expected to be often asked how much I earned. I never was asked. I had expected to be often informed by casual acquaintances of their exact income. Nobody, save an interviewer or so and the president of a great trust, ever passed me even a hint as to the amount of his income. I had expected to find an inordinate amount of tippling in clubs and hotels. I found, on the contrary, a very marked sobriety. I had expected to receive many hard words and some insolence from paid servants, such as train men, tram men, lift boys, and policemen. From this class, as from the others, I received nothing but politeness, except in one instance. That instance, by the way, was a barber in an important hotel, whom I had most respectfully requested to refrain from bumping my head about. "Why?" he demanded. "Because I've got a headache," I said. "Then why didn't you tell me at first?" he crushed me. "Did you expect me to be a thought-reader?" But, indeed, I could say a lot about American barbers. I had expected to have my tempting fob snatched. It was not snatched. I had expected to be asked, at the moment of landing, for my mature opinion of the





A SPRING IDYLL—CENTRAL PARK

United States, and again at intervals of about a quarter of an hour, day and night, throughout my stay. But I had been in America at least ten days before the question was put to me, even in jest. I had expected to be surrounded by boasting and impatient vanity concerning the achievements of the United States and the citizens thereof. I literally never heard a word of national boasting, nor observed the slightest impatience under criticism. . . . I say I had expected these things. I would be more correct to say that I *should* have expected them if I had had a rumor-believing mind: which I have not.

But I really did expect to witness an overwhelming violence of traffic and movement in lower Broadway and the renowned business streets in its vicinity.

And I really was disappointed by the ordinariness of the scene, which could be well matched in half a dozen places in Europe, and beaten in one or two. If but once I had been shoved into the gutter by a heedless throng going furiously upon its financial ways, I should have been content. . . . The legendary "American rush" is to me a fable. Whether it ever existed I know not; but I certainly saw no trace of it, either in New York or Chicago. I dare say I ought to have gone to Seattle for it. My first sight of a stock-market roped off in the street was an acute delusion. In agitation it could not have competed with a sheep-market. In noise it was a muffled silence compared with the fine racket that enlivens the air outside the Paris Bourse. I saw also an ordinary day in the Stock



Exchange. Faint excitations were afloat in certain corners, but I honestly deemed the affair tame. A vast litter of paper on the floor, a vast assemblage of hats pitched on the tops of telephone-boxes—these phenomena do not amount to a

have desired, but not architecturally. For they could only be felt, not seen. And even in situations where the sky-scraper is properly visible, it is, as a rule, to my mind, architecturally a failure. I regret for my own sake that I could

not be more sympathetic toward the existing sky-scraper as an architectural entity, because I had assuredly no European prejudice against the sky-scraper as such. The objection of most people to the sky-scraper is merely that it is unusual—the instinctive objection of most people to everything that is original enough to violate tradition! I, on the contrary, as a convinced modernist, would applaud the unusualness of the sky-scraper. Nevertheless, I cannot possibly share the feelings of patriotic New-Yorkers who discover architectural grandeur in, say, the Flat Iron Building or the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building. To me they confuse the poetical idea of



A WELL-KNOWN WALL STREET CHARACTER

hustle. Earnest students of hustle should visit Paris or Milan. The fact probably is that the perfecting of mechanical contrivances in the United States has killed hustle as a diversion for the eyes and ears. The mechanical side of the Exchange was wonderful and delightful.

The sky-scrapers that cluster about the lower end of Broadway—their natural home—were as impressive as I could

these buildings with the buildings themselves. I eagerly admit that the bold, prow-like notion of the Flat Iron cutting northward is a splendid notion, an inspiring notion; it thrills. But the building itself is ugly—nay, it is adverbially ugly; and no reading of poetry *into* it will make it otherwise.

Similarly, the Metropolitan Building is tremendous. It is a grand sight, but it is an ugly sight. The men who thought of it, who first conceived the notion of





*Drawn by Frank Craig*

A BUSY DAY ON THE CURB MARKET



it, were poets. They said, "We will cause to be constructed the highest building in the world; we will bring into existence the most amazing advertisement that an insurance company ever had." That is good; it is superb; it is a proof of heroic imagination. But the actual designers of the building did not rise to the height of it; and if any poetry is left in it, it is not their fault. Think what McKim might have accomplished on that site, and in those dimensions!

Certain architects, feeling the lack of imagination in the execution of these enormous buildings, have set their imagination to work, but in a perverse way and without candidly recognizing the conditions imposed upon them by the sky-scraper form; and the result here and there has been worse than dull; it has been distressing. But here and there, too, one sees the evidence of real understanding and taste. If every tenant of a sky-scraper demands—as I am informed he does—the same windows, and radiators under every window, then the architect had better begin by accepting that demand openly, with no fanciful or pseudo-imaginative pretense that things are not what they are. The Ashland Building, on Fourth Avenue, where the architectural imagination has exercised itself soberly, honestly, and obediently, appeared to me to be a satisfactory and agreeable sky-scraper; and it does not stand alone as the promise that a new style will ultimately be evolved.

In any case, a great deal of the poetry of New York is due to the sky-scraper. At dusk the effect of the massed sky-scrapers illuminated from within, as seen from any high building up-town, is prodigiously beautiful, and it is unique in the cities of this world. The early night effect of the whole town, topped by the aforesaid Metropolitan tower, seen from the New Jersey shore, is stupendous, and resembles some enchanted city of the next world rather than of this. And the fact that a very prominent item in the perspective is a fiery representation of a frothing glass of beer inconceivably large—well, this fact too has its importance.

But in the sky-scrapers there is a deeper romanticism than that which disengages itself from them externally.

You must enter them in order to appreciate them, in order to respond fully to their complex appeal. Outside, they often have the air of being nothing in particular; at best the façade is far too modest in its revelation of the interior. You can quite easily walk by a skyscraper on Broadway without noticing it. But you cannot actually go into the least of them and not be impressed. You are in a palace. You are among marbles and porphyries. You breathe easily in vast and brilliant foyers that never see daylight. And then you come to those mysterious palisaded shafts with which the building and every other building in New York is secretly honey-combed, and the palisade is opened and an elevator snatches you up. I think of American cities as enormous agglomerations in whose inmost dark recesses innumerable elevators are constantly ascending and descending, like the angels of the ladder. . . .

The elevator ejects you. You are taken into dazzling daylight, into what is modestly called a business office; but it resembles in its grandeur no European business office, save such as may have been built by an American. You look forth from a window, and lo! New York and the Hudson are beneath you, and you are in the skies. And in the warmed stillness of the room you hear the wind raging and whistling, as you would have imagined it could only rage and whistle in the rigging of a three-master at sea. There are, however, a dozen more stories above this story. You walk from chamber to chamber, and in answer to inquiry learn that the rent of this one suite—among so many—is over thirty-six thousand dollars a year! And you reflect that, to the beholder in the street, all that is represented by one narrow row of windows, lost in a diminishing chess-board of windows. And you begin to realize what a sky-scraper is, and the poetry of it.

More romantic even than the skyscraper finished and occupied is the skyscraper in process of construction. From no mean height, listening to the sweet drawl of the steam-drill, I have watched artisans like dwarfs at work still higher, among knitted steel, seen them balance themselves nonchalantly





A WINTER MORNING IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO

astride girders, swinging in space, seen them throwing rivets to one another and never missing one; seen also a huge crane collapse under an undue strain, and, crumpling like tinfoil, carelessly drop its load onto the populous sidewalk below. That particular mishap obviously raised the fear of death among a considerable number of people, but perhaps only for a moment. Anybody in America will tell you without a tremor (but with pride) that each story of a sky-scraper means a life sacrificed. Twenty stories—twenty men snuffed out; thirty stories—thirty men. A building of some sixty stories is now going up—sixty corpses, sixty funerals, sixty domestic hearths to be slowly rearranged, and the registrars alone know how many widows, orphans, and other loose by-products!

And this mortality, I believe, takes no account of the long battles that are sometimes fought, but never yet to a finish, in the steel webs of those upper floors, when the labor-unions have a fit of objecting more violently than usual to non-union labor. In one celebrated building, I heard, the non-unionists contracted an unfortunate habit of getting crippled; and three of them were indiscreet enough to put themselves under a falling girder

that killed them; while two witnesses who were ready to give certain testimony in regard to the mishap vanished completely out of the world, and have never since been heard of. And so on. What more natural than that the employers should form a private association for bringing to a close these interesting hazards? You may see the leading spirit of the association. You may walk along the street with him. He knows he is shadowed, and he is quite cheerful about it. His revolver is always very ready for an emergency. Nobody seems to regard this state of affairs as odd enough for any prolonged comment. There it is! It is accepted. It is part of the American dailiness. Nobody, at any rate in the comfortable clubs, seems even to consider that the original cause of the warfare is aught but a homicidal cussedness on the part of the unions. . . . I say that these accidents and these guerrillas mysteriously and grimly proceeding in the skyey fabric of metal-ribbed constructions, do really form part of the poetry of life in America—or should it be the poetry of death? Assuredly they are a spectacular illustration of that sublime, romantic contempt for law and for human life which,



to a European, is the most disconcerting factor in the social evolution of your States. I have sat and listened to tales from journalists and other learned connoisseurs till— But enough!

When I left New York and went to Washington, I was congratulated on having quitted the false America for the real. When I came to Boston, I received the sympathies of everybody in Boston on having been put off for so long with spurious imitations of America, and a sigh of happy relief went up that I had at length got into touch with a genuine American city. When, after a long pilgrimage, I attained Chicago, I was positively informed that Chicago alone was the gate of the United States, and that everything east of Chicago was negligible and even misleading. And when I entered Indianapolis, I discovered that Chicago was a mushroom and a suburb of Warsaw, and that its pretension to represent the United States was grotesque, the authentic center of the United States being obviously Indianapolis. . . . The great towns love thus to affront one another, and their demeanor in the game resembles the gamboling of

young tigers—it is half playful and half ferocious. For myself, I have to say that my heart was large enough to hold all I saw. While I admit that Indianapolis struck me as very characteristically American, I assert that the unreality of New York escaped me. It appeared to me that New York was quite a real city, and European geographies (apt to err, of course, in matters of detail) usually locate it in America.

Having regard to the healthy mutual jealousy of the great towns, I feel that I am carrying audacity to the point of foolhardiness when I state that the streets of every American city I saw reminded me on the whole rather strongly of the streets of all the others. What inhabitant of what city could forgive this? Yet I must state it. Much of what I have said of the streets of New York applies, in my superficial opinion, for instance, to the streets of Chicago. It is well known that to the Chinaman all Westerners look alike. No tourist on his first visit to a country so astonishing as the United States is very different from a Chinaman; the tourist should reconcile himself to that deep truth. It is desolating to think that a second visit



A RIVER-FRONT HARMONY IN BLACK AND WHITE—CHICAGO



will reveal to me the blindness, the distortions, and the wrong-headedness of my first. But even as a Chinaman I did notice subtle differences between New York and Chicago. As one who was brought up in a bleak and uncanny climate, where soft-coal is in universal use, I at once felt more at home in Chicago than I could ever do in New York. The old instinct to wash the hands and change the collar every couple of hours instantly returned to me in Chicago, together with the old comforting conviction that a harsh climate is a climate healthy for body and spirit. And because it is laden with soot, the air of Chicago is a great mystifier and beautifier. Atmospheric effects may be seen there that are unobtainable without the combustion of soft coal. Talk, for example, as much as you please about the electric sky-signs of Broadway—not all of them together will write as much poetry on the sky as the single word “Illinois” that hangs without a clue to its suspension in the murky dusk over Michigan Avenue. The visionary aspects of Chicago are incomparable.

Another difference, of quite another order, between New York and Chicago is that Chicago is self-conscious. New York is not; no metropolis ever is. You are aware of the self-consciousness of Chicago as soon as you are aware of its bitumen. The quality demands sympathy, and wins it by its wistfulness. Chicago is openly anxious about its soul. I liked that. I wish I could see a livelier anxiety concerning the municipal soul in certain cities of Europe.

Perhaps the least subtle difference between New York and Chicago springs from the fact that the handsomest part of New York is the center of New York, whereas the center of Chicago is disappointing. It does not impress. I was shown, in the center of Chicago, the first sky-scraper that the world had ever seen. I visited with admiration what was said to be the largest department store in the world. I visited with a natural rapture the largest book-store in the world. I was informed (but respectfully doubt) that Chicago is the greatest port in the world. I could easily credit, from the evidence of my own eyes, that it is the greatest railway center in the world. But still my imag-

ination was not fired, as it has been fired again and again by far lesser and far less interesting places. Nobody could call Wabash Avenue spectacular, and nobody surely would assert that State Street is on a plane with the collective achievements of the city of which it is the principal thoroughfare. The truth is that Chicago lacks at present a rallying-point—some Place de la Concorde or Arc de Triomphe—something for its biggest streets to try to live up to. A convocation of elevated railroads is not enough. It seemed to me that Jackson Boulevard or Van Buren Street, with fine crescents abutting opposite Grant Park and Garfield Park, and a magnificent square at the intersection of Ashland Avenue, might ultimately be the chief sight and exemplar of Chicago. Why not? Should not the leading thoroughfare lead boldly to the lake instead of shunning it? I anticipate the time when the municipal soul of Chicago will have found in its streets as adequate expression as it has already found in its boulevards.

Perhaps if I had not made the “grand tour” of those boulevards, I might have been better satisfied with the streets of Chicago. The excursion, in an automobile, occupied something like half of a frosty day that ended in torrents of rain—apparently a typical autumn day in Chicago! Before it had proceeded very far I knew that there was a sufficient creative imagination on the shore of Lake Michigan to carry through any municipal enterprise, however vast, to a generous and final conclusion. The conception of those boulevards discloses a tremendous audacity and faith. And as you roll along the macadam, threading at intervals a wide-stretching park, you are overwhelmed—at least I was—by the completeness of the scheme’s execution and the lavishness with which the system is in every detail maintained and kept up.

You stop to inspect a conservatory, and find yourself in a really marvelous landscape garden, set with statues, all under glass and heated, where the gaffers of Chicago are collected together to discuss interminably the exciting politics of a city anxious about its soul. And while listening to them with one ear, with the other you may catch the laconic tale of



a park official's perilous and successful vendetta against the forces of graft.

And then you resume the circuit and accomplish many more smooth, curving, tree-lined miles, varied by a jolting section, or by the faint odor of the Stockyards, or by a halt to allow the longest freight-train in the world to cross your path. You have sighted in the distance universities, institutions, even factories; you have passed through many inhabited portions of the endless boulevard, but you have not actually touched hands with the city since you left it at the beginning of the ride. Then at last, as darkness falls, you feel that you are coming to the city again, but from another point of the compass. You have rounded the circle of its millions. You need only think of the unkempt, shabby, and tangled outskirts of New York, or of any other capital city, to realize the miracle that Chicago has put among her assets. . . .

You descry lanes of water in the twilight, and learn that in order to prevent her drainage from going into the lake Chicago turned a river back in its course and compelled it to discharge ultimately into the Mississippi. That is the story. You feel that it is exactly what Chicago, alone among cities, would have the imagination and the courage to do. Some man must have risen from his bed one morning with the idea, "Why not make the water flow the other way?" And then gone, perhaps diffidently, to his fellows in charge of the city with the suggestive query, "Why not make the water

flow the other way?" And been laughed at! Only the thing was done in the end! I seem to have heard that there was an epilogue to this story, relating how certain other great cities showed a narrow objection to Chicago draining herself in the direction of the Mississippi, and how Chicago, after all, succeeded in persuading those whom it was necessary to persuade that, whereas her drainage was unsuited to Lake Michigan, it would consort well with the current of the Mississippi.

And then, in the night and in the rain, you swerve round some corner into the straight, by Grant Park, in full sight of one of the most dazzling spectacles that Chicago or any other city can offer—Michigan Avenue on a wet evening. Each of the thousands of electric standards in Michigan Avenue is a cluster of six huge globes (and yet they will tell you in Paris that the Rue de la Paix is the best-lit street in the world), and here and there is a red globe of warning. The two lines of light pour down their flame into the pool which is the roadway, and you travel continually toward an incandescent floor without ever quite reaching it, beneath mysterious words of fire hanging in the invisible sky! . . . The automobile stops. You get out, stiff, and murmur something inadequate about the length and splendor of those boulevards. "Oh," you are told, carelessly, "those are only the interior boulevards. . . . Nothing! You should see our exterior boulevards—not quite finished yet!"





# The Beginning Husband Dines Out

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WE want to ask many people to dinner—at least *I* do—and do ask a good many, first and last, in spite of restricted space and our other restrictions. About four besides ourselves is our limit, and that's a dinner party. More often I bring home a man, or a married pair of our generation come in and bring new topics and points of view, and sometimes news, into our discourse. People seem willing enough to come to dinner if you have something to eat in the house and something to say. I sometimes wish we had more dinner-parties, but the doctrine of compensation comes in on that, for, I suppose, if we were rich enough to have people to dinner whenever we wanted, we would have to dine out the rest of the time, and the upshot of it would be that we would never have time to read up anything really good to say. But we do dine out considerably as it is, not only with our cherished relatives who regale us when occasion offers (and also when it doesn't) with meat, drink, and affection, but also with our friends, both those who live somewhat near our economic plane, and those who move and have beings in planes much more exalted and profuse.

For example, we dine sometimes with Major and Mrs. Brace, indulgent elders of whom I have so often spoken, and who, I think, are disposed to assume some restricted but affectionate responsibility for our successful progress through this vale of dues. We are on such terms with that family that Mrs. Brace has a habit of telephoning to Cordelia please to come and fill in at a dinner-party when a pair of guests give out at the last moment, which we do, when we can, with cheerfulness of spirit. Then the Major bestows little jobs of law business on me from time to time, and is apt to say "Come to dinner, and talk it over, and fetch Cordelia." And then we talk other things over also, and maybe play auction-bridge for an hour.

The last one of Mrs. Brace's dinners we filled in at was unusually well-stocked with persons apt at discussion, and the talk took a turn toward the education of women, and more particularly the education of daughters of well-to-do parents in New York. On the general subject I don't see that there is much to discuss. The prevailing practice is to teach girls up to eighteen or nineteen years of age anything that they will consent to learn, the same as boys. The girls don't go to college yet as generally as the boys do, but they go a good deal, and more and more, I should say, all the time. The girls' colleges prosper and increase in number and in size, but the authorities seem to feel that they have not yet fully struck their gait; not yet established themselves as the best places for girls in general between eighteen and twenty-two, and not yet demonstrated to the satisfaction of all the observant and considerate that the training they give fulfils its aim, and is better worth the time of girls who acquire it or might acquire it than some other things that some of them are or might be doing in those four years if they were not doing that.

You may say that the same reluctance of unrestricted approval attaches to the boys' colleges. There was Mrs. Poteat who felt so strongly that Yale was one of the more popular gates of hell, and the late Mr. Crane, of Chicago, who maintained that our whole system of college education was pernicious and a shocking waste of time, and Dr. Wilson, late of Princeton, who felt so strongly that the college side-shows, athletic and social, had diverted to themselves the stronger currents of young life, to the great detriment of the academic performance in the main tent, and who did what he could to bring them back. Certainly the boys' colleges are imperfect enough, and are conceded both by their friends and their detractors to be so, but at



least they have won in the competition with home training. As a rule, the boys who can, go to college. They may not get there what they should, but they are not kept at home and put into business, or brought out into society, for fear that what they may miss by not staying at home will be more valuable than what they may gain by being in college. All sorts of boys go to college; the rich and the poor, the fashionable and the simple; the boys with a living to scramble for, and those with cotton-wadded places and ready-made incomes waiting for them. It is felt that boys must know one another if they know nothing else, and that college is a good place to get that knowledge.

So it is felt about girls, that they must know one another, and also boys, if nothing else, but college is not yet the place where the more modish girls in the biggest cities can know the girls whom it belongs to them to know. The American girls from the big cities who are advantageously situated for experiments in polite society do not yet go much to college. Their brothers go as matter of course. Their brothers, like as not, are sent five or six years to boarding-school, and then three or four years to college, and then perhaps kept away several years longer learning the rudiments of some profession in which they start to work at twenty-five or later. But to keep the girls off in institutions away from their mothers, until they reach so ripe an age as that, or even the maturity of twenty-two, is an experiment that affectionate parents who have social aspirations for their daughters, and some means of furthering them, are apt to look upon with hostility, doubt, or, at best, with grudging and uncertain approval. The mass of the college girls seems to be recruited from the lesser cities, or from families whose daughters have a doubtful prospect, or worse, of inheriting means of support, and must, as a matter of common prudence, be qualified betimes for self-maintenance and all the kinds of self-help, against a turn of fortune that may leave them without a competent wage-earner to depend on.

These considerations all got due attention at Mrs. Brace's dinner-party. "Send Maria to college?" exclaimed Mrs.

Van Pelt. "What for? She's eighteen, and has been to school as it is ever since she was four years old, and to boarding-school three years, and knows an enormous amount, and can read and spell fairly, speak some French, and read German, and knows the English kings, and a few of the Presidents, and whether Dryden or Milton wrote the *Fairy Queen*. Mercy! The child's crammed with knowledge; what she needs to know is how to use some of it. She can't talk at a dinner-party. I want her to learn to talk. I want her to have an acquaintance. It won't hurt her to inspect the young gentlemen. The colleges are nunneries, full of nuns whose mothers I don't know, busy learning unimportant things like how to cut up frogs, and the pedigrees of the Saxon kings, and eschatology, and neglecting all the important things like how to put on a hat, how to cut up a lobster, how to keep hair attached to the scalp, how to talk to a boy, how to help a mother, how to engage a cook, whom to ask to a dinner-party. Why college? Maria 'd come home in four years, forgotten by all the girls she ought to know, qualified to be a school-teacher and with a large acquaintance among young ladies similarly qualified, and with a strong and reasonable impulse to put her acquirements to practical use either by continuing her studies or getting a situation and earning her living. I don't want her to get a situation and earn her living. I want her to get married."

"Oh, come!" said the Major, who was sitting next to her. "It isn't so bad as that. I know Maria. She'll get married anyhow, but give her time. Does she want to go to college?"

"She could have gone. She knew enough when she got out of school. She passed the examinations, and she thought about it more or less. But finally she came out instead. She may go yet. I don't know. She still talks to her father about it, and meanwhile she takes courses with learned women about art and such things, and does something at music. And she goes to dances a little, and dines out a little, and slums a little, and organizes charity a little."

"Does she play with the boys?"

"A very little. The young men don't



seem to be the absorbing interest they were when I was young. But I suppose that is more a change in environment than a change in human nature. New York has come to be a good deal of a street-car, with people crowding in and out all the time, and the conductor perpetually calling out, 'Please move up there in front!' Girls and young men don't meet here familiarly any more. I don't know how they ever see enough of one another to get married unless they meet in the summer somewhere. New York girls seem mostly to marry men they meet on steamers, nowadays."

"I understand," said the Major, "that our population is now divided into those who travel and those who stay at home. Those who travel meet, especially on steamers where they are cooped up together with a week of idle time on their hands and are liable to develop mutual appreciations. Those who don't travel also meet more or less, and some of them seem to marry. There were you and Cordelia, Peregrine; you were not a traveler, yet you got married somehow."

"Oh yes," said I. "I had to. There was nothing else that I wanted to do that was compatible with earning a living. I never traveled. I never could; but Cordelia traveled plenty."

"To be sure," put in Mrs. Van Pelt, "they can travel if they don't go to college. It doesn't cost much more, and they have the time. And they do travel. Also they visit about with their school friends, and find their way about Boston and Philadelphia and Washington and other places more civilized than this, and I have known of girls who went to visit in St. Louis, Chicago, and St. Paul, which was interesting and enlarging to the mind, though not so necessary perhaps as though we did not have the finished products of those cities brought daily to our doors, and could not inspect them and the rest of the United States any day on Fifth Avenue, or by walking through the Waldorf-Astoria or the Plaza Hotel, or at home, or out at dinner—and I beg you to recognize, Mrs. Lamson, that I remember that we borrowed you from Seattle, and you and your husband, Mrs. Butler, from Buffalo, and that I, who was brought here from Baltimore, speak humbly and with great respect of all our

Western cities. But send your girl to college, and then she is like a butterfly pinned to a card. Can't visit, can't travel, can't beguile her father, can't console her mother, can't take her brother to dances, can't pay calls, lost to earth, learning the family connections of mollusks—what is a mollusk?—and the other unusable things that erudite people have put into tiresome books. And yet I don't doubt that Maria's father will send her to college if she wants to go."

Mr. Van Pelt, farther down the table, seeing that his wife had the floor, had lent an ear to her deliverance. "Well," said he, "what can you do? Four years is only four years, and a girl in these days can afford to spend it in getting something definite and lasting, if only she gets it. I only know this game of being a girl by observation. I have never played at it. But my wife knows it as a player, and what she perceives in it by experience and instinct always outweighs my theories in my own judgment. She decides these matters except in so far as Maria decides them for herself, which is a good way. My wife is uncertain about the good of girls' colleges because she never went to one. They're very new. They didn't prevail so much in her educational period as they do now. They must be excellent for girls whose mothers are desperate or frivolous characters, from whom they need to be separated. All the institutions are valuable in separating children with possibilities from impossible parents. But where the parents are not impossible, of course the separation involves loss. We feel as to boys that the gain pretty certainly counterbalances it. But we feel that girls do well to form the habit of living at home, which is something that takes practice, and even prayers, if you're going to do it as you should. If Maria goes to college, I'm for having her sleep at home, where I can see her at dinner. Though whether that's right or not, I don't know. I don't expect to give Maria more than a very imperfect steer in this life anyhow. That's all I got; all my wife got; all my father and mother got. But I don't mind taking a chance if it looks good, and the fact that college does not fit conveniently into the social machinery that has been devised for the



development of girls in New York does not appall me. The machinery exists for the benefit of the girls, not the girls for the machinery. What we are after is to train fine women. You don't do it by wholesale processes. It is hard work, anyhow, and what suits one doesn't suit another. It is with a girl, I take it, as it is with a boy. The facts they get in college they mostly lose, but the minds of some of them expand in the process of getting facts, and gain scope and power, and the ability to understand things, and increased interest in life, and capacity. Anyway, so that the girls get their own."

"If we've all got to vote presently," said Mrs. Brace, "no doubt the girls will have to go to college. I'm told we're not constitutional in our political remedies."

"As to votes," said the Major, "it's a case of half-knowledge is a dangerous thing. The most able women that I happen to know, the most thoroughly trained and schooled in hard mental work, those that seem to me the deepest thinkers, don't want votes for women. Of course college at its best is only a step, but it is a step toward sound thinking. I should be inclined to argue that college for a girl was a step toward giving her such a grasp upon human affairs and the conditions of life as would incline her to leave votes where they are, and spend her strength in other forms of expression. So if Maria sends herself to college, Van Pelt, it may be a process in the making of a really able anti-suffragist who will understand herself, and other women and men, and can sift the chaff out of an argument. If the suffragists are to be beaten they will be beaten by the rest of women—those who have found their vocation and are happy in it, those who are busy, at least, whether happy or not, and cannot be harangued into excitement about politics, and those of first-rate mental powers and deep experience, who can turn the whole matter over in their minds and conclude that woman suffrage would not help society. At any rate, woman suffrage or not, the way out lies in the direction of more power in the human mind, male and female, and not in less."

We males continued to discuss this subject when the ladies had gone out and we went into the Major's library to burn

tobacco. They set upon me as the latest transplantation from the college nursery into the garden of actual life, and demanded to know what I had got out of college. I said that for one thing I had got an acquaintance with several hundred men of about my own age, a good many of them now living in New York and the rest scattered variously about the country. Some of these men I knew intimately. All of them I knew well enough to have views about their qualities, and what I knew of them helped me to know other men, and gave me a measure which helped me to estimate men in general. I said that the way to know pictures was to be where you could see pictures, that the way to know men was, doubtless, to live with them and look them over, and that college—a big college—was a very convenient place to view a collection of young men, and learn to know the species. I said I didn't think any other thing we got in college was so important as that, because the other things you might learn in a big college could be learned anywhere if you took the necessary time and put in the necessary work. But the beauty about college was that you had the time then to add to knowledge in all the ways, to learn the men and also to inspect the books and examine the mental secretions of the professors, and that with reasonable gumption and diligence you could do it all. As to that end of it I quoted Tomlinson, who dined with us the other night. He is a still more recent college product than I am, and is still immersed in law studies. We got to talking college and what we thought it had done for us, and he said, as I remember, that he could hardly recall a fact that he had learned in college, but still he thought he had got great good out of it. When he was an undergraduate, he said, he was interested mostly in history, government, and economics. When he got out, his tastes entirely changed, and he got interested in literature and philosophy. "Nowadays," said he, "I look forward to Sunday with the utmost impatience, and when it comes round I put it in with Spencer, Huxley, and Emerson. I am getting to be an authority on biology, I tell you, and wrestle with *First Principles* in a way to make my law-books jealous."



They were quite interested in Tomlinson. The Major said he loved to see a boy come out of college with a desire to know something. "Now that boy," said he, "is really interested in what is going on, and wants to know why. It's delightful. He's got the inquiring mind, and, you see, college has developed it. Perhaps it would have developed anyhow, but at least the environment was favorable. It's a mighty inquisitive mind that develops on general lines if it is put hard into the game of money-grubbing at seventeen. And I don't know that the game of 'society' is so much better for girls, though it is better in this: that its more strenuous phase doesn't last long, and after that a girl who has not yet formed an attachment has a great deal more leisure than a boy who is tied up to a job. We should recognize that 'society' is intended to give to girls that acquaintance with people, and the opportunities to observe them and handle them, that Jesup, here, values so much in college. Only 'society' does not include the systematic cultivation of recorded knowledge which the colleges still exact. If your Maria, now, Van Pelt, could supplement her social experiments with such fruits of college learning as that young Tomlinson reports, she'd be ahead on it. Don't you think so? She'd be a more interesting woman, and have a livelier interest in life, and take hold of things more intelligently, and put in her spare time to better purpose, and have more fun. It is a great thing, it really is a great thing, to get the young started up the tree of knowledge; to get them to want to know, and start them climbing."

"I agree with you, Major," said Mr. Van Pelt. "I quite agree with you. But Tomlinson's a boy and Maria's a girl. Is that going to make a difference? Evidently Tomlinson's not going to let the trees obstruct his view of the forest. He seems to be after knowledge because it will help him to understand life. That's all the good there is in knowledge. Now I see women who seem to claw after knowledge as though it were a sunburst, or some such embellishment, that adorned them to good purpose. I see their minds caked up with it, so that they don't work well. Some of the learned ladies are

tiresome, just as some of the learned men are. They are not tiresome because they know too much, but because they lack the instinct that should tell them how to be interesting. You know a lively retail shop with a good show-window is always more interesting than a storage warehouse, no matter what treasures the warehouse may contain. I was saying the other day that Mrs. Jameson, the professor's wife, was such a charming lady, and a very accomplished woman who heard me said, 'Oh yes; but she doesn't know English literature.' What odds whether she knows English literature or not if she is a charming lady? As much English literature as will make her lovelier and better able to express herself and more interesting and wiser is a good thing, and more than that is of very secondary importance except to a specialist. But that other lady who did know English literature like a specialist spoke of Mrs. Jameson's defective hold on it very much as though it were an absent sunburst or an unbecoming gown. As for Maria, I should hate to spoil a woman to make a scholar. But, on the other hand, I should hate to stunt a woman to make a pretty lady."

The Major said that in Maria's case he would rather take the first chance than the second. "But if you will encourage Maria to come around here to dinner, Van Pelt," he said, "I'll get Jesup to catch that young Tomlinson person and we will examine his mind. Perhaps Maria may be interested to look into it, and if she is, I should love to see her try. I don't know why, but when I hear of girls who are disposed to use their heads to think with, and who think it would be nice to know what's doing, I always have irresistible impulses to abet them. They may sometime—yes, any time—think out and disclose such interesting things. For, after all, women are women, and we men all grope and want to know when we speculate about them."

He got up, went to a table drawer, and got out a little paper, which he gave me, saying, "Here's a tract for you, Peregrine," and then we went back to the ladies.

When Cordelia and I got home that night, and had viewed, approved, and tucked in our slumbering son Samuel,



and had discussed the company and their discourse, I brought out the Major's tract and read it to her, to wit:

"What are regarded as the great prizes of life—fame, money, and such showy things—are nearly all things geared to the powers of men. It is easy to measure the successes of men. They stand out in plain sight to be weighed and examined.

"But the successes of most of the successful women are much less tangible. As a rule they are contributions to life as it passes—influence, care, nurture, direction, companionship; valuables of the highest order, but which finally appear, not as properties of the woman from whom they proceeded, but of the men or the children who received them, and the families and communities that they have blessed.

"The evidences of the success of men stand on pedestals and hang on walls and are recorded in books and occupy

safe-deposit boxes in bank vaults. They stretch across the country in the form of steel rails or copper wires, or stand as buildings in stone and steel. On every one of them is the woman's hand. In every one of them she has had her share. There is no success of any kind, no power, no progress, which is not half hers. But ordinarily she does not much appear; not, at least, in a degree at all commensurate with her importance. Her work is not expressed—not much—in things. It is made flesh.

"Is that unjust to her? Is it unfair that man should seem to outdo her?

"Who shall say what is fair and what not in the management of this universe? We flatter ourselves with the idea that the Almighty has chosen to express Himself in mankind. Admitting that, it is a daring critic who will assert that woman is disparaged because it is allotted to her to express herself in like fashion."

## "You Have Come Back"

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

"YOU have come back," they say to me,  
The people of the old, old town.  
In speech I with their speech agree,  
But doubts have I that will not down.

For more and more to me it seems  
That both the village and its folk,  
Whom I so oft have seen in dreams  
(Have seen, then lingeringly awoke)—

Have but returned, dream-wise, again,  
And as a vision will go by.  
So to make answer I am fain,  
"Tis you who have come back—not I."



# Marie and the Talk Trust

BY IRVING BACHELLER

"I AM inclined to converse a month or so on the reconstruction of Pointview," said the Honorable Socrates Potter. "Again it's mainly about ladies and mostly for men. The former are not invited, although of course where I am they are always welcome. Right here at the door of the auditorium, as it were, I present my compliments to every lady that comes, and beg her to turn back while there is yet time.

"Of course I shall talk too much, but I am a licensed liar, and the number of my machine is 463,227,643,720, so if I smash a dog here and there, note it down and complain to the editor. I shall not have time to stop for apologies.

"As a matter of fact, this flood of conversation is due entirely to my unselfishness. I am having a good time, and would like to share it with my friends.

"At present we're trying to regulate the supply and demand of luxuries, and with some success. It's led to a large but not unexpected increase in the supply of fun. For a month or so I've been a little overstocked.

"You've heard me speak of Marie Benson?—as pretty a girl as ever led a bulldog or ate a box of chocolates at a sitting. She's joined The Society of Useful Women, and Betsey and I have a special interest in her. She was a charming fish-hook, baited with beauty and wealth and culture and remarkable innocence. She had dangled about on mamma's rod and line for a year or so, but for some reason the fish wouldn't bite. Well, a few weeks ago I grabbed the rod from the old lady and put on a bait of silence and a sinker and moved to deep water, and began to do business. Let me explain.

"Marie had a failing for which, I am sorry to say, she was in no way distinguished. She talked too much. There are too many American women who talk too much. Marie's mother used to talk

about six-thirds of the time. You had to hear it, and then you had to get over it. Cause and effect were of about equal duration. She had a way of spiking the shoes of Time so that every hour felt like a month while it was running over you. You ought to have seen her climb the family tree or the sturdy old chestnut of her own experience and shake down the fruit! Marie had one more tree in her orchard. She had added the spreading peach of a liberal education to the deadly upas of Benson genealogy and the sturdy old chestnut of mamma's experience. The *vox Bensonorum* was as familiar as the Congregational bell. The supply of it exceeded the demand, and after every one was loaded and ready to cast off, the barrels came rolling down the chute. Reggie Van Alstyne, the handsomest and most promising youth in Pointview, had been a candidate for Marie's hand. Suddenly he let go.

"I remonstrated, and he said he needed a rest—that his nerves were shattered by close application. He proposed to seek the silence of the wilderness. 'I long to be where there is no sound,' he remarked.

"Marie called that evening and was a little cast down. She wished me to suggest something for her to do. Said she wanted a mission—a chance to do some good in the world. Thought she'd enjoy being a nurse. I felt sorry for the girl, and suddenly I saw the flicker of a brilliant thought.

"'Marie,' I said, 'as a member of The Society of Useful Women you are under a serious obligation, and you have taste for missionary work. Well, what's the matter with beginning on Nancy Doolittle? You owe her a duty and ought to have the courage—nay, the kindness—to perform it. Nancy talks too much.'

"'Well, I should say so,' said Marie. 'Nancy is a scourge—I have often thought of it.'

"'She's downright wasteful,' I went on. 'She fills every hour with informa-





SHE WISHED ME TO SUGGEST SOMETHING FOR HER TO DO

tion, and then throws on some more. It keeps coming. Your seams open, and then it's every hand to the pumps!

"Dora Perkins and Rebecca Ford are just as extravagant. They toss out gems of thought and chunks of knowledge as if they were as common as caramels. You should go to these girls and kindly but firmly remind them of this fault. Tell them that too much conversation has created more old maids and grass and parlor widows than any other cause. Give them a little lecture on the old law of supply and demand. Show them that it applies to conversation as well as to cabbages—that if one's talk is too plentiful it becomes very cheap. Suggest that if Methuselah had lived until now and witnessed all the adventures of the hu-

man race, he couldn't afford to waste his knowledge. If he talked only half the time nobody would believe him. They'd think he was crazy, and they'd know why, in past ages, everybody had died but him, and they'd wonder how he had managed to survive the invention of gunpowder. These girls have overestimated the value of good-will. There are millions of watered stock in their treasuries, and it isn't worth five cents on the dollar. Marie, you can have a lot of fun. I almost envy you.

"Tell these girls that the remedy is simple. They must be careful to regulate the supply to the demand. They could easily raise the price above par by denying now and then that they have any conversation in the treasury.'



"Marie promised to undertake this important work, and I knew that in connection with it she would also get some valuable advice.

"You see, this tendency to extravagant display has sunk in very deep. Our young people really do know a lot, and they want others to know that they know it. They are plumed with culture. They have repaired and trimmed and polished their simple ancestors and introduced them to the swelled set.

"Well, things began to mend. Betsey and I went to dine with the Bensons one evening, and Marie was as quiet as a lamb. She answered modestly when we spoke to her. She told no stories; her jeweled crown of culture was not in sight; she listened with notable success, and delighted us with well-managed and illuminating silence. Neither she nor her mother nor Mrs. Bryson ventured to interrupt the talk of a noted professor who dined with us. Marie was charming.

"After dinner she led me into the library, where we sat down together.

"She seemed a little embarrassed, and presently said with a laugh, 'I had a talk with those girls, as you suggested.'

"What did they say?' I asked.

"What didn't they say!' she exclaimed. 'They flew at me like wildcats. They tore me to pieces—said I was the most dreaded talker in Pointview—that I had talked a steady stream ever since I was born—that nobody had a chance to get in a word with me—that I had made all the boys sick who ever came to see me. What do you think of that?'

"It's a gross exaggeration!' I said.

"Well, I thought it over, and made up my mind they were right,' she went on. 'We kissed and made up and organized the Listeners' Circle, and mamma and Mrs. Bryson and Mrs. Doolittle have joined. Our purpose is to regulate our talk supply very strictly to the demand.'

"It's a grand idea!' I exclaimed. 'The Ladies' Talk and Information Trust! Why, it will soon control the entire product of Pointview; and can fix the price. Marie, it's only a matter of time when the conversation of you girls is going to be in the nature of a luxury and as much desired as diamonds. It won't be long before some young fellow will offer his life for one word from you.'

"Oh, I'm hopeless! Nobody cares for me—not a soul!' said Marie.

"Wait and give 'em a chance,' I answered.

"Do you think it's true that I've been such a pestilence?' she asked, as her fingers toyed with the upholstery. 'You know you've been a kind of father to me, and I want you to tell me frankly if I've really made the boys sick.'

"Why, my dear child, if I were a young man I'd be kneeling at your feet,' I said, and no wonder, for they were a beautiful pair of feet, and none ever supported a nobler girl. Then I went on: 'Marie, your talk is charming. The demand continues. I feel honored by your confidence. Please go on.'

"I believe I've been foolish without knowing it,' she said, her smile beautiful with its sadness.

"My dear child, if there were no folly in the world it would be a stupid place, and I for one should want to move,' I said. 'Some never discover their own follies, and they *are* hopeless. You are as wise as you are dear. It's in your power to do a lot of good. Think what you've already accomplished. I wish you would continue to help us to discourage foolish display in America.'

"Are there any more chestnuts in the fire?' she asked, with a laugh. 'Not that I'm afraid. I suppose the fire is good for me.'

"Marie, I love your fingers too well to burn them unduly,' I said. 'You could safely enough help Mrs. Warburton in the arrangements for the Servants' Ball. We want it to be a swell affair. The whole thing must be done handsomely and in good form. There must be no loudness—no bad breaks. I want you to coach the girls carefully. Believe me, there's a deep purpose behind it all.'

"And I'm in sympathy with it,' she answered, feelingly. 'You may count on me.'

"I expect that Reggie Van Alstyne will be wanting to marry you soon,' I suggested. Reggie was the petted son of a millionaire who lived near us.

"Reggie!' she exclaimed. 'I talked him to death—and out of the notion—long ago, and I'm not sorry. He isn't my kind.'

"Reggie's a good fellow,' I insisted.



"But he's so dreadfully nice—such a hopeless aristocrat! You've spoiled me for such a man. I want a big, full-blooded, brawny chap who isn't a slave to his coat and trousers. I want a farmer."

"A farmer!" I exclaimed.

"Well, the kind of man you've talked so much about—one who could get his hands dirty and be a gentleman. I'm longing for the outdoor life—and the outdoor man to live it with me."

"Give Reggie a chance—he may turn out well," I urged.

"That young man came to see me in a day or two, and said that he thought Marie had improved wonderfully."

"I'm really more in love with her than ever," he exclaimed.

"My new set of Smollett lay on the piano, and he greatly admired it. 'I have read all his novels,' he said, 'and if I had a set like that I should think it a great treasure.'"

"I shall be glad to give those books to you, but I have two requests to make concerning them," I said.

"He turned in astonishment."

"They can do you no further harm, and my first request is that you do not lend them. My second is that you take them home in my wheelbarrow in daylight with your own hands."

"He silently demurred."

"At last those books have a chance to do some little good in the world, and I don't want them to lose it," I urged. "The hands, feet, and legs of the high and low born are slowly being deprived of their rights in this community. Pride is robbing them of their ancient and proper offices. How many of the young men and women of our acquaintance would be seen on the street with a package in their hands, to say nothing of a wheelbarrow? Their souls are above it!"

"Why should they carry packages and wheelbarrows?" Reggie asked. "Stores deliver goods these days."

"That's one reason why it costs so much to live. We have to pay for our pride and our indolence and the delivery of the goods. It's all charged in the bill. Some member of the family used



"WHAT DIDN'T THEY SAY!—THEY TORE ME TO PIECES"



to go to market every morning with his basket and carry the goods home with him.'

"'It would be ridiculous for me to do that,' said Reggie. 'We're able to pay the bills.'

"'But you're doing a great injustice to those who are not. You make the delivery system a necessary thing, and those who are not able have to help you stand the expense of it—a gross injustice. I want you to help me in this cause of the hand and foot. Your example would be full of inspiration. Excuse me a moment.'

"I went for the wheelbarrow and brought it up to the front door, and he helped me to load the books with a sober countenance. That done, I seized the handles of the barrow.

"'Come on,' I said. 'I'll do the work—you share the disgrace with me.'

"My gray hairs were too much for him.

"'No; give me the handles,' he insisted. 'If it won't hurt you, it won't hurt me—that's sure.'

"So, in his silk hat and frock-coat and spats, with a carnation in his button-hole, he seized the wheelbarrow like a man, and away we went. I steered him up the Main Street, and people began to hail us with laughter from automobiles, and to jest with us on the sidewalk, and Marie came along with two other pretty girls, and the barrow halted in a gale of merriment.

"'What in the world are you doing?' one of them asked.

"'It's the remains of the late Mr. Smollett,' I explained.

"'I'm setting an example to the young,' said Reggie, as he mopped his forehead. 'Couldn't help it. I had to do this thing.'

"'Great!' Marie exclaimed. 'Simply great! I'm going to get me a wheelbarrow.'

"She would take hold of the handles and try it, and went on half a block in spite of our protests, creating much excitement.

"That was the first rude beginning of The Basket and Wheelbarrow Brigade in Pointview, of which I shall tell you later. And now I shall explain my generosity, and how I came by the Smollett.

"Christmas was approaching, and Betsey said to me one day that she had been guilty of a great extravagance.

"'I know you will forgive me just this once,' she went on. 'My love for you is so extravagant that I had to keep pace with it. You've simply got to accept something very grand.'

"'I can't think of anything that I need unless it's a new jack-knife,' I said.

"'Nonsense!' she exclaimed. 'You've got to let me spend some money for you. I've been held down in the expression of my affections as long as I can stand it. I've doubled my charities since we were married as a token of my gratitude, and now I've a right to do something to please myself.'

"'All right! We'll lift the lid,' I said. 'We can lie about it, I suppose, and cover up our folly.'

"'Well, of course we don't have to tell what it cost,' said Betsey; 'and, Socrates, you can't expect to reform me in a year. It's taken half a lifetime to acquire my follies.'

"That's one trouble with the whole problem. You can't tear down a structure which has been slowly rising for half a century in a day or in many days.

"Christmas arrived, and Betsey went down-stairs with me and covered my eyes in the hall and led me to the grand piano. Then I was permitted to look, and there was the most gorgeous set of books that my eyes ever beheld—a set of Smollett, in lovely brown calf, decorated with magnificent gold tooling! Yes, I love such things—who doesn't?—and I gave Betsey a great hug, and we sat down with tears in our eyes to look at the pages of vellum and the wonderful etchings which adorned so many of them. They were charming. I knew that the books had cost at least two hundred dollars. Grandpa Smead looked awfully stern in his gold frame on the wall.

"'Now don't think too badly of me,' she urged. 'Every poor family within twenty miles is eating dinner at my expense this Christmas Day.'

"'You are the dearest girl in all the land!' I said. 'There's nobody like you.'

"'You're so fond of the classics!' said Betsey. 'I knew nothing would please you better. The young man who sold them to me is working his way through



Yale. I was glad to help him. He recommended them highly—said they were so moral and uplifting! He knew that we enjoyed reading at home. We shall have such a good time reading them together, Socrates.'

"This father of romance was not unknown to me, and I did not share her confidence in the joys ahead of us, but said nothing.

"After a fine dinner, Betsey wanted to start in at once. We sat down by the fireside while her secretary began to read aloud from one of the treasured volumes. I had not read the story, and chose it as being the least likely to make trouble. In a short time we came to rough going, and the young woman began to falter.

"That will do,' said Betsey, suddenly, as I tried to conceal my emotions.

"She took the book from the hands of her secretary, and read on in silence for a minute or so.

"My land!' she exclaimed, with a look of horror. 'That book would corrupt the morals of John Bunyan.'

"Never mind; John never lived in Pointview,' I argued. 'He didn't have a chance to get hardened.'

"Betsey had a determined look in her face, and rang for the coachman.

"I'll have them stored in the stable,' said she, firmly.

"If you don't keep it locked, all the women in the neighborhood 'll be in there,' I warned her, knowing that she couldn't help telling her friends of what had happened.

"That's no reason why the men should be unduly exposed,' said Betsey. 'Poor things! They're not so hardened to trouble! It's my duty to protect *you* as long as I can, Socrates.'

"I promised to get rid of the books somehow, and persuaded her to let them stay where they were until I had had time to think about it. Then she said:

"Socrates, forgive me. I wanted to be so nice to you. I guess it's a just punishment for my extravagance. I thought the modern novels were bad enough. What can I do for you now?"

"Always when you're in doubt, do nothing,' I suggested.

"Oh, I know what I'll do,' she exclaimed, joyfully. 'I'll knit you a pair of socks with my own hands.'

"Eureka!' I shouted. 'Those socks shall make footprints on the sands of time.'

"Betsey was horrified when I told her that I had given the Smollett to Reggie Van Alstyne. I was quick to explain:

"He had read the books. They can't do him any more harm, and he has promised not to lend them.'

"The young people can be trusted to read everything that they ought not to these days,' said she. 'You know I was at Lizzie's party the other night. Ruth Van Alstyne was there, and her brother Reggie with Marie. He's very attentive. Marie was charming, but Ruth exposed all her knowledge and too much of her person.'

"She's a little extravagant with both,' I agreed.

"She hasn't joined The Listeners' Circle, either—she scorns it,' Betsey went on. 'She asked me if I was familiar with D'Annunzio, and I said no. Then what a look of joy and self-congratulation as she began to enlighten me! Talked for twenty minutes. Reduced us all to the size of bumble-bees! And held us there!'

"You should have called to your defense my old friend Dr. Godfrey Vogel-dam Guph, diplomat and sociologist,' I said. 'He has a remarkable history. I know that because I composed it myself. For years it has been necessary for me to give so much advice that modesty compelled me to seek the aid of the doctor. He was born about the year 1920—in the modern renaissance. He is the only man that ever lived who knew everything and had all the talents but one. He never told a lie—never but once, and that was on his death-bed. Yes, it was a little late, but still it was in time to save his reputation, and, possibly, even his soul. To a man of his parts the truth had always been good enough, and lying unnecessary. If I had told a lie everybody would have believed it. He was a most unusual person, and likely to excite interest in any community. The doctor could be relied upon to take the center of the stage from any oracle that ever lived. You should briefly trace his career down to his last touching words, which were delivered to a priest and his



sister Sophia, who had been reading to him from a book of D'Annunzio. Those words you can safely dwell upon for some minutes.'

"'At last I have concluded that it is possible to know too much,' he said. 'You will please send for a minister.'

"The minister came and, seeing the book, asked the good man if he had read it.

"'Alas, my friend,' the doctor exclaimed, 'that it should be necessary for me to tell a lie on my death-bed! I have not read that book.'

"'Out with the truth, my son,' the minister urged.

"'And it is this,' he said: 'I have come to an hour when a lie and nothing but a lie can show my sense of shame. I solemnly swear that I have not read it!'

"'Well, at least you're a noble liar,' said the man of God. 'I absolve you.'

"'I claim no credit—I am only doing my duty,' said the good doctor, as he breathed his last.

"While Betsey would have nothing to do with him, the doctor has really become an institution here in eastern Connecticut."

The Honorable Socrates Potter laughed as he filled his pipe, and resumed with an attitude of ease and comfort:

"Yes, I regret that the higher education has opened the vats of foreign eroticism, and set them flowing into the souls and over the red lips of many a sweet-faced maiden in America. Certain young men who have been 'finished' abroad, where they filled their souls with Latin looseness, have turned it into fiction and a source of profit.

"Marie came into my office one day, and I said to her, 'Marie, have you read any of these books?'

"She looked down, blushing, and said, 'No.'

"I knew that she didn't dare admit it.

"'A noble lie is better than none—under the circumstances,' I said, and told the story of Dr. Guph.

"'But never again shall I have to lie about that,' said she.

"'Good!' was my answer.

"'Do you think I'm good enough to be recommended to the best young man of your acquaintance? That's what I'd like to know,' said Marie.

"'I call you a very promising young lady,' said I. 'How is Reggie?'

"'Splendid! I'm beginning to admire him very much. I met him on his way home last night with a crate of eggs on his shoulder. Now that's like a man—isn't it?'

"'Marie, you and I can reform this community,' I declared. 'We best people have only to get busy with the basket and the wheelbarrow. Have you a crest?'

"'No, but mamma is getting one,' said she. 'I'm in love with crests.'

"'Good!' I exclaimed. 'The other day I suggested to Bridget Maloney, our pretty chambermaid, that she ought to have the Maloney crest on her letter-heads.

"'What's that?' says Bridget.

"'What's that?' I says, with a look of pity.

"Then I showed her a letter from Mrs. Van Alstyne, with a lion and a griffin cuffing each other black and blue at the top of the sheet.

"'It's grand!' said she.

"'It's the Van Alstyne crest,' I said. 'It's a proof of respectability. Aren't you as good as they are?'

"'Every bit!' said she.

"'That's what I thought. Don't you often feel as if you were better than a good many people you know?'

"'Sure I do.'

"'Well, that's a sign that you're blue-blooded,' said I. 'Probably you've got a king in your family somewhere. A crest shows that you suspect your ancestors—nothing more than that. It isn't proof, so there's no reason why you shouldn't have it. You ought not to be going around without a crest, as if you were a common servant-girl. Why, every kitchen-maid will be thinking she's as good as you are. You want to be in style. You have money in the bank, and not half the people who have crests are as well able to afford 'em.'

"'How much do they cost?'

"'Nothing—at least yours 'll cost nothing. Bridget, I shall be glad to buy one for you.'

"The simple girl thanked me, and I found the Maloney crest for her, and had the plate made and neatly engraved on a hundred sheets of paper.

"Next week the *Pointview Advocate*



will print this item: 'Miss Bridget Maloney, the genial chambermaid of Mrs. Socrates Potter, uses the Maloney crest on her letter-heads. She is said to be a lineal descendant of his Grace Bryan Maloney, one of the early dukes of Ireland.'

"Bridget is haughty, well-mannered, and a neat dresser. She's a pace-maker in her set. Even the high-headed servants of Warburton House imitate her hats and gowns.

"Last week Katie O'Neil, one of Mrs. Warburton's kitchen-maids, came to me for information as to the heraldry of her house. I found a crest for Katie, and then came Mary Maginniss, and Bertha Schimpfelheim, the daughter of a real German count, and one August Bernheimer, a young barber of baronial blood, and Pietro Cantaveri, our prosperous bootblack, who was the grandson of an Italian countess; and so it went until the high-born servers of Pointview were all supplied with armorial bearings.

"These claims to distinction shall be soberly chronicled in the *Advocate*. Not one is to be overlooked or treated with any lack of respect. On the contrary, the whole thing will be exploited with a proper sense of awe.

"Marie laughed until she was blue in the face.

"'Wait till I tell mamma,' she said. 'It's lucky you told me. It's saved us. We were on the high road to destruction.'

"Well, I went on with the crest campaign. Bertha, Pietro, and the others got their crests and saw their names in the paper.

"The supply of crests was now perfectly adequate, and among our best people the demand for them began to diminish and suddenly ceased. The beast, rampant and couchant, the helmet and the battle-ax associated only with mixed tenses and misplaced capitals according to their ancient habit. This chambermaid grammar was referred to by my friend Dr. Guph as the 'battle-ax brand'—a designation of some merit. Expensive stationery fell into the fireplaces of Pointview, and armorial plates were found in the garbage. The family trees of the village were deserted. Not a bird twittered in their branches. The subject of genealogy was buried in deep

silence, save when the irreverent referred to some late addition to our new aristocracy.

"Now I want to make it clear that we have no disrespect for the customs of any foreign land. If I were living in a foreign land and needed evidence of my respectability, I'd have a crest if it was likely to prove my case. But America was founded by the sons of the yeomen, and the yeomen established their respectability with other evidence. Their brains were so often slashed by the battle-ax that some of us have an hereditary shyness about the head. We dodge at every baronial relic.

"In due time the Society of Useful Women met at our house, and I was invited to make a few remarks, and said, in effect:

"'We are trying to correct the evil of extravagant display in America, and first I ask you to consider the cause of it. We find it in the ancient law of supply and demand. The reason that women love to array themselves in silk and laces and jewels and picture-hats and plumes of culture and sunbursts of genealogy lies in the fact that the supply of these things has generally been limited. Their cost is so high, therefore, that few can afford them, and those who wear them are distinguished from the common herd. This matter of buying distinction is the cause of our trouble. Sometimes we buy distinction with our money instead of paying our debts with it, and become promising candidates for the poorhouse or the idiot asylum. Now I propose that we increase the supply of jewels, silks, laces, picture-hats, and ancestors in Pointview—that we bring them within the reach of all, and aim a death-blow at the distinction to be obtained by displaying them. There isn't a servant-girl in this community who doesn't pant for luxuries. Why shouldn't she? I move that we have a committee to consider this inadequate supply of luxuries, with power to increase the same at its own expense.'

"I was appointed chairman of that committee and went to work, with Betsey and Mrs. Warburton as coadjutors.

"We stocked a store with clever imitations of silks, satins, and old lace, and



the best assortment of Brummagem jewelry that could be raked together. We had a great show-case full of glittering paste—bracelets, tiaras, coronets, sunbursts, dog-collars, rings, necklaces—all extremely modish, and so handsome that they would have deceived any but trained eyes. Our pearls and sapphires were especially attractive. We hired a skilled dressmaker familiar with the latest modes, and a milliner who could imitate the most stunning hats on Fifth Avenue at reasonable prices. To our surprise we began to make money.

“Mrs. Warburton’s ball for the servants of Pointview, to be given in the Town Hall, was coming near. She and Marie had done a lot of work getting ready for it. The Warburton servants were the most exclusive in the village. They came and ordered gowns, hats, laces, and jewels. That set the ball rolling, and our establishment was busy night and day. Some mortgaged their incomes, but we gave ’em a free rein.

“The ball sent its radiance over land and sea. It was like a glittering section of the Milky Way. The great room was decorated with palms and flowering plants and armorial shields, in compliment to the battle-ax aristocracy represented by the houses of Maloney, Maginniss, Schimpfelheim, Bernheimer, and Cantaveri. A fine orchestra furnished music. Reporters from New York and other cities were present.

“The nurses, cooks, kitchen-girls, laundresses, and chambermaids of Pointview were radiant in silk, lace, diamonds, pearls, and rubies. The costumes were brilliant, but all in good taste. Alabaster? Why, my dear boy, they would have made the swell set resemble a convention of bean-poles. They busted the record! Some of them were a trifle meaty, but with the aid of corsets, rouge, and powder their beauty forged to the front. They came in at least a neck ahead. Such a collection of jewels, necks, arms, shoulders, and busts was never seen in any ball-room.

“The young men—a good-looking lot—were faultlessly attired in full dress. The presence of Mr. and Mrs. Warburton, of Marie and Reggie, on the floor insured order and lent an air of seriousness to the event. The only mishap oc-

curred when Bertha Schimpfelheim—some call her Big Bertha—slipped and fell in a waltz, injuring the knee of her companion. To my surprise the brainiest of these working-folk saw the satire in which they were taking part, and entered into it with all the more spirit because they knew.

“The event was an epoch-maker. Long reports of it appeared in the daily press, and traveled far in a surge of thoughtful merriment. For instance: ‘Miss Katie Maginniss, the accomplished lady-in-waiting of Mrs. William Warburton, of Warburton House, wore a coronet and a dog-collar of diamonds above a costume of white brocaded satin, trimmed with old duchesse lace and gold ornaments. Miss Maginniss is a lineal descendant of Lord Rawdon Maginniss, of Cork, who early in the seventeenth century commanded an army that drove the Italians out of Ireland.’

“And so it went, with column after column of glittering detail. Since then the servants have enjoyed a monopoly in splendor—it’s been a kind of Standard Jewel Company. The high-born people of Pointview have bought no gems. I know that some of them have unloaded, and certain rich men have boasted in my presence that they haven’t a jewel in their houses, and one added with quite unneeded emphasis: ‘Not a measly jewel. My wife says that they suggest dish-water and aprons.’

“‘It is too funny!’ said Mrs. Warburton. ‘You know those jewels at the ball were quite as real as many that are worn by ladies of fashion. Most rich women who want to save themselves worry keep their jewels in the strong-box and wear replicas of paste and composition.’

“Well, as Dr. Guph would say, ‘They are just fiat jewels, and meanwhile the real gems are entertaining the stocks and bonds in the strong-box and making ’em feel at home.’

“The instalment jeweler has gone out of business, and half a dozen servant-girls have refused to make further payments on their solitaires and returned them. We have discovered that silk and diamonds and crests are not to be relied upon as a mark of distinction.

“‘Marie is the real thing,’ said young Mr. Van Alstyne, in a talk with me.”



# Reanchoring the Home

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

Formerly General Agent of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor

WE were all neighbors in the Middle-Western town where I was born. The community was one of independent homes, whose simple prosperity rested directly upon the rich fields of wheat and corn that encircled it like a garland. It was an economically self-sufficient community; it ground its own flour from the grain of its own fields; it fattened its own beef for slaughter; it made bricks for its houses out of its own clay-banks. It was jealously self-centered. Twenty years ago a farmer or professional man would have put his business in jeopardy by appearing in a wagon or buggy that did not bear the trade-mark of one or the other of the local wheelwrights. There was no conspicuous wealth, neither was there chronic unemployment or destitution. Even the poorhouse was principally a detention-hospital for the infrequent feeble-minded or insane. Its social life centered about the tall-steepled churches, the clangor of whose bells at dawn and noon and sunset alone disturbed its slumberous tranquillity. Its neighborliness was one of visible economic interdependence; its outstanding characteristic was the security of its homes.

America was built upon such communities as this. From them our literary classics, from Longfellow to Mark Twain, derive their distinctive flavor, and the imagery of political orations in Congress—as on the stump—still loves to twine about their “homes and firesides.” Even in the slums of our crowded cities school-books continue to picture the America beyond the tenements as a semi-bucolic neighborhood, where sturdy, independent merchants, farmers, and mechanics safeguard our ancestral liberties in freehold homes. On every hand the power of a cherished memory draws a golden curtain upon the changed reality of to-day.

For the reality has profoundly changed. The economic transformation that has reached full blossom and ripened seed for a new social order in older and more highly developed industrial communities is involving even my Middle-Western town—now become a third-class city—in the world economy. When some ten years ago I returned there, I missed the familiar local trade-marks. Red-and-yellow cuts of beef, dangling before the butcher-shops, bore the stamps of Chicago packers; the enterprise of Minneapolis millers pervaded the grocery-stores; while a gaunt elevator by a railroad siding gathered in the home-grown wheat. By irresistible though vaguely apprehended forces the life of the community was having its center of gravity shifted from the wheat and corn fields to the tall-chimneyed “shops” of an international corporation. Instead of the farmer and the artisan, the wage-earner and the salaried man were the dominant figures upon the streets.

That this turmoil at the economic foundations of the city was having a deleterious effect upon the homes was patent to the most cursory observation. More houses were being jerry-built for renters; fewer dwellings stood quietly apart amid pleasant gardens. There were the beginnings of systematic charity. The oldest physician was preparing to take down his shingle because his gray years had surrounded him with strangers. The wonted tranquillity had given place to an ominous unrest.

Since then the process of transformation has been hastened by the trolley lines and telephones; but, characteristically enough, the leading men in the community accept the change with complacency. Several weeks ago the superintendent of the “shops” casually referred to the growing volume of unemployment throughout the Middle West.



I have known him since we played hi-spy and baseball together. He is a splendidly efficient manager. He grew up in the "shops," and knows how to get full measure for a day's wages. The corporations justly prize him, and he returns their confidence with a loyalty that tends to identify itself with loyalty to the nation. Concern about unemployment was so dissonant with his usual optimism that it provoked inquiry about unemployment in our city and its possible effect upon family life. My question seemed to puzzle him: While the "shops" and the nation endured, what could injure *our* homes?

"Conditions back home are exceptional," he averred. "Since becoming a part of the combine we have been fortunate in being able to give employment nearly the entire year, from year to year, to most of our skilled mechanics. You see, we seem to be the pet shop of our management, and if there is any work in the market we usually get first chance at it. Of course there are plenty of shops throughout the country that have been closed down entirely, or that operate only when times are busy. But I hardly think our city is a good example of the domestic instability that industrial concentration has generally brought about."

It is always *our* city that is the exception!

"Skilled mechanics?" I said. "How many men all told have you employed from year to year?"

He answered quite candidly and without conscious inconsistency that two years ago the "shops" had given work to two thousand men; but that for reasons of administrative efficiency they were being reorganized, and that to-day only *one* thousand men were working. Here was a fluctuation in two years equal to almost one-half the adult male population of the city! And in supporting his conviction that *our* homes kept their stability unimpaired he spoke with obvious satisfaction of the recent opening of a shoe-factory which "gives employment to many of our girls and boys."

A few days later I discussed these matters with a woman who had been active in the first systematic attempts to relieve the destitution which is following in the wake of unemployment, and with

the sturdy old doctor who until a few years ago was city physician. They spoke with passionate regret of the increasing number of families that are depending upon the wages of their children, of the increasing number of single men and the concomitant rise of prostitution. But when I sought detailed information from my friend, the superintendent—

"You know," he said, resentfully, "our city is made up of a pretty respectable lot of fellows, and it is seldom a husband deserts his wife, or eats from the hands of his children. It is true, we have a number of single men here at all times, but St. Louis is so near and convenient that our city supports only a few individuals that are off color. I know this is very often the case in many communities; but really *our* city is the exception."

My suggestion that the evils ordinarily resulting from extensive unemployment, child labor, and destitution might have appeared in our cherished community seemed to offend his sensibilities; it was as if my questions in themselves were perversely designed to destroy our homes.

Who in America has not witnessed such a transformation as is overwhelming my Middle-Western city? Yet for the most part our loyalty to the image kept fresh by the "Village Blacksmith," *Tom Sawyer*, and the holiday oration holds us to the assurance that what we see is unimportant—a transient happening—and that when the old, free, village competition is restored, the traditional American community of simple freehold homes will reassert its dominance. As a nation we have preferred to keep the memory of our Golden Age undimmed by a too close scrutiny of contemporary facts, and we have accordingly left the serious discussion of a pre-eminent public question to the "soap-box agitator," whose torch and red banner are among the increasingly familiar sights in every industrial center.

Happily, in one State at least, the tragic wreckage of the panic of 1907 shook this dangerous complacency. In June, 1910, the New York State Commission on Employers' Liability and Unemployment sent a questionnaire to more



than five thousand employers, representing every industry in the State, seeking information about the fluctuations in the number of their employees from year to year and month to month, the sources of their labor-supply, and their methods of securing workers. At the same time the secretaries of more than two thousand trade-unions were asked to report the number of their members who were unemployed during the year, and to describe the effect of lost wages upon the workingmen's families. This information the Commission supplemented from the various investigations by the United States Department of Labor into wages and the cost of living, from all available State documents dealing with unemployment, from the quarterly reports of trade-unions to the New York State Commissioner of Labor, from the special Federal censuses of manufactures made in 1904 and 1905, from the records of charitable societies, commercial and philanthropic employment agencies, and other kindred sources. Upon this broad basis of fact the Commission framed its conclusions, the chief of which is that "unemployment is a permanent feature of modern industrial life everywhere. In the industrial centers of New York State, at all times of the year, in good times as well as bad, there are wage-earners, able and willing to work, who cannot secure employment."

This is the great fact which to-day challenges serious attention; for it involves all our social and economic problems—it gauges the social efficiency of our industries, it is fundamental to the physical health of the nation, it is basic to the problems of destitution, the dependency of children, vagrancy, and crime.

Of seven hundred and twenty-three employers who replied to the question, "Are you always able to get all the help you want?" sixty-seven per cent. answered, "Yes." At the same time *eighty-seven* per cent. stated that they got their help wholly or mainly from workmen who made personal application at their factory doors. In few establishments do they even have to hang out a sign, "Hands Wanted," or blow the whistle, as the canning factories do, to announce that fresh loads of fruit or vegetables

have made places for more workers. They have rather to protect themselves from importunities by placards like those one sees outside almost every building in process of construction: "No Carpenters Wanted"—"No Bricklayers Wanted"—"No Steam-fitters Wanted"—"No Workmen of any Sort Wanted."

"It is apparent," says the Commission, "that many workmen must be going from plant to plant in vain."

Of one hundred and seventy-nine trade-union secretaries who replied to the question, "Are there at all times of the year some of your members out of work?" fifty-three per cent. answered, "Yes." Only eight per cent. said that their members lost no time through unemployment, while twenty-five per cent. replied that their members lost an average of three months or more in the year. The reports of the New York State Department of Labor, covering a period of seven years, show that in ordinary times at least fifteen per cent. of the organized workers of the State are idle during the winter months, while even during October, the month of maximum industrial activity, the percentage of employment among skilled workers does not drop below five. During years of panic and industrial depression the limits both of maximum and minimum unemployment rise sharply, and the recorded idle among the best trade-unions range from fifteen to more than thirty-five per cent.

These figures deal entirely with skilled workmen. No comparably accurate data were procurable to show the extent to which the unskilled suffer from worklessness. Such facts, however, as the Commission was able to gather furnish an interesting index to the truth. During 1910 the Free Municipal Lodging House in New York City gave shelter to more than thirty-three thousand homeless and penniless men and women, most of whom, though unemployed, were "by no means unemployable." In this same year the Salvation Army had five thousand applicants for work, for only five hundred of whom was it able to find places; and the National Employment Exchange, an agency conducted at great expense by a small group of financiers, found work in eighteen months for only four thousand six hundred and fifty-seven out of ap-



proximately twenty-four thousand applicants.

Too much weight is not to be given to these figures; undoubtedly many of the work-hunters registered with more than one agency, and in many cases positions were left unfilled because none of the long list was qualified to meet their special requirements. They do, nevertheless, indicate the silt that is seeping through the foundations of our American homes.

Always it must be remembered that unemployment is not a disease of panic years which can be met by emergent relief; its evils are not necessarily most serious when the number of unemployed is largest. The important questions are: How many workers do the industries of the State normally require? To how many can they give steady employment? and, How many do their fluctuating demands keep in the reserve army of casual workers?

The Federal census of manufactures shows that about ten per cent. of the wage-earners of New York State form a reserve to meet the varying monthly demands; that fully one-third of those who are employed at the busiest times are out of employment, or are compelled to lose time in going from job to job during the year. Of 37,194 establishments, only forty per cent. were in operation for the full year; nineteen per cent. lost a month or more, and eight per cent. were shut down half the time. "Investigations of over four thousand wage-earners' families in the State," says the Commission in its summary, "show that less than half of the bread-winners have steady work during the year."

What is the effect of this industrial turbulence upon the stability of our homes?

It has been customary in New York to adopt the conclusion of the Sage Foundation, that for an average working-man's family consisting of two adults and three children, or four adults, "an income under eight hundred dollars in New York City is not enough to permit the maintenance of a normal standard; families having from nine hundred to a thousand a year are able in general to get food enough to keep soul and body

together, and clothing and shelter enough to meet the most urgent demands of decency." Because, however, seventy-five per cent. of the trade-unions under consideration were located in the smaller cities of the State, the Commission conservatively adopted seven hundred dollars as the amount upon which a family "can barely support itself, provided that it is subject to no extraordinary expenditures by reason of sickness, death, or other untoward circumstance."

The secretaries of two hundred and eleven trade-unions reported that if employment had been constant, the average income of slightly more than half their members would have risen to a thousand dollars a year, while in only four per cent. would it have been less than seven hundred dollars. But owing to the inconstant demand for labor, the average income actually fell below seven hundred dollars in twenty-five per cent. of the membership, and reached a thousand dollars in only fourteen per cent.

These figures are, of course, corrected for strikes; they represent normal conditions. Moreover, they deal only with a group of skilled, and therefore well-paid, trades. They leave to the imagination the economic status of the unskilled and casual workers, whose periods of unemployment are longer and more frequent, and who, even if they were employed six days a week the year round at the usual wage, could not earn more than five hundred and fifty dollars! The dock-workers are, perhaps, the most typical of these casual laborers. In every city or town that has shipping by ocean, lake, or river, they are to be found, either idling about waiting for a job, or working night and day, loading and unloading vessels. New York City alone has between forty and fifty thousand of them, not more than half of whom are working any one day. What do they do between-whiles? The Municipal Lodging House gives the history of some of them. They wash dishes in a restaurant for a few days; they help to fix up Madison Square Garden for a show; they do building-laborers' work for a while; help a team-driver when an extra man is needed; distribute directories and telephone-books, and pack and ship goods in a department store during the Christmas



season. How shall their families adjust their living to such wage-earning? Or how long will it take an industrial system that presupposes a man to have no family to produce the thing it demands?

Of course it may be justly said that the full weight of lost income due to unemployment is not always felt through a lowered standard of living in a working-man's family. When he is out of a job, his wife goes to work, his children go to work, and in this way the home may be kept together. In city parks and playgrounds, able-bodied men taking care of babies and young children while their wives and older children are at work are common enough. But from the standpoint of the homes and the State's interest, these can hardly be considered satisfactory adjustments. For the children of unemployed or underemployed workers, neglected in their early years because their mothers must go to work, are frequently forced to enter industry, untrained and physically handicapped, by way of the first job that offers; and as they grow up they drift out of the "blind alleys" of makeshift occupations, to swell the hosts of casual, unskilled labor.

And it isn't as though the unemployed man would rebound into estimable respectability when given a job. One who has listened to the perfervid denunciations of society by the street-corner orator, whose emotions have been set aflame by the sight of the righteous man forsaken and his seed begging bread, is curiously impressed by the clear echo of the agitator's language in the State Commission's report.

"The unemployed man walks the street in search of work, hopeful at first, but as time goes on becoming more and more discouraged. The odd jobs he picks up bring an uncertain and very insufficient income. His whole life becomes unsteady. From undernourishment and constant anxiety his powers—mental, moral, and physical—begin to degenerate. Soon he becomes unfit for work. The merely unemployed man becomes inefficient, unreliable, good-for-nothing, unemployable. His family is demoralized. Pauperism and vagrancy result."

The two facts which the New York Commission established beyond contro-

versy are that unemployment, and the deterioration, both of individuals and of the State, that goes with it, is a normal incident to the industrial life we have so carefully built up; and that like the superintendent in my Middle-Western city we are sitting in complacent blindness while this deterioration attacks our most cherished possession, the home.

These conditions are not peculiar to New York. The recently published Federal inquiry into the reasons why six hundred and twenty children in selected manufacturing towns in Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, and Georgia left school to go to work, shows that thirty per cent. went into industry under pressure of starvation, and another twenty-eight per cent. because the parents were not able to maintain such a standard of living as seemed to them imperative without their children's assistance. In this Federal report the most significant piece of information is relegated to a foot-note in the smallest type: "In the period between the children's going to work and the investigation, one hundred and ninety-two fathers had been unemployed for varying periods. Using the fullest information obtainable, there seemed only eighteen cases (concerning two and eight-tenths per cent. of the children studied) in which the father's lack of work seemed attributable to his own indolence, intemperance, or other fault."

It is from the ranks of these child-workers, whom destitution pushes prematurely into the machine of industry, that our criminals are increasingly recruited. The latest governmental study in juvenile delinquency and its relation to employment shows that the percentage of delinquent children is nearly five times as great among those that work as among those that are at school.

Uncertain and insufficient wages, juvenile delinquency, crime, and prostitution—this is the array of evils that is breaking up our homes; and the parent of them all is unemployment.

Confronted by such facts, it is idle to cling to the illusion that America is a bucolic neighborhood of freehold homes, or to declaim against a programme of remedial legislation as an unwarranted interference with personal liberty. What personal liberty have the



hungry? At such a time academic discussion becomes both inhuman and unpatriotic; what we need is an enlightened statesmanship.

Against the dark background of the New York Commission's general findings one cheerful fact stands out. While thousands look for work and cannot find it, scores at least of positions remain unfilled. So long as business men rely upon the chance-come applicant at their factory doors, there must always be times when places requiring special types of labor will continue empty. Moreover, it is notorious that there are times in the year when farmers cry in vain for hands, and always there are lost opportunities for agricultural workers because the means of communication between the manless job and the jobless man are inadequate.

Because common sense suggests that this unsatisfied demand for labor is the readiest means of grappling with the problem of unemployment, the Commission gives first place in its list of immediately practicable remedies to a generously financed and State-wide system of free employment-offices. Would a manufacturer in need of raw material tack up a sign, Cotton Wanted, or Lumber Wanted? Why should the labor-market alone be left unorganized?

To be sure, New York State once had a State employment-office, which, after ten years of existence, was abolished; other States have experimented with employment-offices, which, with few exceptions, have failed to render important service. The difficulty has not, however, been intrinsic. Such offices have been the sport of peanut politics, and have usually been underfinanced and undermanned. Where they have been put under the civil service and given measurably adequate support, they have justified public confidence.

But it is the English system which the New York Commission has taken for its model. After years of futile experiment with Distress Committees and Relief Work—futile because it was impossible to give really useful work to the idle without taking it away from the employed—the English government passed the Labor Exchange Act of 1909. In February of that year the Board of Trade opened ninety exchanges, and in-

creased the number to one hundred and forty-two in 1910. The kingdom is divided into ten administrative districts. Three times a day each exchange sends to the central district office a list of all positions it is unable to fill, and a similar list is exchanged among the ten divisions once or twice weekly. Channels of regular intercommunication net the kingdom. When necessary the government pays the cost of transportation of the workman, then collects it from the employer, who in turn deducts it from the workman's wages. At the head of each of the ten districts is a divisional officer, who is assisted by a committee of employers and workmen. The exchanges do not advance transportation to places where strikes are on, or where the wages offered are below the prevailing rates. Already, in their second year, the exchanges were finding jobs for about fifteen hundred workers daily.

A Juvenile Advisory Committee, composed of workmen, employers, and educators, who protect the children against "blind-alley" jobs, is provided for in each district. The need of hitching up the schools with industry is revealed by the fact that in 1909 forty per cent. of the positions found by the exchanges could not be filled because properly trained workers were not available.

In the main this is the system recommended by the New York Commission, whose bill includes provision for co-operation with employers and trade-unionists, notice of strikes, and special facilities for children between the ages of fourteen and eighteen.

But the Commission warns the Legislature not to exaggerate the extent of the unsatisfied demand for labor:

"The evidence before us by no means justifies the belief that under any system of labor exchanges, however perfect, would the supply of unemployed labor be absorbed by the unsatisfied demand. The causes for the fluctuating demand for workers can probably not be eliminated without an entire reconstruction of the industrial order."

This warning takes cognizance of the supposedly inexhaustible demand for agricultural workers. The Commission found that this demand in New York State is confined principally to the mid



and late summer harvest season, and that it rarely seeks men with families.

Always, while present industrial methods last, while production is conducted sporadically with reference to the investor rather than the consuming public, while slack seasons alternate with nervous overtime, some unemployment is inevitable. But because of the untutored state of American public opinion, the New York Commission hesitated to press its request for legislation beyond its bill for labor exchanges. Within a few months of the presentation of this bill, however, an independent measure was introduced to amend the State Constitution so as to provide for insurance against industrial injuries, old age, sickness, and unemployment. This proposed amendment brings into the range of practical politics various devices already adopted in European countries to supplement the labor exchanges. Insurance against unemployment—the most important of these devices—has been put into successful operation in Belgium, France, Denmark, Norway, Great Britain, and in some cities of Switzerland, Holland, and Germany.

The plan which probably has most practical suggestions for America is that incorporated in 1911 by Lloyd-George in his "bill to provide for insurance against loss of health, and for the prevention and cure of sickness, and for insurance against unemployment."

"It is time we did something in this matter of unemployment," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "because unemployment is not something which has happened once or twice, but something that comes regularly. Whoever is to blame for the great fluctuations in trade, the workman is the least to blame. He does not guide or gear the machine of commerce and industry; the direction and speed are left almost entirely to others. He is not responsible, although he bears almost all the real privations. We ought, therefore, to take means to alleviate the misery caused by phenomena which we can reckon on almost with certainty."

Because there is no actuarial experience upon which to base unemployment insurance rates, Lloyd-George began conservatively with two groups of trades that include "building, construction of

works, ship-building, mechanical engineering, and the construction of vehicles"—trades involving about two million four hundred thousand workmen. Both the workman and the employer are required to pay two and one-half pence—about five cents—a week, and Parliament adds an amount equal to one-third of the total contributions. As an inducement to the employer to keep work steady, an abatement of more than half of his contribution is allowed when he insures a workman for a full twelvemonth. If an insured workman loses his job, he goes to a labor exchange, and, if work cannot be found for him, he is paid from six to eight shillings a week for a maximum period of fifteen weeks. This is, to be sure, a scant allowance. As the Chancellor himself says of his entire bill, it is far from a complete remedy. But together with the labor exchanges, the social-insurance system will lay bare those facts with regard to the extent and effects of unemployment that are essential to the perfecting of the scheme.

Such a remedy, adapted to American conditions, the New York Commission's expert, Mr. William M. Leiserson, definitely advocates. But the Commission itself faltered, because whenever it is proposed that our State or Federal governments should profit by European experience and anticipate the development of Old World living conditions in America through such measures as social insurance, the cry of *paternalism* goes up. In Europe we have become known as the classic land of unemployment. When, three years ago, the English free-traders made their campaign against the advocates of a protective tariff, their most telling argument was that while seven per cent. of English workers were unemployed, the New York Commissioner of Labor reported that even among skilled workers more than thirty per cent. were idle. And, after all, does not a paternalism that aims in a democratic and statesman-like way to reanchor the homes of the people seem mild and inoffensive in the face of the hundreds of millions the United States now spends in charities, juvenile courts, reformatories, workhouses, and penitentiaries for the purpose of keeping our highways clear of the wreckage of unemployment?



# A Transformation Scene

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

“KEEP her right on!—right on!” said the skipper to the man at the wheel, just glancing at the compass, and then back again at the waves that struck heavily against the port bow and flung the trawler’s nose high out of water, letting her down with a splash of white foam into the trough.

“Right on it is,” repeated the man, methodically.

“The steamship *Briton*,” as her skipper delighted to call her, was a largish boat out of Grimsby. “Big enough to go to Iceland,” her crew boasted. And, after a fortnight out, she was just returning from the Faroe Bank, full up with fish—big haddock, halibut each as big as a dining-room table, and cod—the “richest” cod now brought to market. For the Bank is a refuge to the big fish in the Northern seas. It is deep—a hundred fathoms deep—and the heavy swell seldom lets the trawlers work with long-enough warps to reach it. So there the fish lie quiet, undisturbed by the trawl’s wooden doors and the inextricable chasm of net behind them.

“Never you mind for the sea,” the skipper said, as the man at the wheel put her head up to meet a breaking wave. “It’s nothing only the Firth having its game. Keep her right on! We’re always urgent going home.”

“What for?” said the man at the wheel, as he ran the spoke handles so hard round to starboard that the next wave hung for a moment high above the ship’s side, and then crashed over the bulwarks, filling the deck with a swishing load of green water and foam that poured in torrents through the scuppers as she came up again and rose to the wave beyond.

“What for?” said the skipper. “There’s a question for a man to ask! Anybody could tell what’s the matter with you, young man! Keep her right on.”

“Right on it is,” repeated the man at the wheel.

In silence they beat up through the

Firth under a stiff easterly breeze, while the March sunshine made the spray and swinging waves gleam with purple and white.

As they came round the Head, the skipper set the course three points south, and the change seemed to bring to life a thought that had been slowly forming in his mind. For his thoughts were not so rapid as his ship, and she could barely make ten knots.

“I seed her once, Jim, on the pier-end at Hull when you was coming away,” he said. “Now keep her south-southeast.”

“South-southeast it is,” said Jim, just moving the wheel to and fro between his hands.

“I seed her once on the pier-end when we was sailing from Hull,” the skipper continued, some minutes later, “and I says to myself, ‘If that there female draws no more than one man’s money on a Friday,’ I says, ‘it won’t be for want of the asking,’ I says; ‘not if other men’s mostly like me.’”

Jim said nothing, but spat sideways and looked at the compass again.

“There’s some females does, and there’s some doesn’t, and no offense meant,” said the skipper, after a long pause. “Keep her up. Don’t get giving to the sea. How long was you married?”

“A year and three months,” said Jim.

“There’s them as would give something for three months, let alone a year,” said the skipper, as though meditating to himself. “It’s a wonder, it’s a fair old wonder,” he added, slowly shaking his head.

“What’s a blasted wonder?” asked Jim.

“Keep her south-southeast till you’ve got Buchan Ness on the starboard bow, and then you send for me and I’ll set her for the Longstone,” said the skipper. “And the wonder is, my son,” he added, slowly, shading his eyes as though he saw possible danger far in front; “the wonder is as she stayed with you so long.”

“Oh, that’s the blasted wonder, is it?”



said Jim, gripping the wheel savagely, and he held the bow steady to the compass, as, with jib and mizzen set, the "*Steamship Briton*" plunged and rolled forward, the heavy water sweeping over her deck, and the clouds of spray mingling with her smoke when the stokers piled on the coal, so urgent was the skipper to get home.

Day and night, day and night she fought her way, past Longstone, past Flamborough Head, and whenever Jim saw the skipper those words came into his mind: "The wonder is she stayed with you so long," and they filled him with a dull sense of anger. At last the trawler rounded the Spurn and entered the brown expanse of the Humber, making up for the old hydraulic tower that rises clear three hundred feet above the dock gates of Grimsby. It was early morning, and on the flood they passed into the trawlers' basin, without having to wait for tide, so closely had the skipper reckoned his time from his last trawl on the Faroe Bank; he was always so urgent to get home. And as they glided into the dock Jim looked up to where the skipper was standing on the bridge, serene in his mastery over time and fish, and again the words returned: "The wonder is she stayed with you so long."

"Blast him!" said Jim, as he flung a rope ashore. "And blast her, too!" he added, giving the rope a vicious twist round the stays.

Even before they had done tying up, the unloading began. To and fro, from ship to pontoon, the baskets swung, piled with fish from the pens separated by boards and stuffed with ice in the hold below. As they swung, the baskets were caught by men with long iron hooks, who dragged them into place upon the pontoon or landing-stage. They were emptied under the sheds, and the piles of fish were sorted out, some tucked by force into open boxes, some laid in long, straight lines upon the flags—score after score of huge halibut, cod with gaping mouths, ling, coal-fish, catfish, skate, and the "devils" of the deep that go with codlings and little haddock to make up "offal"—just as, in a royal procession, the pickpockets are classed as "crowd" with the undistinguished citizens. The buyers passed up and down the sheds,

fixing the prices, bargaining by the box—smartly dressed young men in leggings, wearing a peculiar horsy air, as though to disclaim any connection with the sea.

By the time the buying was over and the pontoon-boys began decapitating the fish on the edge of the barrels, the *Briton* had been washed down with hose-pipes, and stood deserted by all but her watchman. He then shut down the hatches, locked the door above his head, and went to sleep below, like a squirrel in its nest. The rest of the crew tramped off, filthy and tired, to their homes for a wash and a sleep. They were bound either for good homes in sober rows of red-brick houses, each exactly like the other, with lace curtains and an india-rubber plant in the front window, or for bad homes down blackened courts, where the door stood open to let out the smoke and a confused smell of food, washing, and children. But all were homes, and each of the crew was greeted by a woman of some sort, tidy or bedraggled, nice-looking or smudgy.

All were greeted but Jim. Without saying a word to any one, he walked heavily along a few dull streets to a dull little house, where he had hired a room for himself. Some dusty tea-things and bread and cheese stood set out as usual on the table by the woman of the house, on the chance of his coming back at any time. It was too much trouble to boil the kettle, but he ate the bread and cheese, and throwing himself on a worn-out horsehair sofa, he went to sleep in his clothes.

It was afternoon when he woke, but he lay still, for if he got up there was nothing for him to do. It was no good walking about the streets, for he did not care to speak to any one, and he did not want to get drunk till the evening. He knew how he would end the night, and he looked forward with pleasure to its dirty debauchery. That was the thing he lived for, and it was coming. But there were many hours between now and night, and so he lay still and waited.

Suddenly a great shout of "Jim, ahoy!" came from the street below. It was the skipper's voice, and at the sound of it those words again passed through Jim's mind: "The wonder is she stayed with you so long."





*Drawn by M. J. Burns*

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

THE TRAWLER ENTERED THE BROWN EXPANSE OF THE HUMBER



"What does the old man want now, burn him?" he said to himself. But he answered with another shout of "Ahoy!" like an echo, and, slowly rolling off the sofa, he saw from the window the skipper holding a tiny boy by one hand and in the other carrying a bait-pot and some fishing-lines, wound round fire-sticks.

"You come out, Jim, and learn to enjoy yourself like a decent man," shouted the skipper, as though he were hailing a ship that passed in the night.

"Where are you bound for?" said Jim.

"Breakwater, for a bit of sport," shouted the skipper.

"Had about enough of fishing," said Jim, shaking his head.

"This ain't fishing," shouted the skipper, lest the whole street might fall into the same mistake. "This here's sport!"

No matter how many hundredweight of fish the skipper brought home each trip, he invariably spent his leisure time ashore sitting on the breakwater and dangling a line in the brown shallows, not far from a drain. Sometimes he caught something.

Jim looked at the sky and saw it was still much too early to begin the evening's debauch. So he stretched himself, slowly filled his pipe, and went down. He took no notice of the boy, who clung to the skipper's hand and waddled along beside them, now and then looking round the skipper's legs at the big stranger with shy curiosity. Passing beside the oldest of the basins, they walked silently out to the end of the long breakwater that forms the northern arm of the harbor.

"Now, you stop here with Jim while I go below," said the skipper to the child, going down some steps to a lower platform from which he could drop his line better.

"Don't want to stop with Jim! Want to come with skipper," yelled the child, setting up a terrible howl.

"Oh, you onnatural little monster!" said the skipper as he disappeared.

"You stop that noise or I'll drown you!" said Jim, sitting down with his back against a post and his feet dangling over the edge of the breakwater.

The child tried to keep from crying, and sat down within reach of Jim's side, still gulping with sobs. But Jim paid no more attention to it. He did not

think of anything in particular. He just enjoyed sitting still, and now and then he wondered which public-houses he should choose that evening, and what amusement he would find.

He would not have long to wait, for the spring twilight was closing in, and here and there a boat at anchor began to hang out its lamps. Suddenly the distant lighthouses flashed, all at the same moment, like lovers calling to each other after the silence of a day. Footsteps increased upon the breakwater, for it was a favorite evening walk for lovers, and still leaning against the post, Jim swung himself round to look at them. Overcome with sleep, the skipper's child half leaned against his side.

Most of the people were young men and girls from shops or offices. Sometimes a father passed, wheeling the perambulator because it was Saturday night, while the mother walked beside him, at leisure for once. Here and there a man strolled up and down alone, and sometimes a woman went by, wishing to attract attention, and yet ashamed. Jim's eyes followed each with indiscriminate desire, as the eyes of a hungry man devour a banquet not spread for him. He knew that every woman there would despise him as a common fisherman, but none the less he watched them hungrily. One especially he watched as she moved rather quickly along the farther side of the breakwater, closely followed by two men in straw hats, who were evidently insulting her and laughing at their own taunts and indecencies.

Suddenly she stopped with a sharp cry of pain and turned upon them.

"Leave me alone! Leave me alone," she cried, stretching out her hands in helpless defense.

They laughed as at an excellent joke, and tried to walk away, but others came running up and crowded round the group.

"What have they been doing to you, dear?" said one, in mock sympathy, and the rest all laughed.

"Leave me alone!" the woman kept repeating, as she faced the two youths, who laughed as hard as they could so as to win support.

"What's the matter?" asked a citizen in a tall hat, pushing his way into the crowd, while his wife clung to his arm.





WITHOUT SAYING A WORD TO ANY ONE, HE WALKED HEAVILY ALONG

"They jammed a cigar against my neck, and all the hot ashes are running down me," the woman said, nearly crying with anger and pain.

"Indecent creature!" said the citizen's wife. "She ought to be ashamed of herself! Serve her right! That's what I say! Walking about dressed like a guy!"

"Oh, my poor neck! my poor neck!" cried the woman, holding her hands before her face, as she saw the citizen join in the yelling derision of the crowd.

"Oh, my poor neck! My poor neck!" the straw-hatted youths repeated, in squeaking imitation of her voice. "Did it get hot ashes down it, did it? Let's see if we can't make it well, same as mother does!"

The crowd screamed with delight and pressed round her, pulling at her dress, tweaking her hair, tilting her large hat with its feathers over her eyes, and pushing her from one to another.

Sobbing with rage, the woman kept her face hidden in her hands and made no more resistance.

"You drop it or I'll drownd you!" shouted Jim, shouldering his way through the thick of the crowd, like a barge swinging up-stream.

"What's the matter with you? Who are you a-shovin' of?" cried the crowd. "Hullo! Here's her man a-comin'! Below there! Who said husband?"

"*I said husband,*" said Jim, and swinging round his great arm he gave one of the straw-hatted youths a stunning blow on the side of the head that stretched him on the stone flags like a slaughtered ox.

"O Lord! O Lord!" said the crowd, in much moderated tones, and they began to hurry away, pretending they had never been there.

"Quite right, too, to stick up for a woman," said one.

"Shows a decent feeling," said another.

"More especially, he being her husband," said the citizen in the tall hat.

"Husband indeed!" said his wife.

"Well, I'm not that sort myself," said



the citizen, "but all I say is, if a man mayn't stand up for a female in distress, who may he stand up for?"

"Female's right," answered his wife.

So they dispersed. The youth picked up his straw hat and the cigar end, and staggered off, still dazed from the blow. Jim and the woman were left alone.

She had stopped crying and stood half turned away from him, staring out to sea, her eyes fixed upon the point where, every few seconds, the Spurn light flashed.

Without looking at her or saying a word, Jim went back to his place beside the post, and sat down with his feet dangling over the water that lapped and gurgled faintly against the wall. The child still lay asleep on the stones.

The woman pinned her hat straight, and pulled her jacket and dress into position. Then she followed and stood beside him so that her skirt just touched his arm.

"Jim," she said, but he only moved his arm away, and made no answer.

"I only wanted to say thank you," she said.

"Go and drown yourself," he replied, without moving.

"I'm going," she answered. "I only wanted to say thank you. You always had a good heart."

Jim said nothing, but kicked his great boots against the stone.

"Oh, my poor neck!" said the woman, as she drew her jacket more tightly round her. "My poor neck do hurt so!"

"Never mind for your neck! You go and drown yourself," said Jim.

"All right; I'm going," she said, wearily, again.

"Why don't you go, then?" said Jim, half turning round. "And if ever I catch you in Grimsby again, I'll drown you myself."

"How was I to know you was in Grimsby and had come away from Hull? And what was you doing down on the breakwater, I'd like to know?" she added, with sudden anger. "It's always the same with you, I reckon, when you come ashore."

"Never you mind for me!" he cried, half getting up and turning toward her. "What was you doing yourself? That's

what I'd like to know. What was you doing yourself?"

She made no answer, but again stared out to the horizon, where the Spurn light was flashing.

Jim returned to his position and settled himself down with the air of one who has done with a troublesome business. At the same time he drew the child close up against him, pulling it over the stones by the aid of its pinafore. Half waking, it gave a little, babyish cry.

"What's that? What child's that?" said the woman, in a whisper, and with a quick movement she came and leaned over it, as if she were going to take it up.

"Don't you dare touch it," said Jim. "You're not fit to touch it."

"Oh, Jim," she said, staring down into the child's face; "whose child's that?"

"No matter for whose it is," said Jim, putting up an arm to keep her away; "you're no more fit to touch it than if it was mine."

"I nurse ours every day—mostly three times, and once at night," said the woman.

Both were silent, and they heard the waves splashing softly against the foot of the breakwater.

"You lie," said Jim at last, spitting into the sea, as with the relief of a question settled.

"Me hearing that child cry," the woman went on, continuing her own thoughts, "I thought it was him for the minute, and my breast started aching, for all that this one's four times the size of ours, him only rising six months."

"You lie," Jim replied, conclusively. "Don't you come playing none of your 'ours' on me!"

"You dare call my child out of its name!" she cried, turning on him with fury; "him as you're the father of—yes, you yourself, if ever there was a father on God's earth! And now you set there, spitting into the sea and saying your own child ain't yours, him as I went away to save when I was two months gone, there being some things as no woman 'll stand. Why don't you go and talk like that to some of your other girls?"

"Don't you say nothing against me or I'll black your eye," said Jim.



"Do it!" cried the woman. "Do it! and I'll meet you at the Imperial to-night and tell them all as you're the man that blacks his own wife's eyes and calls his child a wrong 'un! What 'll your Janes and Susans and Ethels say to you then? They'll say the same as any woman would, no matter for her being decent or indecent. They'll spit at you, same as you spit in the sea."

"Don't you say nothing against them or I'll blind you," said Jim.

"I'm not saying nothing against them, God help us!" answered the woman.

"You'd best go and drownd yourself quick," said Jim, as though to end discussion.

"I'm no worse than them other girls you're so fond of," she said, trying to keep from crying. "I'm no worse, and you was always after them. You never told them to go and drownd theirselves, I warrant."

"What have you been doing," he said, suddenly, "since that day I came ashore in Hull and found you was gone and the room empty, barring one day's food?"

"There's some things no decent woman 'll stand," she answered. "Where did you go that night? Same as every time you came ashore?"

"Never you mind for me," he said. "What have you been doing?"

She did not answer for a time. Then she said, "I was drove, God help me!"

"Oh, you was drove, was you?" said Jim. "And you might have been drawing my money every Friday!"

"There's some things as a decent woman won't stand, no matter for money or no money," she persisted.

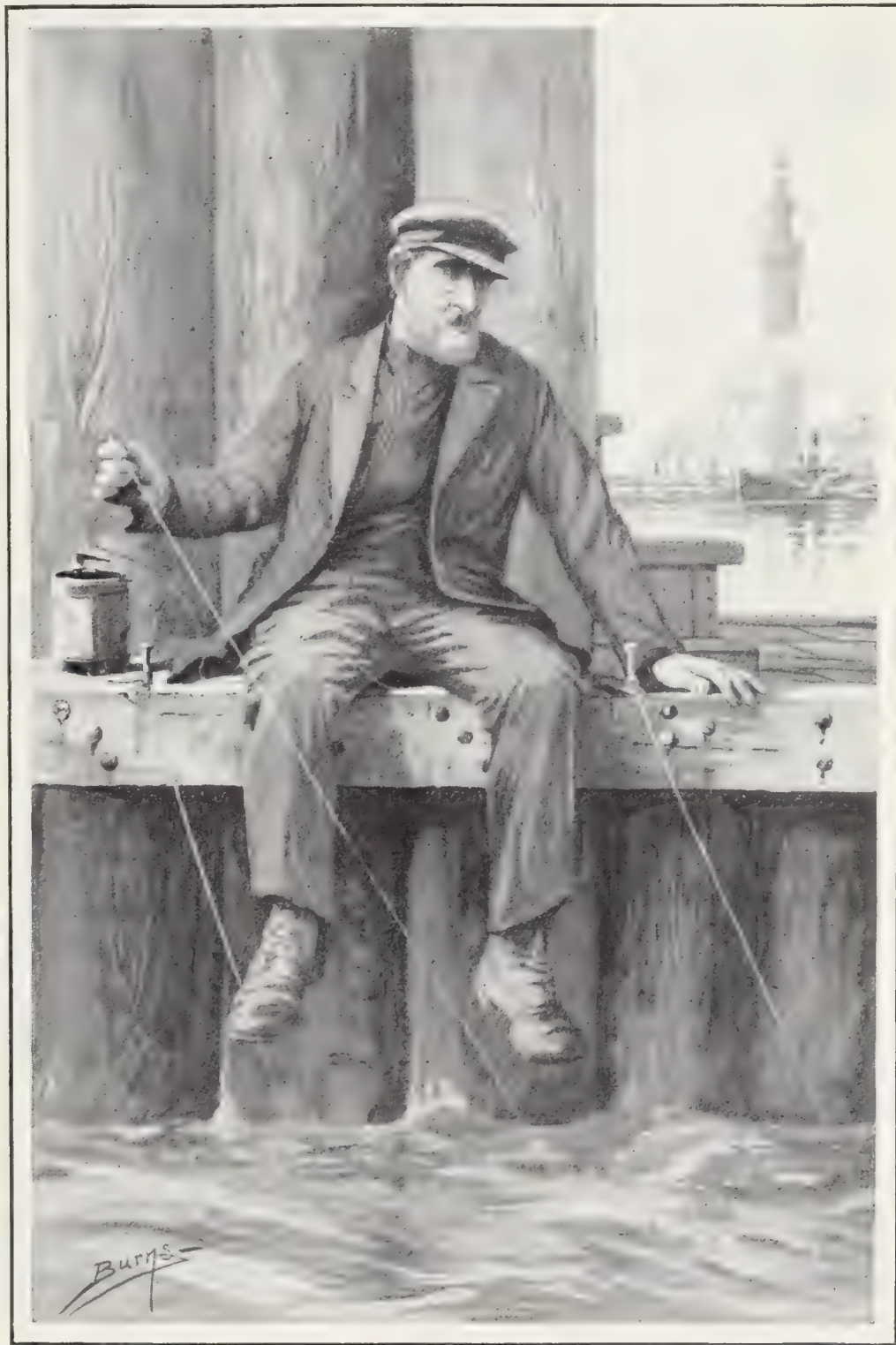
"Call yourself a decent woman!" he said. "You'd best go back to your blasted baby and drownd it!"

"I'm going. Good-by, Jim," she said, and began slowly to move away.

"Where have you got that child?" he said, getting up and going after her.

She made no answer.

"Are you keeping my child in the



THE SKIPPER AT THE BREAKWATER

same room as yourself?" he cried, gripping her arm to make her stop.

"He ain't your child. He's mine," she said, trying to shake him off.

"You give it to me!" he said. "You ain't fit to touch it."

"Me give him to you!" she cried, shaking herself free. "I'd see you dead first. It's you's not fit to touch him."

"You give it to me, do you hear!" Jim repeated. "You say it's my child, so I've got the call on it. You ain't fit to touch no child of mine!"



"Who's you to talk of fit or not fit?" she cried, holding out her hands against him. "Your child! What's he to you? He'd never be so much to you as half an hour with some poor girl. He'd never be no more to you than a glass of beer!

Her hands fell. "I was drove," she said, and turned again to go.

"You give it me!" said Jim, seizing her again. "I'll have it kep' somewheres. I'm a decent man."

"Kep' somewheres? Kep'? My baby kep'?" she said. "I'd as lieve strangle him with my own hands!"

She tried to walk faster, but still he held her tight.

"Oh, Jim," she said, "you was good to me once."

"I'd better have cut your throat," he answered.

"I'm not a bad woman," she murmured. "I was drove."

"Your sort always says that," said Jim. "Give me the child!"

"Let me go! Let me go!" she cried. "I'd sooner kill you!" and she tried to run.

"It's you wants killing!" he answered, and, grasping her tight round the waist and arms, he held her so that she could not move.

"Ahoy! Jim, ahoy!" sounded a voice like the last trump, and the skipper's head suddenly

emerged in the gathering darkness, as though from a trap-door on a stage.

"Jim, ahoy!" he repeated, and, looking round, he discovered Jim standing immovable, with a woman in his arms.

"Hullo! I beg parding, I'm sure," he said, looking modestly away. He went where his child was still sleeping, and took him up carefully on one arm, where he nestled drowsily, soothed by comfortable words. Then he set off on his walk back, but as he passed the silent group he could not resist one glance at



"I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE COMING ALONG HOME TOGETHER NOW?"

You have a call on him indeed! Did you carry him and feel him grow? Did you feed him and put him to sleep? Did you make his clothes and wash him, and see to him day and night? Did you go with him up and down, up and down, and him crying all night long? What are you to talk of being fit, and me not fit—me as bore him and keeps him alive? Tell me that and take him from me if you dares!"

"Pretty ways you've got of keeping it alive!" said Jim.



them, and at the glance he stopped dead and looked again.

"Hullo!" he said, slowly. "What's all this here? Well, I'm damned! I never did! Why, if it isn't her—her come back and him holding on to her like a conger!"

He came nearer to them on the tip-toes of his enormous boots. At a few yards' distance he stopped and looked again.

"Well," he said, "if that isn't as fine a sight as ever I seed! Them two standing there, thick and close as the bag end!"

Jim had relaxed his hold. The woman had ceased to struggle, and she turned her face away.

"Why, Jim, here's luck!" the skipper went on. "I always did say it was a wonder as she stayed with you so long. That's always the wonder with all of them to me. And now she's back, and that's a bigger wonder still! Well, I suppose you'll be coming along home together now?"

"Where else should we be coming?" said Jim.

"That's first rate," said the skipper, "as first rate a thing as ever I knowed!"

They turned and walked along the deserted pontoon, where the trawlers lay all tied up against the wharf, ready for the Monday's voyage out, for things go fast with fishermen. The woman was crying quietly, holding her handkerchief on the far side of her face to hide it; and in hopes of covering her distress the skipper continued in his loudest voice:

"Grand sport, grand sport to-day! Never had better sport in all my life!"

"Caught anything?" said Jim.

"Three codling and a flounder!" said

the skipper, putting down the child to walk, and opening his bag with pride. They all looked at the little fish lying in it.

"Grand sport!" he repeated. "Perhaps your good lady would like them to her supper?"

"Thank you, kindly," she murmured, and began crying again.

"It ain't to be called fishing," the skipper went on, rapidly, pretending not to notice anything unusual. "It's nothing only sport!"

As they crossed the top of one of the lowest streets in the old town by the docks, the woman turned suddenly aside. "You wait here a minute," she said, hurriedly; "I've got to fetch something."

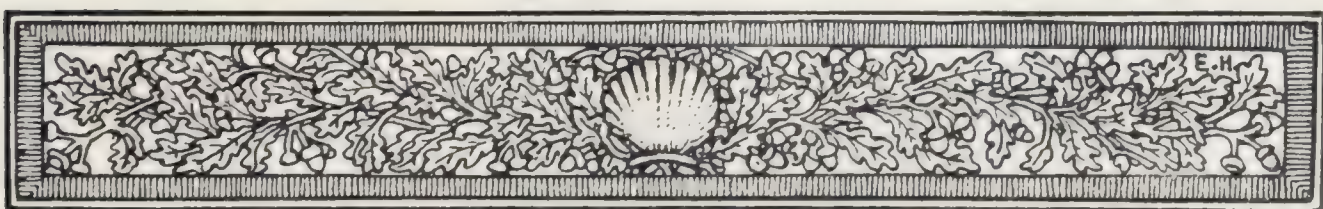
The skipper took up his child again, and they stood waiting. Presently she returned, carrying a sleeping baby dressed in clean white hat and cape and all the splendors of the poor.

"Well, I never did!" shouted the skipper again. "It's a top-deck cargo now, is it? Well, if that isn't a thing! If that isn't a thing! I never did! Jim, lay hold on your infant and carry it, same as me mine, or any decent man."

The woman held up the child. Certainly she was a sweet-looking woman, her figure slight and full of attraction. At sight of her Jim was moved with a sudden warmth of happiness. To call it virtue would be chilling.

"Right!" he said, and tucking the baby under his arm, more like a dog than a child, he set off to walk rapidly.

"Right it is," said the skipper, striding after him, while the woman trotted beside. "And all I wish is my old woman could see us coming home, like two mothers from a beano! How she'd laugh!"





# Mark Twain

SOME CHAPTERS FROM AN EXTRAORDINARY LIFE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

SEVENTH PAPER

MARK TWAIN remained but one day in New York after his return from his foreign wanderings. Senator Stewart had written, about the time of the departure of the *Quaker City*, offering him the position of private secretary, a position which was to give him leisure for literary work, with a supporting salary as well. From Naples, in August, Mark Twain had replied, accepting Stewart's offer; he lost no time now in discussing the matter in person.

There seems to have been little difficulty in concluding the arrangement, and still less in ending it in a very brief time. It is impossible to conceive of Mark Twain as anybody's secretary.

Within a few weeks he was writing burlesque accounts of "My Late Senatorial Secretaryship," "Facts Concerning the Recent Resignation," etc., all good-natured burlesque, but inspired, we may believe, by the change. He established headquarters with a brilliant newspaper correspondent named Riley. "One of the best men in Washington—or elsewhere," he tells us in a brief sketch of that person. He had known Riley in San Francisco; the two were congenial, and settled down to their several undertakings.

Clemens found himself all at once in the midst of receptions, dinners, and speech-making—all very exciting for a time at least. At a dinner of the Washington Correspondents' Club his response to the toast "Women" was pronounced by Schuyler Colfax to be "the best after-dinner speech ever made." His work was in demand at good rates.

It was not his immediate purpose to issue a book. The *Jumping Frog* volume was popular, and in England had been issued by Routledge; but the royalty returns were modest enough, and slow in arrival. His desire was for prompter results. His interest in book publication had never been a vivid one, and related mainly to the advertising it would furnish, which he did not now need, or to the money return, in which he had no great faith. Yet at this very moment a letter for him was lying in the *Tribune* office in New York which would bring the book idea into first prominence



THE BLISS HOUSE IN HARTFORD

Where Mark Twain roomed while preparing *The Innocents Abroad* for publication



and spell the beginning of his fortune.

Among those who had read and found delight in the *Tribune* letters was Elisha Bliss, Jr., of the American Publishing Company, of Hartford. Bliss was a shrewd and energetic man, with a keen appreciation for humor and the American fondness for that literary quality. He had recently undertaken the management of a Hartford concern, and had somewhat alarmed its conservative directorate by publishing books that furnished entertainment to the reader as well as moral instruction. Only his success in paying dividends justified this heresy and averted his downfall. Two days after the arrival of the *Quaker City*, Bliss wrote the letter above mentioned. It expressed a wish to obtain a book made up of the

Mark Twain letters from the East, and promised a large subscription sale, calling attention to what had been accomplished with A. D. Richardson's *Field, Dungeon, and Escape*—a war-book then very popular. It contained no direct proposition as to terms, but was a good, convincing letter, especially as Clemens knew Richardson and what Bliss had done with his work.

Clemens replied immediately. He could make a book out of the letters, he said—a volume more acceptable, he thought, than if he should prepare new matter. The letters had been written when his impressions were fresh. "They were warm then—they are cold now." He wished to know what amount of money he might make out of the venture—this feature of the undertaking having, he

declared, "a degree of importance for me which is almost beyond my comprehension."

The exchange of those two letters marked the beginning of one of the most notable publishing connections in American literary history.

Consummation, however, was somewhat delayed. Bliss was ill when the reply came, and could not write again in detail until nearly a month later. In this letter he recited the profits made by Richardson and others through subscription publication and named the royalties paid. Richardson had received four per cent. of the sale price, a small enough rate for these later days, but the cost of manufacture was larger then, and the sale and delivery of books through agents has ever been an expensive process. Even Horace

Greeley had received but a fraction more on his *Great American Conflict*. Bliss especially suggested and emphasized a "humorous work—that is to say, a work humorously inclined." He added that they had two arrangements for paying authors: outright purchase and royalty. He invited a meeting in New York to arrange terms.

Clemens did, in fact, go to New York that same evening to spend Christmas with Dan Slote, and missed Bliss's second letter. It was no matter. Fate had his affairs properly in hand, and had prepared an event of still larger moment than the publication even of *Innocents Abroad*. At the old St. Nicholas Hotel, which stood on the west side of Broadway between Spring and Broome Streets, there were stopping at this



OLIVIA LANGDON

From a portrait taken before her marriage to Mark Twain



time Jervis Langdon, a wealthy coal-dealer and mine-owner of Elmira, his son Charles, and his daughter Olivia, whose pictured face Samuel Clemens had first seen, in the Bay of Smyrna, one September day. Young Langdon had been especially anxious to bring his distinguished *Quaker City* friend and his own people together, and two days before Christmas Samuel Clemens was invited to dine at the hotel. He went very willingly. The lovely girl of the miniature which he had first seen in her brother's state-room had been often a part of his waking dreams. For the first time, now, he looked upon its reality. Long afterward he said:

"It is forty years ago. From that day to this she has never been out of my mind."

Olivia Langdon was twenty-two years old at this time, delicate as the miniature he had seen, fragile to look upon, though no longer with the shattered health of her girlhood. Gentle, winning, lovable, she was the family idol, and Samuel Clemens joined in that worship from the moment of their first meeting.

She was at first dazed and fascinated rather than attracted by this astonishing creature who had come as from another sphere. Her life had been circumscribed—her experiences of a simple sort. She had never seen anything resembling him before. Indeed, nobody had. Somewhat carelessly, even if correctly, attired; eagerly rather than observantly attentive; brilliant and startling rather than cultured of speech—he disturbed rather than gratified her. She sensed his heresy toward the conventions and forms which had

been her gospel; his bantering, indifferent attitude toward life—to her always so precious and sacred. She suspected that he might have unorthodox views even on matters of religion.

To her brother, who was eager for her approval of his celebrity, Miss Langdon conceded admiration. Their father did not qualify his opinion. With a hearty sense of humor and a keen perception of sincerity and capability in men, Jervis Langdon accepted Samuel Clemens from the start, and remained his stanch admirer and friend. Clemens left that night with an invitation to visit Elmira by and by, and with the full intention of going—soon. Fate, however, had another plan. He did not see Elmira for the better part of a year.

However, he saw Miss Langdon again within the week. On New-Year's Day he set forth to pay calls, after the fashion of the time—more lavish then than now. Miss Langdon was receiving with Miss Alice Hooker, a niece of Henry Ward Beecher, at the home of a Mrs. Berry; he decided to go there first. With young Langdon he arrived at eleven o'clock in the morning, and they did not leave until midnight. He returned to Washington without seeing Miss Langdon again, though he would seem to have had permission to write—friendly letters.

There was now some further correspondence with Bliss; then about the 21st of January (1868) Clemens made a trip to Hartford to settle the matter. The publisher, confined to his home with illness, offered him the hospitality of his household. Also, he made him two propositions: he would pay him \$10,000



REV. THOMAS K. BEECHER

The officiating clergyman at Mark Twain's wedding





THE LANGDON HOME IN ELMIRA AS IT IS TO-DAY

cash for his copyright, or he would pay five per cent. royalty—which was a fourth more than Richardson had received. He advised the latter arrangement.

Clemens had already taken advice and had discussed the project a good deal with Richardson. The \$10,000 was a heavy temptation, but he withstood it and closed on the royalty basis—"the best business judgment I ever displayed," he was wont to declare. A letter written to his mother and sister near the end of this Hartford stay is worth quoting pretty fully here for the information and "character" it contains. It bears date of January 24th:

This is a good week for me. I stopped in the *Herald* office as I came through New York, to see the boys on the staff, & young James Gordon Bennett asked me to write twice a week, impersonally, for the *Herald*, & said if I would I might have full swing, & about anybody & everybody I wanted to. I said I must have the very fullest possible swing, & he said, "All right." I said, "It's a contract," & that settled that matter.

I'll make it a point to write *one* letter a

week, anyhow. But the *best* thing that has happened is here. This great American Publishing Company kept on trying to bargain with me for a book till I thought I would cut the matter short by coming up for a *talk*. I met Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn, & with his usual whole-souled way of dropping his own work to give other people a lift when he gets a chance, he said, "Now, here—you are one of the talented men of the age—nobody is going to deny that—but in matters of business, I don't suppose you know more than enough to come in when it rains. I'll tell you what to do & how to do it." And he did.

And I listened well, & then came up here & made a splendid contract for a *Quaker City* book of 500 or 600 large pages, with illustrations, the manuscript to be placed in the publishers' hands by the middle of July. My percentage is to be a fourth more than they have ever paid any author, except Horace Greeley. Beecher will be surprised, I guess, when he hears this.

So the book which would establish his claim to a peerage in the Literary Land was arranged for, and it remained only to prepare the manuscript, a task which



he regarded as not difficult. He had only to collate the *Alta* and *Tribune* letters, edit them, and write such new matter as seemed required for completeness.

Returning to Washington, he plunged into work with his usual terrific energy, writing for the press. By the end of January he also had prepared several chapters of his book.

But then suddenly came the news from Goodman that the *Alta* had copyrighted his *Quaker City* letters and proposed getting them out in a book, to reimburse themselves still further on their investment. This was sharper than a serpent's tooth. Clemens confirmed the report by telegraph. By the same medium he protested, but to no purpose. Then he wrote a letter and sat down to wait. He reported his troubles to Orion, who by this time had left Nevada and was setting type in St. Louis.

I have made a superb contract for a book, & have prepared the first ten chapters of the sixty or eighty—but I will bet it never sees the light. Don't you let the folks at home hear that. That thieving *Alta* copyrighted the letters, & now shows no disposition to let me use them. I have done all I can by telegraph, & now await the final result by mail. I only charged them for 50 [*sic*] letters what (even in) greenbacks would amount to less than two thousand dollars, intending to write a good deal for high-priced Eastern papers, & now they want to publish my letters in book form themselves, to get back that pitiful sum.

He closed by saying that he rather expected to go with Anson Burlingame on the Chinese embassy. Clearly he was pretty hopeless as to his book prospects.

A reply came from the *Alta*, but it was not promising. It spoke rather vaguely of prior arrangements and future possibilities. Clemens gathered that under certain conditions he might share in the profits of the venture. There was but one thing to do: he knew those

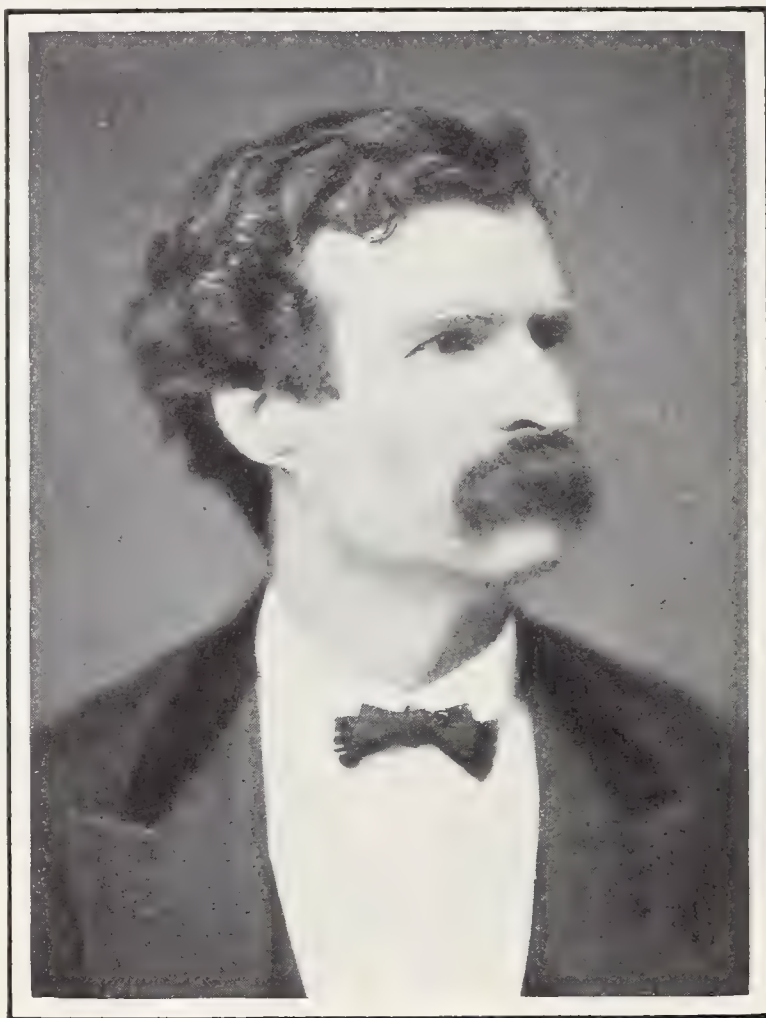
people, some of them — Colonel McComb and a Mr. McCrellish—intimately. He must confer with them in person.

He was weary of Washington, anyway. The whole beautiful machinery of politics disgusted him. He decided to go to San Francisco and see "those *Alta* thieves" face to face. Then, if a book resulted, he could prepare it there among friends. Furthermore, he could lecture.

He had been anxious to visit his people before

sailing, but matters were too urgent to permit delay. He obtained from Bliss an advance of royalty, and took passage by the way of Aspinwall, on the *Henry Chauncey*, a fine steamer for those days, and beyond the Isthmus fell in again with his old captain, Ned Wakeman, who during the trip told him the amazing dream that in due time would become *Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven*. In fact, Clemens made the first draft of this story soon after his arrival in San Francisco.

In San Francisco matters turned out as he had hoped. Colonel McComb was his staunch friend; McCrellish and Woodward, the proprietors, presently conceded that they had already received good value for the money paid. The author agreed to make proper acknowledgments to the *Alta* in his Preface, and the matter was settled with friendliness all around.



MARK TWAIN

From a photograph taken in 1869



The way was now clear, the book assured. First, however, he must provide himself with funds. He delivered a lecture on the *Quaker City* excursion.

On the 5th of May he wrote to Bliss:

I lectured here, on the trip, the other night—over \$1,600 in gold in the house; every seat taken and paid for before night.

He reported that he was steadily at work and expected to start East with the completed manuscript about the middle of June.

But this was a miscalculation. Clemens found that the letters needed more preparation than he had thought. His literary vision and equipment had vastly altered since the beginning of that correspondence. Some of the chapters he rewrote; others he eliminated entirely. It required two months of fairly steady work to put the big manuscript together.

Clemens now concluded to cover his lecture circuit of two years before. He was assured that it would be throwing away a precious opportunity not to give his new lecture to his old friends. The result justified that opinion. At Virginia, at Carson, and elsewhere he was received like a returned conqueror.

He returned to San Francisco and gave one more lecture, the last he would ever give in California.

On July 6th he sailed by the Pacific mail-steamer *Montana* to Acapulco; caught the *Henry Chauncey* at Aspinwall; reached New York on the 28th, and a day or two later had delivered his manuscript at Hartford.

But a further difficulty had arisen.

Bliss was having troubles himself, this time with his directors. Many reports of Mark Twain's new book had been traveling the rounds of the press, some of which declared it was to be irreverent, even blasphemous, in tone; that

the title selected, *The New Pilgrim's Progress*, was in itself a sacrilege. Hartford was a conservative place; the American Publishing Company directors were of orthodox persuasion. They urged Bliss to relieve the company of this impending disaster of heresy. When the author arrived, one or more of them labored with him in person, without avail. Bliss, however, was stanch; he believed in the book thoroughly, from every standpoint. He declared if the company refused

to print it he would resign the management and publish the book himself. This was an alarming suggestion to the stockholders. Bliss had returned dividends—a boon altogether too rare in the company's former history. The objectors retired, and were heard of no more. The manuscript was placed in the hands of Fay & Cox, illustrators, with an order for about two hundred and fifty pictures.

Fay & Cox turned it over to True Williams, one of the well-known illustrators of that day. Williams was a man of great talent, of fine imagination and sweetness of spirit, but it was necessary to lock him in a room when industry was required. The author aided in the illustration by obtaining of Moses S. Beach photographs from the large collection he had brought home.

Meantime Clemens had skilfully obtained a renewal of the invitation to



REV. JOSEPH HOPKINS TWICHELL  
From an early photograph



spend a week in the Langdon home. He meant to go by a fast train, but with his natural gift for misunderstanding timetables, of course took a slow one, telegraphing his approach from different stations along the road. Young Langdon concluded to go down the line as far as

The arriving guest was not in the least disturbed.

"Oh yes," he said, with enthusiasm, "I've got a fine, brand-new outfit in this bag, all but a hat. It will be late when we get in, and I won't see any one to-night. You won't know me in the morning. We'll go out early and get a hat."

This was a large relief to the younger man, and the rest of the journey was happy enough. True to promise, the guest appeared at daylight correctly, even elegantly clad, and an early trip to the shops secured the hat. A gay and happy week followed — a week during which Samuel Clemens realized more fully than ever that in his heart there was room for only one woman in all the world: Olivia Langdon—"Livy," as they all called her—and as the day of departure grew near it may be that the gentle girl had made some discoveries, too.

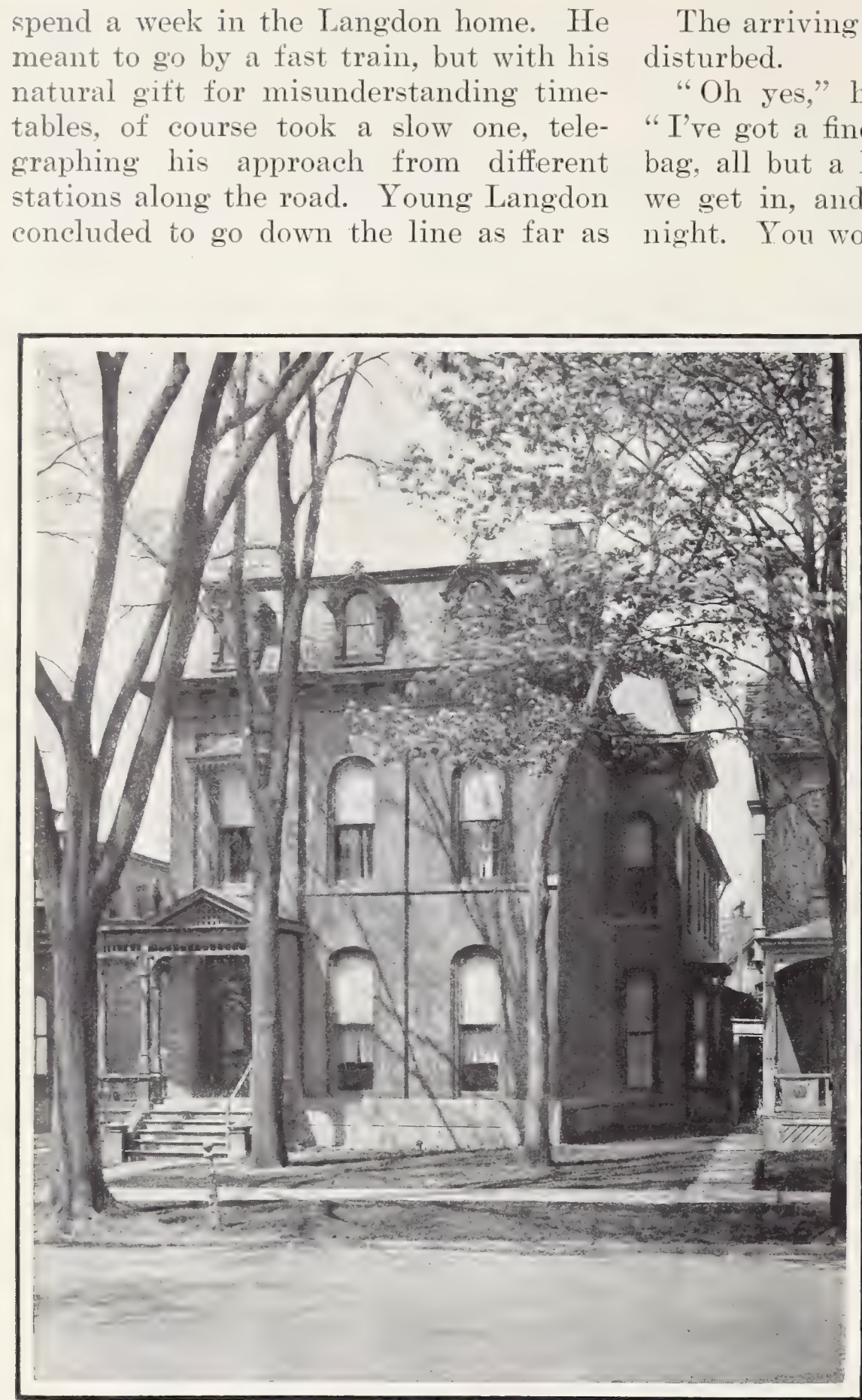
No word had passed between them. Samuel Clemens had the old-fashioned Southern respect for courtship conventions, and for what,

in that day at least, was regarded as honor. On the morning of the final day he said to young Langdon:

"Charley, my week is up and I must go home."

The young man expressed a regret which was genuine enough, though not wholly unqualified. His older sister, Mrs. Crane, leaving just then for a trip to the White Mountains, had said:

"Charley, I am sure Mr. Clemens is after our Livy. You mustn't let him carry her off before our return."



MARK TWAIN'S HOME IN BUFFALO  
A wedding gift from Mr. Langdon

Waverley to meet him. When the New York train reached there, the young man found his guest in the smoking-car, travel-stained and distressingly clad. Mark Twain was always scrupulously neat and correct of dress in later years, but in that earlier day neatness and style had not become habitual, and did not give him comfort. Langdon greeted him warmly but with doubt. Finally he summoned courage to say, hesitatingly:

"You've got some other clothes, haven't you?"



The idea was a disturbing one. The young man did not urge his guest to prolong his visit. He said:

"We'll have to stand it, I guess, but you mustn't leave before to-night."

"I *ought* to go by the first train," Clemens said, gloomily. "I am in love."

"In what?"

"In love—with your sister, and I ought to get away from here."

The young man was now very genuinely alarmed. To him Mark Twain was a highly gifted, fearless, robust man—a man's man, and as such altogether admirable, lovable. Delightful he was beyond doubt, adorable as a companion—but *not* a companion for Livy.

"Look here, Clemens," he said, when he could get his voice, "there's a train in half an hour. I'll help you catch it. Don't wait till to-night. Go now."

Clemens shook his head.

"No, Charley," he said, in his gentle drawl; "I want to enjoy your hospitality a little longer. I promise to be circumspect, and I'll go to-night."

That night, after dinner, when it was time to take the New York train, a light two-seated wagon was at the gate. The coachman was in front, and young Langdon and his guest took the back seat. For some reason the seat had not been locked in its place, and when after the good-byes the coachman touched the horse it made a quick spring forward, and the back seat with both passengers described a half-circle and came down with force on the cobbled street. Neither passenger was seriously hurt; Clemens not at all—only dazed a little for a moment. Then came an inspiration: here was a chance to prolong his visit. Evidently it was not intended that he should take that train. When the Langdon household gathered round with restoratives he did not recover too quickly. He allowed them to support or carry him into the house and place him in an arm-chair and apply remedies. The young daughter of the house especially showed anxiety and attention. This was pure happiness. He was perjuring himself, of course, but they say Jove laughs at such things.

He recovered in a day or two, but the wide hospitality of the handsome Langdon home was not only offered now; it was enforced. He was still there two

weeks later, after which he made a trip to Cleveland to confide in Mrs. Fairbanks how he intended to win Livy Langdon for his wife.

He returned to Hartford to look after the progress of his book. Some of it was being put into type, and with his mechanical knowledge of such things he was naturally interested in the process. Furthermore, he liked Hartford; next to that of Elmira, he preferred the society there.

He made his headquarters with the Blisses, then living at 821 Asylum Street, and read proof in a little upper room, where the lamp was likely to be burning most of the time, and the atmosphere was nearly always blue with smoke. Mrs. Bliss took him into the quiet social life of the neighborhood—to small church receptions, society gatherings, and the like—all of which he seemed to enjoy. Many of the dwellers in that neighborhood were members of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church, then recently completed, except the spire. It was a cultured circle, well off in the world's goods—its male members, for the most part, concerned in various commercial ventures.

The church stood almost across the way from the Bliss home, and Mark Twain with his picturesque phrasing referred to it as the "stub-tailed church" on account of its abbreviated spire; also, later, with a knowledge of its prosperous membership, as the "church of the Holy Speculators." He was at an evening reception at the house of one of its members, when he noticed a photograph of the unfinished building framed and hanging on the wall. He paused to look at it more closely. Mrs. Bliss was standing near him.

"Why, yes," he commented, in his slow fashion, "this is the 'Church of the Holy Speculators.'"

"Sh!" cautioned Mrs. Bliss. "Its pastor is just behind you. He knows your work and wants to meet you." Turning, she said: "Mr. Twichell, this is Mr. Clemens. Most people know him as Mark Twain."

And so in this casual fashion he met the man who was to become his closest personal friend and counselor, and would remain so for more than forty years.



Joseph Hopkins Twichell was a man about his own age, athletic and handsome—a student and a devout Christian; yet a man familiar with the world, fond of sports, with an exuberant sense of humor, and a wide understanding of the frailties of humankind. He had been “port waist oar” at Yale, and had left college to serve with General Dan Sickles as a chaplain who had followed his duties not only in the camp but on the field.

Clemens was invited to the Twichell home, where he met the young wife and got a glimpse of the happiness of that sweet and peaceful household. He had a neglected, lonely look, and he loved to gather with them at their fireside. He expressed his envy of their happiness, and once Mrs. Twichell asked him why, since his affairs were growing prosperous, he did not marry and establish a household of his own. Long afterward Mr. Twichell wrote:

Mark made no answer for a little, but, with his eyes bent on the floor, appeared to be deeply pondering. Then he looked up, and said, slowly, in a voice tremulous with earnestness (with what sympathy he was heard may be imagined): “I am taking thought of it. I am in love beyond all telling with the dearest and best girl in the whole world. I don’t suppose she will marry me. I can’t think it possible. She ought not to. But if she doesn’t, I shall always be sure that the best thing I ever did was to fall in love with her, and proud to have it known that I tried to win her!”

It was only a brief time until the Twichell fireside was home to him. He came and went, and presently it was “Mark” and “Joe,” as by and by it would be “Livy” and “Harmony,” and in a few years “Uncle Joe” and “Uncle Mark,” “Aunt Livy” and “Aunt Harmony,” so to remain until the end.

James Redpath, proprietor of the Boston Lyceum Bureau, was the leading lecture agent of those days, and controlled all or nearly all of the platform celebrities. Mark Twain’s success at the Cooper Union the year before had interested Redpath. He had offered engagements, then and later, but Clemens had not been free for the regular circuit. Now there was no longer a reason for postponement of a contract. Redpath was eager for the

new celebrity, and Clemens closed with him for the season of 1868-69, and with his new lecture, “The Vandal Abroad,” was presently earning a hundred dollars and more a night, and making most of the nights count.

This was affluence indeed. He had become suddenly a person of substance—an associate of men of consequence, with a commensurate income. He could help his mother lavishly now, and did.

His new lecture was immensely popular. It was a *résumé* of the *Quaker City* letters—a foretaste of the book that would presently follow. Wherever he went he was hailed with eager greetings. He caught such drifting exclamations as: “There he is!” “There goes Mark Twain!” People came out on the street to see him pass.

A number of his engagements were in the central part of New York, at points not far distant from Elmira. He had a standing invitation to visit the Langdon home, and he made it convenient to avail himself of that happiness.

His was not an unruffled courtship. When at last he reached the point of proposing for the daughter of the house, neither the daughter nor the household offered any noticeable encouragement to his suit. Many absurd anecdotes have been told of his first interview with Mr. Langdon on the subject, but they are altogether without foundation. It was a proper and dignified discussion of a very serious matter. Mr. Langdon expressed deep regard for him, and friendship, but he was not inclined to add him to the family; the young lady herself in a general way accorded with these views. The applicant for favor left sadly enough, but he could not remain discouraged or sad. He lectured at Cleveland with vast success, and the news of it traveled quickly to Elmira. He was referred to by Cleveland papers as a “lion” and “the coming man of the age.” Two days later, in Pittsburg (November 19th), he “played” against Fanny Kemble, the favorite actress of that time, with the result that Miss Kemble had an audience of two hundred, against nearly ten times the number who gathered to hear Mark Twain. The news of this went to Elmira, too. It was in the papers there next morning. It was on the second morning



following the Pittsburg triumph, when the Langdon family were gathered at breakfast, that a bushy, auburn head poked fearfully in at the door, and a low, humble voice said:

"The calf has returned; may the prodigal have some breakfast?"

No one could be reserved or reprovably distant or any of those unfriendly things with a person like that—certainly not Jervis Langdon, who delighted in the humor and the tricks and turns and oddities of this eccentric visitor. Giving his daughter to him was another matter, but even that thought was less disturbing than it had been at the start. In truth, the Langdon household had somehow grown to feel that he belonged to them.

There was only a provisional engagement at first. Jervis Langdon suggested, and Samuel Clemens agreed with him, that it was proper to know something of his past as well as of his present before the official parental sanction should be given. When Mr. Langdon inquired as to the names of persons of standing to whom he might write for credentials, Clemens pretty confidently gave him the name of the Rev. Stebbings and others of San Francisco, adding that he might write also to Joe Goodman if he wanted to, but that he had lied for Goodman a hundred times, and that Goodman would lie for him if necessary, so his testimony would be of no value. The letters to the clergy were written, and Mr. Langdon also wrote one on his own account.

It was still a long mail trip to the coast and back in those days. It might be two months before replies would come from those ministers. The lecturer set out again on his travels, and was radiantly and happily busy. He went as far west as Illinois; had crowded houses in Chicago; visited friends and kindred in Hannibal, St. Louis, and Keokuk, carrying the great news and lecturing in old, familiar haunts.

He was in Jacksonville, Illinois, at the end of March (1869), and in a letter to Bliss states that he will be in Elmira two days later, and asks that proofs of the book be sent there. He arrived according to schedule, anxious to hear the reports that would make him, as the novels might say, "the happiest or the

most miserable of men." Jervis Langdon had a rather solemn look when they were alone together. Clemens asked:

"You've heard from those gentlemen out there?"

"Yes, and from another gentleman I wrote concerning you."

"They don't appear to have been very enthusiastic from your manner."

"Well, yes, some of them were."

"I suppose I may ask what particular form their emotion took?"

"Oh yes; yes, they agree unanimously that you are a brilliant, able man, a man with a future, and that you would make about the worst husband on record."

The applicant for favor had a forlorn look.

"There's nothing very evasive about that," he said.

There was a period of reflective silence. It was probably no more than a few seconds, but it seemed longer.

"Haven't you any other friend that you could suggest?" Langdon said.

"Apparently none whose testimony would be valuable."

Jervis Langdon held out his hand. "You have at least one," he said. "I believe in you. I know you better than *they* do."

And so came the crown of happiness. The engagement of Samuel Langhorne Clemens and Olivia Lewis Langdon was ratified next day, February 2, 1869.

To his mother Samuel Clemens wrote:

She is only a little body, but she hasn't her peer in Christendom. I gave her only a plain gold engagement ring, when fashion imperatively demands a two-hundred-dollar diamond one, & told her it was typical of her future life—namely, that she would have to flourish on substance rather than luxuries (but you see I know the girl—she don't care anything about luxuries). . . . She spends no money but her usual year's allowance, and spends nearly every cent of that on other people. She will be a good, sensible little wife, without any airs about her. I don't make intercession for her beforehand and ask you to love her, for there isn't any use in that—you couldn't help it if you were to try. I warn you that whoever comes within the fatal influence of her beautiful nature is her willing slave forevermore.

Clemens closed his lecture tour in March and went immediately to Elmira. He had lectured between fifty and sixty



times, with a return of something more than eight thousand dollars—not a bad aggregate for a first season on the circuit.

He declined further engagements on the excuse that he must attend to getting out his book. The revised proofs were coming now, and he and gentle Livy Langdon read them together. He realized that with her sensitive nature she had also a keen literary perception. What he lacked in delicacy—and his lack was likely to be large enough in that direction—she detected, and together they pruned it away. She became his editor during those happy courtship days—a position which she held to her death. The world owes a large debt of gratitude to Mark Twain's wife, who from the very beginning—and always, so far as in her strength she was able—inspired him to give only his worthiest to the world, whether in written or spoken word, in council or in deed. Those early days of their close companionship, spiritual and mental, were full of revelation to Samuel Clemens, a revelation that continued from day to day and from year to year, even to the very end.

The letters which he sent to Bliss with the proofs were full of suggested changes—changes that would refine and beautify the text. In one of them he settles the question of title, which he says is to be:

*The Innocents Abroad,*

or

*The New Pilgrim's Progress,*

and we may be sure that it was Olivia Langdon's views that gave the deciding vote for the newly adopted chief title that would take any suggestion of irreverence out of the remaining words.

The book was to have been issued in the spring, but during his wanderings proofs had been delayed, and there was now considerable anxiety about it, as the agencies had become impatient for the canvass. At the end of April Clemens wrote: "Your printers are doing well. I will hurry the proofs," but it was not until the early part of June that the last chapters were revised and returned. Then the big book, at last completed, went to press on an edition of 20,000, a large number for any book, even today.\*

\* In an article in *The North American Review* (September 21, 1906) Mr. Clemens

*The Innocents Abroad* was a success from the start. The machinery for its sale and delivery was in full swing by August 1st (1869), and 5,170 copies were disposed of that month—a number that had increased to more than 31,000 by the first of the year. It was a book of travel; its lowest price was three and a half dollars; no such record had been made by a book of that description; none has equaled it since.

If Mark Twain was not already famous, he was unquestionably famous now. As the author of the *New Pilgrim's Progress* he was swept into the domain of letters as one riding at the head of a cavalcade—doors and windows wide with welcome and jubilant with applause. Newspapers chorused their enthusiasm; the public voiced universal approval; only a critic here and there seemed hesitant and doubtful.

They applauded—most of them—but with reservation. Dr. Holland regarded Mark Twain as a mere fun-maker of ephemeral popularity, and was not altogether pleasant in his dictum. Dr. Holmes in a letter to the author speaks of the "frequently quaint and amusing conceits," but does not find it in his heart to refer to the book as literature. It was naturally difficult for the East to concede a serious value to one who approached his subject with such militant aboriginality and occasionally wrote "those kind." William Dean Howells reviewed the book in the *Atlantic*, which was of itself a distinction, whether the review was favorable or otherwise. It was favorable on the whole; favorable to the humor of the book, its "delicious impudence," the charm of its good-natured irony. The review closed:

It is no business of ours to fix his rank among the humorists. California has given stated that he found it necessary to telegraph notice that he would bring suit if the book was not immediately issued. In none of the letters covering this period is there any suggestion of delay on the part of the publishers, and the date of the final return of proofs, together with the date of publication, would preclude the possibility of such a circumstance. At some period of his life he doubtless sent, or contemplated sending, such a message, and this fact, through some curious psychology, became confused in his mind with the first edition of *The Innocents Abroad*.



us, but we think he is, in an entirely different way from all the others, quite worthy of the company of the best.

This is praise, but not of an intemperate sort—nor very inclusive. The descriptive, the poetic, the more pretentious phases of the book did not invite attention. Mr. Howells was perhaps the first critic of eminence to recognize in Mark Twain not only the humorist, but the supreme genius—the “Lincoln of our Literature.” This, however, was later. The public—the silent public—with what Howells calls “the inspired knowledge of the simple-hearted multitude,” reached a similar verdict forthwith. And on sufficient evidence: let the average unprejudiced person of to-day take up the old volume and read a few chapters anywhere and decide whether it is the work of a mere humorist, or also of a philosopher, a poet, and a seer. The writer well remembers a little group of “average unprejudiced” people that during the winter of ’69 and ’70 gathered each evening to hear *The Innocents Abroad* read aloud, and their unanimous verdict that it was the best book of modern times.

*The Innocents Abroad* is Mark Twain’s greatest book of travel. The critical and the pure in speech may object to this verdict. Brander Matthews regards it second to the *Tramp Abroad*—the natural viewpoint of the literary technician. The *Tramp* contains better usage without doubt, but it lacks the “color” which gives *The Innocents* its perennial charm. In *The Innocents* there is a glow, a fragrance, a romance of touch, a subtle something which is idyllic—something which is not quite of reality—in the tale of that little company that so long ago sailed away to the lands of their illusions beyond the seas and wandered together through old palaces and galleries, and among the tombs of the saints, and down through ancient lands. There is an atmosphere about it—a dream-like quality that lies somewhere in the telling, maybe, or in the tale; at all events, it is there, and the world has felt it ever since. Perhaps it could be defined in a single word, perhaps that word would be “youth.”

It is curious to reflect that Mark Twain still did not regard himself as a literary

man. He had no literary plans for the future; he scarcely looked forward to the publication of another book. He considered himself a journalist—his ambition lay in the direction of retirement in some prosperous newspaper enterprise with the comforts and companionship of a home. During his travels he had already been casting about for some congenial and substantial association in newspaperdom, and had at one time considered the purchase of an interest in the Cleveland *Herald*. But Buffalo was nearer Elmira, and when an opportunity offered by which he could acquire a third interest in the Buffalo *Express* for \$25,000, the purchase was decided upon. Jervis Langdon promptly insisted on advancing the money required to complete the purchase of the *Express*, and the trade was closed.

The Buffalo *Express* was at this time in the hands of three men, Colonel George F. Selkirk, J. L. Larned, and Thomas A. Kennett. Colonel Selkirk was business manager; Larned was political editor. With the purchase of Kennett’s share Clemens became a sort of general and contributing editor, with a more or less “roving commission”—his hours and duties not very clearly defined. It was believed by his associates and by Clemens himself that his known connection with the paper would give it prestige and circulation, as Nasby’s connection had popularized the Toledo *Blade*. The new editor entered upon his duties August 14th (1869).

There is an anecdote which relates that next morning, when Mark Twain arrived in the *Express* office (it was then at 14 Swan Street), there happened to be no one present who knew him. A young man rose very brusquely and asked if there was any one he would like to see. It is reported that he replied, with gentle deliberation:

“Well, yes; I should like to see some young man offer the new editor a chair.”

It is so like Mark Twain that we are inclined to accept it, though it seems of doubtful circumstance. In any case it deserves to be true.

His first period of editorial work was a brief one. His wedding-day had been set for early in the year, and it was necessary to accumulate a bank-account.



for that occasion. Before October he was on the lecture circuit, billed now for the first time for New England—nervous and apprehensive in consequence, though with good hope. To Pamela he wrote (November 9th):

To-morrow night I appear for the first time before a Boston audience—4,000 critics—and on the success of this matter depends my future success in New England. But I am not distressed. Nasby is in the same boat. To-night decides the fate of his brand-new lecture. He has just left my room—been reading his lecture to me—was greatly depressed. I have convinced him that he has little to fear.

It was during one of the Boston sojourns that Mark Twain first met William Dean Howells, his future friend and literary counselor. Howells was assistant editor of the *Atlantic* at this time; James T. Fields its editor. Clemens had been gratified by the *Atlantic* review, and had called to express his thanks for it. He sat talking to Fields when Howells entered the editorial-rooms, and on being presented to the author of the review delivered his appreciation in the form of a story, sufficiently appropriate, though hardly qualified for periodical use.

His manner, his humor, his quaint colloquial forms all delighted Howells—more, in fact, than the opulent seal-skin overcoat which he affected at this period, a garment more astonishing than esthetic, as Mark Twain's clothes in those days of his first regeneration were likely to be—startling enough, we may believe, in the conservative atmosphere of the *Atlantic* rooms. And Howells—gentle, genial, sincere, filled with the early happiness of his calling—won the heart of Mark Twain, and never lost it; and, what is still more notable, won his absolute and unvarying confidence in all literary affairs.

The wedding of Mark Twain and Olivia Langdon was planned at first either for Christmas or New-Year's day; but as the lecture engagements continued into January, it was decided to wait until these were filled. February 2d was agreed upon, the anniversary of the engagement; also, a quiet wedding with no "tour." The young people would go immediately to Buffalo and take up a modest residence,

in a boarding-house as comfortable and even luxurious as was justified by the husband's financial situation. At least that was Samuel Clemens's understanding of the matter.

He wrote to J. D. F. Slee, of Buffalo, who was associated in business with Mr. Langdon, and asked him to find a suitable boarding-place, one that would be sufficiently refined for the woman who was to be his wife, and sufficiently reasonable to insure solvency. In due time Slee replied that while boarding was a "miserable business, anyhow," he had been particularly fortunate in securing a place on one of the most pleasant streets—"the family a small one and choice spirits, with no predilection for taking *boarders*, and consenting to the present arrangement only because of the anticipated pleasure of your company." The price, Slee added, would be reasonable. As a matter of fact, a house on Delaware Street—still the fine residence street of Buffalo—had been bought and furnished throughout as a present to the bride and groom. It stands to-day, practically unchanged, brick and Mansard without, Eastlake within—a type then much in vogue—spacious and handsome for that period. It was completely appointed. Diagrams of the rooms had been sent to Elmira, and Miss Langdon herself had selected the furnishings. Everything was put in readiness, including linen, cutlery, and utensils. Even the servants had been engaged, and the pantry and cellar had been stocked.

It must have been hard for Olivia Langdon to keep this wonderful surprise out of those daily letters. A surprise like that is always watching a chance to slip out unawares, especially when one is eagerly impatient to reveal it.

However, the traveler remained completely in the dark. He may have wondered vaguely at the lack of enthusiasm in the boarding idea, and could he have been certain that the sales of the book would continue, or that his newspaper venture would yield an abundant harvest, he might have planned his domestic beginning on a more elaborate scale. If only the Tennessee land would yield the long-expected fortune now! But these were all incalculable things. All that he could be sure of was the coming of his



great happiness in whatever environment, and of the dragging weeks between.

A day or two before the wedding he was asked to lecture on the night of February 2d. He replied that he was very sorry to disappoint the applicant, but that he could not lecture on the night of February 2d for the reason that he was going to marry a young lady on that evening, and that he would rather marry that young lady than deliver all the lectures in the world.

And so came the wedding-day. It began pleasantly; the postman brought a royalty check that morning of four thousand dollars, the accumulation of three months' sales, and the Rev. Joseph Twichell and Harmony, his wife, came from Hartford—Twichell to join with the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher in solemnizing the marriage. Pamela Moffett, a widow now, with her daughter Annie, grown to a young lady, had come all the way from St. Louis, and Mrs. Fairbanks from Cleveland.

Yet the guests were not numerous—not more than a hundred at most—so it was a quiet wedding there in the Langdon parlors, those dim, stately rooms that in the future would hold so much of his history, so much of the story of life and death that made its beginning there.

The wedding service was about seven o'clock, for Mr. Beecher had a meeting at the church soon after that hour. Afterward followed the wedding supper and dancing, and the bride's father danced with the bride.

To the interested crowd awaiting him at the church, Mr. Beecher reported that the bride was very beautiful, and had on the longest white gloves he had ever seen: he declared they reached to her shoulders.

It was the next afternoon when the young couple set out for Buffalo, accompanied by the bride's parents, the groom's relatives, the Beechers, and perhaps one or two others of that happy company. It was nine o'clock at night when they arrived, and found Mr. Slee waiting at the station with sleighs to convey the party to the "boarding-house" he had selected. They drove and drove, and the sleigh containing the bride and groom got behind, and apparently was bound nowhere in particular,

which disturbed the groom a good deal, for he thought it proper that they should be first to arrive to receive their guests. He commented on Slee's poor judgment in selecting a house that was so hard to find, and when at length they turned into fashionable Delaware Street and stopped before one of the most attractive places in the neighborhood he was beset with fear concerning the richness of the locality.

They were on the steps when the doors opened, and a perfect fairyland of lights and decoration was revealed within. The friends who had gone ahead came out with greetings to lead in the bride and groom. Servants hurried forward to take bags and wraps. They were ushered inside; they were led through beautiful rooms all newly appointed and garnished. The bridegroom was dazed, unable to understand the meaning of things, the apparent ownership and completeness of possession.

At last the young wife put her hand upon his arm.

"Don't you understand, Youth," she said—that was always her name for him—"don't you understand? It is ours, all ours—everything—a gift from father."

But even then he could not grasp it, not at first, not until Mr. Langdon brought a little box and, opening it, handed them the deeds.

Nobody quite remembers what was the first remark that Samuel Clemens made then; but either then or a little later he said:

"Mr. Langdon, whenever you are in Buffalo, if it's twice a year, come right here. Bring your bag and stay overnight if you want to. It sha'n't cost you a cent!"

They went in to supper then, and by and by the guests were gone and the young wedded pair were alone. Patrick McAleer, the young coachman who would grow old in their employ, and Ellen, the cook, came in for their morning orders, and were full of Irish delight at the inexperience and novelty of it all. Then they were gone, and only the lovers in their new house and their new happiness remained.

And so it was they entered the enchanted land.



# Fettered

BY R. O'GRADY

STANDING in the kitchen doorway, with the noise and lamplight of the interior at her back, the young girl watched a crimson line at the horizon as it was gradually extinguished by hovering, inky October nightfall. The screen door was ill-fitting, and the girl took up her gingham apron to brush out some flies which, invited by the room's steamy warmth, were stupidly crawling through the cracks. The rattle of a farm wagon, now heard distantly along the stumpy road, was drowned by an augmented clamor within. Adjusting the rickety screen door with a quick jerk, the girl turned about. At a long table, by the unshaded flare of an oil-lamp, five children of assorted sizes were bolting their hearty evening meal. The medley of jingling iron spoons, of clinking dishes, and contending juvenile voices had reached fortissimo, when a child of about ten, in very stiff braids and a very limp red calico frock, half rose from her chair. Shooting a wiry arm across the table, she sought to quell by physical force her next younger brother, while she made a shrilly vocal appeal to the cook, her elder sister.

"Ain't they any more meat, Ide? Harold's just et the last strip. . . . Harold, don't you take another one of them pickles—hear me!" The inhibitory suggestion was accompanied by a smart slap, a sated but bellicose growl from Harold, and the sleepily thwarted wail of the next in succession, yellow-haired and feminine.

The slender girl who had been watching the afterglow blinked her eyes dazedly. "There's only barely enough side-meat for Pa and the boys, and they're comin' right now." She spoke in a voice that was weary to the point of indifference, as she lifted a big iron skillet from the back of the range and stirred with estimative fork the bountiful supply of shriveled bacon.

"Give Tottie and Jack and Lily some

cabbage and them sliced tomatoes; they're better for 'em—and don't let—"

These instructions were interrupted by a sound from an inner room, a fragile sound—the tentative, appealing bleat of the new-born.

Before the older sister could hastily adjust the draughts of the range and lift the cover of a steaming vegetable-pot, the door of the adjoining room opened. A long-legged girl, approaching her teens, stood in the aperture.

"Say, Ide," she began, with breathless importance, "Ma says to leave this door open a crack; it's gettin' chilly in there for *It*; and she says have the young ones to not make so much noise. Have you et your supper? I'd like to eat myself sometime to-night!"

Again the wailing triumphed forth from the shadows of the inner room, to be dominated by the noise of a wagon rumbling into the yard and men's voices and laughter.

Ide's quick operations about the stove showed that in the exigencies of the moment she had forgotten her aching weariness. "Hattie, you come and put Baby to bed." Addressing the girl who had emerged from the other room, she indicated the youngest at table, asleep in his high-chair, with his head in his plate. "Then you take up supper for Pa and the boys; I'll haf to go and see what's the matter with *It*."

The designation used for the newcomer in this household was evidently an expedient rather than a mark of contempt, since the immediate predecessor had established his right to the name of "Baby" by eighteen months' possession. And yet it was true that during the short existence of a brand-new boy in the Carter family the essence of irresponsible, giddy enthusiasm had been confined to the younger members of the group.

Mrs. Carter herself, when her daughter came into the bedroom and turned up the belching wick of a small lamp,





STANDING IN THE KITCHEN DOORWAY SHE WATCHED THE OCTOBER NIGHTFALL

showed a countenance that was dully passive. The unconcern in her gaunt, sallow face as she handed a faintly vocal and wriggling bundle to the young nurse may have been due to long inurement rather than lack of motherly solicitude.

"See if it's a pin," she suggested, heavily, "or like's not It wants feedin'."

The girl had unearthed a pair of wrinkly, magenta-hued legs with indefinite little feet.

"I guess what I got ain't goin' to be 'nough fer It," continued the woman; "you'll haf to keep some of old Spot's milk sep'rate. Have they done the milk-in' yet?"

Still burrowing with expert fingers in a chaos of flannels, the girl shook her head. "They only just now came."

When Ida, the nurse and housewife, returned to the kitchen, the younger children had been taken up-stairs to bed, the hungry men had despatched their supper and gone out, with lanterns, to do the chores. Hattie, assisted by Bessie,

the little sister of the stiff braids, was splashily and protestingly washing dishes at the sink.

"Do hustle, Ide, and put away the vittles— We don't haf to wash all them kittles an' pans to-night, do we?"

But the elder sister heeded neither the command nor the question. Her slender face grew wistful as she saw on the table the mail her father had brought from town. With eager, reddened hands she ran it through.

There was the county paper and that familiar bulky parcel, a mail-order catalogue; also a flimsy yellow wrapper, portraying a spavined horse and a bottle; and underneath them all a white envelope—a genuine sealed letter. And it bore her name. With a quick, indrawn breath, the girl picked it up. Tremulous fingers tucked the envelope within the front of her big apron, while she went about, with lightened step, supplementing the crude efforts of her sisters in finishing the evening's work.



It was late when everything had been done—the milk strained, a part of old Spot's esteemed product segregated in a yellow bowl, and the mother and child made ready for the night.

Then Ida crept up the dark stairs that led from the kitchen, stumbling over something at the landing—a pair of boots, odorous of the stable, which might have belonged to her father, to either of her half-grown brothers, Gerald or Harry, or to Chet Randall, the young neighbor who had come to help with the cord-wood. These four wearers of boots had for some time been oblivious of work and cares, as was sonorously attested from a room at the rear. Ida went through the opposite door, fumbled around, and struck a match. The light revealed a low room with two beds, where Hattie and Lily and Baby were already sleeping, Bessie having remained down-stairs as attendant, because she was short enough to lie at the foot of her mother's bed.

Placing the lamp on a box, Ida crouched down to read her letter. She slit the edge carefully, reverently, with a pin; and when her dilating glance had drunk in the two pages of contents she crushed it down in her lap and stared and stared. Through the brown plaster-board wall of her low chamber she looked out into the world, out into freedom and advancement and achievement—away to success. . . .

The letter was from the principal of schools at the county-seat. Once more Ida read it, but she had no need, for already its contents were etched into her brain; and as she looked away again the most salient items passed before her mind in burning characters.

A place—she could have a place to work for her board, where the woman wanted her especially for company—a pleasant home it would be. And the studies she had missed by entering three weeks late at school could be made up; the principal would allow her to make them up. The principal was very friendly. Ida had seen him once, in August, when she had gone to town to sell her first chickens. Last week she had been glad that no place could be found for her to earn her board. It would have been of no use, she thought then, since it was so necessary that she should re-

main at home to help them out for the winter.

But now the friendly letter, the actual opportunity, reawakened desire to an activity which amounted to inspiration. There would, there must be, some way. With a springing movement that seemed to mock at fatigue Ida got up and raised the covers of her bed, shifting the softly sprawling Baby gently toward the opposite side. After burrowing hastily in the straw tick, she brought forth an ancient calico pocket, weighted with contents that jingled. When she had emptied this improvised money-bag, three ragged bills and a few assorted coins were spread upon the box. Twenty-six dollars and fifty-five cents—not a single piece was missing. It represented her summer's earnings from eggs and chickens. It also contained infinite possibilities; it meant school-books, incidentals, and—yes, perhaps a winter hat and jacket. After all, she was going! Else why had the opportunity come? Why had she received the letter?

The house was quiet: no sound came from the down-stairs bedroom; both mother and child were sleeping. Enshrouded by night and solitude and peace, ambition and longing grew bold, struggle became fulfilment, and dream reality. For a long time the girl sat by the lamp with its dying wick, her gray eyes widening to dark brilliancy, while her face grew small and white. After a while she noticed the charring wick and extinguished it. Then she took off her clothes and got into bed beside the warmly slumbering Baby.

If things had not gone well in the morning, Ida might not have broached her enterprise so soon. But the new arrival, having had its meager natural sustenance reinforced by a soothing donation from Spot, had become quiescent; Hattie, meekly alternating her services between bedroom and kitchen, had quelled her insurrectionary spirit; and even Bessie distributed her slaps among "the children," as she called the remainder of the flock, judiciously and not arrogantly.

Mrs. Carter, although surprised by her daughter's information, was not unduly disturbed. It would have taken more than a school-teacher's letter to arouse



her from the lethargy of her rarely enjoyed repose.

"I can pay Martha Hines myself for a week," proposed the girl, affluently, "if we can get her to come and help in my place. By that time you'd be up and Hattie could get along; and Bessie's a lot of help now."

Ida's face was poignant with hopefulness, but the mother's stolid expression did not change.

"I don't know 's I'm goin' to be up in a week," she objected, with finality. "Land knows, when you was born, I got up the second day, and I was up the third day with Gerald and some of the others—I had to then, but the time's come when I can't do that no more." There crept into her tone a sort of doggedness, as though she half realized the revolutionary character of her announcement.

"No, of course," the girl hastened to admit; "but if we'd haf to keep Martha even two weeks—You see, if I don't go right away, I can't get the place. I—I'll slip over and see Martha this afternoon."

"I guess you better not go 'way from the house to-day; the baby's kind of fevered, and it don't sleep just right; somebody's gotta be around. I'll get your pa to see Martha; he's goin' by this afternoon on his way to the pines."

Whatever of subterfuge lurked in this amendment was not betrayed by the mother's expression. But with burning eyes and trembling lips the girl objected:

"I'm 'fraid pa won't care to bother, or he'll forget, or—"

"No; I'll tell him

to be sure," promised the woman, easily. "You can shut the door now; it's gettin' too warm in here—the flies are pesterin'."

The girl's misgivings as to the outcome of this arrangement were justified in a way more fatal even than she had feared. Martha Hines couldn't come, Mr. Carter cheerfully announced that evening; "couldn't be got for love ner money." In the same breath he prophesied a black frost, and inquired if supper were ready, scraping his palms together in anticipatory satisfaction.

Ida gave up. For the next twenty-four hours she went about in an apathy of resignation, with a lagging interest in her heavy duties that gave room for dislike of the latest-born to creep into her sisterly heart.

He was red, wrinkled, ugly; his flesh no longer felt satiny and soft to her touch; she took no further delight in washing him, wrapping him in dry flan-



WALTER BIGGS II

FOR A LONG TIME THE GIRL SAT BY THE LAMP WITH ITS DYING WICK



nels, coddling him, and watching for the first signs of appreciation in his puckered little face. He was an intruder, an agent of spite; and to foster her growing aversion she found excuse to keep away from her mother's room, sending Hattie whenever it was possible to substitute the offices of a more youthful nurse.

In the evening there came a reaction from her tensivity of mood, a desire to throw off responsibility, make light of cares. Why work so hard? What use to strive when things could never be better! She wouldn't care much if that little—even if It—should die! If only she might escape from life's increasing burdens, find relaxation from the intensified grind of the last few days!

And with the impulse came the opportunity for at least a kind of diversion. Chet Randall had been helping her father again that day—Chet Randall, whose overt admiration she had always reservedly ignored; but to-night, serving the men's supper, she smiled at him. She felt a hectic animation; her blood surged giddily in her veins.

Chet was a fair specimen of the stump-farm product—red-cheeked, with glossy hair lying in a compound curve across his narrow forehead. With the naïve banter which in his circle passed as wit he returned Ida's challenge. The interval after the hungry laborers had stowed away their food saw him awkwardly helping with the dishes and the straining of milk. When the work was finished they went into the front room—just the two of them; the children had gone to bed, and the older boys knowingly withdrew. Chet was pleased to the point of foolishness at being thus entertained in approved fashion, and that by a girl with vividly dancing eyes and tempting mouth—a girl whose offishness had long kept him at war with his predilection. Resolved not to neglect this shining and solitary opportunity, he had just hitched his chair closer to Ida's when Mr. Carter abruptly entered, loaded with wood.

"Keepin' the stove warm?" the man chuckled, with self-approved originality. And then: "Guess a stick or two o' birch 'll help. You young folks must rec'lect the nights 're gettin' chillier, an' longer, too," executing a wink that helped to broaden the hint.

His load went thundering into the wood-box, and he straightened up, tall and powerful of build, with a round face and childishly indulgent curves of mouth and chin that emphasized, by contrast, the brawny strength of his muscles.

"Seen the kid, Chet?" he pursued, selecting a white, glistening stick to replenish the fire. His face took on a deeper red from the blaze; his grin broadened. "Guess he'll be ready to manage his end o' the saw by next week, the way he's comin' on. Say," lowering his voice confidentially, "five gals an' five boys—that's the way to even it up, eh?" He sidled closer to nudge the young man, who flushed and giggled in embarrassed appreciation. Then, with another wink, the man slipped out, leaving his daughter standing with her face to the drawn window curtain.

He had gone to the kitchen stove to remove his boots when the door of the front room, which he had just closed, opened abruptly. Chet came out and bolted unceremoniously for the stairway.

Ida was standing before her father, her eyes veiled, an odd blankness of expression in her slender face.

"Pa, I'm goin' to leave Monday."

Pa's left boot struck the floor with stony impact. "Wh-what?"

Mechanically Ida reached for the tea-kettle to see if it had been filled.

"I've got a place—to work my board and go to school—and haf to go right away—or they won't take me." She spoke breathlessly but without fear. "You can get somebody to come and stay till ma's up—Martha Hines or somebody—"

"But looky here, girl"—the man's mind wrestled with the catastrophic problem the while his muscular hands jerked at the other boot—"they ain't no help to be had fer love ner money. Ye can't go an' leave yer ma an' the kid an' the cookin'—Hattie don't know how to bile potatoes—"

"The kid!" broke in Ida, interrupting his climactic appeal. "Whose kid is it? I'd like to know—whose respons—" She caught her breath, flushed, and paled.

But there was certainly no cause for fear of insulting her father. With a tremendous jerk he pulled off the other boot, at the same time releasing an idea.

"Looky here, girl; ye don't need to



go an' get in a dudgeon 'cause I joked ye a little 'bout Chet—he's a first-rate—"

"Shut up!" She emphasized her command by placing the full tea-kettle heavily on the stove. "I wasn't talking about Chet. I said I was goin' to start in to school Monday; let that end it—I am!" She finished by closing the door of the stairway behind her.

There was a second leaden impact of boot with floor. The man's rigid arm, tired of holding up the weighty foot-gear, had involuntarily released it. And presently the man's stockinged feet went thudding up the much-worn stairs.

Even the prospect of losing his cook could not long delay the sleep of this hard-working, middle-aged farmer. Besides, to his easy-going mind his daughter's threat seemed hardly possible of fulfilment. Endurance, chance, or some other force, seen or unseen, had formed so constant a check for his good-natured misrule that things had always—from his point of view—gone well in his family. There had been no undue ambitions, no insurrections among his offspring, no sickness other than that which came in the natural order of events.

What was his surprise, then, his discomfort, his dismay, to find himself shiveringly roused from his bed and picking his way down-stairs in stumbling darkness at three o'clock in the morning. At the kitchen door he met lamp-glare and warmth. His eldest daughter, pale and staring-eyed, floated about the room. She had a roaring fire in the range,

from which she conveyed in superfluous quantities to the adjoining chamber, milk, hot water, warm flannels. Through the open door he could see his wife, sitting up in bed, with a piece of black shawl about her shoulders, teetering in her lap



"YE CAN'T GO AN' LEAVE YOUR MA AN' THE COOKIN'!"

a small, hoarsely remonstrative bundle. He saw this as he stopped at the kitchen fire to pull on his boots. No emergency could be met, even temporarily, without the proper foot-gear.

"It ain't breathin' right," came urgently from Ida's trembling lips, "and it can't keep even a teaspoonful on its stummick. It don't make much fuss, but it's awful sick, just the same."

There was but one thing to do. The man hitched up and went for Granny Funk. That worthy specialist pushed



her glasses off from dim eyes that were made dimmer by lamplight and broken sleep, and examined the tiny sufferer with ostentatious care.

One of two things: either the baby had been "upsot" by the boiled cabbage and succotash and watermelon-pickles the mother's returning appetite had craved the day before, or else "it hadn't been right from the start." If they had given the prescribed doses of a "patent remedy" which Granny had left to be used in emergency—they had? And *that* had done no good? Then there was nothing for it but to get the doctor to come. So Mr. Carter proceeded to the station to telephone the doctor, who lived at the county-seat, fourteen miles away.

There are incidents which make of themselves abiding pictures in the minds

of the young and sensitive, never to be effaced by time or subsequent disaster, never to be dimmed by joy or pain. To Ida Carter there came such a moment when her father returned from the station that morning at daybreak.

It was storming—a gusty, cold, October rainfall. The man came in, stomping, dripping, shaking the almost congealed drops from his hat. His coat was soaked through, his face lugubrious. Granny Funk, seated by the open oven, held in her palsied arms a woolen bundle, the weakly quiescent cause of all this trouble.

"The doc won't come," announced Carter, wringing the wetness from his thin, reddish mustache.

"Won't come!" A croak from Granny. From Ida a catching, sobby gasp.

Terror, remorse, mingled with shame for impetuously rising tears, sent her darting through the first exit, the outer door. Icy rain struck upon her head, into her face, and through the calico protection of her shoulders. From the cold half-light of the out-of-doors she scurried into the gloom of the woodshed. Here she could cry her heart out, accuse herself, do penance; for she was to blame, somehow to blame. The baby was dying, and she had wanted it to die. She had hated it, hated until the very thought of its red little body had made her flesh creep. . . . Oh, the poor, precious, darling, helpless, soft little thing!

The girl had thrown herself upon a pile of empty grain-sacks. Worn



THROUGH THE STORM HE WENT FOR GRANNY FUNK



out from heavy work and loss of sleep, shivering with excitement and cold, she gradually became quiet. She felt not the damp chill that penetrated her blood, and even her grief was becoming dulled. If this could be the end, the end of—everything . . .

"Ide! Id-e-e-e-e! Where are yeh?" screamed a shrill little voice. It was Bessie calling. "Come in, quick; pa wants his breakfast!"

The girl made inarticulate answer; and as the kitchen door slammed shut upon the vocal messenger she rose dazedly to obey. Breakfast! Could things, then, continue?

Pa was mussing futilely about the stove, the cupboard, in his manner a sort of apologetic sheepishness which stood for anxiety. The aged nurse had taken her charge to the bedroom. At the sink the boys, in shirt-sleeves and grotesquely rumpled hair, were washing their faces.

Ida put on the skillet, and taking a long strip of side-meat from the cupboard, began with distracted movements to cut slivers of fat therefrom. Presently the long knife poised in air; with an awakening start the girl gave attention to her father's words. He was speaking to his half-grown son.

"Ye can't hardly blame the doc," he admitted, ruefully. "Ye see, he hired that autymobile t' fetch 'im t'other day. He said if we had an evenin' train he c'd go back on it 'd be diff'rent, but he's goin' to send some med'cine on the mornin' train."

Ida was forking her slips of meat into the sizzling skillet. She worked with the precipitate, unreal movements of a blind person, while she seemed painfully intent upon realizing her surroundings and comprehending her father's words.

Evidently the man felt her concentration; he glanced half timidly toward her. "Like's not the med'cine 'll do the work when it comes," he urged; "the little feller ain't makin' any fuss now." He spoke with tentative cheer, with a yearning look stoveward—toward the source of the breakfast which for the time being should assuage parental concern.

Ida interpreted the tone, the look. Setting a pile of plates upon the table, she faced her father.

"It is sufferin'!" she burst out, sobbingly. "You think 'cause it don't make a fuss— You can't understand— Every time it wakes up it moans. He—he's got to come—the doc—" She choked, clutched the neck of her dress.

Carter stared at his daughter in blank, impotent surprise. The boys and young Randall, now washed and combed in all their soppy sleekness, hung awkwardly about and looked at their boots. The bacon in the skillet smoked threateningly.

"They ain't nothin' more t' be done, girl," the man finally defended, forking up his thin hair with a great show of strenuous effort. "I told the doc just how the little feller was, and he thought they wa'n't no need of his comin', an' sence I didn't have the money by me I couldn't—"

"Money?" The girl's question was a gasp.

"W'y, yes; ye see, he said, sence he hadn't got nothin' yit fer comin' t'other day, an' was out fer the price of his rig, it wa'n't no more'n fair to 'spect a guar'ntee of ten dollars cash—"

"Ten dollars! And you didn't—"

"I didn't have it," returned the father, with righteous self-acquittal.

"I've got it—my chicken-money!" The girl's head was thrust forward, and her right arm tensely backward, while she flashed the inquiry at her father: "Didn't you know I got twenty-six dollars and fifty-five cents?"

"Gosh!" With watery relief in his pale-blue eyes the man wilted down in his chair. "I didn't know you had twenty-five cents!"

"Well, now you know it!" Ida flew into the thick of the smoke from burning meat to push skillet and frothing coffee-pot to the back of the stove. "Bessie, take up this side-meat. Pa, get your coat on—you'll haf to go back to the station and 'phone again." At the foot of the staircase she paused breathlessly. "I'll fetch the money!"

A few hours later the fields and stumpy wood-lots of the Carter farm, all flecked with red and gold, lost glory of wind-swept trees, lay warming under a steadfast October sun. At the wood-pile huge chips were flying from mighty strokes of Mr. Carter's ax. To his eldest





"WHEN YOU'RE READY TO START IN TO SCHOOL, HE 'LOWS THERE'LL BE A PLACE"

daughter, surrounded by her chickens in the barnyard, they were triumphant strokes. Everything was glad: glad that after the long, long agony of waiting, when it seemed every moment the next would be too late, help had arrived at

last. Her father had failed, after all, to induce the first doctor to come; but he had been put into communication with the pioneer physician at the county-seat. This man had been with them for hours. The baby was saved.



A touring-car, where the vigilant Bessie held fort, besieged by her envious juniors, waited in the drive to carry the doctor away. Ida breathed quickly as the great man came out of the house and walked toward her father, at the wood-pile. She could almost feel his eyes upon her as they had been at dinner-time when she was serving the food: keen blue eyes that twinkled genially, even while they seemed to probe one's very thoughts. His speech had been half humorous, too, but authoritative.

"Just use your baby as well as you would one of your calves, Carter," he had said; "put him on a good cow and keep him off mixed fodder for a while; he'll make a fine boy yet—but look out!"

Ida wondered now if the doctor proposed to offer more of this sound advice. She could see the look of docile attention in her father's face as he rested his ax on the splitting-block and awaited the physician's approach.

Flinging her shelled corn with absent-minded bounty among her darting, greedy fowls, she watched the two men as they talked. Presently she saw her father's mouth drop open and his forgetting hand release its hold of the ax-handle, which wavered and fell tardily to the ground. Then he sat heavily upon a log. The doctor took a place beside him, leaning forward in vigorous speech. Their backs were toward the girl.

Possibly their attitude conveyed to Ida the feeling that somehow things were

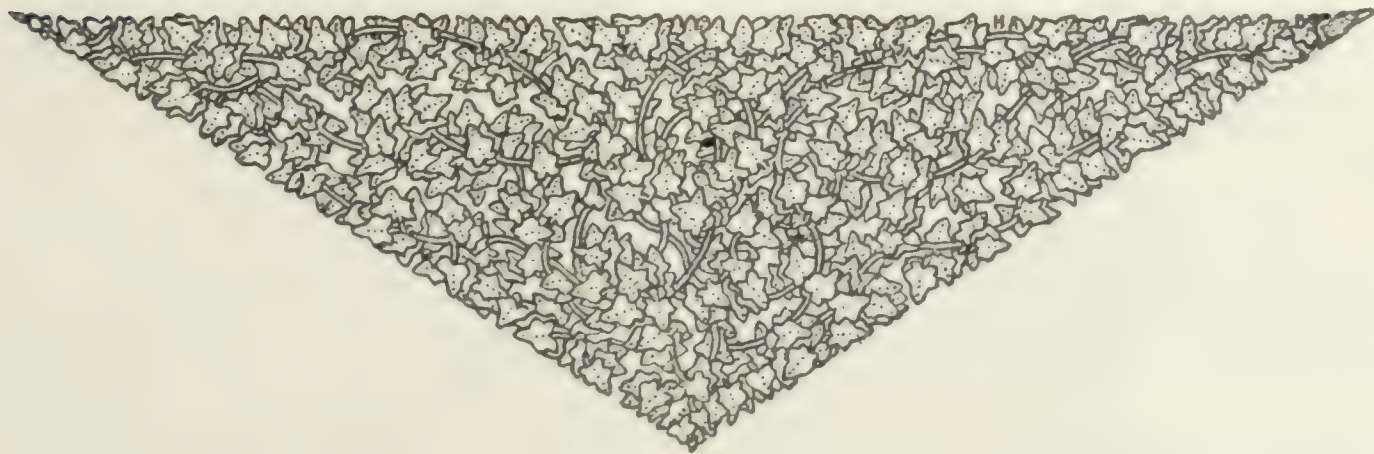
going to be different. The impression, vague and undefined, flashed into a thrill of assurance when the doctor finally rose from the log, waved a friendly farewell in her direction, and went to take possession of his machine. Her father was coming toward her. Jerkily he walked, with the gait of embarrassment. When he drew near he was looking at the chickens, while he tugged at something in his overalls pocket. Pulling that something forth, he placed it in his daughter's hand, but still he gazed admiringly at the fowls.

"The doc," he explained, "found out I had to borrow the money from you—he asked some questions. He—he wouldn't take it; wants to wait till I sell the cord-wood."

The girl's lips parted; her eyes widened with a searching light which her father persistently evaded.

"He says for you to keep that 'ar card of his, an' when your ma's up an' you're ready to start in to school, then write to him. He 'lows there'll be a place . . ." Abruptly the man turned away, his face as scarlet as the strutting rooster's comb.

The girl stood motionless, three wadded, ragged bills and a few silver pieces held loosely in the cup of her hand. With the sun shining mellowly down upon her and the breeze flirting a gauzy veil of hair across her brimming eyes, she gazed after the big automobile as it chugged its difficult progress to the highway.





## Editor's Easy Chair

THIS time it was the Reviewer, a very jaded and puzzled presence, who appeared to the Easy Chair editor; and it was not quite welcome which sounded in the editor's challenging "Well?"

"Oh, nothing," the Reviewer said; and then he added, after a moment, "What should you say about a book which you were uncertain what you wanted to say about?"

"Your meaning is clearer than your words," we answered. "We should not say anything."

"Ah, but if you were obliged to say something? If it were in the day's work? If it were part of your life's duty?"

"In one case we should shirk it, and in the other we should dodge it. Is that the book there?"

The Reviewer had sat down, and was clasping a volume between his hands, which were shut between his knees. "Yes," he said, and he rendered it up eagerly.

We read, "*Social Forces in American History*, by A. M. Simons." Then we gave it back, and said to the Reviewer: "You certainly ought to shirk it or dodge it, if you are the good citizen, the true American, the thick-and-thin patriot we have always taken you for. Isn't it the purport of the book that the Revolution, the War of 1812, the invasion of Mexico, the Civil War, Reconstruction, and the sacrosanct crusade for the liberation of Cuba and the repression of Philippine independence were all more or less actuated by self-interest? Doesn't it attribute nearly everything noble and beneficent in our history to the impulse of capital to better itself?"

"It certainly does all of that."

"Then as a candid and impartial critic you must shirk it, you must dodge it. Unless," we added, "you can show that the thing is altogether false."

"I don't know that I can do that."

"But what," we expostulated, "is the

use of such a book? What can it advantage our nation to know that rum and slaves were the foundation of society in Massachusetts, and tobacco and slaves in Virginia? Why poison the infant mind with the assertion that Hancock was a smuggler and Washington a land-speculator? Some belief in the slander will stick; some denigrating touch will foul the image of Lincoln himself if we once see him as the highest expression of the Western materialism of his time; if Thaddeus Stevens is recognized as a self-interested captain of industry, what is to become of our notion of him as a leader of the unselfish antislavery forces in Congress? And so on through the whole catalogue."

"Suppose," the Reviewer suggested, "that it is the truth?"

"Well, suppose that. Is it the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"

"No, it certainly isn't. And there lies the only hope against it. The book is intensely interesting; worse than that—for the time it is convincing. I'll own it completely bowled me over. That is the reason I have come to you. I want you to help me get right side up again. I know there is another view of things, granting the whole accusation to be just. A man on his back, with the soles of his boots in the air, cannot be seeing things in their normal relations."

"There is nothing," we said, "that we like better than getting people right side up, or putting them on their legs." With this we rose from the Easy Chair and began to pace the floor in order to think better how to help our poor friend. We decided that there was nothing for it but candor, and after a moment we said: "There is no denying that there is a great deal of truth in that book; perhaps more truth than there ought to be in any book intended for general circulation. It is quite possible that such a book may do good; what we have to guard against is its doing too much



good. There is such a thing as too much good? You'll allow that?"

"Why, yes; I suppose so," the Reviewer reluctantly assented.

"It's like apples," we illustrated. "One apple is good, but you mustn't eat a bushel of them at a sitting."

"I see," the Reviewer said, still rather sadly.

"The great mistake is looking at the world as if it ought to be made up entirely of good people. It visibly isn't, and I don't think it probable the Creator meant it to be so, or else He wouldn't have created evil. Or, we mustn't say He did *that*. Evil was somewhere outside, but when it got in He seems to have found it not such a bad thing. It accounted for the mixed motive which began to show itself in mankind almost from the beginning. Do you think it is going too far to say that all the good we have in the world is from the mixed motive?"

"It is going rather far."

"Very well, then, we'll only say most of the good. Shall we say that the only pure love in the world is self-love?"

"Isn't that sometimes mixed with love of others?"

"Yes, or the reverse of the proposition. But egotism is no more apt to get tainted with altruism than altruism is with egotism. Mark Twain used to say that the most unselfish actions sprang from selfishness, from your fear of being unhappy or uncomfortable if you didn't do them; but it would be just as easy to show that the most selfish actions sprang from unselfishness. The man who denies a beggar charity for fear that those he loves may come to want through his imprudence is an illustration in point. The trouble with Mr. Simons is that he finds our great and good men so often guilty of selfish motives that he thinks their Causes, which came to them as much as from them, were not as high and holy as we have been in the habit of thinking them. This occurs from his partial point of view. In the first place, we are not in the habit of thinking any cause altogether good; or at least we have lucid intervals when we do not think so. We know perfectly well, we who have lived to grow up, that the men themselves were mixed, whatever

their motives were. They were not altogether great, they were not altogether good; except in moments of exaltation, when they were lifted above the ordinary considerations, they did not lose sight of the main chance. You may easily concede this in your review; whoever else reads it, the children won't."

"Yes," the Reviewer said, "but may I easily concede that this is the most thoroughly capitalized country in the world?"

"What is the matter with capital?" we demanded, a trifle impatiently. "People are always complaining they haven't enough of it. If this is the most thoroughly capitalized country, then perhaps it is the most fortunate." The Reviewer remained dubiously silent, and we made haste to continue. "You are thinking that capitalism ought to be an unmixed good. Well, it isn't; but capital has many virtues, or, say, attractive qualities. Ask capital itself, or any of its friends, and they will own as much. It is, for one thing, very modest; or if not that, shy; or if not that, timid. It is so sensitive that at the first alarm it runs away and hides itself. It is also the friend of labor, the best friend that labor has; it loves labor personally and wishes always, in cases of disagreement, to treat with it personally, man to man, and not in its heartless form of associations, which cannot be folded to the bosom of a corporate body. These are certainly winning characteristics. Besides, there are the potentialities of self-increase in capital which may seem little short of miraculous. Money breeds money; it also makes work, and it gives work to labor in order that it may increase itself. It moves in what we may call a virtuous circle. Some would say that if we are the most thoroughly capitalized country we are the best."

"Some might say differently," the Reviewer put in. "I think Mr. Simons would. He seems to think capitalism has faults, and that the civilization founded on it is not to be regarded as the best condition."

"That," we retorted, "is just what used to be said of feudalism. Of course, capitalism has faults. Capital has made mistakes, as who has not? But in its constant demand upon the proletariat for



cheap child-labor, to take one instance out of many, hasn't it used the most unerring means of preventing race suicide? We don't defend capitalism through thick and thin. It is egotistical; but in looking out for itself it looks out for the community. Have you ever found a capitalist coming on the town for his support or his funeral expenses? We mustn't forget these facts in admitting the faults of capitalism. Every human condition has had its defects, and yet almost every condition has been the best for its time. If you take feudalism, you must allow that it was an escape from the anarchy of imperial ruin; if you take imperialism, you must see that it was the basis of political Christianity, and the rescue of the faith from a few crazy zealots that it might become a world-religion; if you take slavery, you will probably find that Greek culture was largely brought to Rome by the artists and scholars led captive from their ruined cities by the Roman conquerors; and the Helots of Sparta formed the finest material for the underpinning of a heroic patriotism that the world has ever seen; while in our own country the negro savage stolen from his native wilds received baptism and comparative education in the land of his involuntary adoption. If you take cannibalism itself—but perhaps we need not go so far back as cannibalism; though the increased cost of living immediately after the glacial epoch was probably much reduced by it. No, if capitalism is the worst charge Mr. Simons can bring against our civilization, our civilization can very well grin and bear it."

We became quite cheerful in saying this, but the Reviewer did not seem greatly brightened by our gaiety. "I don't think Mr. Simons can be so lightly disposed of as all that," he said. "It seems to me that the charge he brings against us along the whole line of our provincial and national history is a grievous one, and can't be dismissed in *ad captandum* fashion."

"We fancied we were addressing the elect, not the vulgar, in you," we replied. "But how had you thought of dealing with him yourself?"

"Somewhat in the way I hoped you were going to take when you started.

It seems to me that we must admit the truth of a great deal of what he says; or the presence of truth in all that he says. But don't you think that the good in this world is operated nearly as much by the evil in men as by the good in them?"

"Not *nearly* as much, but somewhat," we admitted, "if we may speak for Mr. Simons."

"No, he appears to demand the operation of the good solely by the good. Then there is the eventuation of high character from low motive, or comparatively low motive. The man is moved by self-interest, say, in the beginning, but as he goes on his self-interest purifies itself. A loftier aim appears; his sight that groveled rises from the ground, and is won by the skyey thing which has appeared; before he reaches the base goal he started for he has lost sight of it altogether, or almost altogether. Don't you think there is something in that?"

"Go on," we said, noncommittally.

"Then it is not only the man alone who accomplishes his own ends. Especially as these ends become elevated, other volitions join themselves to his. It doesn't really matter what his motives once were, if his aims are now high. The skyey thing holds the vision of the others and compels them to his aid. The men who threw the tea into Boston harbor may have had an eye single to the tea trade and the effect of their action on the market, and yet how soon—

"the embattled farmer stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world!"

Hancock may have been a smuggler, but the time came when he was ready to pledge his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor to the cause that had purified itself from all mean design. It may well be that Washington was glad the Revolution should save him the thirty thousand acres of Western land which he would have lost without it; but even Mr. Simons owns that this was not his motive in rebelling against English tyranny. For me it is reasonable to believe that as he went on, and suffered through the terrible trials which the Revolution brought him so largely from the country he was saving, he never thought of the



thirty thousand acres that our independence would secure to him. Or, suppose Lincoln *was* the outcome of the Westward impulse to better one's material condition, the outcome of Lincoln was something transcendently unselfish, something forever exemplary. Mr. Simons has a clear vision of this, as clear as any one."

"Yes, and you would be wrong if you treated his work as that of a doctrinaire. Probably you might safely go so far as to call him a socialist, but if you did you would hardly satisfy some people who would otherwise like to join you in condemning him, for the term socialist no longer blacklists a thinker as it once did."

The Reviewer asked, after a moment: "Mightn't it do to regard him as an instance of mixed result in sociology? I can't help feeling that he started with the purpose of making us for our good think small beer of ourselves, or smaller than we were in the habit of thinking, and that he ends by leaving us rather hopeful. You can't, after you have read his book, abandon yourself to those ecstasies of self-satisfaction in which we like best to abide, but don't you think that he involuntarily offers us the consolation of realizing that we are no worse than we are? The logic of his facts in regard to the idols or ideals that he deprives us of is that we ought to be a much poorer lot than we are, much shabbier, much scurvier, if we have worshiped nothing higher."

"Yes, unless we have worshiped them ignorantly in the belief that they were wholly divine."

"Do you suppose that he means us to see that they were wholly human, even when their better selves came out on top?"

"No," we hesitated. "We are afraid he may be a bit of an idealist himself, and be inciting each of us to be purer in our motives than we can be with any comfort to ourselves. You may say that his ideal is humanity perfected by suffering wrong; but humanity cannot be so perfected unless there is some one to inflict the wrong; and then what becomes of the wrong-doer? The whole thing is rather self-contradictory. The movement from worse to better is al-

ways partially from better to worse. We fought the Civil War mainly if indirectly to abolish slavery. Black liberty instantly turned into black anarchy. Then white anarchy put on the mask of law, and went grinning about the business of legally annulling the liberation of the negroes. Yet the worst evil did not remain; chattel slavery was gone. And the other day in Lawrence, where some of the striking mill-hands were sending their children out of town to friends who would feed and shelter them, the constables beat the mothers back and shut them up in the police stations with their little ones till their crime against order could be looked into. This action did not serve the high purpose of breaking the strike through the suffering of the children and the violation of the first of American civic rights. But who can deny that the constables meant well, or that they have made their atrocity forever impossible, at least in Lawrence? They have a law there against using the children in the mills, but a reverend charity-worker in the employ of the mill-owners testified before the Congressional committee of inquiry that the children would be kept off the streets if they were put into the mills. Possibly this may result in the repeal of the law against child labor; and would not this be good indirectly accomplished? The human forces seem set whirling about very much as the planets are spun into space. Our forces doubtless obey for the most part an overlaw which keeps them in the right course, but occasionally they go knocking about without much apparent control, just as the planets deviate from their orbits at times, and have been known to break pieces off one another in their vagaries. Yet they are not permanently impaired by the collision, and our wild and whirling motives do somehow get there and end in final good."

"And is this the lesson you would have me read from Mr. Simons's book?" the Reviewer asked.

"Oh, we didn't say that. It would be quite like him to deny that he ever meant to inculcate such a lesson."

"Then what would you have me do?"

"Perhaps you might refer the reader to the book. What is a reviewer for, anyway?"





## Editor's Study

ALL art has continuity from past art, but that of sculpture alone has chiefly reference to the past. The great painters of the Renaissance so far surpassed all ancient exemplars that their art seemed new, itself a renascence, a transformation. It was Michelangelo as the creator of David who challenged comparison with Phidias, but his "Last Judgment" had no Greek or Roman precedent.

This is not to deny that there have been remarkable changes in sculpture, some of those the most modern and the most striking showing decadence rather than progress. One hardly thinks of the future of sculpture, and no one ever has ventured to assert that the best Greek examples of the art have been or are likely to be surpassed.

The art of painting has its stages of evolutionary transformation. Yet its relation to the past is so definite and significant that the study of the old masters is of immense advantage, and is an essential part of the academic training even of artists who, like the late Howard Pyle, pursue their work at home instead of going abroad. It was wise advice that William H. Seward gave nearly forty-five years ago to Franklin Simmons, then well known as a successful portrait-painter, to go to Europe. It is also significant that Mr. Simmons, after taking up his sojourn at Rome, became a sculptor. William Wetmore Story was already there; and during recent years, as Mr. Simmons said in an interview on his latest visit to America, Rome has become the resort of sculptors rather than of painters. Since the accumulation in America of so many of the best examples of their art, painters have gone to Europe and remained there, chiefly for the atmosphere and the associations, which cannot be deported.

We expect, then, from a sculptor like Mr. Simmons, who has resided in Rome for forty-three years, the extreme plea

for classicism in art, as well as protest against recent materialistic tendencies. This protest is not quite convincing, since the changes which have been wrought have been due not to materialism but to evolutionary variations as apparent, or even more apparent, in literature than in art. This is a natural inference from the fact, which Mr. Simmons notes, that the art of England and America is now coming to the front, while art on the Continent has been declining for the last twenty-five years; for surely the English-speaking peoples have not been less affected by modern materialistic tendencies than other races have been. Indeed, the materialism of our day has passed so far above its more sordid and inert aspects of former days, has been itself so vitalized, that, absorbing and fascinating as it has become, it has rather stimulated than hindered artistic and literary aspiration. Even in the educational field, where the protest against commercialism has been most vehement, while a much larger number of young men are every year seeking equipment for materialistic enterprise, we think it would also be found to be true that the complement of students devoted to the interests of a real and vital culture has a ratio yearly increasing beyond that of the increase in our native population.

The forces at work in our materialism, in its mechanics, and in the minds of leaders who organize its complex and varied enterprise, are more nearly allied to the creative faculties engaged in science and art than in former eras, when there was just as much materialism, but not so quick with life or so full of wonder in its bright and surprising effects. It is natural that one of its important effects should be the stimulation of the creative imagination in the painter, the poet, and the novelist. Social dynamics has received new impulses from this stimulation, eliminating urban artificial-



ities and atonic rural sentimentalities, and prompting new humanities.

Those who protest against the materialistic tendency of the age are apt to emphasize its incidental vices and ignore its positive virtues. Carolus Duran, the most famous of living French painters, and who still cherishes the Roman scene, when asked by Mr. Simmons to explain the decline of the art, replied: "Nobody can explain it. Artists are crazy. They seem to become insane in the search for originality and novelty." Mr. Simmons further elaborates this explanation. "The fact is, they try to surprise rather than to please. They have forsaken the ideals held sacred in the past. Instead of beauty they represent ugliness. Instead of dignity and refinement they picture coarseness and vulgarity. Art, in my opinion, can accomplish its real mission only when it best responds to human ideals and human aspirations. In that way it attained its greatness in Greece, and in the Renaissance in Italy, which produced those great works that all the world goes to see and admire. We have a great future for art in this country if it will seek to represent what is highest and best in our life and institutions.

"The 'new schools' have about finished their course. I think artists themselves have begun to feel that they must return again to sincere work. France has been responsible for most of the vagaries. I would not attribute the cause to absinthe. The causes of the decline are a very interesting subject for philosophic discussion. One is unquestionably the disassociation of art from religion and religious ideals. The form of art I have been speaking of seems to be purely pessimistic, and the result of hopeless materialism. Then you must add to that cause the caprices of fashion, and the search for novelty to attract attention."

We have already had our say as to materialism, finding it no sufficient cause for the degeneration of art and in itself, as affecting human aspiration and imagination, far from hopeless.

As to the desire for novelty, the relish for surprise, these were genuine characteristics of Hellas, elements of its artistic temperament as well as of its mental attitude; in all eras of elevation, they are the offspring of a higher curi-

osity; and they are revived and reinforced in us by the wonderful disclosures of modern science, tempting us to fresh research. A lower form of curiosity may mark periods of stagnation, begetting prurience, petty gossip, and idle aims and manners. But no one would characterize our opening twentieth century as in these ways decadent.

Some of the arts—notably those which come to their flower of excellence in what are called classic eras, as in the Italian Renaissance, and which are most intimately associated with past ideals and traditions—have been more or less eclipsed by others, like music and imaginative literature, which have a distinctively modern place and development. These older arts are recedent rather than decadent; and it is doubtless true that some modern sculptors and painters have defied the just traditions and the "sacred ideals" of their respective arts, and tried to arrest waning attention through more or less unmannerly shifts. We can understand why Kenyon Cox makes his earnest plea for classicism; but he is not pig-headed and gives impressionism its due place and meed.

Max Nordau finds in current literature the same departure from classic standards that Mr. Simmons notes as the decadent characteristic of recent sculpture and painting. But what Nordau is denouncing is not the mere falling away from old standards, but a new hysterical fashion of writing among the Germans, due to the influence of Nietzsche, and practised by madmen and charlatans. He calls the new mania superlativism, expressed in terms of ecstasy, ejaculation, and hyperbole—an extreme violence beyond the utmost daring of any artist.

Mr. Francis B. Gummere, in his *Democracy and Poetry*, and having reference to English and American literature, notes the departure, but describes it in milder terms, much milder than Carolus Duran uses in his criticism of the new and eccentric tendencies of art. To Mr. Gummere, who lays so much stress on the communal origins and elements of poetry, and who finds in the rhythm essential to that art the secret of coherence, unity, and communal life, timing the consenting steps of the earliest



social groups, revolt and eccentricity on the poet's part are betrayers not only of the art, but of social community; they "break the ranks" and put the procession out of step. He regards Walt Whitman's defection as a poet due to the same individual eccentricity that made it as impossible for him as for Rousseau to comprehend that imagined community, that ideal social order, the real democracy, of which every individual citizen is a servant, thinking as much, at least, of his obligations as of his rights. Rousseau may have been the founder of a cosmopolitan literature, but the true founder of modern democracy was Montesquieu, in whose view the supremacy of the law and that of the commonwealth were identical.

The individual artist, writer, or citizen who in order to concentrate attention upon himself utters a discordant note or shows contempt of organic conventions and of the great commonplaces of life is to that extent in revolt against art, literature, and society. Conceding that the ideal social order, or, to use Mr. Gummere's phrase, the imagined community, is the highest object of human attainment, as Plato, who consummated his life-work in his *Republic*, must have held it to be, that attainment certainly has involved, even for its partial realization, most radical revolts, the character and consequences of which have been determined by the individualism of their leaders—as in the French, English, and American Revolutions. Of these, the American was most fortunate, because its leadership was farthest removed from the influence of individual conceit or eccentricity. The only serviceable individualism is that which eclipses individuality. It leads to a new order in the evolutionary process, without deserting the procession, which follows with the old rhythmic consent.

Mr. Simmons's association of poetry with democracy is significant. Democracy, in his interpretation of it, is the ultimate realization of a natural aristocracy, the embodiment of creative and ascending human faculty and sensibility, which it is the function especially of poetry to express. The realization is remote; democracy, like the aristocracy which it displaced, as yet fails to serve

its ideal purpose, having more regard for its rights than for its responsibilities. Therefore poetry halts, as an organ of social expression, and other arts wait also their highest opportunity.

It is a hopeful view to take, and, we think, a true one, that all art is now held in abeyance because public interest and the individualism which makes for leadership are to such a degree absorbed in attempts, more or less wisely conceived, for the establishment of a true democracy. Prose literature seems to flourish, apart from its contribution to the general entertainment, chiefly as in philosophy and fiction it enters into alliance with the prevalent social aspiration.

Every generation utters its protest against its own decadence, its crudities and imperfections being so instantly and overwhelmingly present to contemporaneous consciousness, and especially to the most enlightened consciousness, while only its excellences survive the sifting of time for future appreciation.

The present generation will not be so harshly judged by posterity as it is by itself. It will not be considered with reference to what it has contributed to the fine arts, or even to the literary art. The absence of great masters in this whole field, as to form and style, will not be noted, because something far more interesting will command attention—our direct dealing with life and our revision of its perspective. When asked for a list of the world's greatest men, Lord Rosebery, in turn, asks, What do you mean by greatness? Posterity, considering our time, will note what bubbles have been pricked, what vain hopes annulled, what false fears quelled, what living realities recognized.

In that court, it will be seen that in philosophy we initiated a new era of intuitional sense, the promise of which was beyond our prospect. What we achieved in imaginative literature will not be judged in comparison with past examples, but as preparatory for the creative work of the future. The issues of our intensively absorbing social dynamics will then appear in clearer resolution, and we shall be thanked not less for the lesson of our failures than for what we wrought by "dreaming true."



## Editor's Drawer

### As of Old

BY GEORGE WESTON

**S**PEAKING in a most significant voice, I wish to say that Mortimer had an appointment that afternoon to take Miss Josephine a spin in The Hornet, his forty-horse-power car. And (in a tone that fairly drips with unction) I will add that Mortimer made the following mechanical provisions to insure the proper running of the car—*viz.*, he shaved himself for the second time that day, anointed his head with an exquisite eau de cologne, delicately dusted his brick-red features with talcum powder, and changed his necktie four times. Thus equipped and accoutred, he climbed into The Hornet, kicked at the clutch, and madly chug-a-chug-chugged to the house where Josephine was staying with her aunt. For though The Hornet had been his only love for eighteen months, Miss Josephine had come between them at last and had weaned his affections away.

She came smilingly, trippingly down the steps of her aunt's house (Miss Josephine did), while The Hornet rumbled and buzzed, and Mortimer tenderly helped her into the car and off they rode toward sylvan solitudes. She was silent because she was aware of the impropriety of distracting a driver's attention; and he was silent because of the vasty convolutions of his thoughts.

"I will ask her," he thought at last, drawing an equally vasty breath, "as soon as we come to the cross-roads." And while they drew near to the spot (appropriately marked as though with a highway X), he frowned like a general on the point of uttering an historic order; but when they came to the fateful place his perturbation was such that The Hornet nearly ran into the fence (to

sting it, as one might say), and by the time he had regained the middle of the road the sign-post at the Corners was far behind them. He shot a glance toward the girl by his side and saw that she was as cool and as pensive as a Minerva modeled in snow.

"This," thought Mortimer, "is going to be hard." And, being something of a classical scholar, he added, "Eheu!"

On and on buzzed The Hornet, jealously requiring the use of both Mortimer's hands (to say nothing of his eyes and his feet), for the road was rough with ruts, and, though he had a very particular message to deliver to Josephine, he did not wish to impart it while they were catapulting



CHANGED HIS NECKTIE FOUR TIMES



through the air (like shooting-stars) or crashing into a stone wall (like meteors) or anything of that tempestuous sort. "All the same," he thought, "I will ask her when we come to the bridge." They reached the bridge, and while they were rumbling over it Mortimer bit his tongue and gently said:

"Miss Josephine—"

Apparently she did not hear him, so pensive was she.

"Miss Josephine—" he said, in a louder voice.

But still she pensively gazed at the great eternal hills.

"Miss Josephine!" he shouted.

But while she was turning her head to look at him The Hornet viciously struck a bunker that nearly sent them skidding into a grand old oak-tree which flourished by the side of the road. "This," thought Mortimer (with both hands on the wheel and both eyes on the road)—"this is like trying to eat with the hands tied. I would put it off if she wasn't going home to-night. For two cents I would stop the car and ask her, but it looks so crazy."

And no generous soul being there to offer him the mere pittance which he mentioned, and having, moreover, a deep-seated prejudice against a reputation for lunacy, they traveled on, and The Hornet hummed pleasantly under its hood and behaved altogether like a car that was having the time of its sportive young life.

"I'm awfully sorry that you're going away, Miss Josephine," said Mortimer. But he had to speak in a raucous and unromantic voice (so that she could hear him), and while he spoke he had to watch the road ahead for boulders.

"I'm sorry, too," she said; "I've had a lovely time."

"Before you leave—" he began, and then he stopped because a skittish horse attached to a surrey turned suddenly out from one of the side lanes (like a new figure in a nightmare) and reared up and gracefully and commandingly waved its forelegs at The Hornet as though inviting Mortimer to come and join it in the mazes of a mad, delirious waltz.

"What were you going to say, Mr. Perkins?" asked Miss Josephine, after the Terpsichorean horse had passed them, biped and unappeared.

"Oh yes," said Mortimer (in a now-or-never voice), "I was going to say that before you went back home I had a question I wanted—"

They were bowling down

a steep hill leading to a village below, and a group of children were also riding down the hill in home-made coasters on wheels. The steepness of the hill and the hazard of the children kept Mortimer so fully occupied in restraining the homicidal possibilities of The Hornet that again he was obliged to leave his remark unfinished. But when he approached the foot of the hill and saw a livery-stable sign creaking gently in the breeze, an inspiration grand and noble dashed quickly through his comprehending mind.

"I know what I'll do," he smiled to himself. And when he came to the livery-stable The Hornet crawled along more and more slowly and then stopped dead in its tracks.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mortimer, in a tone which was meant to indicate astonishment, "something is wrong!"

He jumped out, and, lifting the hood, he looked so wise that if he had been possessed of a beard, a short nose, and a different set of features he would have looked amazingly like Socrates.

"I'm afraid," he said to Josephine (and this time he wagged his head), "that we shall have to go home in a buggy."

And just at that psychological moment (if a moment can ever be called psychological) a loud voice shouted: "Hello, Mortimer! In trouble, old man?"



"WHAT WERE YOU GOING TO SAY, MR. PERKINS?"





DOBBIN PEACEFULLY REGARDED THE SCENERY, THE SUNSET, THE SIGNS ON THE TREES

Mortimer turned around and gazed into the smiling countenance of Willis Andrews, and the more he gazed the more he hated him. For Willis was not only the most irritatingly handsome man in all those parts, he was not only a recognized diagnostician regarding the complaints of motor-cars, but he was also an ardent suitor for the hand of the pensive Josephine. Wherefore Mortimer hated him with a hatred more bitter than henbane, more enduring than granite and steel.

They had the carburetor apart in less time than it takes to verify the spelling of the word, and then they started after the spark-plug.

"Ah-ha!" cried Willis, with an aggravating accent of superior knowledge and beauty, "here's the trouble! One of the binding-posts is gone!"

"Well, well," muttered Mortimer (and he didn't look so very much like Socrates then). "Well, well."

"What a funny name!" exclaimed Miss Josephine, looking down from her place in the car. "What does it look like, Mr. Andrews?"

"It's about an inch long," he explained, "and as big around as a lead-pencil." He began looking around in the dust underneath the car, and he only gave up the search (and then with evident regret) when Josephine took her place in the buggy which Mortimer had hurriedly—almost feverishly—hired. "Push the car into the stable!" cried Mortimer to the breathless liverymen; "I'll be back to-morrow. Get up, Dobbin! Good-by, Willis!"

The twilight was falling and their home-

ward way was toward the setting sun. In front of them Dobbin jogged peacefully and rhythmically along, with the comfortable and reassuring appearance of a horse who could jog along peacefully forever. He peacefully regarded the cows, the scenery, the sunset, the signs on the trees, and yet he had (between his ears) a certain wise and knowledgeable look which is extremely hard to define, though it may best be described as one of discreet expectancy.

"Josephine," said Mortimer, his arm stealing behind her (as it couldn't—in the car), "I meant to ask you before, but I couldn't (in the car). How would you like to be Mrs. Perkins?"

Slowly and shyly she nestled against him (as she couldn't—in the car), and when (a few moments later) she gave him her hand (to squeeze, I think—an operation quite impossible in the car) the missing binding-post fell coyly into his palm.

"Hello!" cried Mortimer, bending over and looking at it as though it fascinated him, "where did this come from?"

It might have been the sunset, or it might have been that she blushed for herself, or it might have been that she only blushed for him.

"When you were leaning over the machine and threw this behind you," she said, with great severity of manner, "you should have looked where it went, Mortimer."

"Where did it go?" he humbly asked.

"It landed in my lap," she said, more severely than before, "and thinking that you didn't want it—in the car—I hid it in my glove!"



## Caustic

A LADY making a social call was told by the maid that her mistress was not at home.

The caller smiled sarcastically and said:

"Oh, indeed! Will you please tell your mistress that when I saw her peeping from the front window as I came up the drive I felt very much afraid she was."

## The Practical Housewife

A YOUNG wife had accompanied her husband on a tour to the market. After some deliberation she decided they would purchase some lamb chops, and upon asking the price was informed they were twenty-five cents a pound. Turning to her husband she said in an undertone: "Isn't that cheap, Charlie, considering each animal has only two."

## An Altruist

AFTER asking a blessing on the various members of the household, Mary closes her prayer, as usual, with the petition that all of us may be taken to heaven at last.

Half rising from her knees, in an instant she ducks her head the second time, earnestly adding, "But take the other children first; don't take me."

## Unassisted

MEEK SISTER (*sorrowfully*): "Seems like it wa'n't hardly fair fer Providence to give you four husbands and me nary a one."

AGGRESSIVE SISTER: "Now, Hetty, don't you lay that onto the Lord. He never had nothin' to do with it. I jes' got out an' hustled fer them husbands."

## Simple

"MY wife," said Mr. Clarke, "sent two dollars in answer to an advertisement of a sure method of getting rid of superfluous fat."

"And what did she get for the money? Was the information what she wanted?" asked Mr. Simmons.

"Well, she got a reply telling her to sell it to the soap man."

## The Brilliant Talker

BY WILLIAM FUTHEY GIBBONS

IF you'd like in conversation to excel,  
If you yearn in smart society to shine,  
Do not try to drain the ancient classic well,  
Nor coach up on the scientific line;  
Don't talk to men of politics or track,  
Of military things or worldly pelf;  
Just start 'em on the biographic tack—  
'Most any man will talk about himself.

If you're stranded at a debutante's ball  
With a girl some other fellow dumped on you,  
Don't basely leave her standing by the wall  
Or desert her ere refreshments are half through.  
She may be as green as medullary cheese,  
May deserve a place upon the social shelf,  
But you feel you'd like to place her at her ease;  
You can do it—when she talks about herself.

If you're at a banquet of the Authors' Club,  
Where they let the literary lion roar,  
If you're in a teachers' meeting at the Hub,  
Where the speeches are an everlasting bore,  
Do not leave the place in bitter, black despair;  
Look around and find some other lonely elf,  
Find a corner and a comfortable chair—  
And proceed to tell him all about yourself.

I can climb the heights of eloquence sublime,  
I have found a psychologic secret rare,  
I can cure the bores of every age and clime,  
I can shine in conversation anywhere,  
I can interest the dullest pack of fools,  
I have held my own with learning or with wealth,  
I can make my way in business or the schools—  
It is just by telling folks about myself.





“In the Spring a Young Man’s Fancy”



### Spring

THERE is a wide-spread and incurable delusion about spring. It is manifest in the yearly talk of an "early" or a "late" spring, whereas there are no such things. Spring always begins on a winter day when you have gone to business in your storm-boots and ulster, in addition to your usual flannels and heaviest suit. This turns out the warmest day of the season, with a temperature of seventy-eight degrees. And spring always ends on the June day you have decided to run out to the Wistaria Inn in the machine and have luncheon on the veranda. This is the coldest day of the season, and you drink hot coffee in the inn dining-room, which hasn't been aired since the previous summer, and blow on your fingers instead of the soup.

In between these two days it is mostly winter.

Spring has been doing this for years without any variation of programme, and for the same length of time we have deluded

ourselves with the idea that it was a beautiful season of the year that might be long or short, according to our luck.

Upon further reflection, this error seems to be part of a general self-deception about the seasons, due, perhaps, to our tendency to generalize from particular instances and color remembrance from a single experience. In the winter of 1905 we may have had to dine with friends in Yonkers on the evening of a heavy snow-storm, and, after being found by a neighbor wandering around more dead than alive in a frozen dress-shirt on the wrong terrace, this ever afterward becomes for us "the terrible winter of 1905." Just as the summer we tried to row from the pier to the light-house with our strenuous nephew who is on the freshman crew becomes "the awfully hot summer of 1908."

So it is with spring. Perhaps to all of us once in our youth was vouchsafed a day of warm blue skies and springing grass and bird notes when we walked with one the touch of whose dress caused a thrilling sensation up our spine into our hair. And after a long, throbbing silence she said, "Those are apple-blossoms." And we said, "Are they?" And ever afterward for us that day has been spring.

C. B. D.

### Not Lost

A CAUTIOUS traveler was obliged to patronize a man who had only rickety old craft to carry passengers across the bay.

As the gentleman entered the boat he looked her over carefully as he questioned:

"Say, Cap'n, has any one ever been lost in this boat? It seems very unsafe."

"Wall, not as I know on," the boatman answered.

Silence prevailed for a few moments. Then the old seaman added: "There was four men drowned from her last week Tuesday, but we found 'em all next mornin' at high tide."

### She Understood

"MOTHER, what does hypnotize mean?" asked eight-year-old Ruth.

"Well, dear, I'll try and explain it to you. It means having a person under one's control, so that they are helpless to do other than that person wishes and are powerless to do their own will," said mother.

"Gee, mother, you've got us all hypnotized, haven't you?" was the quick response.



The Hanging Gardens of Modern Babylon





The Height of the Season

## In Town

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

SOMEWHERE there's a willow budding  
 In a hollow by the river,  
 Where the autumn leaves lie sodden,  
 Turning all the pool to brown;  
 There's a thrush who's building early,  
 With his feathers all ashiver,  
 And the maple sap is rising—  
 But I'm glad that I'm in town!

Somewhere out there in the country  
 There's a brook that's overflowing,  
 And a quaker pussy-willow  
 Sews gray velvet on her gown;

Rushes whisper to each other  
 That marsh marigolds are showing,  
 And those saucy crocus fellows!  
 But I'm glad that I'm in town.

Long ago, when we were younger,  
 How those little things enthralled us;  
 King-birds nesting in the hedges,  
 Baby field-mice soft as down,  
 Muskrats in the sun-warmed shallows!  
 Strange how all these voices called us—  
 Hark, was that a robin singing?—  
 When's the next train out of town?





Aspirations

## A Tribute

MR. AND MRS. BROWN had given their six-year-old son Ralph a most careful home training. With great reluctance they placed him in a public school last September. A few days later Ralph came home with a cut lip and swollen nose.

His mother exclaimed, "How did you hurt yourself?"

He replied: "I was sliding down hill at recess and ran into a tree. It hurt pretty bad, mother, but every one was awfully good to me. The boys were just fine—why, mother, there wasn't a boy in the class who didn't say 'Gosh!' when I ran into that tree."

## True to the End

AT Jimmy Harrigan's wake a tinge of patriotism was manifest. Mr. Mulcahy approached the widow and said:

"Phat did he die of, Mrs. Harrigan?"

"Gangrene, Mr. Mulcahy."

"Well, thank Heaven for the color, Mrs. Harrigan."

## Bought, Not Given

FIVE - YEAR - OLD Margaret was the guest at dinner at a neighbor's one day, and before beginning to eat the family one by one said grace.

Margaret looked on in wonder and finally asked:

"What are you doing?"

"We are thanking the Lord for giving us this bread to eat," said Mrs. Wilder. "Don't you give thanks?"

"Why, no," answered Margaret; "we buy our bread at the store."

## A Compromise

A PHYSICIAN in a suburban town was called to attend a boy in a family where the old adage "Economy is wealth" was of necessity practised. The doctor prescribed for the lad and also sent him medicine. He was obliged to continue his visits for two weeks.

In due time and with much anxiety the father approached the physician for his bill.

"Now I have made two separate bills.

This one is for the medicine from the druggist, and this one is for my visits," said the doctor, smilingly.

The man scanned each of the bills in amazement and realized full well he could not pay both. After a few moments he drew a purse from his pocket and placed a five-dollar bill in the physician's hand, saying: "This will pay for the drugs, Doctor, and—we will return your calls."

## Why He Waited

AN elderly gentleman, clad in an immaculate suit of black, was seated on a bench in the park enjoying the lovely spring day.

A small boy lay on the grass not far away and stared intently at the man. For a while the man said nothing.

"Why don't you go and play with the other children?" he asked at last.

"I don't want to," the boy replied.

"But it isn't natural for a boy of your age to be quiet. Why don't you want to?"

"I'm just waitin'," answered the boy. "I want to see you get up. A fellow painted that bench about fifteen minutes ago."






















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